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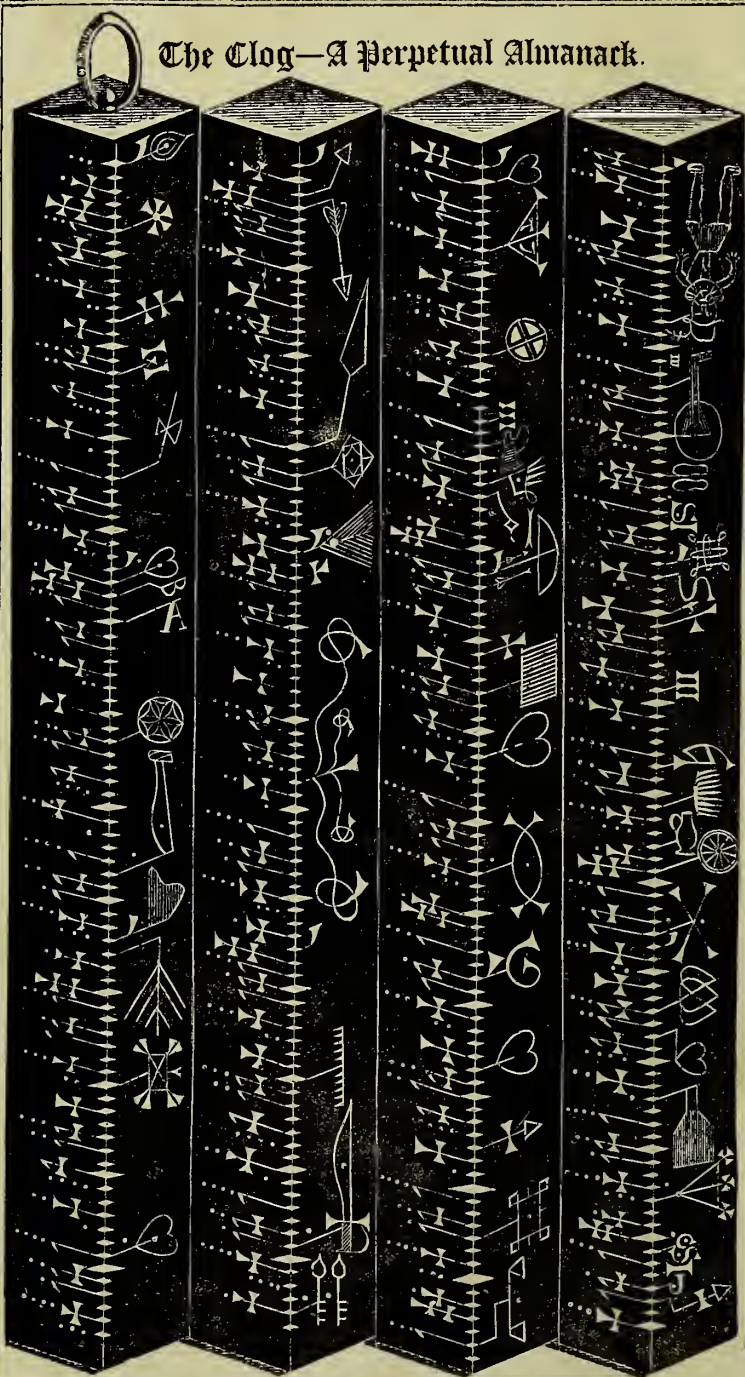


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The Clog—A Perpetual Almanack.



Explained in the Preface.

THE
EVERY DAY-BOOK:
OR THE
GUIDE TO THE YEAR:

RELATING THE
POPULAR AMUSEMENTS, SPORTS, CEREMONIES, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND EVENTS,
INCIDENT TO

The Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days,

IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES;

BEING A SERIES OF
FIVE THOUSAND ANECDOTES AND FACTS;

FORMING A
PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC;

INCLUDING
ACCOUNTS OF THE WEATHER, RULES FOR HEALTH AND CONDUCT, REMARKABLE AND
IMPORTANT ANECDOTES, FACTS AND NOTICES IN CHRONOLOGY, ANTIQUITIES, TOPO-
GRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL
LITERATURE, DERIVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY WILLIAM HONE.

WITH FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
WILLIAM TEGG AND Co., 85, QUEEN STREET,
CHEAPSIDE.

[c 1857?]



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LONDON :

HADDON BROTHERS, AND CO., PRINTERS, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF DARLINGTON,
LORD LIEUTENANT AND VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE COUNTY
PALATINE OF DURHAM, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

TO YOUR LORDSHIP—as an encourager of the old country sports and usages chiefly treated of in my book, and as a maintainer of the ancient hospitality so closely connected with them, which associated the Peasantry of this land with its Nobles, in bonds which degraded neither—

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME;

not unmindful of your Lordship's peculiar kindness to me under difficulties, and not unmoved by the pride which I shall have in subscribing myself,

MY LORD,
YOUR LORDSHIP'S HIGHLY HONOURED,
MOST OBEDIENT,
AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

WILLIAM HONE.

PREFACE.

BEFORE remarking on the work terminating with this volume, some notice should be taken of its Frontispiece.

I. The "Clog" or "Perpetual Almanack" having been in common use with our ancient ancestors, a representation and explanation of it seemed requisite among the various accounts of manners and customs related in the order of the calendar.

Of the word "clog," there is no satisfactory etymology in the sense here used, which signifies an almanack made upon a square stick. Dr. Robert Plot, who published the "History of Staffordshire," in 1686, instances a variety of these old almanacks then in use in that county. Some he calls "public," because they were of a large size, and commonly hung at one end of the mantle-tree of the chimney; others he calls "private," because they were smaller, and carried in the pocket. For the better understanding of the figures on these clogs, he caused a family clog "to be represented *in plano*, each angle of the square stick, with the moiety of each of the flat sides belonging to it, being expressed apart." From this clog, so represented in Dr. Plot's history, the engraving is taken which forms the frontispiece now, on his authority, about to be described.

There are 3 months contained upon each of the four edges; the number of the days in them are represented by the notches; that which begins each month has a short spreading stroke turned up from it; every seventh notch is of a larger size, and stands for Sunday, (or rather, perhaps, for the first day of each successive natural week in the year.)

Against many of the notches there are placed on the *left* hand several marks or symbols denoting the golden number or cycle of the Moon, which number if under 5, is represented by so many points, or dots; but if 5, a line is drawn from the notch, or day, it belongs to, with a hook returned back against the course of the line, which, if cut off at due distance, may be taken for a V, the numeral signifying 5. If the golden number be above 5, and under 10, it is then marked out by the hooked line, which is 5; and with one point, which makes 6; or two, which makes 7; or three, for 8; or four, for 9; the said line being crossed with a broad stroke spreading at each end, which represents an X, when the golden number for the day, over against which it is put, is 10; points being added (as above over the hook for 5,) till the number arises to 15, when a hook is placed again at the end of the line above the X, to show us that number.

The figures issuing from the notches, towards the *right* hand, are symbols or hieroglyphics, of either, 1st, the offices, or endowments of the saints, before whose festivals they are placed; or 2dly, the manner of their martyrdoms; or 3dly, their actions, or the work or sport in fashion about the time when their feasts are kept.

For instance: 1. from the notch which represents January 13th, on the feast of St. Hilary, issues a cross or badge of a bishop, as St. Hilary was; from March 1st, a harp, showing the feast of St. David, by that instrument; from June 29th, the keys for St. Peter, reputed the Janitor of heaven; from October 25th, a pair of shoes for St. Crispin, the patron of shoe-makers. Of class 2. are the axe against January 25th, the feast of St. Paul, who was beheaded with an axe; the sword against June 24th,

the feast of St. John Baptist, who was beheaded ; the gridiron against August 10th, the feast of St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom on one ; a wheel on the 25th of November, for St. Catherine, and a decussated cross on the last of that month, for St. Andrew, who are said also to have suffered death by such instruments. Of the 3d kind, are the star on the 6th of January, to denote the Epiphany ; a true lover's knot against the 14th of February, for Valentine's-day ; a bough against the 2d of March, for St. Ceadda, who lived a Hermit's life in the woods near Litchfield ; a bough on the 1st of May, for the May-bush, then usually set up with great solemnity ; and a rake on the 11th of June, St. Barnabas'-day, importing that then it is hay-harvest. A pot is set against the 23d of November, for the feast of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with : for the Nativity, annunciation, and all other feasts of our lady, there is always the figure of a heart : and lastly, for December 25th, or Christmas-day, a horn, the ancient vessel in which the Danes use to wassail, or drink healths ; signifying to us, that this is the time we ought to rejoice and make merry.

II. Respecting this second volume of the *Every-Day Book*, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it has been conducted with the same desire and design as the preceding volume ; and that it contains a much greater variety of original information concerning manners and customs. I had so devoted myself to this main object, as to find no lack of materials for carrying it further ; nor were my correspondents, who had largely increased, less communicative : but there were some readers who thought the work ought to have been finished in one volume, and others, who were not inclined to follow beyond a second ; and their apprehensions that it could not, or their wishes that it should not be carried further, constrained me to close it. As an "Everlasting Calendar" of amusements, sports, and pastimes, incident to the year, the *Every-Day Book* is complete ; and I venture, without fear of disproof, to affirm, that there is not such a copious collection of pleasant facts and illustrations, "for daily use and diversion," in the language ; nor are any other volumes so abundantly stored with original designs, or with curious and interesting subjects so meritoriously engraven.

III. Every thing that I wished to bring into the *Every-Day Book*, but was compelled to omit from its pages, in order to conclude it within what the public would deem a reasonable size, I purpose to introduce in my *Table Book*. In that publication, I have the satisfaction to find myself aided by many of my "*Every-Day*" correspondents, to whom I tender respectful acknowledgments and hearty thanks. This is the more due to them here, because I frankly confess that to most I owe letters ; I trust that those who have not been noticed as they expected, will impute the neglect to any thing rather than insensibility of my obligations to them, for their valuable favours.

Although I confess myself to have been highly satisfied by the general reception of the *Every-Day Book*, and am proud of the honour it has derived from individuals of high literary reputation, yet there is one class whose approbation I value most especially. The "mothers of England" have been pleased to entertain it as an every-day assistant in their families ; and instructors of youth, of both sexes, have placed it in school-libraries :—this ample testimonial, that, while engaged in exemplifying "manners," I have religiously adhered to "morals," is the most gratifying reward I could hope to receive.

THE
EVERY-DAY BOOK.



JANUARY.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nayles to warm them if he may ;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray ;
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

Spenser

Laus Deo!—was the first entry by merchants and tradesmen of our forefathers' days, in beginning their new account-books with the new year. **LAUS DEO!** then, be the opening of this volume of the *Every-Day Book*, wherein we take further "note of time," and make

entries to the days, and months, and seasons, in "every varied posture, place, and hour."

JANUARY, besides the names already mentioned,* was called by the Angles

* In vol. i. p. 2.

Saxons *Giuli aftera*, signifying the second *Giul*, or *Yule*, or, as we should say, the second Christmas.* Of *Yule* itself much will be observed, when it can be better said.

To this month there is an ode with a verse beautifully descriptive of the Roman symbol of the year:†

'Tis he! the two-fac'd Janus comes in view;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn
He spurns the goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride:
And now unlocks, with agate key,
The ruby gates of orient day.

CLIMATE.

Mr. Luke Howard is the author of a highly useful work, entitled "The Climate of London, deduced from Meteorological Observations, made at different places in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis: London, 1818." 2 vols. 8vo. Out of this magazine of fact it is proposed to extract, from time to time, certain results which may acquaint general readers with useful knowledge concerning the weather of our latitude, and induce the inquisitive to resort to Mr. Howard's book, as a careful guide of high authority in conducting their researches. That gentleman, it is hoped, will not deem this an improper use of his labours: it is meant to be, as far as regards himself, a humble tribute to his talents and diligence. With these views, under each month will be given a state of the weather, in Mr. Howard's own words: and thus we begin.

JANUARY WEATHER

The *Sun* in the middle of this month continues about 8 h. 20 m. above the hori-

zon. The *Temperature* rises in the day on an average of twenty years, to $40^{\circ}28'$ and falls in the night, in the open country to $31^{\circ}36'$ —the difference, $8^{\circ}92'$, representing the mean effect of the sun's rays for the month, may be termed the *solar variation* of the temperature.

The *Mean Temperature* of the month, if the observations in this city be included, is $36^{\circ}34'$. But this mean has a range, in ten years, of about $10^{\circ}25'$, which may be termed the *lunar variation* of the temperature. It holds equally in the decade, beginning with 1797, observed in London, and in that beginning with 1807, in the country. In the former decade, the month was coldest in 1802, and warmest in 1812, and coldest in 1814. I have likewise shown, that there was a tendency in the *daily* variation of temperature through this month, to proceed, in these respective periods of years, in opposite directions. The prevalence of different classes of winds, in the different periods, is the most obvious cause of these periodical variations of the mean temperature.

The *Barometer* in this month rises, on an average of ten years, to 30.40 in., and falls to 28.97 in.: the *mean range* is therefore 1.43 in.; but the extreme range in ten years is 2.38 in. The mean height for the month is about 29.79 inches.

The prevailing *Winds* are the class from west to north. The northerly predominate, by a fourth of their amount, over the southerly winds.

The average *Evaporation* (on a total of 30.50 inches for the year) is 0.832 in., and the mean of De Luc's hydrometer 80.

The mean *Rain*, at the surface of the earth, is 1.959 in.; and the number of days on which snow or rain falls, in this month, averages 14, 4.

A majority of the *Nights* in this month have constantly the temperature at or below the foregoing point.‡

Long ere the lingering dawn of that blythe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his larum shrill;
But on that morn no busy flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the ear—the first-foot's§ entering step,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the good new year

* Sayers.

† See vol. i. p. 1.

‡ Howard on Climate.

§ The first visitant who enters a house on New-year's day is called the first-foot.

Pronounced with honest warmth. In village, grange,
 And burrow town, the steaming flaggon, borne
 From house to house, elates the poor man's heart,
 And makes him feel that life has still its joys
 The aged and the young, man, woman, child,
 Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
 Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
 Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase,
 Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
 With sober cheerfulness, the grandam eyes
 Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
 And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
 Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer,
 That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

Grahame

January 1.

The Saints of the Roman calendars and martyrologies.

So far as the rev. Alban Butler, in his every-day biography of Roman catholic saints, has written their memoirs, their names have been given, together with notices of some, and especially of those retained in the calendar of the church of England from the Romish calendar. Similar notices of others will be offered in continuation; but, on this high festival in the calendar of nature, particular or further remark on the saints' festivals would interrupt due attention to the season, and therefore we break from them to observe that day which all enjoy in common,

New Year's Day.

Referring for the "New-year's gifts," the "Candlemas-bull," and various observances of our ancestors and ourselves, to the first volume of this work, wherein they are set forth "in lively pourtraicture," we stop a moment to peep into the "Mirror of the Months," and inquire "Who can see a new year open upon him, without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections (for *any* reflections on this subject *must* be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better *this* year than he was last, must be either very

good, or very bad indeed! And only to *propose* to be better, is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our *need* to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to *do* well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours; he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse."

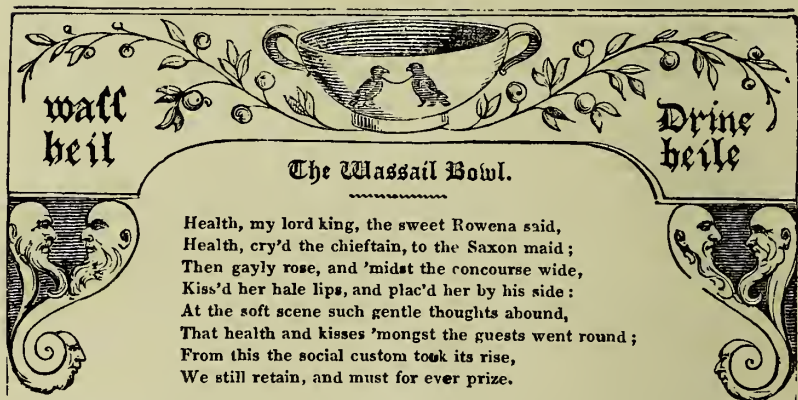
It is written, "Improve your time," in the text-hand set of copies put before us when we were better taught to write than to understand what we wrote. How often these three words recurred at that period without their meaning being discovered! How often and how serviceably they have recurred since to some who have obeyed the injunction! How painful has reflection been to others, who recollecting it, preferred to *suffer* rather than to *do*!

The author of the paragraph quoted above, expresses forcible remembrance of his youthful pleasures on the coming in of the new year.—"Hail! to thee, JANUARY!—all hail! cold and wintry as thou art, if it be but in virtue of thy first day. THE DAY, as the French call it, *par excellence*, 'Le jour de l'an.' Come about me, all ye little schoolboys that have escaped from the unnatural thralldom of your taskwork—come crowding about me, with your untamed hearts shouting in your unmodulated voices, and your happy spirits dancing an untaught measure in your eyes! Come, and help me to speak the praises of new-year's day!—*your* day—one of the three which have, of late, become yours almost exclusively, and which have bettered you, and have been bettered themselves, by the change.

Christmay-day, which *was*; New-year's-day, which *is*; and Twelfth-day, which *is to be*; let us compel them all three into our presence—with a whisk of our imaginative wand convert them into one, as the conjurer does his three glittering balls—and then enjoy them all together,—with their dressings, and coachings, and visitings, and greetings, and gifts, and “many happy returns”—with their plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and twelfth-cakes, and neguses—with their forfeits, and fortune-tellings, and blindman's-buffs, and sittings up to supper—with their pantomimes, and panoramas, and new penknives, and pastrycooks' shops—in

short, with their endless round of ever new nothings, the absence of a relish for which is but ill supplied, in after life, by that feverish lingering and thirsting after excitement, which usurp without filling its place. Oh! that I might enjoy those nothings once again in fact, as I can in fancy! But I fear the wish is worse than an idle one; for it not only may not be, but it ought not to be. “We cannot have our cake and eat it too,” as the vulgar somewhat vulgarly, but not less shrewdly, express it. And this is as it should be; for if we could, it would neither be worth the eating nor the having.”*

WASSAIL!



Health, my lord king, the sweet Rowena said,
Health, cry'd the chieftain, to the Saxon maid;
Then gayly rose, and 'midst the concourse wide,
Kiss'd her hale lips, and plac'd her by his side:
At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
That health and kisses 'mongst the guests went round;
From this the social custom took its rise,
We still retain, and must for ever prize.

Now, on New-year's-day as on the previous eve, the wassail bowl is carried from door to door, with singing and merriment. In Devonshire,

A massy bowl, to deck the jovial day,
Flash'd from its ample round a sunlike ray.
Full many a cent'ry it shone forth to grace
The festive spirit of th' Andarton race,
As, to the sons of sacred union dear,
It welcomed with *lambs' wool* the rising year.
Potwhele.

Mr. Brand says, “It appears from Thomas de la Moore,* and old Havillan,† that *was-haile* and *drinc-heil* were the

usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the English, and synonymous with the ‘Come, here's to you,’ and ‘I'll pledge you,’ of the present day.”

In the “Antiquarian Repertory,” a large assemblage of curious communications, published by Mr. Jeffery, of Pall-mall, in 4 vols. 4to. there is the following paper relating to an ancient carving represented in that work, from whence the above engraving is taken. The verses beneath it are a version of the old lines in Robert of Gloucester's chronicle, by Mr. Jeffery's correspondent.

* Vita Edw. II. † In Architen. lib. 2.

* Mirror of the Months.

For the Antiquarian Repertory.

In the parish of Berlen, near Snodland, in the county of Kent, are the vestiges of a very old mansion, known by the name of Groves. Being on the spot before the workmen began to pull down the front, I had the curiosity to examine its interior remains, when, amongst other things well worth observation, appeared in the large oak beam that supported the chimney-piece, a curious piece of carved work, of which the *preceding* is an exact copy. Its singularity induced me to set about an investigation, which, to my satisfaction, was not long without success. The large bowl in the middle is the figure of the old wassell-bowl, so much the delight of our hardy ancestors, who, on the vigil of the new year, never failed (says my author) to assemble round the glowing

hearth with their cheerful neighbours, and then in the spicy wassell-bowl (which testifies the goodness of their hearts) drowned every former animosity—an example worthy modern imitation. Wassell, was the word; Wassell, every guest returned as he took the circling goblet from his friend, whilst song and civil mirth brought in the infant year. This annual custom, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, had its rise from Rouix, or Rowen, or as some will have it, Rowena, daughter of the Saxon Hengist; she, at the command of her father, who had invited the British king Voltigern to a banquet, came in the presence with a bowl of wine, and welcomed him in these words, Louerd king wass-heil; he in return, by the help of an interpreter, answered, Drinc heile; and, if we may credit Robert of Gloster,

**Ruste hire and sitte hire adoume and glad dronke hire heil
And that was tho in this land the berst was-hail
As in language of Saxoyne that we might etere iwite
And so well he paith the sole about, that he is put borgute.**

Thomas De Le Moor, in his "Life of Edward the Second," says partly the same as Robert of Gloster, and only adds, that Wass-haile and Drinc-hail were the usual phrases of quaffing amongst the earliest civilized inhabitants of this island.

The two birds upon the bowl did for some time put me to a stand, till meeting with a communicative person at Hobar-row, he assured me they were two hawks, as I soon plainly perceived by their bills and beaks, and were a rebus of the builder's name. There was a string from the neck of one bird to the other, which, it is reasonable to conjecture, was to note that they must be joined together to show their signification; admitting this, they were to be red hawks. Upon inquiry, I found a Mr. Henry Hawks, the owner of a farm adjoining to Groves; he assured me, his father kept Grove farm about forty years since, and that it was built by one of their name, and had been in his family upwards of four hundred years, as appeared by an old lease in his possession.

The apple branches on each side of the bowl, I think, means no more than that they drank good cider at their Wassells. Saxon words at the extremities of the beam are already explained; and the mask carved brackets beneath correspond

with such sort of work before the fourteenth century. T. N.

The following pleasant old song, inserted by Mr. Brand, from Ritson's collection of "Antient Songs," was met with by the Editor of the *Every-day Book*, in 1819, at the printing-office of Mr. Rann, at Dudley, printed by him for the Was-sailers of Staffordshire and Warwickshire. It went formerly to the tune of "*Gallants come away*."

A CARROLL FOR A WASSELL-BOWL

A jolly Wassel-Bowl,
A Wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul,
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly Wassel.
Good Dame, here at your door
Our Wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our Wassel

Our Wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good Wassel

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our Wassel.

But here they let us stand
 All freezing in the cold ;
 Good master, give command,
 To enter and be bold,
 With our Wassel.

Much joy into this hall
 With us is entered in,
 Our master first of all,
 We hope will now begin,
 Of our Wassel

And after his good wife
 Our spiced bowl will try,
 The Lord prolong your life,
 Good fortune we espy,
 For our Wassel.

Some bounty from your hands,
 Our Wassel to maintain .
 We'll buy no house nor lands
 With that which we do gain,
 With our Wassel.

This is our merry night
 Of choosing King and Queen,
 Then be it your delight
 That something may be seen
 In our Wassel.

It is a noble part
 To bear a liberal mind,
 God bless our master's heart,
 For here we comfort find,
 With our Wassel.

And now we must be gone,
 To seek out more good cheer ;
 Where bounty will be shown,
 As we have found it here,
 With our Wassel.

Much joy betide them all,
 Our prayers shall be still,
 We hope and ever shall,
 For this your great good will,
 To our Wassel.

From the "Wassail" we derive, perhaps, a feature by which we are distinguished. An Englishman eats no more than a Frenchman; but he makes *yuletide* of all the year. In virtue of his forefathers, he is given to "strong drink." He is a beer-drinker, an enjoyer of "fat ale;" a lover of the best London porter and double XX, and discontented unless he can get "stout." He is a sitter withal. Put an Englishman "behind a pipe" and a full pot, and he will sit till he cannot stand. At first he is silent; but as his liquor gets towards the bottom, he inclines towards conversation; as he replenishes, his coldness thaws, and he is conversational; the oftener he calls to "fill again," the more talkative he becomes; and when

thoroughly liquefied, his loquacity is deluging. He is thus in public-house parlours: he is in parties somewhat higher, much the same. The business of dinner draws on the greater business of drinking, and the potations are strong and fiery; full-bodied port, hot sherry, and ardent spirits. This occupation consumes five or six hours, and sometimes more, after dining. There is no rising from it, but to toss off the glass, and huzza after the "hip! hip! hip!" of the toast giver. A calculation of the number who customarily "dine out" in this manner half the week, would be very amusing, if it were illustrated by portraits of some of the indulgers. It might be further, and more usefully, though not so agreeably illustrated, by the reports of physicians, wives, and nurses, and the bills of apothecaries. Habitual sitting to drink is the "besetting sin" of Englishmen—the creator of their gout and palsy, the embitterer of their enjoyments, the impoverisher of their property, the widow-maker of their wives.

By continuing the "wassail" of our ancestors, we attempt to cultivate the body as they did; but we are other beings, cultivated in other ways, with faculties and powers of mind that would have astonished their generations, more than their robust frames, if they could appear, would astonish ours. Their employment was in hunting their forests for food, or battling in armour with risk of life and limb. They had no counting-houses, no ledgers, no commerce, no Christmas bills, no letter-writing, no printing, no engraving, no bending over the desk, no "wasting of the midnight oil" and the brain together, no financing, not a hundredth part of the relationships in society, nor of the cares that *we* have, who "wassail" as they did, and wonder we are not so strong as they were. There were no Popes nor Addisons in the days of Nimrod.

The most perfect fragment of the "wassail" exists in the usage of certain corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up at the close of dinner, and drinks from a flaggon usually of silver having a handle on each side, by which he holds it with each hand, and the toast-master announces him as drinking "the health of his brethren out of the '*loving cup*.' The *loving cup*, which is the ancient *wassail-bowl*, is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to *his* left-hand neighbour, and as it finds its way round the room to each guest in his

turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president "out of the *loving cup*."

The subsequent song is sung in Gloucestershire on New-year's eve:—

Wassail! Wassail! over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown:
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

Here's to * * * *, and to his right ear,
God send our maister a happy New Year;
A happy New Year as e'er he did see—
With my Wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to * * * *, † and to his right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie:
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see—
With my Wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Filpail, ‡ and her long tail,
God send our measter us never may fail
Of a cup of good beer; I pray you draw near,
And then you shall hear our jolly wassail.

Be here any maids, I suppose here be some;
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone;
Sing hey O maids, come trole back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house, let us all in.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of the best:
I hope your soul in Heaven may rest:
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, bowl, and all.

Hogmany.

Of this usage in Scotland, commencing on New-year's eve, there was not room in the last sheet of the former volume, to include the following interesting communication. It is, here, not out of place, because, in fact, the usage runs into the morning of the New Year.

DAFT DAYS.—HOGMANY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

The annexed account contains, I believe, the first notice of the *acting* in our *Daft Days*. I have put it hurriedly together, but, if of use, it is at your service.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOHN WOOD REDDOCK.

Falkirk, December, 1825.

During the early ages of christianity, when its promulgation among the barba-

rous Celts and Gauls had to contend with the many obstacles which their ignorance and superstition presented, it is very probable that the clergy, when they were unable entirely to abolish pagan rites, would endeavour, as far as possible, to twist them into something of a christian cast; and of the turn which many heathen ceremonies thus received, abundant instances are afforded in the Romish church.

The performance of religious MYSTERIES, which continued for a long period, seems to have been accompanied with much licentiousness, and undoubtedly was grafted upon the stock of pagan observances.—It was discovered, however, that the purity of the christian religion could not tolerate them, and they were succeeded by the MORALITIES, the subjects of which were either historical, or some existing abuse, that it was wished

* The name of some horse.

† The name of another horse.

‡ The name of a crow

to aim a blow at. Of this we have an interesting instance in an account given by sir William Eure, the envoy of Henry the Eighth to James the Fifth, in a letter to the lord privy seal of England, dated 26th of January 1540, on the performance of a play, or morality, written by the celebrated sir David Lindsay. It was entitled *The Satire of the Three Estates*, and was performed at Linlithgow, "before the king, queene, and the whole counsaill, spirituall and temporall," on the feast of Epiphany. It gives a singular proof of the liberty then allowed, by king James and his court witnessing the exhibition of a piece, in which the corruptions of the existing government and religion were treated with the most satirical severity.

The principal *dramatis personæ* were a king, a bushop, a burges man, "armed in harness, with a swerde drawn in his hande," a poor man, and *Experience*, "clede like ane doctor." The poor man (who seems to have represented the people) "looked at the king, and said he was not king in Scotland, for there was another king in Scotland that hanged *Johne Armstrong* with his fellows, *Sym the aird*, and mony other mae." He then makes a long narracion of the oppression of the poor by the taking of the coise-presaute beits, and of the herrying of poor men by the consistorye lawe, and of mony other abusions of the *spiritualitie* and church. Then the bushop raised and rebuked him, and defended himself. Then the man of arms alleged the contrarie, and commanded the poor man to go on. The poor man proceeds with a long list of the bushop's evil practices, the vices of cloisters, &c. This is proved by *EXPERIENCE*, who, from a New Testament, shows the office of a bishop. The man of arms and burges approve of all that was said against the clergy, and allege the expediency of a reform, with the consent of parliament. The bushop dissents. The man of arms and burges said they were two and he but one, *wherefore their voice should have the most effect*. Thereafter the king in the play ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was rehearsed."

None of the ancient religious observances, which have escaped, through the riot of time and barbarism, to our day, have occasioned more difficulty than that which forms the subject of these remarks. It is remarkable, that in all disputed etymological investigations, a number of words got as explanatory, are so pro-

vokingly improbable, that decision is rendered extremely difficult. With no term is this more the case, than *HOGMENAY*. So wide is the field of conjecture, as to the signification of this word, that we shall not occupy much space in attempting to settle which of the various etymologies is the most correct.

Many complaints were made to the Gallic synods of the great excesses committed on the last night of the year and first of January, by companies of both sexes dressed in fantastic habits, who ran about with their Christmas boxes, calling *tire lire*, and begging for the lady in the straw both money and wassels. The chief of these strollers was called *Rollet Follet*. They came into the churches during the vigils, and disturbed the devotions. A stop was put to this in 1598, at the representation of the bishop of Angres; but debarred from coming to the churches, they only became more licentious, and went about the country frightening the people in their houses, so that the legislature having interfered, an end was put to the practice in 1668.

The period during the continuance of these festivities corresponded exactly with the present *daft days*, which, indeed, is nearly a translation of their French name *fêtes de fous*. The cry used by the *bachelettes* during the sixteenth century has also a striking resemblance to the still common cry "*hogmenay trololay—gi'us your white bread and nane o' your grey*," it being "*au gui menez, Rollet Follet, au gui menez, tiré liré, mainte du blanc et point du bis*."

The word *Rollet* is, perhaps, a corruption of the ancient Norinan invocation of their hero, Rollo. *Gui*, however, seems to refer to the druidical custom of cutting branches from the mistletoe at the close of the year, which were deposited in the temples and houses with great ceremony.

A supposition has been founded upon the reference of this cry to the birth of our Saviour, and the arrival of the wise men from the east; of whom the general belief in the church of Rome is, that they were three in number. Thus the language, as borrowed from the French may be "*homme est né, trois rois allois!*" A man is born, three kings are come!

Others, fond of referring to the dark period of the Goths, imagine that this name had its origin there. Thus, *minne* was one of the cups drunk at the feast of Yule, as celebrated in the times of hea-

tnenism, and *oel* is the general term for festival. The night before Yule was called *hoggin nott*, or *hogenat*, signifying the slaughter night, and may have originated from the number of cattle slaughtered on that night, either as sacrifices, or in preparation for the feast on the following day. They worshipped the sun under the name *Thor*. Hence, the call for the celebration of their sacrifices would be "Hogg-minne! Thor! oel! oel!" Remember your sacrifices, the feast of Thor! the feast!

That the truth lies among these various explanations, there appears no doubt; we however turn to *hogmenay* among ourselves, and although the mutilated legend which we have to notice remains but as a few scraps, it gives an idea of the existence of a custom which has many points of resemblance to that of France during the *fêtes du fous*. It has hitherto escaped the attention of Scottish antiquaries.

Every person knows the tenacious adherence of the Scottish peasantry to the tales and observances of *auld lung syne*. Towards the close of the year many superstitions are to this day strictly kept up among the country people, chiefly as connected with their cattle and crops. Their social feelings now get scope, and while one may rejoice that he has escaped difficulties and dangers during the past year, another looks forward with bright anticipation for better fortune in the year to come. The bannock of the oaten cake gave place a little to the currant loaf and bun, and the *amories* of every cottager have goodly store of dainties, invariably including a due proportion of *Scotch drink*. The countenances of all seem to say

"Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawnin' o' the year,
Let blithsome Innocence appear
To crown our joy,
Nor envy wi' sarcastic sneer,
Our bliss destroy.

When merry Yuleday comes, I trow
You'll scantlings find a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our stomachs fu'
O' gusty gear
An' kickshaws, strangers to our view
Sin' fairnyear.

Then tho' at odds wi' a' the warl,
Among ourselfs we'll never quarrel
Though discard gie a canker'd snarl
To spoil our glee,
As lang's there pith into the barrel
We'll drink and gree!"

Ferguson's Daft Days.

It is deemed *lucky* to see the new moon with some money (silver) in the pocket. A similar idea is perhaps connected with the desire to enter the new year *rise o' roughness*. The grand affair among the boys in the town is to provide themselves with *fausse faces*, or masks; and those with crooked horns and beards are in greatest demand. A high paper cap, with one of their great grandfather's antique coats, then equips them as a *guisard*—they thus go about the shops *seeking their hogmenay*. In the carses and moor lands, however, parties of *guisards* have long kept up the practice in great style. Fantastically dressed, and each having his character allotted him, they go through the farm houses, and unless denied entrance by being told that the *OLD STYLE* is kept, perform what must once have been a connected dramatic piece. We have heard various editions of this, but the substance of it is something like the following:—

One enters first to speak the prologue in the style of the Chester *mysteries*, called the *Whitsun plays*, and which appear to have been performed during the mayoralty of John Arneway, who filled that office in Chester from 1268 to 1276. It is usually in these words at present—

Rise up gudewife and *shake your feathers*
Dinna think that we're beggars,
We are *bairns* com'd to play
And for to seek our hogmenay;
Redd up stocks, redd up stools,
Here comes in a pack o' fools.*
Muckle head and little wit stand behind the door,
But sic a set as we are, ne'er were here before.

One with a sword, who corresponds with the *Rollet*, now enters and says:

Here comes in the great king of Macedon,
Who has conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone.
When I came to Scotland my heart grew so cold

To see a *little nation* so stout and so bold,
So stout and so bold, so frank and so free!
Call upon Galgacus to fight wi' me

If national partiality does not deceive us, we think this speech points out the origin of the story to be the Roman invasion under Agricola, and the name of Galgacus (although *Galacheus* and *Sain*

* The author of *Waverley*, in a note to the *Abbot*, mentions three Moralities played during the time of the reformation—*The Abbot of Unreason*, *The Bury Bishop*, and the *Pepe o' Fools*—may not *pack o' fools* be a corruption of this last?

Lawrence are sometimes substituted, but most probably as corruptions) makes the famous struggle for freedom by the Scots under that leader, in the battle fought at the foot of the Grampians, the subject of this historical drama.

Enter Galgacus.

Here comes in Galgacus—wha doesna fear my name?
Sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win the game!

They close in a sword fight, and in the “hash smash” the chief is victorious. He says:

Down Jack! down to the ground you must go—

Oh O! what’s this I’ve done?

I’ve killed my brother Jack, my father’s only son!

Call upon the doctor.

Enter Doctor (saying)

Here comes in the best doctor that ever Scotland bred.

Chief. What can you cure?

The doctor then relates his skill in surgery.

Chief. What will ye tak to cure this man?

Doctor. Ten pound and a bottle of wine.

Chief. Will six not do?

Doctor. No, you must go higher.

Chief. Seven?

Doctor. That will not put on the pot, &c.

A bargain however is struck, and the *Doctor* says to *Jack*, start to your feet and stand!

Jack. Oh hon, my back, I’m sairly wounded.

Doctor. What ails your back?

Jack. There’s a hole in’t you may turn your tongue ten times round it!

Doctor. How did you get it?

Jack. Fighting for our land.

Doctor. How mony did you kill?

Jack. I killed a’ the loons save ane, but he ran, he wad na stand.

Here, most unfortunately, there is a “hole i’ the ballad,” a hiatus which irreparably closes the door upon our keenest prying. During the late war with France *Jack* was made to say he had been “fighting the French,” and that the *loon* who took leg bail was no less a personage than *NAP. le grand!* Whether we are to regard this as a dark prophetic anticipation of what did actually take place, seems

really problematical. The strange eventful history however is wound up by the entrance of *Judas* with the bag. He says:

Here comes in *Judas*—*Judas* is my name,
If ye pit nought sillar i’ my bag, for gude-sake mind our wame!

When I gaed to the castle yett and tirl’t at the pin,

They keepit the keys o’ the castle wa’, and wad na let me in.

I’ve been i’ the east carse,

I’ve been i’ the west carse,

I’ve been i’ the carse o’ Gowric,

Where the clouds rain a’ day wi’ peas and wi’ beans!

And the farmers theek houses wi’ needles and pins!

I’ve seen geese ga’in’ on pattens!

And swine fleeing i’ the air like peelings o’ onions!

Our hearts are made o’ steel, but our body’s sma’ as ware,

If you’ve onything to gi’ us, stap it in there!

This character in the piece seems to mark its ecclesiastical origin, being of course taken from the office of the *betray*er in the New Testament; whom, by the way, he resembles in another point; as extreme jealousy exists among the party, this personage appropriates to himself the contents of the bag. The money and *wassel*, which usually consists of *farles* of short bread, or cakes and pieces of cheese, are therefore frequently counted out before the whole.

One of the guisards who has the best voice, generally concludes the exhibition by singing an “*auld Scottish sang*.” The most ancient melodies only are considered appropriate for this occasion, and many very fine ones are often sung that have not found their way into collections: or the group join in a reel, lightly tripping it, although encumbered with buskins of straw wisps, to the merry sound of the fiddle, which used to form a part of the establishment of these itinerants. They anciently however appear to have been accompanied with a musician, who played the *kythels*, or stock-and-horn, a musical instrument made of the thigh bone of a sheep and the horn of a bullock.

The above practice, like many customs of the olden time, is now quickly falling into disuse, and the revolution of a few years may witness the total extinction of this *seasonable* doing. That there does still exist in other places of Scotland the remnants of plays performed upon similar occasions, and which may contain many interesting allusions, is very likely. This

noticed above, however, is the first which we remember of seeing noticed in a particular manner.

The kirk of Scotland appears formerly to have viewed these festivities exactly as the Roman church in France did in the sixteenth century; and, as a proof of this, and of the style in which the sport was anciently conducted in the parish of Falkirk, we have a remarkable instance so late as the year 1702. A great number of farmers' sons and farm servants from the "East Carse" were publicly rebuked before the session, or ecclesiastical court, for going about in disguise upon the last night of December that year, "acting things unseemly;" and having professed their sorrow for the sinfulness of the deed, were certified if they should be found guilty of the like in time coming, they would be proceeded against after another manner. Indeed the scandalized kirk might have been compelled to put the *cutty stool* in requisition, as a consequence of such promiscuous midnight meetings.

The observance of the old custom of "*first fits*" upon New-year's day is kept up at Falkirk with as much spirit as any where else. Both Old and New Style have their "*keepers*," although many of the lower classes keep them in rather a "disorderly style." Soon as the steeple clock strikes the ominous *twelve*, all is running, and bustle, and noise; *hot-pints* in clear scoured copper kettles are seen in all directions, and a good noggin to the well-known toast, "A gude new year, and a merry han'sel Monday," is exchanged among the people in the streets, as well as friends in the houses. On *han'sel Monday* O. S. the numerous colliers in the neighbourhood of the town have a grand main of cocks; but there is nothing in these customs peculiar to the season.

* *Falkirk*, 1825. J. W. R.

ANNUAL JOCULAR TENURE.

The following are recorded particulars of a whimsical custom in Yorkshire, by which a right of *sheep-walk* is held by the tenants of a manor:—

Hutton Conyers, Com. York.

Near this town, which lies a few miles from Ripon, there is a large common, called *Hutton Conyers Moor*, whereof William Aislaby, esq. of Studley Royal, (lord of the manor of Hutton Conyers,) is lord of the soil, and on which there is a

large *coney-warren* belonging to the lord. The occupiers of messuages and cottages within the several towns of Hutton Conyers, Baldersby, Rainton, Dishforth, and Hewick, have right of estray for their sheep to certain limited boundaries on the common, and each township has a shepherd.

The lord's shepherd has a preeminence of tending his sheep on every part of the common; and wherever he herds the lord's sheep, the several other shepherds are to give way to him, and give up their *hoofing-place*, so long as he pleases to depasture the lord's sheep thereon. The lord holds his court the *first day in the year*, to entitle those several townships to such right of estray; the shepherd of each township attends the court, and does fealty, by bringing to the court a large *apple-pie*, and a twopenny *sweetcake*, (except the shepherd of Hewick, who compounds by paying sixteen pence for ale, which is drank as after mentioned,) and a *wooden spoon*; each pie is cut in two, and divided by the bailiff, one half between the steward, bailiff, and the tenant of the coney-warren before mentioned, and the other half into six parts, and divided amongst the six shepherds of the above mentioned six townships. In the pie brought by the shepherd of *Rainton* an inner one is made, filled with *prunes*. The cakes are divided in the same manner. The bailiff of the manor provides *furmety* and *mustard*, and delivers to each shepherd a *slice of cheese* and a *penny roll*. The *furmety*, well mixed with mustard, is put into an earthen pot, and placed in a hole in the ground, in a garth belonging to the bailiff's house; to which place the steward of the court, with the bailiff, tenant of the warren, and six shepherds, adjourn with their respective *wooden spoons*. The bailiff provides spoons for the stewards, the tenant of the warren, and himself. The steward first pays respect to the *furmety*, by taking a large spoonful, the bailiff has the next honour, the tenant of the warren next, then the shepherd of *Hutton Conyers*, and afterwards the other shepherds by regular turns; then each person is served with a glass of *ale*, (paid for by the sixteen pence brought by the *Hewick* shepherd,) and the health of the lord of the manor is drank; then they adjourn back to the bailiff's house, and the further business of the court is proceeded in.

Each pie contains about a peck of flour, is about sixteen or eighteen inches

diameter, and as large as will go into the mouth of an ordinary oven. The bailiff of the manor measures them with a rule, and takes the diameter; and if they are not of a sufficient capacity, he threatens to return them, and fine the town. If they are large enough, he divides them with a rule and compasses into four equal parts; of which the steward claims one, the warrenor another, and the remainder is divided amongst the shepherds. In respect to the *furmety*, the top of the dish in which it is put is placed level with the surface of the ground; all persons present are invited to eat of it, and those who do not, are not deemed loyal to the lord. Every shepherd is obliged to eat of it, and for that purpose is to take a *spoon* in his pocket to the court; for if any of them neglect to carry a spoon with him, he is to lay him down upon his belly, and sup the *furmety* with his face to the pot or dish, at which time it is usual, by way of sport, for some of the bystanders to dip his face into the *furmety*; and sometimes a shepherd, for the sake of diversion, will purposely leave his spoon at home.*

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SUSSEX.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

A practice which well deserves to be known and imitated is established at Maresfield-park, Sussex, the seat of sir John Shelley, bart. M. P. Rewards are annually given on New-year's day to such of the industrious poor in the neighbourhood as have not received parish relief, and have most distinguished themselves by their good behaviour and industry, the neatness of their cottages and gardens, and their constant attendance at church, &c. The distribution is made by lady Shelley, assisted by other ladies; and it is gratifying to observe the happy effects upon the character and disposition of the poor people with which this benevolent practice has been attended during the few years it has been established. Though the highest reward does not exceed two guineas, yet it has excited a wonderful spirit of emulation, and many a strenuous effort to avoid receiving money from the parish. Immediately as the rewards are given, all the children belonging to the Sunday-school and national-school lately established in the parish, are set down to

a plentiful dinner in the servants' hall; and after dinner they also receive prizes for their good conduct as teachers, and their diligence as scholars.

I am, &c.

J. S.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY

A Gentleman of Literary Habits and Means.

For the Every-day Book.

All hail to the birth of the year,
Sec golden haired Phœbus afar;
Prepares to renew his career,
And is mounting his dew spangled car.

Stern Winter congeals every brook,
That murmured so lately with glee;
And places a snowy peruke,
On the head of each bald pated trec.

Now wild duck and widgeon abound,
Snipes sit by the half frozen rills.
Where woodcocks are frequently found,
That sport such amazing long bills.

The winds blow out shrilly and hoarse,
And the rivers are choking with ice;
And it comes as a matter of course,
That Wallsends are rising in price.

Alas! for the poor! as unwilling
I gaze on each famishing group;
I never miss giving a shilling,
To the parish subscription for soup.

The wood pigeon, sacred to love,
Is wheeling in circles on high;
How charming he looks in the grove!
How charming he looks in the pie!

Now gone is St. Thomas's day,
The shortest, alas! in the year.
And Christmas is hasting away,
With its holly and berries and beer,

And the old year for ever is gone,
With the tabor, the pipe, and the dance;
And gone is our collar of brawn,
And gone is the mermaid to France.

The scythe and the hour glass of time,
Those fatal mementos of woe,
Seem to utter in accents sublime,
"We are all of us going to go!"

We are truly and agreeably informed by the "Mirror of the Months," that "Now periodical works put on their best attire; the old ones expressing their determination to become new, and the new

* Blount's *Flug. Antiq.* by Beckwith

ones to become old; and each makes a point of putting forth the first of some pleasant series (such as this, for example!), which cannot fail to fix the most fugitive of readers, and make him her own for another twelve months at least."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Under this head it is proposed to place the "Mean temperature of every day in the Year for London and its environs, on an average of Twenty Years," as deduced by Mr. Howard, from observations commencing with the year 1797, and ending with 1816.

For the first three years, Mr. Howard's observations were conducted at Plaistow, a village about three miles and a half N N. E. of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, four miles E. of the edge of London, with the Thames a mile and a half to the S., and an open level country, for the most part well-drained land, around it. The thermometer was attached to a post set in the ground, under a Portugal laurel, and from the lowness of this tree, the whole instrument was within three feet of the turf; it had the house and offices, buildings of ordinary height, to the S. and S.E. distant about twenty yards, but was in other respects freely exposed.

For the next three years, the observations were made partly at Plaistow and partly at Mr. Howard's laboratory at Stratford, a mile and a half to the N.W., on ground nearly of the same elevation. The thermometer had an open N. W. exposure, at six feet from the ground, close to the river Lea.

The latter observations were made at Tottenham-green, four miles N. of London, which situation, as the country to the N.W. especially is somewhat hilly and more wooded, Mr. Howard considers more sheltered than the former site; the elevation of the ground is a trifle greater, and the thermometer was about ten feet from the general level of the garden before it, with a very good exposure N., but not quite enough detached from the house, having been affixed to the outer door-case, in a frame which gave it a little projection, and admitted the air behind it.

On this day, then, the average of these twenty years' observations gives

Mean Temperature . . . 36 · 67.

It is, further, proposed to notice certain astronomical and meteorological phenomena; the migration and singing of birds; the appearance of insects; the leafing and flowering of plants; and other particulars peculiar to animal, vegetable, and celestial existences. These observations will only be given from sources thoroughly authentic, and the authorities will be subjoined. *Communications* for this department will be gladly received.

January 2.

St. Concord.

Is said, by his English biographer Butler, to have been a sub-deacon in a desert, martyred at Spoleto, about the year 178; whereto the same biographer adds, "In the Roman Martyrology his name occurs on the *first*, in some others on the *second* of January." The infallible *Roman church*, to end the discord, rejects the authority of the "*Roman Martyrology*," and keeps the festival of Concord on the second of January.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 92.

January 3

THE RIDDLE OF THE YEAR,

By Cleobulus.

There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a-piece, party-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.

Cleobulus, to whom this riddle is attributed, was one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived about 570 years before the birth of Christ.

Riddles are of the highest antiquity; the oldest on record is in the book of Judges xiv. 14—18. We are told by Plutarch, that the girls of his times worked at netting or sewing, and the most ingenious "made riddles."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 60.

January 4.

Prepare for Twelfth-day.

The "Mirror of the Months," a reflector of "The Months" by Mr. Leigh Hunt, enlarged to include other objects, adopts, "Above all other proverbs, that which says, 'There's nothing like the time present,'—partly because 'the time present' is but a periphrasis for *Now!*" The series of delightful things which Mr. Hunt links together by the word *Now* in his "Indicator," is well remembered, and his pleasant disciple tells us, "*Now*, then, the cloudy canopy of sea-coal smoke that hangs over London, and crowns her queen of capitals, floats thick and threefold; for fires and feastings are rife, and every body is either 'out' or 'at home' every night. *Now*, if a frosty day or two does happen to pay us a flying visit, on its way to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways, for lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door; who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood, not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!—*Now* the bloom-buds of the fruit-trees, which the late leaves of autumn had concealed from the view, stand confessed, upon the otherwise bare branches, and, dressed in their patent wind-and-water-proof coats, brave the utmost severity of the season,—their hard, unpromising out-sides, compared with the forms of beauty which they contain, reminding us of their friends the butterflies, when in the chrysalis state.—*Now* the labour of the husbandman is, for once in the year, at a stand; and he haunts the alehouse fire, or lolls listlessly over the half-door of the village smithy, and watches the progress of the labour which he unconsciously envies; tasting for once in his life (without knowing it) the bitterness of that *ennui* which he begrudges to his betters.—*Now*, melancholy-looking men wander 'by twos and threes' through market-towns, with their faces as blue as the aprons that are twisted round their waists; their ineffectual rakes resting on their shoulders, and a withered cabbage hoisted upon a pole; and sing out their doleful petition of 'Pray remember the poor gardeners, who can get no work!'"

Now, however, not to conclude prematurely, let us remember that the officers and some of the principal inhabitants of most parishes in London, preceded by their beadle in the full majesty of a full great coat and gold laced hat, with his walking staff of state higher than himself, and headed by a goodly polished silver globe, go forth from the vestry room, and call on every chief parishioner for a voluntary contribution towards a provision for cheering the abode of the needy at this cheerful season:—and *now* the unfeeling and mercenary urge "false pretences" upon "public grounds," with the vain hope of concealing their private reasons for refusing "public charity:"—and *now*, the upright and kind-hearted welcome the annual call, and dispense bountifully. Their prosperity is a blessing. Each scattereth and yet increaseth; their pillows are pillows of peace; and at the appointed time, they lie down with their fathers, and sleep the sleep of just men made perfect, in everlasting rest.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 36° 42.

January 5.

TWELFTH-DAY EVE.

Agricultural Custom.

In the parish of Pauntley, a village on the borders of the county of Gloucester, next Worcestershire, and in the neighbourhood, "a custom, intended to prevent the smut in wheat, in some respect resembling the Scotch Beltein, prevails." "On the eve of Twelfth-day all the servants of every farmer assemble together in one of the fields that has been sown with wheat. At the end of twelve lands, they make twelve fires in a row with straw; around one of which, made larger than the rest, they drink a cheerful glass of cyder to their master's health, and success to the future harvest; then, returning home, they feast on cakes made of carraways, &c. soaked in cyder, which they claim as a reward for their past labours in sowing the grain."*

Credulity and Incredulity.

In the beginning of the year 1825, the flimsiest bubbles of the most bungling

* Rudge's Gloucester.

projectors obtained the public confidence; at the close of the year that confidence was refused to firms and establishments of unquestionable security. Just before Christmas, from sudden demands greatly beyond the amounts which were ready for ordinary supply, bankers in London of known respectability stopped payment; the panic became general throughout the kingdom, and numerous country banks failed, the funds fell, Exchequer bills were at a heavy discount, and public securities of every description suffered material depression. This exigency rendered prudence still more circumspect, and materially retarded the operations of legitimate business, to the injury of all persons engaged in trade. In several manufacturing districts, transactions of every kind were suspended, and manufacturing wholly ceased from work.

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

As just at this time it may be interesting to many of your readers, to know the origin of Exchequer bills, I send you the following account

In the years 1696 and 1697, the silver currency of the kingdom being, by clipping, washing, grinding, filing, &c. reduced to about half its nominal value, acts of parliament were passed for its being called in, and re-coined; but whilst the re-coinage was going on exchequer bills were first issued, to supply the demands of trade. The quantity of silver re-coined, according to D'Avenant, from the old hammered money, amounted to 5,725,933*l*. It is worthy of remark, that through the difficulties experienced by the Bank of England (which had been established only three years,) during the re-coinage, they having taken the clipped silver at its nominal value, and guineas at an advanced price, bank notes were in 1697 at a discount of from 15 to 20 per cent. "During the re-coinage," says D'Avenant, "all great dealings were transacted by tallies, bank-bills, and goldsmiths' notes. Paper credit did not only supply the place of running cash, but greatly multiplied the kingdom's stock; for tallies and bank-bills did to many uses serve as well, and to some better than gold and silver; and this artificial wealth which necessity had introduced, did make us less feel the want of that real

treasure, which the war and our losses at sea had drawn out of the nation."

I am, &c.

J. G.

THE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

A Family Sketch.

Bring me a garland of holly,
Rosemary, ivy, and bays;
Gravity's nothing but folly,
Till after the Christmas day

Fill out a glass of Bucellas;
Here!—boys put the crown on my head:
Now, boys!—shake hands—be good fellows,
And all be—*good men*—when I'm dead.

Come, girls, come! now for your kisses.
Hearty ones—louder—loud—louder!
How I'm surrounded with blisses!
Proud men may here see a prouder.

Now, you rogues, go kiss your mother:—
Ah! ah!—she won't let you?—pho!
pho!

Gently—there, there now!—don't smother:—

Old lady! come, *now* I'll kiss you.

Here take the garland, and wear it;
'Nay, nay!' but you must, and you shall;

For, *here's such a kiss!*—come, don't fear it;
If you do—turn round to the wall.

A kiss too for Number Eleven,
The Newcome—the young Christmas berry—

My Alice!—who makes my girl's seven,
And makes merry Christmas more merry.

Another good glass of Bucellas,
While I've the crown on my head;
Laugh on my good girls, and good fellows,
Till it's off—then off to bed.

Hey!—now, for the Christmas holly,
Rosemary, ivy, and bays;
Gravity's nothing but folly.
Till after the Christmas days.

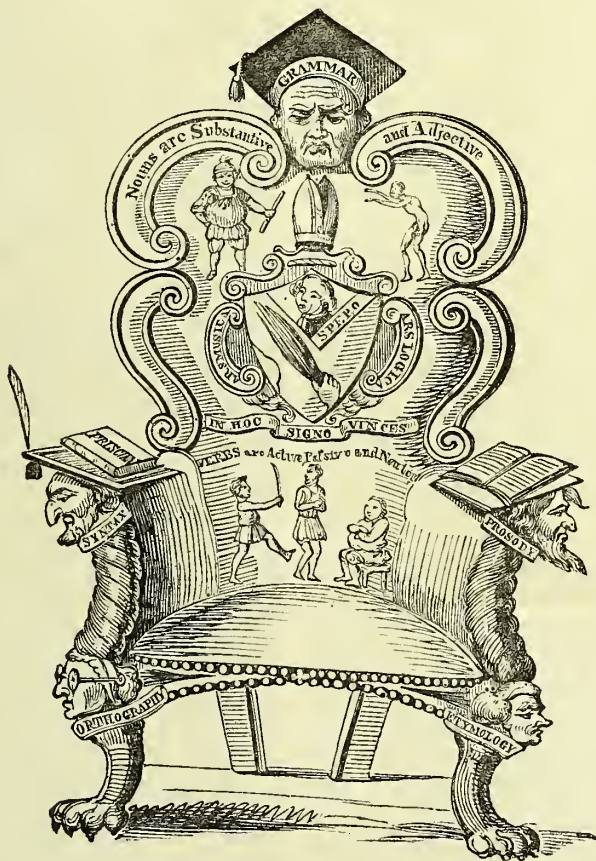
December 30, 1825.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 37 · 47.

During the holidays, and especially on Twelfth-night, school-boys dismiss "the cares and the fears" of academic rule; or they are regarded but as a passing cloud, intercepting only for an instant the sunshine of joy wherewith their sports are brightened. Gerund-grinding and parsing are usually prepared for at the last

moment, until when "the master's chair" is only "remembered to be forgotten." There is entire suspension of the authority of that class, by whom the name of "Busby" is venerated, till "Black Monday" arrives, and chaises and stages convey the young Christmas-keepers to the "seat of government."



Dr. Busby's Chair.

Him! sui generis, alone,
 Busby! the great substantive noun!
 Whose look was lightning, and whose word
 Was thunder to the boys who heard,
 Is, as regards his long vocation,
 Pictured by this his great location.
 Look on it well, boys, and digest
 The symbols!—learn—and shun the rest!

The name of Busby!—not the musical doctor, but a late magisterial doctor of Westminster school—celebrated for severe discipline, is a “word of fear” to all living who know his fame! It is perpetuated by an engraved representation of his chair, said to have been designed by sir Peter Lily, and presented by that artist to king Charles II. The arms, and each arm, are appalling; and the import of the other devices are, or ought to be, known by every tyro. Every prudent person lays in stores before they are wanted, and Dr. Busby’s chair may as well be “in the house” on Twelfth-day as on any other; not as a mirth-spoiler, but as a subject which we know to-day that we have “by us,” whereon to inquire and discuss at a more convenient season. Dr. Busby was a severe, but not an ill-natured man. It is related of him and one of his scholars, that during the doctor’s absence from his study, the boy found some plums in it, and being moved by lickerishness, began to eat some; first, however, he waggishly cried out, “I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and these plums; if any here present know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it, or hereafter hold your peace;” and then he ate. But the doctor had overheard the proclamation, and said nothing till the next morning, when causing the boy to be “brought up,” and disposed for punishment, he grasped the well-known instrument, and said, “I publish the banns of matrimony between this rod and this boy: if any of you know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it.”—The boy himself called out, “I forbid the banns!” “For what cause?” inquired the doctor. “Because,” said the boy, “the parties are not agreed!” The doctor enjoyed the validity of the objection urged by the boy’s wit, and the ceremony was not performed. This is an instance of Dr. Busby’s admiration of talent: and let us hope, in behalf of its seasonableness here, that it was at Christmas time.

The King drinks.

We recur once more to this subject, for the sake of remarking that there is an account of a certain curate, “who having taken his preparations over evening, when all men cry (as the manner is) *The king drinketh*, chanting his masse the next

morning, fell asleep in his memento; and when he awoke, added, with a loud voice, *The king drinketh*.” This mal-apropos exclamation must have proceeded from a foreign ecclesiastic: we have no account of the ceremony to which it refers having prevailed in merry England.

An excellent pen-and-ink picture of “*Merry England*”** represents honest old Froissart, the French chronicler, as saying of some English in his time, that “they amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country;” whereon the portrayer of *Merry England* observes, “They have indeed a way of their own. Their mirth is a relaxation from gravity, a challenge to ‘Dull Care’ to ‘be gone;’ and one is not always clear at first, whether the appeal is successful. The cloud may still hang on the brow; the ice may not thaw at once. To help them out in their new character is an act of charity. Any thing short of hanging or drowning is something to begin with. They do not enter into their amusements the less doggedly because they may plague others. They like a thing the better for hitting them ~~on~~ ^{on} the knuckles, for making their blood tingle. They do not dance or sing, but they make good cheer—‘eat, drink, and are merry.’ No people are fonder of field-sports, Christmas gambols, or practical jests. Blindman’s-buff, hunt the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, are all approved English games, full of laughable surprises and ‘hair-breadth ‘scapes,’ and serve to amuse the winter fireside after the roast beef and plum-pudding, the spiced ale and roasted crab, thrown (hissing-hot) into the foaming tankard. Punch (not the liquor, but the puppet) is not, I fear, of English origin; but there is no place, I take it, where he finds himself more at home or meets a more joyous welcome, where he collects greater crowds at the corners of streets, where he opens the eyes or distends the cheeks wider, or where the bangs and blows, the uncouth gestures, ridiculous anger and screaming voice of the chief performer excite more boundless merriment or louder bursts of laughter among all ranks and sorts of people. An English theatre is the very throne of pantomime; nor do I believe that the gallery and boxes of Drury-lane or Covent-gar

* In the New Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1825

den filled on the proper occasions with holiday folks (big or little) yield the palm for undisguised, tumultuous, inextinguishable laughter to any spot in Europe. I do not speak of the refinement of the mirth (this is no fastidious speculation) but of its cordiality, on the return of these long-looked-for and licensed periods; and I may add here, by way of illustration, that the English common people are a sort of grown children, spoiled and sulky, perhaps, but full of glee and merriment, when their attention is drawn off by some sudden and striking object.

"The *comfort*, on which the English lay so much stress, arises from the same source as their mirth. Both exist by contrast and a sort of contradiction. The English are certainly the most uncomfortable of all people in themselves, and therefore it is that they stand in need of every kind of comfort and accommodation. The least thing puts them out of their way, and therefore every thing must be in its place. They are mightily offended at disagreeable tastes and smells, and therefore they exact the utmost neatness and nicety. They are sensible of heat and cold, and therefore they cannot exist, unless every thing is snug and warm, or else open and airy, where they are. They must have 'all appliances and means to boot.' They are afraid of interruption and intrusion, and therefore they shut themselves up in in-door enjoyments and by their own firesides. It is not that they require luxuries (for that implies a high degree of epicurean indulgence and gratification,) but they cannot do without *their comforts*; that is, whatever tends to supply their physical wants, and ward off physical pain and annoyance. As they have not a fund of animal spirits and enjoyments in themselves, they cling to external objects for support, and derive solid satisfaction from the ideas of order, cleanliness, plenty, property, and domestic quiet, as they seek for diversion from odd accidents and grotesque surprises, and have the highest possible relish not of voluptuous softness, but of hard knocks and dry blows, as one means of ascertaining their personal identity."

Twelfth-day, in the times of chivalry, was observed at the court of England by grand entertainments and tournaments. The justings were continued till a period little favourable to such sports.

In the reign of James I., when his son

prince Henry was in the 16th year of his age, and therefore arrived to the period for claiming the principality of Wales and the duchy of Cornwall, it was granted to him by the king and the high court of parliament, and the 4th of June following appointed for his investiture: "the *Christmas* before which," sir Charles Cornwallis says, "his highness, not onely for his owne recreation, but also that the world might know what a brave prince they were likely to enjoy, under the name of Meliades, lord of the isles, (an ancient title due to the first-borne of Scotland,) did, in his name, by some appointed for the same purpose, strangely attired, accompanied with drummes and trumpets, in the presence, before the king and queene, and in the presence of the whole court, deliver a challenge to all knights of Great Britaine." The challenge was to this effect, "That Meliades, their noble master, burning with an earnest desire to trie the valour of his young yeares in foraigne countryes, and to know where vertue triumphed most, had sent them abroad to espy the same, who, after their long traualles in all countreyes, and returne," had nowhere discovered it, "save in the fortunate isle of Great Britaine: which ministring matter of exceeding joy to their young Meliades, who 'as they said) could lineally derive his pedegree from the famous knights of this isle, was the cause that he had now sent to present the first fruits of his chivalrie at his majesties' feete; then after returning with a short speech to her majestie, next to the earles, lords, and knights, excusing their lord in this their so sudden and shor warning, and lastly, to the ladies; they, after humble delivery of their chartle concerning time, place, conditions, number of weapons and assailants, tooke their leave, departing solemnly as they entered."

Then preparations began to be made for this great fight, and each was happy who found himself admitted for a defendant, much more an assailant. "At last to encounter his highness, six assailants, and fifty-eight defendants, consisting of earles, barons, knights, and esquires, were appointed and chosen; eight defendants to one assailant, every assailant being to fight by turnes eight severall times fighting, two every time with push and pike of sword, twelve strokes at a time; after which, the barre for separation was to be let downe until a fresh onset." The summons ran in these words:

"To our verie loving good freind sir Gilbert Houghton, knight, geave theis with speed :

"After our hartie commendacions unto you. The prince, his highnes, hath comanded us to signifie to you that whereas he doth intend to make a challenge in his owne person at the Barriers, with sixe other assistants, to bee performed some tyme this Christmas; and that he hath made choice of you for one of the defendants (whereof wee have comandement to give you knowledge), that theruppon you may so repaire hither to prepare yourselfe, as you may bee fitt to attend him. Hereunto expecting your speedie answer wee rest, from Whitehall this 25th of December, 1609. Your very loving freindes, Nottingham. | T. Suffolke. | E. Worcester."

On New-year's Day, 1610, or the day after, the prince's challenge was proclaimed at court, and "his highnesse, in his own lodging, in the Christmas, did feast the earles, barons, and knights, assailants and defendants, untill the great Twelfth appointed night, on which this great fight was to be performed."

On the 6th of January, in the evening, "the barriers" were held at the palace of Whitehall, in the presence of the king and queen, the ambassadors of Spain and Venice, and the peers and ladies of the land, with a multitude of others assembled in the banqueting-house: at the upper end whereof was the king's chair of state, and on the right hand a sumptuous pavilion for the prince and his associates, from whence, "with great bravery and ingenious devices, they descended into the middell of the roome, and there the prince performed his first feats of armes, that is to say, at *Barriers*, against all commers, being assisted onlie with six others, viz. the duke of Lenox, the earle of Arundell, the earle of Southampton, the lord Hay, sir Thomas Somerset, and sir Richard Preston, who was shortly after created lord Dingwell."

To answer these challengers came fifty-six earles, barons, knights, and esquires. They were at the lower end of the roome, where was erected "a very delicat and pleasant place, where in privat manner they and their traine remained, which was so very great that no man imagined that the place could have concealed halfe so many." From thence they issued, in comely order, to the middell of the roome, where sate the king and the queene, and the court, "to behoid the barriers, with

the several shewes and devices of each combatant." Every challenger fought with eight several defendants two several combats at two several weapons, viz. at push of pike, and with single sword. "The prince performed this challenge with wonderous skill and courage, to the great joy and admiration of the beholders," he "not being full sixteene yeeres of age untill the 19th of February." These feats, and other "triumphant shewes," began before ten o'clock at night, and continued untill three o'clock the next morning, "being Sondag." The speeches at "the barriers" were written by Ben Jonson. The next day (Sunday) the prince rode in great pomp to convoy the king to St James', whither he had invited him and all the court to supper, whereof the queen alone was absent; and then the prince bestowed prizes to the three combatants best deserving; namely, the earl of Montgomery, sir Thomas Darey (son to lord Darey), and sir Robert Gourdon.* In this way the court spent Twelfth-night in 1610.

On *Twelfth-night*, 1753, George II. played at hazard for the benefit of the groom porter. All the royal family who played were winners, particularly the duke of York, who won 3000*l*. The most considerable losers were the duke of Grafton, the marquis of Hartington, the earl of Holderness, earl of Ashburnham, and the earl of Hertford. The prince of Wales (father of George III.) with prince Edward and a select company, danced in the little drawing room till eleven o'clock, and then withdrew.†

Old Christmas-day.

According to the alteration of the style, OLD Christmas-day falls on Twelfth-day, and in distant parts is even kept in our time as the festival of the nativity. In 1753, Old Christmas-day was observed in the neighbourhood of Worcester by the *Anti-Gregorians*, full as sociably, if not so religiously, as formerly. In several villages, the parishioners so strongly insisted upon having an *Old-style* nativity sermon, as they term it, that their ministers could not well avoid preaching to them: and, at some towns, where the markets are held on *Friday*, not a butter basket, nor even a *Goose*, was to be seen in the market-place the whole day.‡

* Mr. Nichols's Progresses of James I.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ Ibid

To heighten the festivities of Christmas, 1825 the good folks of "London and its environs" were invited to Sadler's Wells, by the following whimsical notice printed and distributed as a handbill

"SOVEREIGNS WILL BE TAKEN, during the Christmas holidays, and as long as any body will bring them to SADLER'S WELLS; nay so little fastidious are the Proprietors of that delectable fascinating snuggerly, that, however incredible it may appear, they, in some cases, have actually had the liberality to prefer Gold to Paper. Without attempting to investigate their motives for such extraordinary conduct, we shall do them the justice to say, they certainly give an amazing quantum of amusement, *All in One Night*, at the HOUSE ON THE HEATH, where, besides the THREE CRUMPIES, AND THE BARON AND HIS BROTHERS, an immense number of fashionables are expected on MERLIN'S MOUNT, and some of the first Cambrian families will countenance HARLEQUIN CYMRAEG, in hopes to partake of the *Living Leek*, which being served up the last thing before supper, will constitute a most excellent Christmas carminative, preventing the effects of night air on the crowds who will adorn this darling little edifice. In addition to a most effective LIGHT COMPANY engaged here, a very respectably sized *Moon* will be in attendance to light home a greater number of Patrons than ever this popular petted Palace of Pantomime is likely to produce. We say nothing of warmth and comfort, acquired by recent improvements, because these matters will soon be subjects of common conversation, and omit noticing the happiness of Half-price, and the cheering qualities of the Wine-room, fearful of wounding in the bosom of the Manager that innate modesty which is ever the concomitant of merit; we shall therefore conclude, by way of invitation to the dubious, in the language of an elegant writer, by asserting that the *Proof of the Pudding is in*—VERBUM SAT."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature - - - 37° 12.

January 7.

1826. *Distaff's Day*.*

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

I stood between the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
And I ask'd of the future one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day?
Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye
To look upon thy way!

For Sorrow like a phantom sits
Upon the last Year's close.
How much of grief, how much of ill,
In its dark breast repose!

Shadows of faded Hopes flit by,
And ghosts of Pleasures fled:
How have they chang'd from what they
were!
Cold, colourless, and dead.

I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
On worse than nought employ'd.

Oh Vanity! alas, my heart!
How widely hast thou stray'd
And misused every golden gift
For better purpose made!

I think on many a once-loved friend
As nothing to me now;
And what can mark the lapse of time
As does an alter'd brow?

Perhaps 'twas but a careless word
That sever'd Friendship's chain;
And angry Pride stands by each gap,
Lest they unite again.

Less sad, albeit more terrible,
To think upon the dead,
Who quiet in the lonely grave
Lay down their weary head.

For faith and hope, and peace, and trust,
Are with their happier lot:
Though broken is their bond of love,
At least we broke it not.—

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

* See vol. i. p. 61

There came a sound, but not of speech,
That to my thought replied,
"Misery is the marriage-gift
That waits a mortal bride:

"But lift thine hopes from this base earth,
This waste of worldly care,
And wed thy faith to yon bright sky,
For Happiness dwells there!"

L. E. L.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 85.

January 8.

1826. *First Sunday after Epiphany.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 8th of January, 1753, died sir Thomas Burnet, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, of the gout in his stomach, at his house in Lincoln's-inn fields. He was the eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury; was several years consul at Lisbon; and in November, 1741, made one of the judges of the Common Pleas, in room of judge Fortescue, who was appointed master of the rolls. On November 23, 1745, when the lord chancellor, judges, and association of the gentlemen of the law, waited on his majesty with their address, on occasion of the rebellion, he was knighted. He was an able and upright judge, and a great benefactor to the poor.†

THE NEW YEAR NEW MOON

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

Encouraged by your various expressions of willingness to receive notices of customs not already "imprinted" in your first volume, I take the liberty of presenting the first of several which I have not yet seen in print.

I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

Chelsea.

J. O. W.

* New Monthly Magazine, January, 1826.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

MONEY AND THE MOON.

Gentle reader,

If thou art not over-much prejudiced by the advances of modernization, (I like a long new-coined word,) so that, even in these "latter days," thou dost not hesitate to place explicit reliance on ancient, yet infallible "sayings and doings," (ancient enough, since they have been handed down to us by our grandmothers—and who would doubt the weight and authority of *so many* years?—and infallible enough, since they themselves absolutely believed in their "quite-correctness,") I will tell thee a secret well worth knowing, if *that* can be called a secret which arises out of a well-known and almost universal custom, at least, in "days of yore." It is neither more nor less than the possession throughout "the rolling year" of a pocket never without money. Is not this indeed a secret well worth knowing? Yet the means of its accomplishment are exceedingly simple (as all difficult things are when once known.) On the first day of the first new moon of the new year, or so soon afterwards as you observe it, all that you have to do is this:—on the first glance you take at "pale Luna's silvery crest" in the western sky, put your hand in your pocket, shut your eyes, and turn the smallest piece of *silver* coin you possess upside down in your said pocket. This will ensure you (if you will but *trust* its infallibility!) throughout the whole year that "summum bonum" of earthly wishes, a pocket never empty. If, however, you neglect, on the first appearance of the moon, your case is hopeless; nevertheless and notwithstanding, at a future new moon you may pursue the same course, and it will *be sure* to hold good during the then current month, but not a "whit" longer.

This mention of the new moon and its crest brings to mind a few verses I wrote some time ago, and having searched my scrap-book, (undoubtedly *not such* a one as *Geoffery Crayon's*), I copied them from thence, and they are here under. Although written in the "merry merry month of May," they may be read in the "dreary dark December," for every new moon presents the same beautiful phenomenon.

A Simile.

Hast thou ne'er marked, when first the crescent moon
Shines faintly in the western horizon,
O'er her whole orb a slight soft blush o'erspread,

As though she were abashed to be thus seen
 From the sun's couch with silver steps retreating,
 Hast thou ne'er marked, that when by slow degrees,
 Night after night, her crescent shape is lost,
 And steadily she gains her stores of light,
 Till half her form resplendently proclaims
 An envious rival to the stars around—
 Then mark'st thou not, that nought of her sweet blush
 Remains to please the gazer's wistful sight,
 And that she shines increasingly in strength,
 Till she is full-orb'd, mistress of the sky?—
 So is it with the mind, when silently
 Into the young heart's void steals timorous love.
 Then enter with it fancy's fairy dreams,
 Visions of glory, reveries of bliss;
 And then they come and go, till comes, alas!
 Knowledge, forced on us, of the "world without!"
 How soon these scenes of beauty disappear!
 How soon fond thought sinks into nothingness!
 How soon the mind discovers that true bliss
 Reposes not on sublunary things,
 But is alone when passion's blaze is o'er
 In that high happy sphere, where love's supreme.

Here it may not be out of place to endeavour to describe, as familiarly as possible, the cause of the lunar appearance. Hold a piece of looking-glass in a ray of sunshine, and then move a small ball through the *reflected* ray: it is easy to conceive that both sides will be illumined; that side towards the sun by the *direct sunbeam*, and the side towards the mirror, though less powerfully, by the *reflected sunbeam*. In a somewhat similar manner, the earth supplies the place of the mirror, and as at every new moon, and for several days after the moon is in that part of her orbit between the earth and the sun, the rays of the sun are reflected from the earth to the dark side of the moon, and consequently to the inhabitants of that part of the moon, (if any such there be, and query why should there not be such?) the earth must present the curious appearance of a *full* moon of many times the diameter which ours presents.

J. O. W.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36·05.

January 9.

1826. *Plough Monday.*

The first Monday after Twelfth day.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 9th of January, 1752, William Stroud was tried before the bench of

justices at Westminster-hall, for personating various characters and names, and defrauding numbers of people, in order to support his extravagance. It appeared by the evidence, that he had cheated a tailor of a suit of velvet clothes, trimmed with gold; a jeweller of upwards of 100*l.* in rings and watches, which he pawned; a coachmaker of a chaise; a carver and cabinet-maker of household goods; a hosier, hatter, and shoemaker, and, in short, some of almost every other business, to the amount of a large sum. He sometimes appeared like a gentleman attended with livery servants; sometimes as a nobleman's steward; and, in the summer time, he travelled the west of England, in the character of Doctor Rock; and, at the same time, wrote to London for goods, in the names of the Rev. Laroche, and the Rev. Thomas Strickland. The evidence was full against him; notwithstanding which, he made a long speech in his own defence. He was sentenced to six months' hard labour in Bridewell, and, within that time, to be six times publicly whipped.

Such offences are familiar to tradesmen of the present times, through many perpetrators of the like stamp; but all of them are not of the same audacity as Stroud, who, in the month following his conviction, wrote and published his life, wherein he gives a very extraordinary account of his adventures, but passes slightly over, or palliates his blackest crimes. He was bred a haberdasher of small wares in Fleet-street, married his mistress's sister

* See vol. i. p. 7.

before his apprenticeship determined, set up in the Poultry, became a bankrupt, in three months got his certificate signed, and again set up in Holborn, where he lived but a little while before he was thrown into the King's Bench for debt, and there got acquainted with one Playstowe, who gradually led him into scenes of fraud, which he afterwards imitated. Playstowe being a handsome man, usually passed for a gentleman, and Stroud for his steward; at last the former, after many adventures, married a girl with 4000*l.*, flew to France, and left Stroud in the lurch, who then retired to Yorkshire, and lived some time with his aunt, pretending his wife was dead, and he was just on the brink of marrying advantageously, when his real character was traced. He then went to Ireland, passed for a man of fashion, hired an equipage, made the most of that country, and escaped to London. His next grand expedition was to the west of England, where he still personated the man of fortune, got acquainted with a young lady, and pursued her to London, where justice overtook him; and, instead of wedlock, bound him in the fetters of Bridewell.

On the 24th of June, 1752, Stroud received "his last and severest whipping,

from the White Bear to St. James's church Piccadilly."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 36 · 12.

January 10.

Winter in London.

On the 10th of January, 1812, it is observed, that London was this day involved, for several hours, in palpable darkness. The shops, offices, &c., were necessarily lighted up; but, the streets not being lighted as at night, it required no small care in the passenger to find his way, and avoid accidents. The sky where any light pervaded it, showed the aspect of bronze. Such is, occasionally, the effect of the accumulation of smoke between two opposite gentle currents, or by means of a misty calm. The fuliginous cloud was visible, in this instance, from a distance of forty miles. Were it not for the extreme mobility of our atmosphere, this volcano of a hundred thousand mouths would, in winter, be scarcely habitable!†

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Howard on Climate.

Winter in the Country.

All out door work

Now stands; the waggoner, with wisp-wound feet,
And wheelspokes almost filled, his destined stage
Scarcely can gain. O'er hill, and vale, and wood,
Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things veils
In white array, disguising to the view
Objects well known, now faintly recognised.
One colour clothes the mountain and the plain,
Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall
Upon the deep blue stream, or scowling lake,
Or where some beetling rock o'erjutting hangs
Above the vaulty precipice's cove.
Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o'ertops
The level dreary waste; and coppice woods,
Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.
With stooping heads, turned from the storm, the flocks
Onward still urged by man and dog, escape
The smothering drift; while, skulking at a side,
Is seen the fox, with close downfolded tail,
Watching his time to seize a straggling prey;
Or from some lofty crag he ominous howls,
And makes approaching night more dismal fall.



Mr. Paul Pry in the Character of Mr. Liston.

“Just popp’d in, you know!”

LETTER

from

PAUL PRY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

I hope I don’t intrude — I have called at Ludgate-hill a great many times to see you, and made many kind inquiries, but I am always informed you are “not at home;” and what’s worse, I never can learn when you’ll be “at home;” I’m constantly told, “it’s very uncertain.” This looks very *odd*; I don’t think it *correct*. Then again, on asking your people what the *Every-Day Book* is all about? they say it’s about *every* thing; but that you know is no answer—is it? I want something more than that. When I tell ’em so, and that I’m so much engaged I haven’t time to read, they say the book is as useful to people engaged in business as to people out of business—as

if I was in business! I wish to acquaint every body, that I am not in business, and never was in business, though I’ve a dea of business to do; but then it’s for my own amusement, and that’s nobody’s business, you know—as I also told ’em. They say it’s impossible to describe the contents of the book, but that all the particulars are in the Index; that’s just what I wanted; but behold! it is “not *out*”—that is, it is not *in*—I mean not in the book—you *take*. Excuse my humorsomeness: I only wish to know when I can get it? They say in a few days, but, bless you, I don’t believe ’em; for though I let ’em know I’ve a world of things to communicate to you, when you’ve time to see me, and let me ask you a few questions, they won’t credit *me*, and why should I credit *them*—I was not born yesterday, I assure you. I’m of a very ancient stock, and I’ve some notion you and I are kinsmen—don’t you think we are? I dare say there’s a likeness, for I’m sure

we are of the same disposition ; if you aren't, how can you find out so much "about *every* thing." If I can make out that you are one of the *Pry* family, it will be mutually agreeable—won't it ? How people will stare—won't they ?

I suppose you've heard how I've been used by Mr. Liston—my private character exposed on the public stage, and the whole town roaring at the whole of the *Pry* family. But we are neither to be cried down nor laughed down, and so I'd have let the play-goers know, if the managers had allowed me to sing a song on New-year's night, in imitation of Mr. Liston when he's a playing *me*. Will you believe it—they burst out a laughing, and would not let me go on the boards—they said the audience would suppose me to be the actor himself; what harm would that have done the theatre?—can you tell ? They said, it would hurt Mr. Liston's feelings—never considering *my* feelings ! If ever I try to serve them or their theatre

again, I'll be—*Liston* ! They shall be matched, however, if you'll help me. I've copied out my song, and if you'll print it in the *Every-Day Book*, it will drive 'em mad. I wish, of all things, that Mr. Cruikshank could see me in the character of Liston—he could *hit* me I know—don't you think he could?—just as I am—"quite correct"—like he did "*Guy Faux*" last 5th of November. I never laughed so much in all my life as when I saw *that*. Bless you, I can mimic Liston all to nothing. Do get your friend George to your house some day—any day he likes—it's all one to me, for I call *every* day ; and as I'm an "every-day" man, you know, why you might pop me at the head of the song in your *Every-Day Book*—*that's* a joke you know—I can't help laughing—so droll ! I've enclosed the song, you see.

[The wish of this correspondent is complied with, and the manner wherein, it is presumed, he would have sung the song, is hinted at parenthetically.]

MR. PAUL PRY'S SONG,

Intended to have been sung by him at the Theatre,

In the Character of MR. LISTON,

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

TUNE———*Mr. Liston's.*

(*Pryingly.*) I hope I don't intrude !—
(*Fearfully.*) I thought I heard a cough—
(*Apologetically.*) I hope I am not rude—
(*Confidentially.*) I say—the Year's going off !

(*Inquisitively.*) Where can he be going to ?
(*Ruminatively.*) It's very odd !—it's *serious* !—
(*Self-satisfactively.*) I'm rather *knowing* too !—
(*Insinuatively.*) But isn't it *mysterious* ?

(*Comfortably.*) 'Twas better than the other—
(*Informingly.*) The one that went before ;—
(*Consolingly.*) But then there'll be *another*—
(*Delightedly.*) And that's one comfort more !

(*Alarmedly.*) I'm half afraid he's *gone* !
(*Kindlily.*) Must *part* with the old fellow !
(*Hastily.*) Excuse me—I must run—(*Exit.*)
(*Returns.*) Forgot my umbrella.

(*Determinedly.*) I'll watch the *new* one though,
(*Circumspectly.*) And *see* what *he'll* be at—(*Exit.*)
(*Returns.*) Beg pardon—didn't bow—(*Bows and exits.*)
(*Returns.*) Bid pardon—left my hat

(*Lingeringly*.) It's always the wish of Paul,
 (*Seriously*.) To be quite correct and right—
 (*Respectfully*.) Ladies and gentlemen—all—
 (*Retreatingly*.) I wish you very good night !
 (*Recollectively*.) And—ladies and gentlemen—all !
 (*Interjectively*.) You laugh so much, I declare—
 (*Vexedly*.) I'm not Mr. Liston !—I'm Paul !—
 (*Lastly*.) I wish you a happy New Year !—(*Exit finally*.)

If you print this in the *Every-Day Book* it will send Liston into fits—it will kill him—won't it ? But you know that's all right—if he takes me off I've a right to take him off.—haven't I ? I say, that's another joke—isn't it ? Bless you, I co'd do as good as that for ever. But I want to see you, and ask you how you go on ? and I've lots of intelligence for you—such things as never were known in this world—all true, and on the very best authority, you may take my word for it. Several of my relations have sent you budgets. Though they know you won't publish their names unless they like it, they don't choose to sign 'em to their letters for private reasons,—why don't you print 'em ? They can't give up their authors you know, (that's impossible,) but what does that signify ? And then you give 'em so much trouble to call and make inquiries—not that they care about that, but it looks so. However, I'm in a great hurry and so you'll excuse me.—Mind though I shall pop in every day till I catch you. I hope you'll print the song—it's all my own writing, it will do for Liston, depend on it. What a joke—isn't it a good one ?

Pryory Place, Yours eternally,
 January 6, 1826. PAUL PRY.

P. S. Don't forget the Index—I want to learn all the particulars—*multum in parvo*—all quite correct.

P. S. I'm told you've *eleven* children—is it true ? What day shall you have another ? — to-day ? — *Twelfth*-day ? that would be a *joke*—wouldn't it ? I hope I don't intrude. I don't wish to seem curious.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 36·07.

January 11.

Feast Week.

This is a term in many parts of England for an annual festivity celebrated on

the occasion described in the subjoined communication.

For the Every-Day Book.

THE FEAST WEEK.

This festival, so called, is supposed to be nearly coeval with the establishment of Christianity in this island. Every new church that was founded was dedicated to some peculiar saint, and was naturally followed by a public religious celebration, generally on the day of that saint, or on the Sunday immediately following. Whatever might be the origin, the festival part is still observed in most of the villages of several of the midland and other counties. It is a season much to be remembered, and is anticipated with no little pleasure by the expecting villagers. The joyful note of preparation is given during the preceding week ; and the clash, and splash, and bustle of cleansing, and whitewashing, and dusting, is to be seen and heard in almost every cottage. Nor is the still more important object of laying in a good solid supply for a hungry host of visitors forgotten. Happy those who can command a *ham* for the occasion. This is a great favourite, as it is a *cut-and-come-again* dish, ready at hand at all times. But this is mostly with the tip-topping part. Few but can boast of a substantial plum-pudding !—And now the important day is arrived. The merry bells from the steeple announce the event ; and groups of friends and relations, not forgetting distant cousins and children, are seen making their way, long before the hour of dinner, to the appointed spot. This is Sunday ; and in the afternoon a portion of these strangers, clean and neatly dressed, are seen flocking to the village church, where the elevated band in the gallery, in great force both in noise and number, contribute lustily to their edification, and the clergyman endeavours to improve the solemnity of the occasion by an appropriate address. During the early part of the ensuing week, the *feast*

is kept up with much spirit: the village presents a holiday appearance, and open-housekeeping, as far as may be, is the order of the day; the bells at intervals send forth an enlivening peal; all work is nearly suspended; gay stalls of gingerbread and fruit, according to the season of the year, together with swings and roundabouts, spread out their allurements to the children; bowls, quoits, and nine-pins, for the men; and the merry dance in the evening, for the lasses. Fresh visitors keep dropping in; and almost all who can make any excuse of acquaintance are acknowledged, and are hospitably entertained, according to the means of their village friends. As the week advances, these means gradually diminish; and as an empty house has few attractions, by the end of the week the bustle ceases, and all is still and silent, as if it had never been.

Man naturally requires excitement and relaxation; but it is essentially necessary that they should be adapted to his situation and circumstances. The *feast week*, however alluring it may appear in description, is in reality productive of greater evil than good. The excitement lasts too long, and the enjoyment, whatever it may be, is purchased at the sacrifice of too great expense. It is a well-known fact, that many of the poor who have exerted every effort to make this profuse, but short-lived display, have scarcely bread to eat for weeks after. But there is no alternative, if they expect to be received with the same spirit of hospitality by their friends. The alehouses, in the interim, are too often scenes of drunkenness and disorder; and the labouring man who has been idle and dissipated for a week, is little disposed for toil and temperance the next. Here, then, the illusion of rural simplicity ends! These things are managed much better where one *fair day*, as it is called, is set apart in each year, as is the case in many counties; the excitement, which is intense for ten or twelve hours, is fully sufficient for the purpose; all is noise and merriment, and one general and simultaneous burst and explosion, if it may be so expressed, takes place. You see groups of happy faces. Every one is willing "to laugh he knows not why, and cares not wherefore;" and *one day's* gratification serves him for *every day's* pleasing topic of reference for weeks to come.

S. P.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 62.

January 12.*Leeches unhurt by Frost.*

Among the cold-blooded animals which resist the effects of a low temperature we may reckon the common leech, which is otherwise interesting to the meteorologist, on account of its peculiar habits and movements under different states of the atmosphere. A group of these animals left accidentally in a closet without a fire, during the frost of 1816, not only survived, but appeared to suffer no injury from being locked up in a mass of ice for many days.*

SWEEPING RHETORIC.

Certain rewards allowed by act of parliament to firemen, turncocks, and others, who first appear with their engines and implements at premises sworn to be on fire, were claimed at the public office, Marlborough-street, in this month, 1826, and resisted on the ground that the chimney, which belonged to a brewery, and was more than eighty feet high, was not, and could not be on fire. A witness to that end, gave a lively specimen of familiar statement and illustration. He began by telling the magistrate, that he was a sweep-chimney by profession—a piece of information very unnecessary, for he was as black and sooty a sweep as ever mounted a chimney-top,—and then went on in this fashion—"This here man, (pointing to the patrol,) your worthship, has told a false affidavit. I knows that ere chimley from a hinfant, and she knows my foot as well as my own mother. The way as I goes up her is this—I goes in all round the boiler, then I twistes in the chimley like the smoke, and then up I goes with the wind, for, your worthship, there's a wind in her that would blow you out like a feather, if you didn't know her as well as I do, and that makes me always go to the top myself, because there isn't a brick in her that doesn't know my foot. So that you see, your worthship, no soot or blacks is ever in her: the wind won't let 'em stop: and besides they knows that I go up her regular. So that she always keeps herself as clean as a new pin. I'll be bound the sides of her is as clean this minute as I am (not saying much for the chimney); therefore, your

* Howard on Climate.

worship, that ere man as saw two yards of fire coming out of her, did not see no such thing, I say; and he has told your worship, and these here gentlemen present, a false affidavit, I say. I was brought up in that chimley, your worship, and I can't abear to hear such things said—lies of her; and that's all as I knows at present, please your worship.”*

AMUSEMENTS.

The London Christmas evenings of 1826, appear to have been kept out of doors, for every place of entertainment was overflowing every night.

At this season, from six o'clock in the evening, a full tide of passengers sets in along every leading street to each of the theatres. Hackney coaches drawl, and cabriolets make their way, and jostle each other, and private carriages swiftly roll, and draw up to the box door with a vigorous sweep, which the horses of hired vehicles are too aged, or too low in condition to achieve. Within a hundred yards of either playhouse, hands are continually thrust into each coach window, with “a bill of the play,” and repeated cries of “only a penny!” The coach-door being opened, down fall the steps with a sharp clackity-clack-click, and the companies alight, if they can, without the supernumerary aid of attendant pliers, who offer their over-ready arms to lean upon, and kindly entreat—“Take care, sir!—mind how you step ma'am—this way if you please—this way,” all against your will, and ending with “I hope you'll please to remember a poor fellow!” the “poor fellow” having done nothing but interrupt you. When past the “pay place,” great coats, umbrellas, shawls or other useful accompaniments to and from “the house,” though real encumbrances within it, may be safely deposited with persons stationed for their reception, who attach tickets to them, and deliver corresponding numbers, which ensure the return of your property on your coming out; sixpence or a shilling being a gratuity for the accommodation. Then, when the whole is over, there is the strict blockade of coaches further than the eye can reach; servants looking out for the parties they came with, and getting up their masters' carriages; and a full cry of hackney coachmen and their representatives, vociferating

“Want a coach, sir? Here's your coach, sir! Which is it, sir? Coach to the city sir! West end, sir! Here! Coach to the city! Coach to Whitechapel! Coach to Portman-square! Coach to Pentonville Coach to the Regent's Park! This way this way! Stand clear there! Chariot, or a coach, sir? No chariots, sir, and all the coaches are hired! There's a coach here, sir—just below! Coachman, draw up!” and drawing up is impossible, and there is an incessant confusion of calls and complaints, and running against each other, arising out of the immediate wants of every body, which can only be successively gratified. Pedestrians make their way home, or to the inns, as fast as possible, or turn in to sup at the fish-shops, which, in five minutes, are more lively than their oysters were at any time. “Waiter! Waiter! Yes, sir! Attend to you directly, sir! Yours is gone for, sir! Why, I've ordered nothing! It's coming directly, sir! Ginger-beer—why this is poison! Spruce—why this is ginger-beer! Porter, sir! I told you brandy and water! Stewed oysters! I ordered scoloped! When am I to have *my* supper? You've had it, sir—I beg your pardon, sir, the gentleman that sat here is gone, sir! Waiter! waiter!” and so on; and he who has patience, is sure to be indulged with an opportunity of retaining it, amidst loud talking and laughter; varied views of the new pantomime; conflicting testimony as to the merits of the clown and the harlequin; the “new scenery, dresses, and machinery;” likings and dislikings of certain actresses; “the lovely” Miss So-and-so, or “that detestable” woman, Mrs. Such-an-one, that clever fellow, “Thing-a-merry,” or that stupid dog, “What-d'ye-call-um.” These topics failing, and the oysters discussed, then are stated and considered the advantages of takingsomething “to keep 'em down;” the comparative merits of Burton, Windsor, or Edinburgh ale; the qualities of porter; the wholesomeness of smoking; the difference between a pipe and a segar, and the preference of one to the other; whether brandy or rum, or the clear spirit of juniper, is the best preservative of health; which of the company or their friends can drink most; whether the last fight was “a cross,” and who of all the men in the fancy is most “game;” whether the magistrates dare to interfere with “the ring;” whether if fighting should be “put an end to” Englishmen will have half

* The Times, 5th January, 1826.

the courage they had three hundred years ago, before prize fighting existed; whether Thurtell was not "a good one" to the last, and whether there's a better "trump" in the room. On these points, or to points like these, the conversation of an oyster room is turned by

sitters after the play, till they adjourn to "spend the evening" at the "flash-and-foolish" houses which "keep it up" all night in the peculiar neighbourhood of the public office, Bow-street. This is more than mere animal gratification, as the police reports exemplify.



Seasonable Refreshment.

Capital oysters, I declare !
 Excellent spruce, and ginger beer !
 Don't you take vinegar ? there's the bread—
 We'll just have a pipe—and then to bed.

*

Why should not this be deemed a real scene, and as respectable as that just described. It is quite as lively and as intellectual. The monkey eats, and according to many accounts can catch fish as well as man. It is told of this animal, that from love of the crab and experience of his claws, he gently shakes his tail before the hole of the crab, who, as soon as he begins to "pull him by his long tail,"

is drawn out by that dependancy and falls a prey to his decoyer. It is related that a party of officers belonging to the 25th regiment of infantry, on service at Gibraltar, amused themselves with whiting fishing at the back of the rock till they were obliged to shift their ground from being pelted from above, they did not know by whom. At their new station they caught plenty of fish, but the drum having

unexpectedly beat to arms, they rowed hastily ashore, and drew their boat high and dry upon the beach. On their return they were greatly surprised to find it in a different position ashore, and some hooks baited which they had left bare. In the end it was ascertained that their pelters while they were fishing were a party of young monkeys. They were driven off by two or three old ones who remained secretly observing the whiting fishing of the officers till they had retired. The old monkeys then launched the boat, put to sea, baited their hooks, and proceeded to work. The few fish they caught, they hauled up with infinite gratification, and when tired they landed, placed the boat as nearly as they could in its old position, and went up the rock with their prey. General Elliot, while commander at Gibraltar, never suffered the monkeys with which the rock abounds to be molested or taken.

The faculty of imitation in monkeys is limited, but not so in man; a remarkable instance of this is lately adduced in a pleasant little story of perhaps the greatest performer on our stage.

Garrick.

At a splendid dinner-party at lord —'s they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what was become of him, till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court yard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius; and they seemed as willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favourite. This anecdote is new: it is related by the able writer of a paper concerning "Persons one would wish to have seen,"* as an instance of Garrick's singleness of purpose when he was fully possessed by an idea.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 34·45.

January 13.

1826. Hilary Cambridge Term begins.

St. VERONICA.

Some curious circumstances are connected with the name of this saint, who appears to have been a poor ignorant girl, born near Milan, where she worked in the fields for her living. Conceiving a desire to become a nun, she sat up at night to learn to read and write, which, her biographer says, for want of an instructor, was a great fatigue to her. He proceeds to tell us, that she was relieved from labour of that kind in the following manner:—"One day, being in great anxiety about her learning, the mother of God, in a comfortable vision, bade her banish that anxiety, for it was enough if she knew three letters." So Veronica became a nun, seeking "the greatest drudgery," desiring "to live always on bread and water," and dying "at the hour which she had foretold, in the year 1497, and the fifty-second of her age. Her sanctity was confirmed by miracles." We gather this from Alban Butler, who subjoins, by way of note, thus:—

"The print of the holy face of our Saviour on a linen cloth is kept in St. Peter's church at Rome, with singular veneration.—Some private writers and churches have given the name of St. Veronica to the devout woman who is said to have presented this linen to our divine Redeemer, but without sufficient warrant."

Before saying any thing concerning the earlier St. Veronica, or "this linen" whereon Romish writers allege Christ impressed his own portrait by wiping his face with it, mention may be made of another portrait of him which Romish writers affirm he miraculously executed in the same manner, and sent to Abgarus, king of Edessa, in the way hereafter related. They have further been so careful as to publish a print of this pretended portrait, with representations around illustrating the history they tell of it. An engraving from it immediately follows. The Latin inscription beneath their print is placed beneath the present engraving

* In the New Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1826.



Effigies Christi Domini.

Ex ipsomet Divino Exemplari AD ABGARUM missa Genuæ in Ecclesia S^{ti} Bartolomæi Clericorum Reg. S^{ti} Pauli Summa Veneratione asservato

Accuratissime Expressa.

No circumstance is more remarkable than the existence of this pretended resemblance, as an object of veneration in the Romish church. Being one of the greatest curiosities in its numerous cabinets of relics, it has a place in this work, which, while it records manners and customs, endeavours to point out their origin,

and the means by which they have been continued. Nor let it be imagined that these representations have not influenced our own country; there is evidence to the contrary already, and more can be adduced if need require, which will incontestably prove that many of our present popular customs are derived from such sources.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 27.

January 14.

1826. Oxford Hilary Term begins.

SAILORS.

Mariners form a distinct community, with peculiar manners, little known to their inland fellow countrymen, except through books. In this way Smollett has done much, and from Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Indicator," which may not be in every one's hands, though it ought to be, is extracted the following excellent description:

SEAMEN ON SHORE.

And first of the common sailor.—The moment the common sailor lands, he goes to see the watchmaker, or the old boy at the Ship. His first object is to spend his money: but his first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe; on a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands, half open, look as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold) he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter: and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and

No. 55.

perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys every thing that he comes athwart,—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch, (two, if he has money enough,) gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters, dozens of "superfine best men's cotton stockings," dozens of "superfine best women's cotton ditto," best good check for shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman's laced hat, bear's grease to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of jew articles, a flute (which he can't play and never intends), a leg of mutton which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole;—in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is every thing but medicine gratis; and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half a crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady with a sigh, after her daughter Nance who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her; which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white night-cap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback; and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride,—“Only,” says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, “they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft; and shovels like for stirrups.” He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the Nigurs dance, and the monkies pelt you

with cocoa-nuts; and how king Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers. He has a sister at a "school for young ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes, by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does, telling him however that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb no higher than the window-locker. He tells his mother she would be a duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantle-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and God-bless you, and home-made gingerbread.

His *officer* on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an undertone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant lieutenant says to himself, "this fellow knows what's what by his face;" and so he proves it by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "there Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty, if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the Lord."—"That's

lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why, it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster) "I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas." "Twelve GUINEAS," exclaims the sister; and then drawling forth "Why—my—DEAR—George," is proceeding to show him what the articles would have cost him at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality: and when after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance as he pleases. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he

thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to every body else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home every where, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages; and is immortal with all who know him, for having been round the world, or seen the Transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand

hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitean beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cup-board holding his cocoa-nuts and punch-bowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovely Nancy, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36° 20.

January 15.

Changes of Climate.

An opinion has been long entertained, that there are vicissitudes in the climate and temperature of the air unknown to former times, and that such variations exist in America as well as in Europe. It is said that the transatlantic changes have been more frequent, and the heat of the sun not so early or so strongly experienced as formerly. In America, these alterations are attributed to a more obvious cause than uncertain hypothesis, and at not many degrees distance. For instance, the ice in the great river St. Lawrence, at Quebec, did not break up till the first week in May, 1817, when it floated down the stream in huge masses, and in vast quantities; these, with other masses from the coast of Labrador, &c. spread a general coldness many degrees to the southward. But a few weeks before the snow fell in some parts of New England, and New York, to a considerable depth, and there were severe frosts. The vessels from England and Ireland, which arrived at Quebec, all concurred in their accounts of the dangers which they encountered, and the cold which they suffered. In fine, it would appear that the ice in those regions had accumulated to so alarming a degree, as to threaten a material change in all the adjacent countries, and to verify the theory of some who imagined that the extreme cold of the north was gradually making encroachments upon the extreme heat of the south. They have remarked, in confirmation of their opinions, that the accounts of travellers and navigators furnish strong reasons for supposing that the islands of ice in the higher northern latitudes, as well as the glaciers on the

Alps, continue perpetually to increase in bulk. At certain times, in the ice mountains of Switzerland, there occur fissures, which show the immense thickness of the frozen matter; some of these cracks have measured three or four hundred ells deep. The great islands of ice, in the northern seas bordering upon Hudson's Bay, have been observed to be immersed one hundred fathoms beneath the surface of the sea, and to have risen a fifth or sixth part above the surface, measuring, at the same time, about a mile and a half in diameter. It has been shown by Dr. Lyster, that the marine ice contains some salt, and less air, than common ice, and that it therefore is more difficult of solution. From these premises, he endeavours to account for the perpetual augmentation of those floating islands. By a celebrated experiment of Mr. Boyle, it has been demonstrated that ice evaporates very fast, in severe frosty weather, when the wind blows upon it; and as ice, in a thawing state, is known to contain six times more cold than water, at the same degree of sensible coldness, it is easy to conceive that winds sweeping over islands and continents of ice, perhaps much below *nothing* on Fahrenheit's scale, and rushing thence into our latitudes, must bring most intense degrees of cold along with them. If to this be added the quantity of cold produced by the evaporation of the water, as well as by the solution of ice, it can scarcely be doubted but that the arctic seas are the principal source of the cold of our winters, and that it is brought hither by the regions of the air blowing from the north, and which take an apparently easterly direction, by their coming to a part of the surface of the earth, which moves faster than the latitude from which they originate. Hence, the increase of the ice in the polar regions, by increasing the cold of our climate, adds, at the same time, to the bulk of the glaciers of Italy and Switzerland.

Reasonings of this kind are supported by the greatest names, and countenanced by the authentic reports of the best informed travellers. Mr. Bradley attributes the cold winds and wet weather, which sometimes happen in May and June, to the solution of ice islands accidentally detached and floating from the north. Mr. Barham, about the year 1718, in his voyage from Jamaica to England, in the beginning of June, met with some of those islands, which were involved in such a fog that the ship was in danger of striking against them. One of them measured sixty miles in length.

On the 22d of December, 1789, there was an instance of ice islands having been wafted from the southern polar regions. It was on these islands that the *Guardian* struck, at the commencement of her passage from the Cape of Good Hope towards Botany Bay. These islands were wrapt in darkness, about one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and above fifty fathoms above the surface of the waves. In the process of solution, a fragment from the summit of one of them broke off, and plunging into the sea, caused a tremendous commotion in the water, and dense smoke all around it.

These facts were strongly urged upon public attention in the autumn of 1817,* as grounds of not only curious and interesting, but likewise of highly important speculation. A supposed change in the temper, and the very character of our seasons, was deemed to have fallen within the observation of even young men, or at least middle-aged men; and upon this supposition, it was not deemed extravagant to anticipate the combined force of the naval world employed in navigating the immense masses of ice into the more southern oceans; while to render the notion more agreeable, and to enliven the minds of such as might think such matters of speculation dull or uninteresting, the project was laid before them in a versified garb, characterising the arctic region•

There in her azure coif, and starry stole,
Grey Twilight sits, and rules the slumbering pole;
Bends the pale moon-beams round the sparkling coast,
And strews, with livid hands, eternal frost!
There, Nymphs! alight, array your dazzling powers,
With sudden march alarm the torpid hours;
On ice-built isles expand a thousand sails,
Hinge the strong helm, and catch the frozen gales;
The winged rocks to feverish climates guide,
Where fainting zephyrs pant upon the tide;

* See *M. Chronicle*, 4 Oct. 1817

Pass where to Ceuta Calpe's thunder roars,
 And answering echoes shake the kindred shores ;
 Pass where with palmy plumes Canary smiles,
 And in her silver girdle binds her isles ;
 Onward, where Niger's dusky Naiad laves
 A thousand kingdoms with prolific waves,
 Or leads o'er golden sands her threefold train
 In steamy channels to the fervid main,
 While swarthy nations crowd the sultry coast,
 Drink the fresh breeze, and hail the floating frost ;
 Nymphs ! veil'd in mist, the melting treasures steer,
 And cool with artie snows the tropic year.
 So from the burning line, by monsoons driv'n,
 Clouds sail in squadrons o'er the darken'd heav'n,
 Wide wastes of sand the gelid gales pervade,
 And ocean cools beneath the moving shade.

Darwin.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 35° 05.

January 16.

HOGMANY.

Mr. Reddock's paper on this subject, at page 13. has elicited the following letter from a literary gentleman, concerning a dramatic representation in England similar to that which Mr. Reddock instances at Falkirk, and other parts of North Britain. Such communications are particularly acceptable; because they show to what extent usages prevail, and wherein they differ in different parts of the country. It will be gratifying to every one who peruses this work, and highly so to the editor, if he is obliged by letters from readers acquainted with customs in their own vicinity, similar to those that they are informed of in other counties, and particularly if they will take the trouble to describe them in every particular. By this means, the *Every-Day Book* will become what it is designed to be made,—a *storehouse of past and present manners and customs*. Any customs of any place or season that have not already appeared in the work, are earnestly solicited from those who have the means of furnishing the information. The only condition stipulated for, as absolutely indispensable to the insertion of a letter respecting *facts* of this nature, is, that the name and address of the writer be communicated to the editor, who will subjoin such signature as the writer may choose his letter should bear to the eye of the public. The various valuable articles of

this kind which have hitherto appeared in the work, however signed by initials or otherwise, have been so authenticated to the editor's private satisfaction, and he is thus enabled to vouch for the genuineness of such contributions.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

In your last number appeared a very amusing article touching some usages and customs in Scotland, and communicated from Falkirk. In the description of the boys' play, ingeniously suggested as typical of the Roman invasion under Agricola, we, however, read but a varied edition of what is enacted in other parts besides Scotland, and more particularly in the western counties, by those troops of old Father Christmas boys, which are indeed brief chronicles of the times. I mean, those paper-decorated, brick-dust-daubed urchins, 'yclept Mummers.

To be sure they do not begin,

"Here comes in the king of Macedon ;"

but we have instead,

"Here comes old Father Christmas,
 Christmas or Christmas not,
 I hope old Father Christmas never will be
 forgot."

And then for the Scottish leader Galgacus, we find,

"Here comes in St. George, St. George
 That man of mighty name,
 With sword and buckler by my side
 I hope to win the game."

These "western kernes" have it, you see, Mr. Editor, "down along," to use their own dialect, with those of the thistle. Then, too, we have a fight. Oh ! how

beautiful to my boyish eyes were their wooden swords and their bullying gait!—then we have a fight, for lo

“Here’s come I, the Turkish knight,
Come from the Soldan’s land to fight,
And be the foe’s blood *hot* and bold
With my sword I’ll make it *cold*.”

A vile *Saracenic* pun in the very minute of deadly strife. But they fight—the cross is victorious, the crescent o’erthrown, and, as a matter of course, even in our picces of mock valour, *duels* we have therein—the doctor is sent for; and he is addressed, paralleling again our players of “Scotia’s wild domain,” with

“Doctor, doctor, can you tell
What will make a sick man well?”

and thereupon he enumerates cures which would have puzzled Galen, and put Hippocrates to a “non-plus;” and he finally agrees, as in the *more classical* drama of your correspondent, to cure our unbeliever for a certain sum.

The “last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history” consists in the entrance of the most diminutive of these Thespians, bearing, as did Æneas of old, his parent upon his shoulders, and reciting this bit of good truth and jocolation (permitting the word) by way of epilogue:

“Here comes I, little Johnny Jack,
With my wife and family at my back,
Yet, though my *body is but small*,
I’m the *greatest rogue amongst ye all*;
This is my scrip—so for Christmas cheer
If *you’ve any thing to give throw it in here*.”

This may be but an uninteresting tail-piece to your correspondent’s clever communication, but still it is one, and makes the picture he so well began of certain usages more full of point.

I doat upon old customs, and I love hearty commemorations, and hence those mimics of whom I have written—I mean the mummers—are my delight, and in the laughter and merriment they create I forget to be a critic, and cannot choose but laugh in the fashion of a Democritus, rather than weep worlds away in the style of a Diogenes.

I am, &c. &c.

J. S. jun.

Little Chelsea,
Jan. 4, 1826.

In the preface to Mr. Davies Gilbert’s work on “Ancient Christmas Carols,” there is an account of Cornish sports,

with a description of a “metrical play,” which seems to be the same with which is the subject of the preceding letter.

Being on the *popular* drama, and as the topic arose in Mr. Reddock’s communication from Scotland, a whimsical dramatic anecdote, with another of like kin from that part of the kingdom, is here subjoined from a Scottish journal of this month in the year 1823.

New Readings of Burns.

We were lately favoured with the perusal of a Perth play-bill, in which *Tam O’Shanter*, dramatized, is announced for performance as the afterpiece. A ludicrous mistake has occurred, however, in the classification of the *Dramatis Personæ*. The sapient playwright, it would appear, in reading the lines

“Tam had got planted unco richt,
Fast by an angle bleezin’ finely,
Wi’ *reaman’s swats* that drank divinely,”

very naturally conceiving *ream an’ swats*, from the delectable style of their carousing, to be a brace of Tam’s pot companions, actually introduced them as such, as we find in the bill that the characters of “Ream” and “Swats” are to be personated by two of the performers!

This reminds us of an anecdote, connected with the same subject, which had its origin nearer home. Some time ago we chanced to be in the shop of an elderly bookseller, when the conversation turned upon the identity of the characters introduced by Burns in his *Tam O’Shanter*. The bibliopole, who had spent the early part of his life in this neighbourhood, assured us that, “exceptin’ Kerr, he kent every body to leuk at that was mentioned, frae *Tam* himsel’ down to his mare *Maggie*.” This being the first time we had ever heard Mr. Kerr’s cognomen alluded to, in connection with *Tam O’Shanter*, we expressed considerable surprise, and stated that he undoubtedly must have made a mistake in the name. “It may be sae, but its a point easily sattled,” said he, *raving* down a copy of Burns from the shelf. With “spectacles on nose,” he turned up the poem in question. “Ay, ay,” said he, in an exulting tone, “I thoct I was na that far wrang—

“*Care* mad to see a man sae happy,
E’n drowned himsel’ amang the happy.”

Now, I kent twa or three o’ the Kerr’s

that leev't in the town-head, but I never could fin' out whilk o' them Burns had in his e'e when he wrote the poem."*

To Thespian ingenuity we are under an obligation for an invention of great simplicity, which may be useful on many occasions, particularly to literary persons who are too far removed from the press to avail themselves of its advantages in printing short articles for limited distribution.

A Dramatic Printing Apparatus.

Itinerant companies of comedians frequently print their play-bills by the following contrivance: The form of letter is placed on a flat support, having ledges at each side, that rise within about a thirtieth of an inch of the inked surface of the letter. The damped paper is laid upon the letter so disposed, and previously inked, and a roller, covered with woollen cloth, is passed along the ledges over its surface; the use of the ledges is to prevent the roller from rising in too obtuse an angle against the first letters, or going off too abruptly from the last, which would cause the paper to be cut, and the impression to be injured at the beginning and end of the sheet. The roller must be passed across the page, for if it moves in the order of the lines, the paper will bag a little between each, and the impression will be less neat.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35° · 65°.

January 17.

Snow, &c.

On the 16th and 17th of January, 1809, Mr. Howard observed, that the snow exhibited the beautiful blue and pink shades at sunset which are sometimes observable, and that there was a strong evaporation from its surface. A circular area, of five inches diameter, lost 150 grains troy, from sunset on the 15th to sunrise next morning, and about 50 grains more by the following sunset; the gauge being exposed to a smart breeze on the house top. The curious reader may hence compute for himself, the enormous quantity raised in those 24 hours, without any visible lique-

faction, from an acre of snow: the effects of the load thus given to the air were soon perceptible. On the 17th, a small brilliant meteor descended on the S. E. horizon about 6 p. m. On the 18th, though the moon was still conspicuous, the horns of the crescent were obtuse. On the 19th appeared the *Cirrus* cloud, followed by the *Cirrostratus*. In the afternoon a freezing shower from the eastward glazed the windows, encrusted the walls, and encased the trees, the garments of passengers, and the very plumage of the birds with ice. Birds thus disabled were seen lying on the ground in great numbers in different parts of the country. Nineteen rooks were taken up alive by one person at Castle Eaton Meadow, Wilts. The composition of this frozen shower, examined on a sheet of paper, was no less curious than these effects. It consisted of hollow spherules of ice, filled with water; of transparent globules of hail; and of drops of water at the point of freezing, which became solid on touching the bodies they fell on. The thermometer exposed from the window indicated 30.5°. This was at Plaistow. The shower was followed by a moderate fall of snow. From this time to the 24th, there were variable winds and frequent falls of snow, which came down on the 22d in flakes as large as dollars, with sleet at intervals. On the 24th a steady rain from W. decided for a thaw. This and the following night proved stormy: the melted snow and rain, making about two inches depth of water on the level, descended suddenly by the rivers, and the country was inundated to a greater extent than in the year 1795. The River Lea continued rising the whole of the 26th, remained stationary during the 27th, and returned into its bed in the course of the two following days. The various channels by which it intersects this part of the country were united in one current, above a mile in width, which flowed with great impetuosity, and did much damage. From breaches in the banks and mounds, the different *levels*, as they are termed, of embanked pasture land, were filled to the depth of eight or nine feet. The cattle, by great exertions, were preserved, being mostly in the stall; and the inhabitants, driven to their upper rooms, were relieved by boats plying under the windows. The Thames was so full during this time, that no tide was perceptible; happily, however, its bank suffered no injury; and the

* *Ayr Courier*.

† *Dr. Aikin's Athenæum*.

recession of the water from the levels proceeded with little interruption till the 25d of February, when it nearly all subsided. No lives were lost in these parts; but several circumstances concurred to render this inundation less mischievous than it might have been, from the great depth of snow on the country. It was the time of *neap* tide; the wind blew strongly from the *westward*, urging the water *down* the Thames; while moonlight nights, and a temperate atmosphere, were favourable to the poor, whose habitations were filled with water. On the 28th appeared a lunar halo of the largest diameter. On the 29th, after a fine morning, the wind began to blow hard from the south, and during the whole night of the 30th it raged with excessive violence from the west, doing considerable damage. The barometer rose, during this hurricane, one-tenth of an inch per hour. The remainder of the noon was stormy and wet, and it

closed with squally weather; which, with the frequent appearance of the rainbow, indicated the approach of a drier atmosphere, a change on few occasions within Mr. Howard's recollection more desirable.

Numerous inundations, consequent on the thaw of the 24th, appear to have prevailed in low and level districts all along the east side of the island: but in no part with more serious destruction of property, public works, and the hopes of the husbandman, than in the fens of Cambridgeshire: where, by some accounts, 60,000, by others above 150,000 acres of land, were laid under deep water, through an extent of 15 miles. It is a fact worth preserving, that about 500 sacks filled with earth, and laid on the banks of the Old Bedford river, at various places, where the waters were then flowing over, proved effectual in saving that part of the country from a general deluge.



Swearing on the Horns at Highgate.

It's a custom at Highgate, that all who go through,
Must be sworn on the horns, sir!—and so, sir, must you!
Bring the horns! shut the door!—now, sir, take off your hat!—
When you come here again, don't forget to mind *that*!

"Have you been sworn at Highgate?" is a question frequently asked in every part of the kingdom; for, that such a custom exists in this village is known far and near, though many who inquire, and are asked, remain ignorant of the ceremony. As the practice is declining, diligence has been exercised to procure information on the spot, and from every probable source, concerning this remarkable usage.

The village of Highgate take its name from the gate across the public road into London, opposite the chapel, which is sometimes erroneously called the church, for it is, in fact, only a chapel of ease to Hornsey church. This road runs through land belonging to the bishopric of London, and was made, by permission of the bishop in former times, probably when the whole of this spot, and the circumjacent country, was covered with wood, and part of the great forest of Middlesex, which, according to Matthew Paris, was infested by wolves, stags, boars, and other wild beasts, besides robbers. This gate, from being on the great northern eminence towards London, was called the *high-gate*; as the land became cleared of wood, houses arose near the spot, and hence the village now called *Highgate*. It seems probable, that the first dwelling erected here was the gate-house. The occupier of the inn of that name holds it under a lease from the bishop, under which lease he also farms the bishop's toll. In the year 1769 the old gate-house, which extended over the road, was taken down, and the present common turnpike-gate put up. So much, then, concerning Highgate, as introductory to the custom about to be related.

"Swearing on the *horns*," which now is "a custom more honour'd in the breach than in the observance," prevailed at Highgate as a continual popular amusement and private annoyance. An old and respectable inhabitant of the village says, that sixty years ago upwards of eighty stages stopped every day at the Red Lion, and that out of every five passengers three were sworn. It is a jocular usage of the place, from beyond the memory of man, especially encouraged by certain of the villagers, to the private advantage of public landlords. On the drawing up of coaches at the inn-doors, particular invitations were given to the company to alight, and after as many as could be collected were got into a room for purposes of refreshment, the subject of being "sworn at Highgate" was introduced, and while

a little artifice easily detected who had not taken the oath, some perhaps expressed a wish to submit to the ceremony. It often happened however, that before these facts could be ascertained "the horns" were brought in by the landlord, and as soon as they appeared, enough were usually present to enforce compliance. "The horns," fixed on a pole of about five feet in height, were erected, by placing the pole upright on the ground, near the person to be sworn, who was required to take off his hat, and all present having done the same, the landlord then, in a loud voice, swore in the "party proponent." What is called the oath is traditional, and varies verbally in a small degree. It has been taken down in writing from the lips of different persons who administer it, and after a careful collation of the different versions the following may be depended on as correct.—The landlord, or the person appointed by him to "swear in," proclaims a'oud—

"Upstanding and uncovered! Silence!" Then he addresses himself to the person he swears in, thus:—

"TAKE NOTICE what I now say unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that*! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted Father, I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (or daughter.) If you do not call me father you forfeit a bottle of wine, if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well, but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself. For you must not say you have no money when you have, neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search you as well as them, and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown the best; you must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both.

And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill repute, and every place of public resort for bad company. Beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress. Keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine, for if you fail to do so you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my son, God bless you! Kiss the horns or a pretty girl if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate!"

If a female be in the room she is usually saluted, if not, the horns *must* be kissed: the option was not allowed formerly. As soon as the salutation is over the swearer in commands "silence!" and then addressing himself to his new-made "son," he says, "I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two! God save the king!" This important privilege of the freemen of Highgate was first discovered by one Joyce a blacksmith, who a few years ago kept the Coach and Horses, and subjoined the agreeable information to those whom "he swore in."

When the situation of things and persons seems to require it, the "bottle of wine" is sometimes compounded for by a modus of sundry glasses of "grog," and in many cases a pot of porter.

There is one circumstance essential for a freeman of Highgate to remember, and "that is the first word of his oath,—mind *that*!" If he fail to recollect *that*, he is subject to be resworn from time to time, and so often, until he remember *that*. He is therefore never to forget the injunction before he swears, to take notice what is said, "for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that*!" Failure of memory is deemed want of comprehension, which is no plea in the high court of Highgate—

"mind *that*!" That is, that *that* "that," is "*that*."

There is no other formality in the administration or taking of this oath, than what is already described; and the only other requisite for "a stranger in Highgate" to be told, is, that now in the year 1826, there are nineteen licensed houses in this village, and that at each of these houses the "horns" are kept, and the oath administered by the landlord or his deputy.

To note the capabilities of each house, their signs are here enumerated, with the quality of horns possessed by each.

1. THE GATE-HOUSE is taken first in order, as being best entitled to priority, because it has the most respectable accommodation in Highgate. Besides the usual conveniences of stabling and beds, it has a coffee-room, and private rooms for parties, and a good assembly-room. The horns there are Stag's.

2. Mitre, has Stag's horns.

3. Green Dragon, Stag's horns.

4. Red Lion and Sun, Bullock's horns.

The late husband of Mrs. Southo, the present intelligent landlady of this house, still lives in the recollection of many inhabitants, as having been a most facetious swearer in.

5. Bell, Stag's horns. This house now only known as the sign of the "Bell," was formerly called the "Bell and Horns." About fifty years ago, it was kept by one Anderson, who had his "horns" over his door, to denote that persons were sworn there as well as at the Gate-house. Wright, the then landlord of the "Red Lion and Sun," determined not to be outrivalled, and hung out a pair of bullock's horns so enormous in size, and otherwise so conspicuous, as to eclipse the "Bell and Horns;" at last, all the public houses in the village got "horns," and swore in. It is within recollection that every house in Highgate had "the horns" at the door as a permanent sign.

6. Coach and Horses, . . . Ram's horns.

7. Castle, Ram's horns.

8. Red Lion, Ram's horns.

9. Wrestler's, Stag's horns.

10. Bull, Stag's horns.

11. Lord Nelson, Stag's horns.

12. Duke of Wellington, . . Stag's horns.

This house is at the bottom of Highgate Hill, towards Finchley, in the angle formed by the intersection of the old road

over the hill, and the road through the archway to Holloway. It therefore commands the Highgate entrance into London, and the landlord avails himself of his "eminence" at the foot of the hill, by proffering his "horns" to all who desire to be free of Highgate.

13. Crown, . . . Stag's horns. This is the first public house in Highgate coming from Holloway.

14. Duke's Head, . . . Stag's horns.

15. Cooper's Arms, . . . Ram's horns.

16. Rose and Crown, . . . Stag's horns.

17. Angel, . . . Stag's horns.

18. Flask, . . . Ram's horns.

This old house is now shut up. It is at the top of Highgate Hill, close by the pond, which was formed there by a hermit, who caused gravel to be excavated for the making of the road from Highgate to Islington, through Holloway. Of this labour old Fuller speaks, he calls it a "two-handed charity, providing water on the hill where it was wanting, and cleanliness in the valley which before, especially in winter, was passed with difficulty."

19. Fox and Crown . . . Ram's Horns. This house, commonly called the "Fox" and the "Fox under the Hill," is nearly at the top of the road from Kentish Town to Highgate, and though not the most remarked perhaps, is certainly the most remarkable house for "swearing on the horns." Guiver, the present landlord, (January 1826) came to the house about Michaelmas 1824, and many called upon him to be sworn in; not having practised he was unqualified to indulge the requisitionists, and very soon finding, that much of the custom of his house depended on the "custom of Highgate," and imagining that he had lost something by his indifference to the usage, he boldly determined to obtain "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Thereupon he procured habiliments, and an assistant, and he is now an office-bearer as regards the aforesaid "manner" of Highgate, and exercises his faculties so as to dignify the custom. Robed in a domino with a wig and mask, and a book wherein is written the oath, he recites it in this costume as he reads it through a pair of spectacles. The staff with "the horns" is held by an old villager who acts as clerk, and at every full stop, calls aloud, "Amen!" This performance furnishes the representation of the present engraving from a sketch by Mr. George Cruikshank. He has waggishly misrepresented

one of the figures, which not being the landlord, who is the most important character, no way affects the general fidelity of the scenes sometimes exhibited in the parlour of the Fox and Crown.

It is not uncommon for females to be "sworn at Highgate." On such occasions the word "daughter" is substituted for "son," and other suitable alterations are made in the formality. Anciently there was a register kept at the gate-house, wherein persons enrolled their names when sworn there, but the book unaccountably disappeared many years ago.—Query. Is it in Mr. Upcott's collection of autographs?

There seems to be little doubt, that the usage first obtained at the Gate-house; where, as well as in other public houses, though not in all, at this time, deputies are employed to swear in. An old inhabitant, who formerly kept a licensed house, says, "In my time nobody came to Highgate in any thing of a carriage, without being called upon to be sworn in. There was so much doing in this way at one period, that I was obliged to hire a man as a 'swearer-in:' I have sworn in from a hundred to a hundred and twenty in a day. Bodies of tailors used to come up here from town, bringing five or six new shopmates with them to be sworn; and I have repeatedly had parties of ladies and gentlemen in private carriages come up purposely to be made free of Highgate in the same way."

Officers of the guards and other regiments repeatedly came to the Gate-house and called for "the horns." Dinner parties were formed there for the purpose of initiating strangers, and as pre-requisite for admission to sundry convivial societies, now no more, the freedom of Highgate was indispensable.

Concerning the origin of this custom, there are two or three stories. One is, that it was devised by a landlord, who had lost his licence, as a means of covering the sale of his liquors; to this there seems no ground of credit.

Another, and a probable account, is, to this effect—That Highgate being the place nearest to London where cattle rested on their way from the north for sale in Smithfield, certain graziers were accustomed to put up at the Gate-house for the night, but as they could not wholly exclude

strangers, who like themselves were travelling on their business, they brought an ox to the doer, and those who did not choose to kiss its horns, after going through the ceremony described, were not deemed fit members of their society.

It is imagined by some, because it is so stated in a modern book or two as likely, that the horns were adopted to swear this whimsical oath upon, because it was tendered at the parish of *Horns-ey*, where-in Highgate is situated.

The reader may choose either of these origins; he has before him all that can be known upon the subject.

An anecdote related by Mrs. Southo of the Red Lion and Sun, may, or may not, be illustrative of this custom. She is a native of Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, where her father kept the Griffin, and she says, that when any fresh waggoner came to that house with his team, a drinking horn, holding about a pint, fixed on a stand made of four rams' horns, was brought out of the house, and elevated above his head, and he was compelled to pay a gallon of beer, and to drink out of the horn. She never heard how the usage originated; it had been observed, and the stand of rams' horns had been in the house, from time immemorial.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 52.

January 18.

St. Priscian.

In the church of England calendar.

OLD TWELFTH DAY.

This is still observed in some parts of England

Don Sebastian.

In default of holiday making by the editor, who during the Christmas season has been employed in finishing the indexes, which will be in the readers' hands in a few days to enable them to complete the first volume of this work, he has now and then turned to his collections to relieve the wearisomeness of his occupation, and finding the following anecdote in "The Times" of Dec. 1825, he subjoins

from his stores an illustration of the curious fact it relates to. "It may be mentioned," *The Times* says, "as a singular species of infatuation, that many Portuguese residing in Brazil as well as Portugal, still believe in the coming of Sebastian, the romantic king, who was killed in Africa about the year 1578, in a pitched battle with the emperor Muley Moluc. Some of these old visionaries will go out, wrapped in their large cloaks, on a windy night, to watch the movements of the heavens, and frequently, if an exhalation is seen flitting in the air, resembling a falling star, they will cry out, 'there he comes!' Sales of horses and other things are sometimes effected, payable at the coming of king Sebastian. It was this fact that induced Junot, when asked what he would be able to do with the Portuguese, to answer, what can I do with a people who are still waiting for the coming of the Messiah and king Sebastian?"

This superstitious belief is mentioned in a MS. Journal of a Residence at Lisbon in 1814, written by an individual personally known to the editor, who extracts from the narrative as follows:—

It is the daily practice at Lisbon for the master of the family to cater for the wants of his table himself. According to ancient usage, he must either employ and pay a porter to carry home his purchases at market, or send a servant for them. A certain doctor, well known to be a lover of fish, and an enthusiastic expectant of Don Sebastian, was watched several days in the fish market by some knavish youths, who contrived a trick upon him. One morning, they observed him very intent upon a fine large fish, yet disagreeing with the fishmonger as to its price. One of these knaves managed to inform the man, if he would let the doctor have the fish at his own price he would pay the difference, and the fishmonger soon concluded the bargain with the doctor. As soon as he was gone, one of the party, without the fishmonger's knowledge, insinuated down the fish's throat a scroll of parchment curiously packed, and shortly afterwards, the doctor's servant arrived for his master's purchase. On opening the fish, in order to its being cooked, the parchment deposit was found, and the credulous man, to his astonishment and delight, read as follows:—

"Worthy and well-beloved Signor ———, respected by the saints and now

revered by men. From our long observation of thine heart's integrity, and in full knowledge of thy faith and firm belief, thou art selected as the happy instrument of our return; but know, most worthy Signor, the idea of a white horse in clouds of air, is a mere fable invented by weak men. It will be far otherwise, but be thou circumspect and secret, and to thee these things will be explained hereafter. Know, that by the element of water, by which we make this known, we shall return. Not far from Fort St. Juliana is a spot thou knowest well, a smooth declivity towards the sea; it is there we first shall touch the shore of our loved Portugal to-morrow's night at twelve. Be thou there alone, and softly gliding on the water's surface a small boat shall appear. Be silent and remain quiet on our appearance, for until we can join our prayers with thine thou must not speak; load not thyself with coin, for soon as dawn appears a troop of goodly horse from Cintra's Road will rise upon thy view. But be not destitute of wherewith to bear thine expense. All thy future life shall be thy prince's care.

“SEBASTIAN.”

The trick succeeded; for the next day the doctor left Lisbon as privately as possible, while his trepanners who had watched him quickly followed, two in a boat hired for the purpose, and two on shore, to make a signal. The boat arrived at the appointed hour, and the doctor expected nothing less than the landing of the long expected and well-beloved Sebastian. It reached the shore, and by those who stepped out and their confederates concealed on the beach, the doctor was eased of some doubloons he had with him, received a cool dip in the water, and was left on the beach to bewail his folly. The story soon got wind, and now (in 1814) there are wags who, when they observe the doctor coming, affect to see something in the sky; this hint concerning Don Sebastian's appearance is usually intimated beyond the reach of the doctor's cane.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36·12.

January 19.

Feast of Lanthorns.

This is a festival with the Chinese on the fifteenth day of the first month of their year. It is so called from the great number of *lanthorns* hung out of the houses, and in the streets; insomuch that it rather appears a season of madness, than of feasting. On this day are exposed *lanthorns* of all prices, whereof some are said to cost two thousand crowns. Some of their grandees retrench somewhat every day out of their table, their dress, their equipage, &c. to appear the more magnificent in *lanthorns*. They are adorned with gilding, sculpture, painting, japanning, &c. and as to their size, it is extravagant; some are from twenty-five to thirty feet diameter; they represent halls and chambers. Two or three such machines together would make handsome houses. In *lanthorns* of these dimensions the Chinese are able to eat, lodge, receive visits, have balls, and act plays. The great multitude of smaller *lanthorns* usually consist of six faces or lights, each about four feet high, and one and a half broad, framed in wood finely gilt and adorned; over these are stretched a fine transparent silk, curiously painted with flowers, trees, and sometimes human figures. The colours are extremely bright; and when the torches are lighted, they appear highly beautiful and surprising.

French Lark Shooting.

To the gentleman whose letter from Abbeville, descriptive of “Wild fow. shooting in France,” is on p. 1575 of vol. I., the editor is indebted for another on “Lark shooting,” which is successfully practised there by a singular device unknown to sportsmen in this country.*

* To his former letter J. J. H. are printed as initials by mistake, instead of J. H. H.



Lark Shooting in France.

As far-off islanders,
Innocent of trade, unskilled in commerce,
To whom a glass or toy unknown before
Is wonderful, give freely, flocks and fruits
To gain mere baubles; so, these silly birds
Attracted by the glisten of the twirler,
Hover above the passing strange decoy,
Intent to gaze, and fall the gunner's prey.

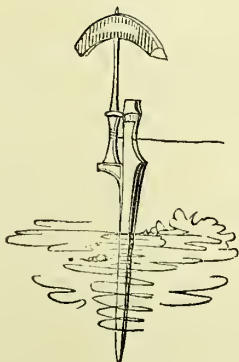
Abbeville.

Dear Sir,

If I do not send you your wished for wood cuts I at least keep my promise of letting you hear from me. I told you in my last you should have something about our lark-shooting, and so you shall, and at this time too; though I assure you writing flying as I almost do, is by no means so agreeable to me as shooting flying, which is the finest sport imaginable. When I come home I will tell you all about it, for the present I can only acquaint you with enough to let you into the secret of the enjoyment that I should always find in France, if I had no other attraction to the country. I must "level" at once, for I have no time to spare, and so "here goes," as the boy says.

Partridge and quail shooting cease in this delightful part of the world about the middle of October, for by that time the partridges are so very wild and wary that there is no getting near them. The reason of this is, that our fields here are all open without either hedge or ditch, and when the corn and hemp are off, the stubble is pulled up so close by the poor people for fuel, that there is no cover for partridges; as to the quails, they are all either "killed off," or take their departure for a wilder climate; and then there is nothing left for the French gentry to amuse themselves with but lark-shooting. These birds are attracted to any given spot in great numbers by a singular contrivance, called a *miroir*. This is a small machine, made of a piece of mahogany,

shaped like a chapeau bras, and highly polished; or else it is made of common wood, inlaid with small bits of looking glass, so as to reflect the sun's rays upwards. It is fixed on the top of a thin iron rod, or upright spindle, dropped through an iron loop or ring attached to a piece of wood, to drive into the ground as here represented.



By pulling a string fastened to the spindle, the *miroir* twirls, and the reflected light unaccountably attracts the larks, who hover over it, and become a mark for the sportsman. In this way I have had capital sport. A friend of mine actually shot six dozen before breakfast. While he sat on the ground he pulled the twirler himself, and his dogs fetched the birds as they dropped. However, I go on in the common way, and employ a boy to work the twirler. Ladies often partake in the amusement on a cold dry morning, not by shooting but by watching the sport. So many as ten or a dozen parties are sometimes out together, firing at a distance of about five hundred yards apart, and in this way the larks are constantly kept on the wing. The most favourable mornings are when there is a gentle light frost, with little or no wind, and a clear sky—for when there are clouds the larks will not approach. One would think the birds themselves enjoyed their destruction, for the fascination of the twirler is so strong, as to rob them of the usual "fruits of experience." After being fired at several times they return to the twirler, and form again into groupes above it. Some of them even fly down and settle on the ground, within a yard or two of the astonishing instrument, looking at it "this

way and that way, and all ways together," as if nothing had happened.

Larks in France fetch from three to four sous a piece. In winter, however, when they are plentiful, they are seldom eaten, because here they are always dressed with the trail, like snipes and woodcocks; but for this mode of cooking they are not fitted when the snow is on the ground, because they are then driven to eat turnip-tops, and other watery herbs, which communicate an unpleasant flavour to the trail. Were you here at the season, to eat larks in their perfection, and dressed as we dress them, I think your praise of the cooking would give me the laugh against you, if you ever afterwards ventured to declaim against the use of the gun, which, next to my pencil, is my greatest hobby. I send you a sketch of the sport, with the boy at the twirler—do what you like with it.

I rather think I did not tell you in my last, that the decoy ducks, used in wild-fowl shooting, are made of wood—any stump near at hand is hacked out any how for the body, while a small limb of any tree is thrust into the stump for the duck's neck, and one of the side branches left short makes his head. These ducks answer the purpose with their living prototypes, who fly by moonlight, and have not a perfect view, and don't stay for distinctions, like philosophers.

It will not be long before I'm off for England, and then, &c.

I am, &c.

J. H. H.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37° 02.

January 20.

Fabian.

In the church of England calendar.*

DEDICATION.

The dedication of each day in the year, by the Romish church, in honour of a saint, which converts every day into a festival, is a fact pretty well known to the readers of the *Every-Day Book*. It is also generally known, that in certain almanacs every part of the human body is distributed among the days throughout the year, as subjects of diurnal influence; but it is not perhaps so well known, that

* See vol. i. p. 135.

every joint of each finger on each hand was appropriated to some saint. The proof of this is supplied by two very old prints, from engravings on wood, at the British Museum. They are among a collection of ancient wood cuts pasted in a folio volume. It would occupy too much room to give copies of these representations in fac-simile: the curiously inclined, who have access to the Museum print-room, may consult the originals; general readers may be satisfied with the following description:—

Right Hand.

The top joint of the *thumb* is dedicated to God; the second joint to the Virgin; the top joint of the *fore finger* to Barnabas, the second joint to John, the third to Paul; the top joint of the *second finger* to Simeon Cleophas, the second joint to Tathideo, the third to Joseph; the top joint of the *third finger* to Zachæus, the second to Stephen, the third to Luke; the top joint of the *little finger* to Leatus, the second to Mark, the third joint to Nicodemus.

Left Hand.

The top joint of the *thumb* is dedicated to Christ, the second joint to the Virgin; the top joint of the *fore finger* to St. James, the second to St. John the evangelist, the third to St. Peter; the first joint of the *second finger* to St. Simon, the second joint to St. Matthew, the third to St. James the great; the top joint of the *third finger* to St. Jude, the second joint to St. Bartholomew, the third to St. Andrew; the top joint of the *little finger* to St. Matthias, the second joint to St. Thomas, the third joint to St. Philip.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36 . 92.

January 21.

St. Agnes.

In the church of England calendar.*

How to sleep well in cold weather.

Obtain a free circulation of the blood by walking, or other wholesome exercise, so as to procure a gentle glow over the entire surface of the body. Hasten to your chamber, undress yourself quickly, and jump into bed without suffering its temperature to be heightened by the

machine called a warming-pan. Your bed will be warmed by your own heat, and if you have not eaten a meat supper, or drank spirits, you will sleep well and warm all night. Calico sheets are adapted to this season—blankets perhaps are better; but as they absorb perspiration they should be washed before they come into use with sheets in summer time.

Extraordinary sleeper.

Samuel Clinton, of Timbury, near Bath, a labouring man, about twenty-five years of age, had frequently slept, without intermission, for several weeks. On the 13th of May, 1694, he fell into a profound sleep, out of which he could by no means be roused by those about him; but after a month's time, he rose of himself, put on his clothes, and went about his business as usual. From that time to the 9th of April following he remained free from any extraordinary drowsiness, but then fell into another protracted sleep. His friends were prevailed on to try what remedies might effect, and accordingly he was bled, blistered, cupped, and scarified, but to no purpose. In this manner he lay till the 7th of August, when he awakened, and went into the fields, where he found people busy in getting in the harvest, and remembered that when he fell asleep they were sowing their oats and barley. From that time he remained well till the 17th of August, 1697, when he complained of a shivering, and, after some disorder of the stomach, the same day fell fast asleep again. Dr. Oliver went to see him; he was then in an agreeable warmth, but without the least sign of his being sensible; the doctor then held a phial of sal-ammoniac under his nose, and injected about half an ounce up one of his nostrils, but it only made his nose run and his eyelids shiver a little. The doctor then filled his nostrils with powder of white hellebore, but the man did not discover the least uneasiness. About ten days after, the apothecary took fourteen ounces of blood from his arm without his making the least motion during the operation. The latter end of September Dr. Oliver again visited him, and a gentleman present ran a large pin into his arm to the bone, but he gave not the least sign of feeling. In this manner he lay till the 19th of November, when his mother hearing him make a noise ran immediately to him, and asked him how he did, and what he would have to eat? to which he re-

* See vol. i. p. 141.

plied, "very well, I thank you; I'll take some bread and cheese." His mother, overjoyed, ran to acquaint his brother that he was awake, but on their going up stairs they found him as fast asleep as ever. Thus he continued till the end of January, at which time he awoke perfectly well and very little altered in his flesh, and went about his business as usual.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 37 35

January 22

St. Vincent.

In the church of England calendar†



Skating on the Serpentine.

The Hyde-park river—which no river is,
The Serpentine—which is not serpentine
When frozen, every skater claims as his,
In right of common, there to intertwine
With countless crowds, and glide upon the ice.
Lining the banks, the timid and unwilling
Stand and look on, while some the fair entice
By telling, "yonder skaters are quadrilling"—
And here the skateless hire the "*best skates*" for a shilling.

A hard frost is a season of holidays in London. The scenes exhibited are too agreeable and ludicrous for the pen to describe. They are for the pencil; and Mr. Cruikshank's is the only one equal to the series. In a work like this there is no room for their display, yet he has hastily essayed the preceding sketch in a short hour. It is proper to say, that however gratifying the representation may be to the reader, the friendship that extorted it is not ignorant that scarcely a tithe of either the time or space requisite has been afforded Mr. Cruikshank for the subject. It conveys some notion however of part of the doings on "the Serpentine in Hyde-park" when the thermometer is below "freezing," and every drop of water depending from trees and eaves becomes solid, and hangs

"like a diamond in the sky."

The ice-bound Serpentine is the resort of every one who knows how or is learning to skate, and on a Sunday its broad surface is covered with gazers who have "as much right" to be on it as skaters, and therefore "stand" upon the right to interrupt the recreation they came to see. This is especially the case on a Sunday. The entire of this canal from the wall of Kensington-gardens to the extremity at the Knightsbridge end was, on Sunday the 15th of January, 1826, literally a mob of skaters and gazers. At one period it was calculated that there were not less than a hundred thousand persons upon this single sheet of ice.

The coachmen on the several roads, particularly on the western and northern roads, never remembered a severer frost than they experienced on the Sunday night just mentioned. Those who recollected that of 1814, when the Thames was frozen over, and booths raised on the ice, declared that they did not feel it so severely, as it did not come on so suddenly. The houses and trees in the country had a singular appearance on the Monday, owing to the combination of frost and fog; the trees, and fronts of houses, and even the glass was covered with thick white frost, and was no more transparent than ground-glass.

Butchers, in the suburbs, where the frost was felt more keenly than in the metropolis, were obliged to keep their shops shut in order to keep out the frost; many of them carried the meat into their parlours, and kept it folded up in cloths

round the fires, and unfolded it as their customers came in and required it. The market gardeners also felt the severity of the weather—it stopped their labours, and some of the men, attended by their wives, went about in parties, and with frosted greens fixed at the tops of rakes and hoes, uttered the ancient cry of "Pray remember the gardeners! Remember the poor frozen out gardeners!"*

The Apparition.

'Twas silence all, the rising moon
With clouds had veild her light,
The clock struck twelve, when, lo! I saw
A very chilling sight.

Pale as a snow-ball was its face,
Like icicles its hair;
For mantle, it appeared to me
A sheet of ice to wear.

Tho' seldom given to alarm,
I'faith, I'll not dissemble,
My teeth all chatter'd in my head,
And every joint did tremble.

At last, I cried, "Pray who are you,
And whither do you go?"
Methought the phantom thus replied,
"My name is Sally Snow;

"My father is the Northern Wind,
My mother's name was Water;
Old parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful Daughter.

"I have a lover—Jackey Frost,
My dad the match condemns;
I've run from home to-night to meet
My love upon the Thames."

I stopp'd Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just to cast in,
"I hope, if John and you unite,
Your union wo'n't be lasting!

"Besides, if you should marry him,
But ill you'd do, that I know;
For surely Jackey Frost must be
A very slippery fellow."

She sat her down before the fire,
My wonder now increases;
For she I took to be a maid,
Then tumbled into pieces!

For air, thin air, did Hamlet's ghost,
His foremost cock-crow barter;
But what I saw, and now describe,
Resolv'd itself to water.

GREAT FROST, 1814.

The severest and most remarkable frost in England of late years, commenced in December, 1813, and generally called "the Great Frost in 1814," was preceded by a great fog, which came on with the evening of the 27th of December, 1813. It is described as a darkness that might be felt. Cabinet business of great importance had been transacted, and Lord Castlereagh left London about two hours before to embark for the continent. The prince regent, (since George IV.) proceeding towards Hatfield on a visit to the marquis of Salisbury, was obliged to return to Carlton-house, after being absent several hours, during which period the carriages had not reached beyond Kentish-town, and one of the outriders fell into a ditch. Mr. Croker, secretary of the admiralty, on a visit northward, wandered likewise several hours in making a progress not more than three or four miles, and was likewise compelled to put back. It was "darkness that might be felt."

On most of the roads, excepting the high North-road, travelling was performed with the utmost danger, and the mails were greatly impeded.

On the 28th, the Maidenhead coach coming to London, missed the road near Hartford bridge and was overturned. Lord Hawarden was among the passengers, and severely injured.

On the 29th, the Birmingham mail was nearly seven hours in going from the Post-office to a mile or two below Uxbridge, a distance of twenty miles only: and on this, and other evenings, the short stages in the neighbourhood of London had two persons with links, running by the horses' heads. Pedestrians carried links or lanterns, and many, who were not so provided, lost themselves in the most frequented, and at other times well-known streets. Hackney-coachmen mistook the pathway for the road, and the greatest confusion prevailed.

On the 31st, the increased fog in the metropolis was, at night, truly alarming. It required great attention and thorough knowledge of the public streets to proceed any distance, and persons who had material business to transact were unavoidably compelled to carry torches. The lamps appeared through the haze like small candles. Careful hackney-coachmen got off the box and led their horses, while others drove only at a walking

pace. There were frequent meetings of carriages, and great mischief ensued. Foot passengers, alarmed at the idea of being run down, exclaimed, "Who is coming?"—"Mind!"—"Take care!" &c. Females who ventured abroad were in great peril; and innumerable people lost their way.

After the fogs, there were heavier falls of snow than had been within the memory of man. With only short intervals, it snowed incessantly for forty-eight hours, and this after the ground was covered with ice, the result of nearly four weeks continued frost. During this long period, the wind blew almost continually from the north and north-east, and the cold was intense. A short thaw of about one day, rendered the streets almost impassable. The mass of snow and water was so thick, that hackney-coaches with an additional horse, and other vehicles, could scarcely plough their way through. Trade and calling of all kinds in the streets were nearly stopped, and considerably increased the distresses of the industrious. Few carriages, even stages, could travel the roads, and those in the neighbourhood of London seemed deserted. From many buildings, icicles, a yard and a half long, were seen suspended. The water-pipes to the houses were all frozen, and it became necessary to have plugs in the streets for the supply of all ranks of inhabitants. The Thames, from London Bridge to Blackfriars, was completely blocked up at ebb-tide for nearly a fortnight. Every pond and river near the metropolis was completely frozen.

Skating was pursued with great avidity on the Canal in St. James's, and the Serpentine in Hyde-park. On Monday the 10th of *January*, the Canal and the Basin in the Green-park were conspicuous for the number of skaters, who administered to the pleasure of the throngs on the banks; some by the agility and grace of their evolutions, and others by tumbles and whimsical accidents from clumsy attempts. A motley collection of all orders seemed eager candidates for applause. The sweep, the dustman, the drummer, the beau, gave evidence of his own good opinion, and claimed that of the *belles* who viewed his movements. In Hyde-park, a more distinguished order of visitors crowded the banks of the Serpentine. Ladies, in robes of the richest fur, bid defiance to the wintry winds, and ventured on the frail surface. Skaters, in great

numbers, of first-rate notoriety, executed some of the most difficult movements of the art, to universal admiration. A lady and two officers, who performed a reel with a precision scarcely conceivable, received applause so boisterous as to terrify the fair cause of the general expression, and occasion her to forego the pleasure she received from the amusement. Two accidents occurred: a skating lady dislocated the *patella* or kneecap, and five gentlemen and a lady were submerged in the frosty fluid, but with no other injury than from the natural effect of so cold an embrace

On the 20th, in consequence of the great accumulation of snow in London, it became necessary to relieve the roofs of the houses by throwing off the load collected upon them. By this means the carriage-ways in the middle of the streets were rendered scarcely passable; and the streams constantly flowing from the open plugs, added to the general mass of ice.

Many coach proprietors, on the northern and western roads, discontinued to run their coaches. In places where the roads were low, the snow had drifted above carriage height. On Finchley-common, by the fall of one night, it lay to a depth of sixteen feet, and the road was impassable even to oxen. On Bagshot-heath and about Esher and Cobham the road was completely choked up. Except the Kent and Essex roads, no others were passable beyond a few miles from London. The coaches of the western road remained stationary at different parts. The Windsor coach was worked through the snow at Colnbrook, which was there sixteen feet deep, by employing about fifty labourers. At Maidenhead-lane, the snow was still deeper; and between Twyford and Reading it assumed a mountainous appearance. Accounts say that, on parts of Bagshot-heath, description would fail to convey an adequate idea of its situation. The Newcastle coach went off the road into a pit upwards of eight feet deep, but without mischief to either man or horse. The middle North-road was impassable at Highgate-hill.

On the 22d of January, and for some time afterwards, the ice on the Serpentine in Hyde-park bore a singular appearance, from mountains of snow which sweepers had collected together in different situations. The spaces allotted for

the skaters were in circles, squares, and oblongs. Next to the carriage ride on the north side, many astonishing evolutions were performed by the skaters. Skipping on skates, and the Turk-cap backwards, were among the most conspicuous. The ice, injured by a partial thaw in some places, was much *cut up*, yet elegantly dressed females dashed between the hillocks of snow, with great bravery.

At this time the appearance of the river Thames was most remarkable. Vast pieces of floating ice, laden generally with heaps of snow, were slowly carried up and down by the tide, or collected where the projecting banks or the bridges resisted the flow. These accumulations sometimes formed a chain of glaciers, which, uniting at one moment, were at another cracking and bounding against each other in a singular and awful manner with loud noise. Sometimes these ice islands rose one over another, covered with angry foam, and were violently impelled by the winds and waves through the arches of the bridges, with tremendous crashes. Near the bridges, the floating pieces collected about mid-water, or while the tide was less forcible, and ranged themselves on each other; the stream formed them into order by its force as it passed, till the narrowness of the channel increased the power of the flood, when a sudden disruption taking place, the masses burst away, and floated off. The river was frozen over for the space of a week, and a complete *Frost Fair* held upon it, as will be mentioned presently.

Since the establishment of mail-coaches correspondence had not been so interrupted as on this occasion. Internal communication was completely at a stand till the roads could be in some degree cleared. The entire face of the country was one uniform sheet of snow; no trace of road was discoverable.

The Post-office exerted itself to have the roads cleared for the conveyance of the mails, and the government interfered by issuing instructions to every parish in the kingdom to employ labourers in re-opening the ways.

In the midland counties, particularly on the borders of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, the snow lay to a height

altogether unprecedented. At Dunchurch, a small village on the road to Birmingham, through Coventry, and for a few miles round that place, in all directions, the drifts exceeded twenty-four feet, and no tracks of carriages or travellers could be discovered, except on the great road, for many days.

The Cambridge mail coach coming to London, sunk into a hollow of the road, and remained with the snow drifting over it, from one o'clock to nine in the morning, when it was dragged out by fourteen waggon horses. The passengers, who were in the coach the whole of the time, were nearly frozen to death.

On the 26th, the wind veered to the south-west, and a thaw was speedily discernible. The great fall of the Thames at London-bridge for some days presented a scene both novel and interesting. At the ebbing of the tide, huge fragments of ice were precipitated down the stream with great violence, accompanied by a noise, equal to the report of a small piece of artillery. On the return of the tide, they were forced back; but the obstacles opposed to their passage through the arches were so great, as to threaten a total stoppage to the navigation of the river. The thaw continued, and these appearances gradually ceased.

On the 27th, 28th, and 29th, the roads and streets were nearly impassable from floods, and the accumulation of snow. On Sunday the 30th a sharp frost set in, and continued till the following Saturday evening, the 5th of February.

The *Falmouth* mail coach started from thence for Exeter, after having proceeded a few miles was overturned, without material injury to the passengers. With the assistance of an additional pair of horses it reached the first stage; after which all endeavours to proceed were found perfectly useless, and the letters were sent to Bodmin by the guard on horseback. The *Falmouth* and *Plymouth* coach and its passengers were obliged to remain at St. Austell.

At *Plymouth*, the snow was nearly four feet high in several of the streets.

At *Liverpool*, on the 17th of January, Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the Athænaum, stood at fifteen degrees; seven below the freezing point. From the ice accumulated in the Mersey, boats could

not pass over. Almost all labour without doors was at a stand.

At *Gloucester*, Jan. 17. The severity of the frost had not been exceeded by any that preceded it. The Severn was frozen over, and people went to Tewkesbury market across the ice on horseback. The cold was intense. The thermometer, exposed in a north-eastern aspect, stood at thirteen degrees, nine below the freezing point. On the eastern coast, it stood as low as nine and ten; a degree of cold unusual in this county.

Bristol, Jan. 18. The frost continued in this city with the like severity. The Floating Harbour from Cumberland basin to the Feeder, at the bottom of Avon-street, was one continued sheet of ice; and for the first time in the memory of man, the skater made his appearance under Bristol-bridge. The Severn was frozen over at various points, so as to bear the weight of passengers.

At *Whitehaven*, Jan. 18, the frost had increased in severity. All the ponds and streams were frozen; and there was scarcely a pump in the town that gave out water. The market was very thinly attended; it having been found in many parts impossible to travel until the snow was cut.

At *Dublin*, Jan. 14, the snow lay in a quantity unparalleled for half a century. In the course of one day and night, it descended so inconceivably thick and rapid, as to block up all the roads, and preclude the possibility of the mail coaches being able to proceed, and it was even found impracticable to send the mails on horseback. Thus all intercourse with the interior was cut off, and it was not until the 18th, when an intense frost suddenly commenced, that the communication was opened, and several mail bags arrived from the country on horseback.

The snow in many of the narrow streets of Dublin, after the footways had been in some measure cleared, was more than six feet. It was nearly impossible for any carriage to force a passage, and few ventured on the hazardous attempt. Accidents, both distressing and fatal, occurred. In several streets and lanes the poorer inhabitants were literally blocked up in their houses, and in the attempt to go abroad, experienced every kind of misery. The number of deaths from cold and distress were greater than at any other period, unless at the time of the plague. There were eighty funerals on the Sunday

before this date. The coffin-makers in Cook-street could with difficulty complete their numerous orders: and not a few poor people lay dead in their wretched rooms for several days, from the impossibility of procuring assistance to convey them to the Hospital-fields, and the great difficulty and danger of attempting to open the ground, which was very uneven, and where the snow remained in some parts, twenty feet deep.

From *Canterbury*, January 25, the communication with the metropolis was not open from Monday until Saturday preceding this date, when the snow was cut through by the military at Chatham-hill, and near Gravesend; and the stages proceeded with their passengers. The mail of the Thursday night arrived at Canterbury late on Friday evening, the bags having been conveyed part of the distance upon men's shoulders. The bags of Friday and Saturday night arrived together on Sunday morning about ten o'clock.

Dalrymple, North Britain, January 29.—Wednesday, the 26th, was an epoch ever to be remembered by the inhabitants of this village. The thaw of that and the preceding day had opened the Doon, formerly "bound like a rock," to a considerable distance above this; and the melting of the snow on the adjacent hills swelled the river beyond its usual height, and burst up vast fragments of ice and congealed snow. It forced them forward with irresistible impetuosity, bending trees like willows, carrying down Skelton-bridge, and sweeping all before it. The overwhelming torrent in its awful progress accumulated a prodigious mass of the frozen element, which, as if in wanton frolic, it heaved out into the fields on both sides, covering acres of ground many feet deep. Alternately loading and discharging in this manner, it came to a door or two in the village, as if to apprise the inhabitants of its powers. The river having deserted its wonted channel, endeavoured to make its grand entry by several courses successively in Saint Valley, and finding no one of them sufficient for its reception, took them altogether, and overrunning the whole holm at once, appeared here in terrific grandeur, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, when the moon retreated behind a cloud, and the gloom of night added to the horrors of the tremendous scene. Like a sea, it overflowed all the

gardens on the east side, from the cross to the bridge, and invaded the houses behind by the doors and windows, extinguishing the fires in a moment, lifting and tumbling the furniture, and gushing out at the front doors with incredible rapidity. Its principal inroad was by the end of a bridge. Here, while the houses stood as a bank on either side, it came crashing and roaring up the street in full career, casting forth, within a few yards of the cross, floats of ice like mill-stones. The houses on the west side were in the same situation with those on the east. At one place the water was running on the house-eaves, at another it was near the door-head, and midway up the street, it stood three feet and a half above the door. Had it advanced five minutes longer in this direction, the whole village must have been inundated.

During this frost a great number of the fish called golden maids, were picked up on Brighton beach and sold at good prices. They floated ashore quite blind, having been reduced to that state by the snow.

Annexed are a few of the casualties consequent on this great frost. A woman was found frozen to death on the Highgate-road. She proved to have been a charwoman, returning from Highgate, where she had been at work, to Pancras.

A poor woman named Wood, while crossing Blackheath from Leigh to the village of Charlton, accompanied by her two children, was benighted, and missed her way. After various efforts to extricate herself, she fell into a hole, and was nearly buried in the snow. From this, however, she contrived to escape, and again proceeded; but at length, being completely exhausted, and her children benumbed with cold, she sat down on the trunk of a tree, where, wrapping her children in her cloak, she endeavoured by loud cries to attract the attention of some passengers. Her shrieks at length were heard by a waggoner, who humanely waded through the snow to her assistance, and taking her children, who seemed in a torpid state, in his arms, he conducted her to a public-house; one of the infants was frozen to death, and the other was recovered with extreme difficulty.

As some workmen were clearing away the snow, which was twelve feet deep, at

Kipton, on the border of Northamptonshire, the body of a child about three years old was discovered, and immediately afterwards the body of its mother. She was the wife of a soldier of the 16th regiment, returning home with her infant after accompanying her husband to the place of embarkation. It was supposed they had been a week in the snow.

There was found lying in the road leading from Longford to Upham, frozen to death, a Mr. Apthorne, a grazier, at Coltsworth. He had left Hounslow at dusk on Monday evening, after having drank rather freely, and proposed to go that night to Marlow.

On his return from Wakefield market, Mr. Husband, of Holroyd Hall, was frozen to death, within little more than a hundred yards of the house of his nephew, with whom he resided.

Mr. Chapman, organist, and master of the central school at Andover, Hants, was frozen to death near Wallop, in that county.

A young man named Monk, while driving a stage-coach near Ryegate, was thrown off the box on a lump of frozen snow, and killed on the spot.

The thermometer during this intense frost was as low as 7° and 8° of Fahrenheit, in the neighbourhood of London. There are instances of its having been lower in many seasons, but so long a continuance of very cold weather was never experienced in this climate within the memory of man.

Frost Fair—1814.

On Sunday, the 30th of January, the immense masses of ice that floated from the upper parts of the river, in consequence of the thaw on the two preceding days, blocked up the Thames between Blackfriars and London Bridges; and afforded every probability of its being frozen over in a day or two. Some adventurous persons even now walked on different parts, and on the next day, Monday the 31st, the expectation was realized. During the whole of the afternoon, hundreds of people were assembled on Blackfriars and London Bridges, to see people cross and recross the Thames on the ice. At one time seventy persons were counted walking from Queenhithe to the opposite shore. The frost of Sunday night so united the vast

mass as to render it immovable by the tide.

On Tuesday, February 1, the river presented a thoroughly solid surface over that part which extends from Blackfriars Bridge to some distance below Three Crane Stairs, at the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside. The watermen placed notices at the end of all the streets leading to the city side of the river, announcing a safe footway over, which attracted immense crowds, and in a short time thousands perambulated the rugged plain, where a variety of amusements were provided. Among the more curious of these was the ceremony of roasting a small sheep, or rather toasting or burning it over a coal fire, placed in a large iron pan. For a view of this extraordinary spectacle, sixpence was demanded, and willingly paid. The delicate meat, when *done*, was sold at a shilling a slice, and termed "*Lapland mutton*." There were a great number of booths ornamented with streamers, flags, and signs, and within them there was a plentiful store of favourite luxuries with most of the multitude, *gin*, *beer*, and *gingerbread*. The thoroughfare opposite Three Crane Stairs was complete and well frequented. It was strewn with ashes, and afforded a very safe, although a very rough path. Near Blackfriars Bridge, however, the way was not equally severe; a plumber, named *Davis*, having imprudently ventured to cross with some lead in his hands, sank between two masses of ice, and rose no more. Two young women nearly shared a similar fate; they were rescued from their perilous situation by the prompt efforts of two watermen. Many a fair nymph indeed was embraced in the *icy arms* of old Father Thames;—three young quakeresses had a sort of semi-bathing, near London Bridge, and when landed on terra-firma, made the best of their way through the Borough, amidst the shouts of an admiring populace. From the entire obstruction the tide did not appear to ebb for some days more than one half the usual mark.

On Wednesday, Feb. 2, the sports were repeated, and the Thames presented a complete "*FROST FAIR*." The grand "*mall*" or walk now extended from Blackfriars Bridge to London Bridge; this was named the "*City-road*," and was lined on each side by persons of all descriptions. Eight or ten printing presses were erected

and numerous pieces commemorative of the "great frost" were printed on the ice. Some of these frosty typographers displayed considerable taste in their specimens. At one of the presses, an orange-coloured standard was hoisted, with the watch-word "ORANGE BOVEN," in large characters. This was in allusion to the recent restoration of the stadtholder to the government of Holland, which had been for several years under the dominion of the French. From this press the following papers were issued.

"FROST FAIR.

"Amidst the arts which on the THAMES appear,

To tell the wonders of this *icy* year,
PRINTING claims prior place, which at one view

Erects a monument of THAT and YOU."

Another :

"You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year be-
fell,

Come, buy this print, and it will then be seen
That such a year as this has seldom been."

Another of these *stainers of paper* addressed the spectators in the following terms. "Friends, now is your time to support the freedom of the press. Can the press have greater liberty? here you find it working in the middle of the Thames; and if you encourage us by buying our impressions, we will keep it going in the true spirit of liberty during the frost." One of the articles printed and sold contained the following lines :

"Behold, the river Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore ;
Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims the superiority."

The Lord's prayer and several other pieces were issued from these icy printing offices, and bought with the greatest avidity.

On Thursday, Feb. 3, the number of adventurers increased. Swings, book-stalls, dancing in a barge, stutling-booths, playing at skittles, and almost every appendage of a fair on land, appeared now on the Thames. Thousands flocked to this singular spectacle of sports and pastimes. The ice seemed to be a solid rock, and presented a truly picturesque appearance. The view of St. Paul's and of the city with the white foreground had a very singular effect;—in many parts, mountains of ice upheaved resembled the rude interior of a stone quarry.

Friday, Feb. 4. Each day brought a fresh accession of "pedlars to sell their wares;" and the greatest rubbish of all sorts was raked up and sold at double and treble the original cost. Books and toys, labelled "bought on the Thames," were in profusion. The *watermen* profited exceedingly, for each person paid a toll of twopence or threepence before he was admitted to "Frost Fair;" some *douceur* was expected on the return. Some of them were said to have taken six pounds each in the course of a day.

This afternoon, about five o'clock, three persons, an old man and two lads, were on a piece of ice above London-bridge, which suddenly detached itself from the main body, and was carried by the tide through one of the arches. They laid themselves down for safety, and the boatmen at Billingsgate, put off to their assistance, and rescued them from their impending danger. One of them was able to walk, but the other two were carried, in a state of insensibility, to a public-house, where they received every attention their situation required.

Many persons were on the ice till late at night, and the effect by *moonlight* was singularly novel and beautiful. The bosom of the Thames seemed to rival the frozen climes of the north.

Saturday, Feb. 5. This morning augured unfavourably for the continuance of "FROST FAIR." The wind had veered to the south, and there was a light fall of snow. The visitors, however, were not to be deterred by trifles. Thousands again ventured, and there was still much life and bustle on the frozen element; the footpath in the centre of the river was hard and secure, and among the pedestrians were four donkies; they trotted a nimble pace, and produced considerable merriment. At every glance, there was a novelty of some kind or other. Gaming was carried on in all its branches. Many of the itinerant admirers of the profits gained by *E O Tables*, *Rouge et Noir*, *Te-totum*, wheel of fortune, the garter, &c. were industrious in their avocations, and some of their customers left the lures without a penny to pay the passage over a plank to the shore. Skittles was played by several parties, and the drinking tents were filled by females and their companions, dancing reels to the sound of fiddles, while others sat round large fires, drinking rum, grog, and other spirits. Tea, coffee, and eatables, were provided

in abundance, and passengers were invited to eat by way of recording their visit. Several tradesmen, who at other times were deemed respectable, attended with their wares, and sold books, toys, and trinkets of almost every description.

Towards the evening, the concourse thinned; rain began to fall, and the ice to crack, and on a sudden it floated with the printing presses, booths, and merry-makers, to the no small dismay of publicans, typographers, shopkeepers, and sojourners.

A short time previous to the general dissolution, a person near one of the printing presses, handed the following *jeu d'esprit* to its conductor; requesting that it might be printed on the Thames.

To Madam Tabitha Thaw.

"Dear dissolving dame,

"FATHER FROST and SISTER SNOW have *Boneyed* my borders, formed an *idol of ice* upon my bosom, and all the LADS OF LONDON come to make merry: now as you love mischief, treat the multitude with a few CRACKS by a sudden visit, and obtain the prayers of the poor upon both banks. *Given at my own press, the 5th Feb. 1814.* THOMAS THAMES."

The *thaw* advanced more rapidly than indiscretion and heedlessness retreated. Two genteel-looking young men ventured on the ice above Westminster Bridge, notwithstanding the warnings of the watermen. A large mass on which they stood, and which had been loosened by the flood tide, gave way, and they floated down the stream. As they passed under Westminster Bridge they cried piteously for help. They had not gone far before they sat down, near the edge; this overbalanced the mass, they were precipitated into the flood, and overwhelmed for ever.

A publican named Lawrence, of the Feathers, in High Timber-street, Queenhithe, erected a booth on the Thames opposite Brook's-wharf, for the accommodation of the curious. At nine at night he left it in the care of two men, taking away all the liquors, except some gin, which he gave them for their own use.

Sunday, Feb. 6. At two o'clock this morning, the tide began to flow with great rapidity at London Bridge; the thaw assisted the efforts of the tide, and the booth last mentioned was violently hurried towards Blackfriars Bridge. There

were nine men in it, but in their alarm they neglected the fire and candles, which communicating with the covering, set it in a flame. They succeeded in getting into a lighter which had broken from its moorings. In this vessel they were wrecked, for it was dashed to pieces against one of the piers of Blackfriars Bridge: seven of them got on the pier and were taken off safely; the other two got into a barge while passing Puddledock.

On this day, the Thames towards high tide (about 3 p. m.) presented a miniature idea of the Frozen Ocean; the masses of ice floating along, added to the great height of the water, formed a striking scene for contemplation. Thousands of disappointed persons thronged the banks; and many a 'prentice, and servant maid, "sighed unutterable things," at the sudden and unlooked for destruction of "FROST FAIR."

Monday, Feb. 7. Immense fragments of ice yet floated, and numerous lighters, broken from their moorings, drifted in different parts of the river; many of them were complete wrecks. The frozen element soon attained its wonted fluidity, and old Father Thames looked as cheerful and as busy as ever.

The severest English winter, however astonishing to ourselves, presents no views comparable to the winter scenery of more northern countries. A philosopher and poet of our own days, who has been also a traveller, beautifully describes a lake in Germany:—

Christmas out of doors at Ratzburg.

By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq

The whole lake is at this time one mass of thick transparent ice, a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shores of the lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it, by beauties of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yesterday I saw the lesser lake completely hidden by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight burnt upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist walls themselves partook of

the blaze in a multitude of shining colours. This is our second post. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight *can* be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice, which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shoreward, and froze anew. On the evening of the next day at sunset, the shattered ice thus frozen appeared of a deep blue, and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered ice islands themselves were of an intensely bright blood colour—they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the men, their net poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory—say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now all alive with skaters and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice cars. Mercury surely was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating, there are three pleasing circumstances—the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skaters cut up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist and in sunrise or sunset become coloured; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake *trinkle*.

In the frosty season when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight
blazed,
heeded not the summons;—happy time

It was indeed for all of us, to me
It was a time of rapture! clear and loud
The village clock tolled six! I wheel'd about
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cared not for its home. All shod with
steel

We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, the resounding
horn,
The pack loud bellowing and the hunted
hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle; with the din,
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy—not unnoticed, while the
stars

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the
west

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng

To cut across the image of a star
That gleamed upon the ice; and oftentimes
Where we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, shun-
ning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn
train

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
watched

Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

Wordsworth.

Skating.

The earliest notice of skating in England is obtained from the earliest description of London. Its historian relates that, "when the great fenne or moore (which watereth the walles of the citie on the north side) is frozen, many young men play upon the yce." Happily, and probably for want of a term to call it by, he describes so much of this pastime in Moorfields, as acquaints us with their mode of skating: "Some," he says, "stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly," this then is sliding; but he proceeds to tell us, that "some tye bones to

their feete, and under their heeles, and shoving themselves by a little picked staffe doe slide as swiftly as a birde flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crosse-bow.* Here, although the implements were rude, we have skaters; and it seems that one of their sports was for two to start a great way off opposite to each other, and when they met, to lift their poles and strike each other, when one or both fell, and were carried to a distance from each other by the celerity of their motion. Of the present wooden skates, shod with iron, there is no doubt, we obtained a knowledge from Holland.

The icelanders also used the shank-bone of a deer or sheep about a foot long, which they greased, because they should not be stopped by drops of water upon them.†

It is asserted in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that Edinburgh produced more instances of elegant skaters than perhaps any other country, and that the institution of a skating club there contributed to its improvement. "I have however seen, some years back," says Mr. Strutt, "when the Serpentine river was frozen over, four gentlemen there dance, if I may be allowed the expression, a double minuet in skates with as much ease, and I think more elegance, than in a ball room; others again, by turning and winding with much adroitness, have readily in succession described upon the ice the form of all the letters in the alphabet." The same may be observed there during every frost, but the elegance of skaters on that sheet of water is chiefly exhibited in quadrilles, which some parties go through with a beauty scarcely imaginable by those who have not seen graceful skating. In variety of attitude, and rapidity of movement, the Dutch, who, of necessity, journey long distances on their rivers and canals, are greatly our superiors.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36·35.

As in the fowler's glass the lark espies
His feath'ry form from 'midst unclouded skies;
And pleased, and dazzled with the novel sight,
Wings to the treacherous earth his rapid flight,
So, in the glass of self conceit we view
Our soul's attraction, and pursue it too,

January 23.

1826. Hilary Term begins.

LARKING.

It appears that our ingenious neighbours, the French, are rivalled by the lark-catchers of Dunstable, in the mode of attracting those birds.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,
6, Bermondsey New Road,
January 18, 1826.

In the present volume of your *Every-Day Book*, p. 93, a correspondent at Abbeville has given an account of lark-shooting in that country, in which he mentions a machine called a *miroir*, as having been used for the purpose of attracting the birds within shot. Perhaps you are not aware that in many parts of England a similar instrument is employed for catching the lark when in flight, and at Dunstable. At that place, persons go out with what is called a larking glass, which is, if I may so term it, a machine made somewhat in the shape of a cucumber. This invention is hollow, and has holes cut round it, in which bits of looking-glass are fitted; it is fixed on a pole, and has a sort of reel, from which a line runs; this line, at a convenient distance, is worked backward and forward, so as to catch the rays of the sun: the larks seeing themselves in the glass, as some think, but more probably blinded by the glare of it, come headlong down to it, a net is drawn over them, and thus many are taken, deceived like ourselves with glittering semblances. Yes! lords as we deem ourselves of the creation, we are as easily lured by those who bait our passions or propensities, as those poor birds. This simple truth I shall conclude with the following lines, which, be they good, bad, or indifferent, are my own, and such as they are I give them to thee:—

* Fitzstephen.

† Fosbroke's *Dict. of Antiquities*.

In every shape wherein it may arise,
In gold, or land, or love before our eyes,
And in the wary net are captive ta'en,
By the sure hand of woman, or of gain.

S. R. Jackson.

January 24.

The scenes and weather which sometimes prevail on the Vigil of St. Paul are described in some verses inserted by Dr. Forster in his "Perennial Calendar."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36° 57.

St. Paul's Eve.

Winter's white shrowd doth cover all the ground,
And Caecias blows his bitter blaste of woe;
The ponds and pooles, and streams in ice are bounde,
And famished birds are shivering in the snowe.
Still round about the house they flitting goe,
And at the windows seek for scraps of foode
Which Charity with hand profuse doth throwe,
Right weeting that in need of it they stoode,
For Charity is shown by working creatures' goode.

The sparrowe pert, the chaffinche gay and cleane,
The redbreast welcome to the cotter's house,
The livelie blue tomtit, the oxeye greene,
The dingle dunnoke, and the swart colemouse;
The titmouse of the marsh, the nimble wrenne,
The bullfinch and the goldspinck, with the king
Of birds the goldcrest. The thrush, now and then,
The blackbird, wont to whistle in the spring,
Like Christians seek the heavenlie foode St. Paul doth bring.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36° 60.

January 25.

Conversion of St. Paul.*

This Romish festival was first adopted by the church of England in the year 1662, during the reign of Charles II.

ST. PAUL'S DAY.

Buck and Doe in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Formerly a buck's head was carried in procession at St. Paul's Cathedral. This by some antiquaries is presumed to have been the continuation of a ceremony in more ancient times when, according to certain accounts, a heathen temple existed on that site. It is remarkable that this notion as to the usage is repeated by writers whose experience in other respects has obtained them well-earned regard:

the origin of this custom, is stated by Stow to the following purport.

Mentioning the opinion already noticed, which, strange to tell, has been urged ever since his time, he says in its refutation, "But true it is I have read an ancient deed to this effect," and the "effect" is, that in 1274, the dean and chapter of St. Paul's granted twenty-two acres of land, part of their manor of Westley, in Essex, to sir William Baud, knt., for the purpose of being enclosed by him within his park of Curingham; in consideration whereof he undertook to bring to them on the feast day of the Conversion of St. Paul, in winter, a good doe, seasonable and sweet; and upon the feast of the commemoration of St. Paul in summer, a good buck, and offer the same to be spent (or divided) among the canons resident; the doe to be brought by one man at the hour of procession, and through the procession to the high altar, and the bringer to have nothing; the buck to be brought by all his men in like manner, and they to be

* See vol. i. p. 175.

paid twelve pence only, by the chamberlain of the church, and no more to be required. For the performance of this annual present of venison, he charged his lands and bound his heirs; and twenty seven years afterwards, his son, sir Walter, confirmed the grant.

The observance of this ceremony, as to the *buck*, was very curious, and in this manner. On the aforesaid feast-day of the commemoration, the *buck* being brought up to the steps of the high altar in St. Paul's church at the hour of procession, and the dean and chapter being apparelled in their copes and vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, they sent the body of the buck to be baked; and having fixed the head on a pole, caused it to be borne before the cross in their procession within the church, until they issued out of the west door. There the keeper that brought it blew "the death of the buck," and then the horners that were about the city answered him in like manner. For this the dean and chapter gave each man fourpence in money and his dinner, and the keeper that brought it was allowed during his abode there, meat, drink and lodging, at the dean and chapter's charges, and five shillings in money at his going away, together with a loaf of bread, with the picture of St. Paul on it. It appears also that the granters of the venison presented to St. Paul's cathedral two special suits of vestments, to be worn by the clergy on those two days; the one being embroidered with bucks, and the other with does.

The translator of Dupre's work on the "Conformity between modern and ancient ceremonies," also misled by other authorities, presumed that the "bringing up a fat buck to the altar of St. Paul's with hunters, horns blowing, &c. in the middle of divine service," was of heathen derivation, whereas we see it was only a provision for a venison feast by the Romish clergy, in return for some waste land of one of their manors.

NATURALIST'S CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 35 · 10.

January 26.

"*St. George he was for England*."

So says a well-known old ballad, and we are acquainted, by the following communication, that our patron saint still

appears in England, through his personal representatives, at this season of the year.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

I send you an account of the Christmas drama of "St. George," as acted in Cornwall, subscribing also my name and address, which you properly deem an indispensable requisite. I thereby vouch for the authenticity of what I send you. Having many friends and relations in the west, at whose houses I have had frequent opportunities of seeing the festivities and mixing in the sports of their farm, and other work-people, at the joyous times of harvest home, finishing the barley mow, (of which more hereafter if agreeable,) Christmas, &c. In some of the latter it is still customary for the master of the house and his guests to join at the beginning of the evening, though this practice, I am sorry to say, is gradually wearing out, and now confined to a few places. I have "footed it" away in sir Roger de Coverley, the hemp-dressers, &c. (not omitting even the cushion dance,) with more glee than I ever slided through the *chaine anglaise*, or *demi-queue de chat*, and have formed acquaintance with the master of the revels, or leader of the parish choir, (generally a shrewd fellow, well versed in song,) in most of the western parishes in Cornwall; and from them have picked up much information on those points, which personal observation alone had not supplied to my satisfaction.

You may be sure that "St. George" with his attendants were personages too remarkable not to attract much of my attention, and I have had their adventures represented frequently; from different versions so obtained, I am enabled to state that the performances in different parishes vary only in a slight degree from each other.

St. George and the other tragic performers are dressed out somewhat in the style of morris-dancers, in their shirt-sleeves, and white trowsers much decorated with ribands and handkerchiefs, each carrying a drawn sword in his hand, if they can be procured, otherwise a cudgel. They wear high caps of pasteboard, adorned with beads, small pieces of looking-glass, coloured paper, &c.; several long strips of pith generally hang down from the top, with small pieces

of different coloured cloth, strung on them : the whole has a very smart effect.

Father *Christmas* is personified in a grotesque manner, as an ancient man, wearing a large mask and wig, and a huge club, wherewith he keeps the bystanders in order.

The *doctor*, who is generally the merry-andrew of the piece, is dressed in any ridiculous way, with a wig, three-cornered hat, and painted face.

The other comic characters are dressed according to fancy.

The *female*, where there is one, is usually in the dress worn half a century ago.

The *hobby-horse*, which is a character sometimes introduced, wears a representation of a horse's hide.

Besides the regular drama of "St. George," many parties of mummers go about in fancy dresses of every sort, most commonly the males in female attire, and *vice versa*.

This Christmas play, it appears, is, or was in vogue also in the north of England as well as in Scotland. A correspondent of yours (Mr. Reddock) has already given an interesting account of that in Scotland, and a copy of that acted at Newcastle, printed there some thirty or forty years since, is longer than any I have seen in the west. By some the play is considered to have reference to the time of the crusades, and to have been introduced on the return of the adventurers from the Holy-Land, as typifying their battles. Before proceeding with our drama in the west, I have merely to observe that the old fashion was to continue many of the Christmas festivities till Candlemas-day, (February 2,) and then "throw cards and candlesticks away."

Battle of St. George.

[*One of the party steps in, crying out—*
"Room, a room, brave gallants, room,
Within this court
I do resort,
To show some sport
And pastime,
Gentlemen and ladies, in the Christmas time—

[*After this note of preparation, old Father Christmas capers into the room, saying,*

Here comes I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

I was born in a rocky country, where there was no wood to make me a cradle; I was rocked in a stouring bowl, which made me round shouldered then, and I am round shouldered still.

[*He then frisks about the room, until he thinks he has sufficiently amused the spectators, when he makes his exit with this speech,*

Who went to the orchard, to steal apples to make gooseberry pies against Christmas?

[*These prose speeches, you may suppose, depend much upon the imagination of the actor.*

Enter Turkish Knight.

Here comes I, a Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,
And if St. George do meet me here
I'll try his courage without fear.

Enter St. George.

Here comes I, St. George;
that worthy champion bold,
And, with my sword and spear,
I won three crowns of gold.
I fought the dragon bold,
and brought him to the slaughter,
By that I gained fair Sabra,
the king of Egypt's daughter.

T. K. Saint George, I pray be not too bold,
If thy blood is hot, I'll soon make it cold.

St. G. Thou Turkish knight, I pray forbear,
I'll make thee dread my sword and spear.
[*They fight until the T. knight falls.*

St. G. I have a little bottle, which goes by the name of *Elicumpane*,
If the man is alive let him rise and fight again.

[*The knight here rises on one knee, and endeavours to continue the fight, but is again struck down.*

T. K. Oh! pardon me, St. George, oh! pardon me I crave.
Oh! pardon me this once, and I will be thy slave.

St. G. I'll never pardon a Turkish Knight,
Therefore arise, and try thy might.

[*The knight gets up, and they again fight, till the knight receives a heavy blow, and then drops on the ground as dead.*

St. G. Is there a doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?

Enter Doctor.

Oh! yes, there is a doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound.

St. G. What can you cure?

Doctor. I can cure the itch, the palsy,
and gout,
If the devil's in him, I'll pull him out.

[*The Doctor here performs the cure with
sundry grimaces, and St. George and
the Knight again fight, when the
latter is knocked down, and left for
dead.*

[*Then another performer enters, and on
seeing the dead body, says,*

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If uncle Tom Pearce won't have him,
Aunt Molly must.

[*The hobby-horse here capers in, and
takes off the body.*

Enter Old Squire.

Here comes I, old, old squire,
As black as any friar,
As ragged as a colt,
To leave fine clothes for malt.

Enter Hub Bub

Here comes I old Hub Bub Bub Bub,
Upon my shoulders I carries a club,
And in my hand a frying pan,
So am not I a valiant man.

[*These characters serve as a sort of
burlesque on St. George and the
other hero, and may be regarded in
the light of an anti-masque.*

Enter the Box-holder.

Here comes I, great head and little wit,
Put your hand in your pocket and give
what you think fit.

Gentlemen and ladies, sitting down at
your ease,

Put your hands in your pocket. give me
what you please.

St. G. Gentlemen and Ladies the sport
is almost ended,

Come pay to the box, it is highly com-
mended.

The box it would speak, if it had but a
tongue;

Come throw in your money, and think it
no wrong.

The characters now generally finish
with a dance, or sometimes a song or two
is introduced. In some of the performances,
two or three other tragic heroes are brought
forward, as the king of Egypt and his

son, &c.; but they are all of them much
in the style of that I have just described,
varying somewhat in length and number
of characters.

I am, Sir,

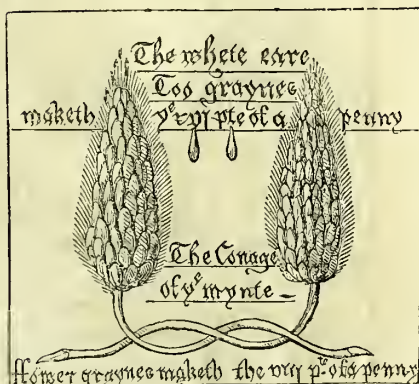
Your constant reader,

W. S.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

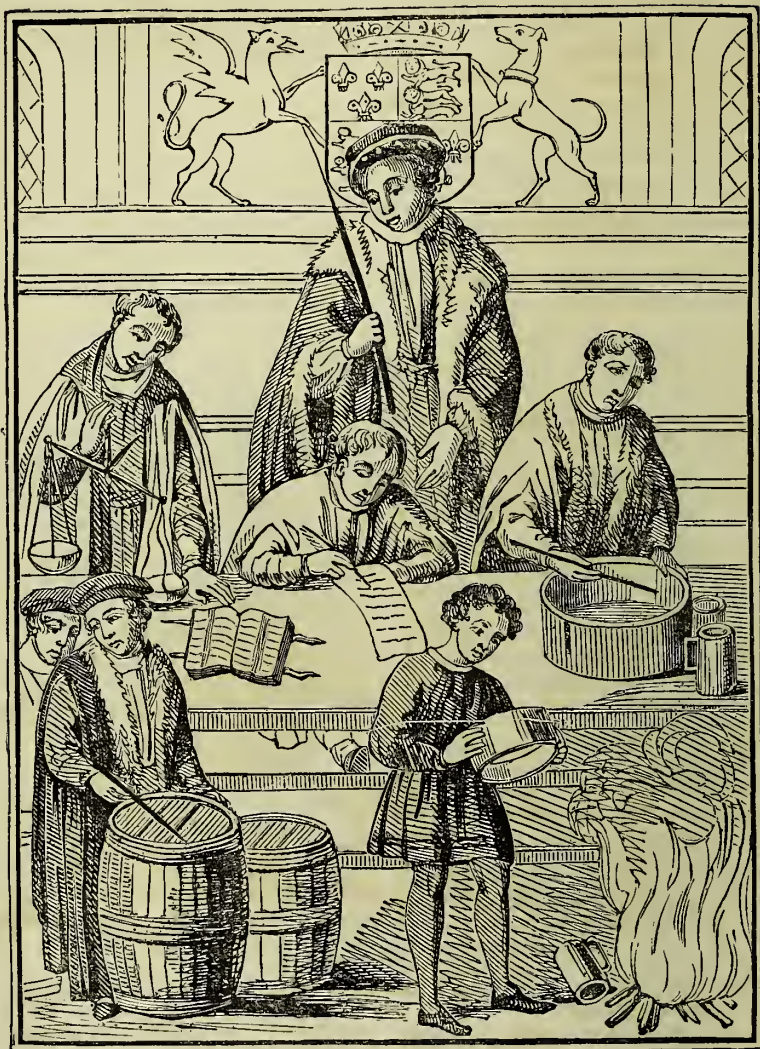
Mean Temperature . . . 36·20.

January 27.



WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

1826. The alteration of the standard
this year, in order to its uniformity
throughout the kingdom, however incon-
venient to individuals in its first applica-
tion, will be ultimately of the highest
public advantage. The difference between
beer, wine, corn, and coal measure, and
the difference of measures of the same
denomination in different counties, were
occasions of fraud and grievance without
remedy until the present act of parlia-
ment commenced to operate. In the
twelfth year of Henry VII a standard was
established, and the table was kept in the
treasury of the king's exchequer, with
drawings on it, commemorative of the re-
gulation, and illustrating its principles.
The original document passed into the
collection of the liberal Harley, earl of
Oxford, and there being a print of it with
some of its pictorial representations, an
engraving is here given of the mode of
trial which it exhibits as having been used
in the exchequer at that period.



Trial of Weights and Measures under Henry VII.

From the same instrument is also taken the smaller diagram. They are curious specimens of the care used by our ancestors to establish and exemplify rules by which all purchases and sales were to be effected. In that view only they are introduced here. Conformity to the new standard is every man's business and in-

terest, and daily experience will prove its wisdom and justice. It would be obviously inexpedient to state any of the parliamentary provisions in this work, which now merely records one of the most remarkable and laudable acts in the history of our legislation.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37 · 62.

January 28.

An Appearance of the Season.

Apology will scarcely be required for

introducing a character, who at this season of the year comes forth in renovated honours, and may aptly be termed one of its *ever-blues*—



The Beadle—

“The great image of authority!”

Shakspeare.

not a peculiar of either Farringdons, nor nim of Cripplegate, or St. Giles in the Fields, or of any ward or precinct within the bills: not this or that “good man”—but the *universal parish beadle*. “How Christmas and consolatory he looks! how redolent of good cheer is he! He is a cornucopia—an abundance. What pudding sleeves!—what a collar, red, and like a beef steak, is his! He is a walk-

ing refreshment! He looks like a whole parish, full, important—but untaxed. The children of charity gaze at him with a modest smile. The straggling boys look on him with confidence. They do not pocket their marbles. They do not fly from their familiar gutter. This is a red-letter day; and the cane is reserved for to-morrow.”

For the pleasant verbal descrip-

tion we are indebted to an agreeable writer in the "London Magazine;"* his corporal lineaments are "borrowed" (with permission) from a new caricature † if it may be given so low a name, wherein this figure stands out, the very gem and jewel, in a grouping of characters of all sorts and denominations assembled with "infinite fancy" and "fun," to illustrate the designer's views of the age. It is a graphic satire of character rather than caricatura; mostly of class-characters, not persons; wherein the ridicule bears heavily, but is broad and comprehensive enough to shift from one neighbour to another.

The print, wherein our beadle is foremost, though not first, is one of the pleasantest "drolls" of the century, and seems to hit at all that is. In this whimsical representation, a painted show-board, at the window of a miserable garret, declares it to be "The Office of the Peruvian Mining Company." On the case-ment of the first floor, in the same hereditament of poverty, is a bill of "Eligant rooms to let." Wigs in the shop-window illustrate the punning announcement above it—"Nature improved by Rickets," which is the name of the proprietor, a capital barber, who stands at the door, and points to a ragged inscription depending from the parti-coloured pole of his art, from whence we learn that "Nobody is to be s()aved during di()ine service, by command of the magistracy." He enforces attention to this fact on an unshaved itinerant, with "Subscription for putting down Bartlemy fair" placarded on his back. This fellow has a pole in his right hand for "The preservation of public morals;" and a puppet of punch lolling from his left coat pocket. An apple-stall is taken care of by a fat body with a screaming child, whose goods appear to be coveted by two little beings untutored in the management of the eye. We gather from the "New Times," on the ground, that the fruit woman is Sarah Crumpage, and that she and Rickets, the former for selling fruit, and the latter for shaving on the Sunday, "were convicted

on the oath of the notorious Johnson, and fined ten shillings each." Next to the barber's is "the Star eating-house," with "Ladies School" on the first-floor case-ment, and "Mangleing took in." At the angle of the penthouse roofs of these dwellings "an angel's head in stone with pigeon's wings" deceives a hungry cat into an attempt to commit an assault upon it from the attic window. Opposite the cook's door an able-bodied waggoner, with a pennon from his whip, inscribed "Knowledge is Power," obscures part of another whereon all that remains is "NICK'S INSTITUTION." A "steeled butcher," his left hand resting at ease within his apron, cleaver hung, and carelessly capped, with a countenance indicating no other spirit than that of the still, and no disposition to study deeper than the bottom of a porter pot, carries the flag of the "London University;" a well-fed urchin, his son, hangs by his father's sleeve, and drags along a wheeled toy, a lamb—emblem of many a future "lamb his riot dooms to bleed." A knowing little Jew-boy, with the flag of the "Converted Jews," relieves the standard-bearer of the "School for Adults" from the weight of his pocket handkerchief, and his banner hides the letter "d" on another borne by a person of uneven temper in canonicals, and hence for "The Church in danger." we read "The Church in anger." Close at the heels of the latter is an object almost as miserable, as the exceedingly miserable figure in the frontispiece to the "Miseries of Human Life." This rearward supporter of "the church in danger," alias in "anger," is a poor, undersized, famine-worn, badged charity boy, with a hat abundantly too large for its hydrocephalic contents, and a coat to his heels, and in another person's shoes, a world too wide for his own feet—he carries a crooked little wand with "No Popery" on it; this standard is so low, that it would be lost if the standard-bearer were not away from the procession. A passionate person in a barrister's wig, with a shillelagh, displays "Catholic Claims." Opposite to a church partly built, is a figure clearly designating a distinguished preacher of the established church of Scotland in London, planting the tallest standard in the scene upright on the ground, from whence is unfurled "No Theatre"—the flag-bearer of "The Caledonian Chapel," stands behind, in the act of tossing up a halfpenny with the

* For December, 1822.

† The Progress of Cant; designed and etched by one of the authors of "Odes and Addresses to Great People;" and published by T. Maclean, Haymarket, L. Relfe, Cornhill, and Dickenson, New Bond-street.

standard bearer of "No more State Lotteries." A black mask bears the "Liberty of the Press." A well-fed man with bands beneath his chin, rears a high pole, inscribed "No fat Livings," and "The cause of Greece" follows. A jovial undertaker in his best grave-clothes, raises a mute's staff, and "No Life in London:" this character looks as if he would bury his wife comfortably in a country churchyard, get into the return-hearse with his companions, and crack nuts and drink wine all the way to town. A little personage, booted and buttoned up, carries a staff in his pocket, surmounted by a crown, and a switch to his chin, the tip whereof alone is visible, his entire face and head being wholly concealed by the hat; this is "The great Unknown"—he has close behind him "Gall and Spurs-him" "No Treadmill" is exhibited by a merry rogue, half disarmed, with a wooden leg. At a public house, "The Angel and Punch Bowl,—T. Moore," the "United Sons of Harmony" hold wassail; their flag is hung at one of the windows, from whence many panes are absent, and themselves are fighting at the door, and heartily cheered by the standard bearer of "No Pugilism." A ferocious looking fellow, riding on a blind horse, elevates "Martin for Ever," and makes cruel cuts with his whip on the back of a youth who is trying to get up behind him with the banner of "No climbing Boys." We are now at a corner messuage, denominated "Prospect House Establishment for Young Ladies, by the Misses Grace and Prudence Gregory." The corner opposite is "Seneca House Academy for Young Gentlemen, by Dr. Alex. Sanderson." Prospect House has an "Assurance" policy, and from one of its windows one of the "young ladies" drops a work by "H. More"—in eager regard of one of the "young gentlemen" of Seneca-house, who addresses her from his room, with a reward of merit round his neck. This Romeoing is rendered more scenical by a tree, whereon hangs a lost kite, papered with a "Prospectus" of Seneca-house, from whence it appears that pupils bringing a "knife and fork," and paying "Twenty Guineas per ann.," are entitled to "Universal Erudition," and the utmost attention to their "Morals and Principles." Near this place, the representative of "United Schools" falls to the earth the flag-bearer of "Peace to the World;" while the able supporter of "Irish Conciliation," endeavours to settle

the difference by the powerful use of his pole; the affray being complacently viewed by a half-shod, and half-kilted maintainer of "Scotch Charity." A demure looking girl is charged with "Newgatory Instruction." At her elbow, a female of the order of disorder, so depicted that Hogarth might claim her for his own, upholds "Fry for ever," and is in high converse with a sable friend who keeps "Freedom for the Blacks." Hopeless idiocy, crawling on its knees by the aid of crutches, presents the "March of Mind." An excellent slipped fruiterer with a tray of apples and pears, beguiles the eyes of a young Gobbleton, who displays "Missionary penny subscriptions," and is suffering his hand to abstract wherewithal for the satisfaction of his longings. Here too are ludicrous representations of the supporters of "Whitefield and Wesley," "Reform," &c. and a Jewish dealer in old clothes, covered in duplicate, with the pawnbroker's sign upside down, finds wind for "The Equitable Loan." A wall round Seneca-house is "contrived a double debt to pay"—proffering seeming security to the "sightless eyeballs" of over-fond and over-fearful parents, and being of real use to the artist for the expression of ideas, which the crowding of his scene does not leave room to picture. This wall is duly chalked and covered by bills in antitheses. A line of the chalkings by an elision easily supplied, reads, "Ask for War." One of the best exhibitions in the print is a youth of the "Tract Society," with a pamphlet entitled "Eternity," so rolled as to look like a pistol, which he tenders to a besotted brute wearing candidates' favours in his hat, and a scroll "Purity of Election." The villainous countenance of the intoxicated wretch is admirable—a cudgel under his arm, his tattered condition, and a purse hanging from his pocket, tell that he has been in fight, and received the wages of his warfare; in the last stage of drunkenness he drops upon a post inscribed "under Government." Among books strewn on the ground are "Fletcher's Appeal," "Family Shakspeare," "Hohenlohe," &c.; at the top is a large volume lettered "Kant," which, in such a situation, Mr. Wirgman, and other disciples of the German philosopher, will only quarrel or smile at, in common with all who conceive their opinions or intentions misrepresented. In truth it is only because the print is already well known among the few lynx-eyed observers of manners

that this notice is drawn up. Its satire, however well directed in many ways, is too sweeping to be just every way, and is in several instances wholly undeserved. The designer gives evidence however of great capability, and should he execute another it will inevitably be better than this, which is, after all, an extraordinary production.—In witness whereof, and therefrom, is extracted and prefixed the “Beadle” hereinbefore mentioned.

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 36° 37°.

January 29.

1826. *Seragesima Sunday.*

Accession of George IV.

1820. King George III. died. A contemporary kalendarian, in recording this memorable fact, observes, that “the slow and solemn sound of St. Paul’s bell announced the event a short time after, and was heard to a great distance around the country.” He adds, that he was reminded, by this “mournful proclamation of departed royalty,” of the following lines in Heywood’s “Rape of Lucrece,” written to go to a funeral peal from eight bells :

Come list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul,
Whom even now those ominous fowle,
The bat, the nightjar, or screech owl,
Lament; hark! I hear the wilde wolfe
howle

In this black night that seems to scowle,
All these my black book shall enscole.
For hark! still still the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

This opportunity the same agreeable writer improves to discourse on, thus :

Bells.

The passing bell owes its origin to an idea of sanctity attached to bells by the early Catholics, who believed that the sound of these holy instruments of percussion actually drove the devil away from the soul of the departing Christian. Bells were moreover regarded formerly as dispelling storms, and appeasing the imagined wrath of heaven, as the following lines from Barnaby Googe will show :—

If that the thunder chaunce to rore
and stormie tempest shake,
A woonder is it for to see
the wretches howe they quake,
Howe that no fayth at all they have,
nor trust in any thing,
The clarke doth all the belles forthwith
at once in steeple ring :
With wondrous sound and deeper farre
than he was woont before,
Till in the loftie heavens darke,
the thunder bray no more.
For in these christned belles they thinke,
doth lie such powre and might
As able is the tempest great,
and storme to vanquish quight.
I saw myself at Numburg once,
a towne in Toring coast,
A bell that with this title bolde
hirsself did prodwly boast :
By name I Mary called am,
with sound I put to flight
The thunder crackes, and hurtfull stormes,
and every wicked spright.
Such things when as these belles can do,
no wonder certainlie
It is, if that the papistes to
their tolling always flie,
When haile, or any raging storme,
or tempest comes in sight,
Or thunder boltes, or lightning fierce,
that every place doth smight.

Naageorgus

We find from Brand, that “an old bell at Canterbury required twenty-four men, and another thirty-two men, ad scandum. The noblest peal of ten bells, without exception, in England, whether tone or tune be considered, is said to be in St. Margaret’s church, Leicester. When a full peal was rung, the ringers were said ‘pulsare classicum.’”

Bells were a great object of superstition among our ancestors. Each of them was represented to have its peculiar name and virtues, and many are said to have retained great affection for the churches to which they belonged, and where they were consecrated. When a bell was removed from its original and favourite situation, it was sometimes supposed to take a nightly trip to its old place of residence, unless exercised in the evening and secured with a chain or rope. Mr. Warner, in his “Hampshire,” enumerates the virtues of a bell, by translating two lines from the “Helpe to Discourse.

Men’s deaths I tell by doleful knell.
Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
On sabbath all to church I call.

The sleepy head I raise from bed.
The winds so fierce I doe disperse.
Men's cruel rage I do asswage.

There is an old Wiltshire legend of a tenor bell having been conjured into the river; with lines by the ringer, who lost it through his pertinacious garrulity, and which say:

In spite of all the devils in hell
Here comes our old Bell.*

Baron Holberg says he was in a company of men of letters, where several conjectures were offered concerning the origin of the word *campana*; a *kloche*, (i. e. bell) in the northern tongues. On his return home, he consulted several writers. Some, he says, think the word *kloche* to be of the northern etymology; these words, *Ut cloca habeatur in ecclesia*, occurring in the most ancient histories of the north. It appears from hence, that in the infancy of Christianity, the word *cloca* was used in the north instead of *campana*. Certain french writers derive the word *cloca* from *cloche*, and this again from *clocher*, i. e. to limp; for, say they, as a person who limps, falls from one side to the other, so do *klocks* (bells) when rung. Some have recourse to the latin word *clangor*, others recur to the greek *καλεω*, I call; some even deduce it from the word *cochlea*, a snail, from the resemblance of its shell to a bell. As to the latin word *campana*, it was first used in Italy, at Nola in Campania; and it appears that the greater bells only were called *campana*, and the lesser *nola*. The invention of them is generally attributed to bishop Paulinus; but this certainly must be understood only of the religious use of them; it being plain, from Roman writers, that they had the like machines called *tintinnabula*.

The use of bells continued long unknown in the east, the people being called to public worship by strokes of wooden hammers; and to this day the Turks proclaim the beginning of their service, by vociferations from the steeple. Anciently

priests themselves used to toll the bell, especially in cathedrals and great churches, and these were distinguished by the appellation of *campanarii*. The Roman Catholics christen their bells, and godfathers assist at the solemnity; thus consecrating them to religious use. According to Helgaudus, bells had certain names given them like men; and Ingulphus says, "he ordered two great clocks (bells) to be made, which were called Bartholomeus and Bettelinus, and two lesser, Pega and Bega." The time is perhaps uncertain when the hours first began to be distinguished by the striking of a bell. In the empire this custom is said to have been introduced by a priest of Ripen, named Elias, who lived in the twelfth century; and this the *Chronicon Anonymi Ripense* says of him, *hic dies et horas campanarum pulsatione distinguit*. The use of them soon became extended from their original design to other solemnities, and especially burials: which incessant tolling has long been complained of as a public nuisance, and to this the french poet alludes:—

Pour honorer les morts, ils font mourir les vivans.

Besides the common way of tolling bells, there is also ringing, which is a kind of chimes used on various occasions in token of joy. This ringing prevails in no country so much as in England, where it is a kind of diversion, and, for a piece of money, any one may have a peal. On this account it is, that England is called *the ringing island*. Chimes are something very different, and much more musical; there is not a town in all the Netherlands without them, being an invention of that country. The chimes at Copenhagen, are one of the finest sets in all Europe; but the inhabitants, from a pertinacious fondness for old things, or the badness of their ear, do not like them so well as the old ones, which were destroyed by a conflagration.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles has an effusion agreeably illustrative of feelings on hearing the bells ring.

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

SONNET.

Written at Ostend, July 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!

As when at opening morn, the fragrant breeze

Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease.

So piercing to my heart their force I feel!

And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
 And now, along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy music wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer days, and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First wak'd my wondering childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

"The Times"* has a literary correspondent, who communicates information that it may be useful to record.

CONSECRATION OF BELLS.

To the Editor of the Times.

MR. EDITOR,—Having read in your paper of to-day, that the king of France "has been pleased to grant to the parish of Notre-Dame, at Nismes, two unserviceable *pieces of cannon* from the arsenal of Montpellier, for the purpose of forming

a *parish bell*," it has occurred to me that the following description of the practice of *baptizing bells*, used by the Roman Catholics, may not be unacceptable to your readers. This account is a true translation from a book entitled "*Pontificale Romanum, Autoritate Pontificia, impressum Venetiis, 1698. Lib. ii. Cap. de Benedictione Signi vel Campanæ.*" I have run parallel with their method or baptizing children and bells, in twelve particulars, as follows:—

Of the Baptism of a Child.

The child must be first baptized, before it can be accounted one of the church.

The child must be baptized by a priest or a minister.

In baptizing a child there is used holy water, cream, salt, oil, spittle, &c. &c.

In baptism, the child receiveth a name.

The child must have godfathers, &c., &c.

The child must be washed in water.

The child must be crossed in baptism.

The child must be anointed.

The child must be baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity.

At baptism they pray for the child.

Of the Baptism of a Bell.

I. The bell must be first baptized, before it may be hung in the steeple.

II. The bell must be baptized by a bishop or his deputy.

III. In the baptism of a bell, there is used holy water, oil, salt, cream, tapers for lights, &c.

IV. And so it is in the baptism of bells.

V. The bell must have godfathers, and they must be persons of great rank.

VI. The bell must be washed in water by the hands of the bishop and priests.

VII. The bell is solemnly crossed by the bishop.

VIII. The bell is anointed by the bishop.

IX. The bell is washed and anointed, in the name of the Trinity, by the bishop.

X. At the baptism of the bell they pray literally for the bell.

XI.

At the child's baptism the scriptures are read

There are more psalms read at the baptism of a bell than at the baptism of a child; and a gospel also.

XII.

At child-baptism there are public prayers made.

At the baptism of a bell there are more prayers used, and (excepting salvation) greater things are prayed for, and more

But for the better proof of this point, I shall here give part of one of the very curious prayers put up for the bell at its baptism:—

Lord grant that wheresoever this holy bell, thus washed (or baptized) and blessed, shall sound, all deceits of Satan, all danger of whirlwind, thunders, lightnings, and tempests, may be driven away, and that devotion may increase in Christian men when they hear it. *O Lord, sanctify it by thy Holy Spirit*; that when it sounds in thy people's ears they may adore Thee! May their faith and devotion increase, the devil be afraid, and tremble and fly at the sound of it. *O Lord, pour upon it thy heavenly blessing!* that the fiery darts of the devil may be made to fly backwards at the sound thereof; that it may deliver from danger of wind and thunder, &c., &c. And grant, Lord, that all that come to the church at the sound of it, may be free from all temptations of the devil. *O Lord, infuse into it the heavenly dew of thy Holy Ghost*, that the devil may always fly away before the sound of it, &c., &c.

The doctrine of the church of Rome concerning bells is, first, that they have merit, and pray God for the living and the dead; secondly, that they produce devotion in the hearts of believers; thirdly, that they drive away storms and tempests; and, fourthly, that they drive away devils.

The dislike of evil spirits to the sound of bells, is extremely well expressed by Wynkin de Worde, in the *Golden Legend*:—"It is said, the evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre, doubte moche when they here the belles ringen: and this is the cause why the belles ringen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and to rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should ben ashamed and flec, and cease of the moyngye of tempeste."

As to the names given to bells, I beg leave to add, that the bells of Little Dunmow Priory, in Essex, new cast A. D. 1501, were baptized by the following names:—

Prima in honore *Sancti Michaelis* Archangeli.

Secunda in honore *S. Johannis* Evangelisti

Tertia in honore *S. Johannis* Baptisti.

Quarta in honore *Assumptionis beatæ Mariæ*.

Quinta in honore *Sancti Trinitatis*, et omnium Sanctorum.

In the *clockier* near St. Paul's stood the our greatest bells in England, called *Jesus's bells*; against these sir Miles

Partridge staked 100*l.*, and won them of Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

I conclude with remarking, that the Abbé Cancellieri, of Rome, lately published a work relative to bells, wherein he has inserted a long letter, written by Father Ponyard to M. de Saint Vincens, on the history of bells and steeples. The Abbé wrote this dissertation on the occasion of two bells having been christened, which were to be placed within the tower of the capitol.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Sept. 11.

R. H. E.

R. H. E. "wise and good" as he was, and he was both—he is now no more—would not willingly have misrepresented the doctrines of the Romish church, though he abhorred that hierarchy. It seems, however, that he may be mistaken in affirming, that the Romish church maintains of bells that "they have merit, and pray God for the living and the dead." His affirmation on this point may be taken in too extensive a sense: It is no doubt a Romish tenet that there is "much virtue in bells," but the precise degree allowed to them at this period, it would be difficult to determine without the aid of a council.

At Hatherleigh, a small town in Devon, exist two remarkable customs:—one, that

every morning and evening, soon after the church clock has struck five and nine, a bell from the same steeple announces by distant strokes the number of the day of the month—originally intended, perhaps, for the information of the unlearned villagers: the other is, that after a funeral the church bells ring a lively peal, as in other places after a wedding; and to this custom the parishioners are perfectly reconciled by the consideration that the deceased is removed from a scene of trouble to a state of rest and peace.

When Mr. Colman read his Opera of "*Inkle and Yarico*" to the late Dr. Mosely, the Doctor made no reply during the progress of the piece. At the conclusion, Colman asked what he thought of it. "It won't do," said the Doctor. "Stuff—nonsense." Every body else having been delighted with it, this decided disapprobation puzzled the circle; he was asked why? "I'll tell you why," answered the Critic; "you say in the finale—

'Now let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoe's bells do ring.'

It won't do—there is but one bell in all the island!"

With a citation from the poet of Erin, the present notice will "ring out" delightfully.

Evening Bells.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
Since last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a friend that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing thy praise, sweet evening bells!

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 36 · 64.

January 30.

King Charles's Martyrdom, 1644.—Holiday at the Public Offices, 1826.

It is recorded that, after King Charles the First received sentence of death, on

Saturday the 27th, he spent the next day in devout exercises. He refused to see his friends, and ordered them to be told, that his time was precious, and the best thing they could do was to pray for him. On Monday the 29th, his children were brought to take their leave of him, viz. the lady Elizabeth and the duke of Gloucester. He first gave his blessing to the lady Elizabeth, bidding her that when she should see her brother James, she should tell him that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon his brother Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient to him as his sovereign; and that they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. The king added, "Sweetheart, you will forget this." "No," said she, "I shall never forget it as long as I live." He bid her not grieve and torment herself for him; for it would be a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He recommended to her the reading of "Bishop Andrews's Sermons," "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," and "Archbishop Laud's Book against Fisher." He further told her, that he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would likewise forgive them. He bade her tell her mother, that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. After this he took the duke of Gloucester, being then a child of about seven years of age, upon his knees, saying to him, "Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head:" upon which the child looked with great earnestness upon him. The king proceeding, said, "Mark, child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last: and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them." At which the child fetched a deep sigh, and said, "I will be torn in pieces first." Which expression falling from a child so young, occasioned no little joy to the king. This day the warrant for execution was passed, signed by fifty-nine of the judges, for the king to die the next day, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon.

On the 30th, "The king having arrived

at the place of execution, made a long address to colonel Tomlinson; and afterwards turning to the officers, he said, 'Sirs, excuse me for this same: I have a good cause and a gracious God: I will say no more.' Then turning to colonel Hacker, he said, 'Take care that you do not put me to pain;' and said, 'This and please you—' A gentleman coming near the axe, he said, 'Take heed of the axe—pray take heed of the axe.' Then speaking to the executioner (who was masked) he said, 'I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—' Then he asked the bishop for his cap, which, when he had put on, he said to the executioner, 'Does my hair trouble you?' who desiring it might be all put under his cap, it was put up by the bishop and executioner. Turning to the bishop, he said, 'I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.' To which the bishop answered, 'There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, yet it is a very short one; it will soon carry you a very great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find, to your great joy, the prize you hasten to,—a crown of glory.' The king added, 'I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance is, no disturbance in the world.' The bishop replied, 'You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown, a good exchange.' Then the king asked the executioner if his hair was well. After which, putting off his cloak, doublet, and his George, he gave the latter to the bishop, saying, 'Remember.' After this he put on his cloak again over his waistcoat, inquiring of the executioner if the block was fast, who answered it was. He then said, 'I wish it might have been a little higher.' But it was answered him, it could not be otherwise now. The king said, 'When I put out my hands this way, then—' He prayed a few words standing, with his hands and eyes lift up towards heaven, and then stooping down, laid his neck on the block. Soon after which the executioner putting some of his hair under his cap, the king thought he had been going to strike, bade him stay for the sign. After a little time the king stretched forth his hand, and the executioner took off his head at one stroke. When his head was held up, and the people at a distance knew the fatal stroke was over, there was nothing

to be heard but shrieks, and groans, and sobs, the unmerciful soldiers beating down poor people for this little tender of their affection to their prince. Thus died the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced."*

Sir Philip Warwick, an adherent to this unfortunate king, says, "His deportment was very majestic; for he would not let fall his dignity, no not to the greatest foreigners that came to visit him and his court: for though he was far from pride, yet he was careful of majesty, and would be approached with respect and reverence. His conversation was free; and the subject matter of it, on his own side of the court, was most commonly rational; or if facetious, not light. With any artist or good mechanic, traveller, or scholar, he would discourse freely; and as he was commonly improved by them, so he often gave light to them in their own art or knowledge: for there were few gentlemen in the world that knew more of useful or necessary learning than this prince did; and yet his proportion of books was but small, having, like Francis the First of France, learnt more by the ear than by study. His way of arguing was very civil and patient; for he never contradicted another by his authority, but by his reason; nor did he by petulant dislike quash another's arguments; and he offered his exception by this civil introduction, 'By your favour, Sir, I think otherwise, on this or that ground;' yet he would discountenance any bold or forward address unto him. And in suits, or discourses of business, he would give way to none abruptly to enter into them, but looked that the greatest persons should in affairs of this nature address to him by his proper ministers, or by some solemn desire of speaking to him in their own persons. His exercises were manly, for he rid the great horse very well; and on the little saddle he was not only adroit, but a laborious hunter, or field-man. He had a great plainness in his own nature, and yet he was thought, even by his friends, to love too much a versatile man; but his experience had thoroughly weaned him from this at

* Clarendon.

ast. He kept up the dignity of his court, limiting persons to places suitable to their qualities, unless he particularly called for them. Besides the women who attended on his beloved queen and consort, the lady Henrietta Maria, sister of the French king, he scarcely admitted any great officer to have his wife in the family. His exercises of religion were most exemplary; for every morning early, and evening, not very late, singly and alone, in his own bed-chamber, or closet, he spent some time in private meditation, (for he dared reflect and be alone,) and through the whole week, even when he went to hunt, he never failed, before he sat down to dinner, to have part of the liturgy read to him and his menial servants, came he ever so hungry or late in: and on Sundays and Tuesdays he came, commonly at the beginning of service, well attended by his court lords and chief attendants, and most usually waited on by many of the nobility in town, who found those observances acceptably entertained by him. His greatest enemies can deny none of this; and a man of this moderation of mind could have no hungry appetite to prey upon his subjects, though he had a greatness of mind not to live precariously by them. But when he fell into the sharpness of his afflictions, (than which few men underwent sharper,) I dare say I know it, (I am sure conscientiously I say it,) though God dealt with him, as he did with St. Paul, not remove the thorn, yet he made his grace sufficient to take away the pungency of it; for he made as sanctified an use of his afflictions as most men ever did. As an evidence of his natural probity, whenever any young nobleman or gentleman of quality who was going to travel, came to kiss his hand, he cheerfully would give them some good counsel leading to moral virtue, especially a good conversation; tell-

ing them, that if he heard they kept good company abroad, he should reasonably expect they would return qualified to serve their king and country well at home; and he was careful to keep the youth in his time uncorrupted. The king's deportment at his trial, which began on Saturday the 20th of January, 1648, was very majestic and steady; and though usually his tongue hesitated, yet at this time it was free, for he was never discomposed in mind; and yet, as he confessed himself to bishop Juxon, who attended him, one action shocked him very much; for whilst he was leaning in the court upon his staff, which had a head of gold, the head broke off on a sudden: he took it up, but seemed unconcerned; yet told the bishop, it really made a great impression on him; and to this hour (says he) I know not possibly how it should come. It was an accident I myself have often thought on, and cannot imagine how it came about; unless Hugh Peters, who was truly and really his gaoler, (for at St. James's nobody went to him but by Peters's leave,) had artificially tampered upon his staff. But such conjectures are of no use."

In the Lansdowne collection of MSS. a singular circumstance before the battle of Newbury is thus related:—

"The king being at Oxford went one day to see the public library, where he was shown, among other books, a *Virgil*, nobly printed and exquisitely bound. The lord Falkland, to divert the king, would have his majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *sortes Virgilianæ*, which every body knows was not an unusual kind of augury some ages past. Whereupon the king opening the book, the period which happened to come up was part of Dido's imprecation against *Æneas*, which Mr. Dryden translates thus:—

Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discouraged and himself expelled,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his sons' embrace,
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand.

Æneid, b. iv. l. 88.

"It is said, king Charles seemed concerned at this accident, and that the lord Falkland observing it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression the other might have

upon him. But the place that Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny* than the other had been to the king's; being the following expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, as they are translated by the same hand:—

O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue.
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers—raw in war!
O curst essay in arms,—disastrous doom,—
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come.

Æneid, b. xi. l. 230.

Remarkable 30th of January Sermon.

On the 30th of January, 1755, the rev. John Watson, curate of Ripponden, in Yorkshire, preached a sermon there which he afterwards published. The title-page states it as "proving that king Charles I. did not govern like a good king of England." He also printed "An Apology for his Conduct yearly on the 30th of January." In these tracts he says, "For some years last past I have preached on the 30th of January, and my labours were employed in obviating the mistakes which I knew some of my congregation entertained with regard to the character of king Charles I.; and in proving that if it was judged rebellion in those who took up arms against that unfortunate prince, who had made so many breaches in the constitution, it must be an aggravation of that crime, to oppose the just and wise measures of the present father of his country, king George. The chief reason for publishing the sermon is to confute a commonly received opinion that I applauded therein the act of cutting off the king's head, which any one may quickly see to be without foundation. For when I say that the resistance he met with was owing to his own mal-administration, nothing else can be meant than the opposition he received from a wise, brave, and good parliament:—not that shown him by those furious men who destroyed both the parliament and him, and whose conduct I never undertook to vindicate. It has been observed that I always provide a clergyman to read prayers for me on the 30th of January; but not to read that service is deemed criminal, because in subscribing the 36th canon I

obliged myself to use the form prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. The office for the 30th of January is no part of the *Liturgy* of the church of England. By the liturgy of the church I mean the contents of *The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church*, &c., established by the act of uniformity, in the year 1662; and whatever has been added since, I suppose no clergyman ever bound himself by subscription to use; the reason is because the law requires no more."

Mr. Watson then says, on the authority of Wheatly, in his "Illustration of the Common Prayer," Johnson in his "Clergyman's Vade Mecum," and the author of "The Complete Incumbent," that the services for the 30th of January and the 29th of May are not confirmed by act of parliament, and that penalties do not attach for the non-celebration of the service on those days. "I cannot in conscience read those prayers," says Watson, "wherein the king is called a *Martyr*. I believe the assertion to be false, and therefore why should I tell a lie before the God of Truth! What is a martyr? He is a witness, for so the word in the original imports. Robert Stephens tells us, that they are martyrs who have died giving a testimony of divinity to Christ. but if this be true king Charles can be no martyr, for he was put to death by those who believed in the divinity of Christ as well as he. What were the grounds then for giving him this glorious title? his dying rather than give up episcopacy? I think lord Clarendon hath proved the contrary: he consented to suspend epis-

* Lord Falkland engaged in a thoughtless skirmish and perished in it.

copacy for three years, and that money should be raised upon the sale of the church lands, and only the old rent should be reserved to the just owners and their successors. My charity leads me so far, that I hope king Charles meant well when he told the princess Elizabeth that he should *die a martyr*, and when he repeated it on the scaffold. But this might be nothing else but a pleasing deception of the mind; and if saying that *he died a martyr* made him such, then the duke of Monmouth also was the same, for he died with the same words in his mouth, which his grandfather, king Charles, had used before. King Charles II. seems to have had no such opinion of the matter; for when a certain lord reminded his majesty of his swearing in common discourse, the king replied, '*Your martyr swore more than ever I did*,' which many have deemed a jest upon the title which his father had got. In fact, we, of this generation, should never have judged, that he who swore to preserve the religion, laws, and liberties of his country inviolate, and yet broke through every one of these restraints—that he, who put an English fleet into the hands of the French to crush the protestants there, who were struggling to maintain their religion and liberties—that he, who contrary to the most solemn promises, did sacrifice the protestant interest in France—that he, who concurred with Laud in bringing the church of England to a kind of rivalry, for ornaments, &c., with the church of Rome—that he, who could consent, when he married the French king's daughter, that their children were to be educated by their mother until thirteen years of age—that he, who gave great church preferments to men who publicly preached up popish doctrines; and that protected known papists from the penalties of the law, by taking several very extraordinary steps in their behalf—that he, who permitted an agent, or a kind of nuncio from Rome, to visit the court publicly, and bestowed such offices as those of lord high treasurer, secretary of state, chancellor of the exchequer, &c., on papists—that he, who by proclamation could command the Lord's day to be profaned (for I can call it no less) by revels, plays, and many sorts of ill-timed recreations, punishing great numbers of pious clergymen for refusing to publish what their consciences forbade them to read: and to name no more—that he, who could abet the Irish massa-

cre, wherein above three hundred thousand protestants were murdered in cold blood, or expelled out of their habitations. (*Vide* 'Temple's Irish Rebellion,' page 6.) I say, we, at this period of time, should not have thought such a one worthy to be deemed a martyr for the cause of protestantism; but that it has been a custom in the church for near a century to call him so. However, it is time seriously to consider whether it is not proper to correct this error; at least, it should be shown to be no error if we must keep it, for, at present, many of the well-meaning members of the church are offended at it."

The writer cited, goes on to observe, "My second objection against reading this service is, that I judge it to be contrary both to reason and the contents of the Bible, to say that 'the blood of king Charles can be required of us or our posterity.' There is not, I suppose, one man alive who consented to the king's death. We know nothing of it but from history, therefore none of us were concerned in the fact; with what reason then can it be averred that we ought to be responsible for it, when it neither was nor is in our power to prevent it. But what if we disclaim the sins of our forefathers, or are the posterity of those who fought for the king, are we still to be in danger of suffering? Such seems to be the doctrine of this service, where all, without exception, are called upon to pray that they 'may be freed from the vengeance of his righteous blood.' I could prove, from undoubted records, that the family I came from were royalists; but I think it sufficient to say, that I never did nor ever will consent, that a king shall be beheaded, or otherwise put to death; therefore let others say what they will, I look upon myself to be innocent, and why should I plead with God as if I thought myself guilty? But we are told that they 'were the crying sins of this nation which brought down this heavy judgment upon us.' I think it is more clear, that a series of ill-judged and ill-timed acts, on the part of the king, brought him into the power of his opposers, and that, afterwards, the ambition of a few men led him to the scaffold. Let it only be remembered, that at the beginning of his reign he entered into a war for the recovery of the Palatinate against the consent of his parliament; and when he could not get them to vote him money enough for his purpose he extorted it illegally from his subjects; refusing to join

the parliament in redressing the grievances of the nation ; often threatening them ; and even counteracting their designs ; which, at last, bred so many disputes, that he overstepped all bounds, and had the misprudence to attempt the seizing of five members in the house ; on which the citizens came down by land and water, with muskets on their shoulders, to defend the parliament : soon after which so great a distrust arose between the two houses and him, that all likelihood of agreement wholly ceased. This was the cause whereon to make war—sending the queen to Holland to buy arms, himself retiring from the capital, and soon after erecting his standard at Nottingham. Not succeeding, he was made prisoner, and when many expected his restoration, a violent opposition in the army broke forth ; a design was formed to change the monarchy into a republic, and to this, and nothing else, he fell a sacrifice. If the real cause of the king's death was the wickedness of those times, does it not follow that his death was permitted by God as a punishment for that wickedness ; and if so, why should we fear that God will still visit for it ? Will the just and merciful Judge discharge his vengeance on two different generations of men for the offences committed by one ? Such doctrine as this should be banished from every church, especially a christian one ; for it has no foundation in reason or revelation." The reasons of this clergyman of the established church for his dissent from the established usage are still further remarkable.

Mr. Watson states other objections to this service. "In the hymn used instead of *Venite exultemus*, it is said, *They fought against him without a cause*: the contrary of which, when it is applied to king Charles, I think has been owned by every historian. The parliament of England were always more wise and good, than to raise armies against the kings who gave them no occasion to do so ; and I cannot but entertain this favourable opinion of that which began to sit in the year 1640. There is nothing more true than that the king wanted to govern by an arbitrary power. His whole actions showed it, and he could never be brought to depart from this. Either, therefore, his people must have submitted to the slavery, or they must have vindicated their freedom openly ; there was no middle way. But should they have tamely received the

yoke ? No, surely ; for had they done so, they had deserved the worst of evils ; and the bitter effects thereof, in all probability, had not only been derived to us, but our *posterity*. Happy Britons, that such a just and noble stand was made ! May the memories of those great patriots that were concerned in it be ever dear to Englishmen ; and to all true Englishmen they will !

"In the same hymn it is likewise affirmed that *False witnesses rose up against him, and laid to his charge things that he knew not*. Which on this occasion cannot be truly said, because as the chief fact to be proved was the king's being in arms, it cannot be supposed that out of more than 200,000 men who had engaged with him, a sufficient number of true witnesses could be wanting. What, therefore, Mr. Wheatly could think when he said that his hymn is as solemn a composure, and as pertinent to the occasion as can be imagined or contrived, I cannot tell. I am sure a broad hint is given therein, that the clergy in king Charles's time were a set of wicked people, and that it was through their unrighteousness, as well as that of the laity, that the king lost his life. The words are these, 'For the sins of the people, and the iniquities of the priests, they shed the blood of the just in the midst of Jerusalem.' Let those defend this passage who are able, for I own myself incapable of doing it consistently."

Mr. Watson says, "I am not by myself in thinking that this service for the 30th of January needs a review ; many sensible, worthy men think further—that it is time to drop it ; for they see that it is unseasonable now, and serves no other end than as a bone of contention in numberless parishes, preventing friendship, and good will being shown towards such of the clergy as cannot in all points approve of it ; excepting that (as I have found by experience) it tends to make bad subjects. A sufficient argument this, was there no other, why it should either be altered, or taken away ; but I presume not to dictate ; and, therefore, I urge this no further : had I not a sincere regard for the church of England, I should have said less ; but notwithstanding any reports to the contrary, I declare myself to be a hearty well-wisher to her prosperity. Did I not prefer her communion to that of any other, I would instantly leave her, for I am not so abandoned as to play the hypocrite that I detest, and have often detested it

to my great loss. But I am not of that opinion, that it is for the interest of the church to conceal her defects; on the contrary, I think I do her the greatest service possible by pointing them out, so that they may be remedied to the satisfaction of all good men. She ought not to be ashamed of the truth, and falsehood will never hurt her."

It appears that Mr. Watson's conduct obtained much notice; for he preached another sermon at Halifax, entitled "Moderation; or a candid disposition towards those that differ from us, recommended and enforced." This he also printed, with the avowed view of "promoting of that moderation towards all men which becometh us as Christians, is the ornament of our profession, and which we should therefore labour to maintain, as we desire to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." He proceeds to observe in this discourse, that "whoever reflects upon the nature of human constitutions, will readily allow the impossibility of perfection in any of them; and whoever considers the mutability of human things, will grant that nothing can be so well devised, or so sure established, which, in continuance of time, will not be corrupted. A change of circumstances, to which the best constituted state is liable, will require such alterations as once would have been needless: and improvement of observation will demand such regulations as nothing else could have discovered to have been right. Of this the wise founders of the established church of England were very sensible; they prudently required no subscription to perfection in the church, well knowing that they but laid the foundation stone of a much greater building than they could live to see completed. The Common Prayer, since it was first properly compiled, in the year 1545, has undergone sixteen alterations, as defects became visible, and offence was thereby given to the promoting of separations and divisions: noble examples these—fit for the present age to imitate! for, as ninety years have elapsed since the last review, this experienced age has justly discovered that the amendments, at that time made, were not sufficient. I could produce you many instances; but I forbear; for I am

very sensible how tender a point I am discussing. However, I cannot but observe, that for my own part, upon the maturest and most sober consideration, I take him to be a greater friend to Christianity in general, and to this church in particular, who studies to unite as many dissenters as may be to us, by a reasonable comprehension, than he who is against it."

It is urged by Mr. Watson, that the church of England herself does not claim a perfection which is insisted upon as her distinguishing quality by some of her over zealous advocates. He says, "The first reformers were wise and good men, but the Common Prayer they published was little better than popery itself; many indeed have been the alterations in it made since then; but as, through the unripeness of the times, it never had any but imperfect emendations, we may reasonably suppose it capable of still further improvements." Deeming the service appointed for this day as inappropriate, and referring to suggestions that were in his time urged upon public attention for a review of the liturgy, he proceeds to say, "There may be men at work that misrepresent this good design; that proclaim, as formerly, the church's danger; but let no arts like these deceive you; they must be enemies in disguise that do it, or such who have not examined what they object to with sufficient accuracy. What is wished for, your own great Tillotson himself attempted: this truly valuable man, with some others but little inferior to himself, being sensible that the want of a sufficient review drew many members from the church, would have compromised the difference in a way detrimental to no one, beneficial to all; and had he not been opposed by some revengeful zealots, had certainly completed what all good men have wished for."

The Editor of the *Every-Day Book* has Mr. Watson's private copies of these printed tracts, with *manuscript* additions and remarks on them by Mr. Watson himself. It should seem from one of these notes, in his own hand-writing, that his opinions were not wholly contemned. Regarding his latter discourse, he observes that "the late Dr. Sharp, archdeacon of Northumberland, in a pamphlet, called 'A Serious Inquiry into the Use and Importance of External Religion;' quotes this sentence, "*Where unity and peace are*

disregarded, devotion must be so too, as it were by natural consequences. I have borrowed these words from a sermon preached at Halifax, by John Watson, A. M., which, if any man, who has sxicpence to spare, will purchase, peruse, and lay to heart, he will lay out his time and his money very well." Archdeacon Sharp was father of the late Granville Sharp, the distinguished philanthropist and liebraist.

Mr. Watson was born at Presburg, in Cheshire, and educated at Brazen Nose college, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship. He wrote a History of Halifax, in 2 vols. 4to., 1775; and a History of the Warren Family, by one of whom he was presented to the rectory of Stockport, where he died, aged 59 years. He also wrote a review of the large Moravian hymn book, and several miscellaneous pieces. There is a portrait of him by Basire.

By those who believe that Charles was "guiltless of his country's blood," and that the guilt "of his blood" is an entail upon the country not yet cut off, it may be remarked as a curious fact, that at about that season, eighty years after the king "bowed his head" on the scaffold at Whitehall, it was "a very sickly time." It is recorded, that in 1733 "people were afflicted this month with a *head-ach* and fever which very few escaped, and many died of; particularly between Tuesday, the twenty-third, and Tuesday, the *thirtieth* of January, there died upwards of fifteen hundred in London and Westminster."* On the twenty-third of January, 1649, the king having peremptorily denied the jurisdiction of the court, the president, Bradshaw, "ordered his contempt to be recorded: on the thirtieth of January he was beheaded." During these days, and the intervening ones, the fatal London head-ach prevailed in 1733.

On the second of March, 1772 Mr. Montague moved in the house of commons to have so much of the act of 12th C. II. c. 30, as relates to the ordering the thirtieth of January to be kept as a day of fasting and humiliation, to be repealed. His motive he declared to be, to abolish, as much as he could, any absurdity from church as well as state. He said that he saw great and solid reasons for abolishing the observation of that day,

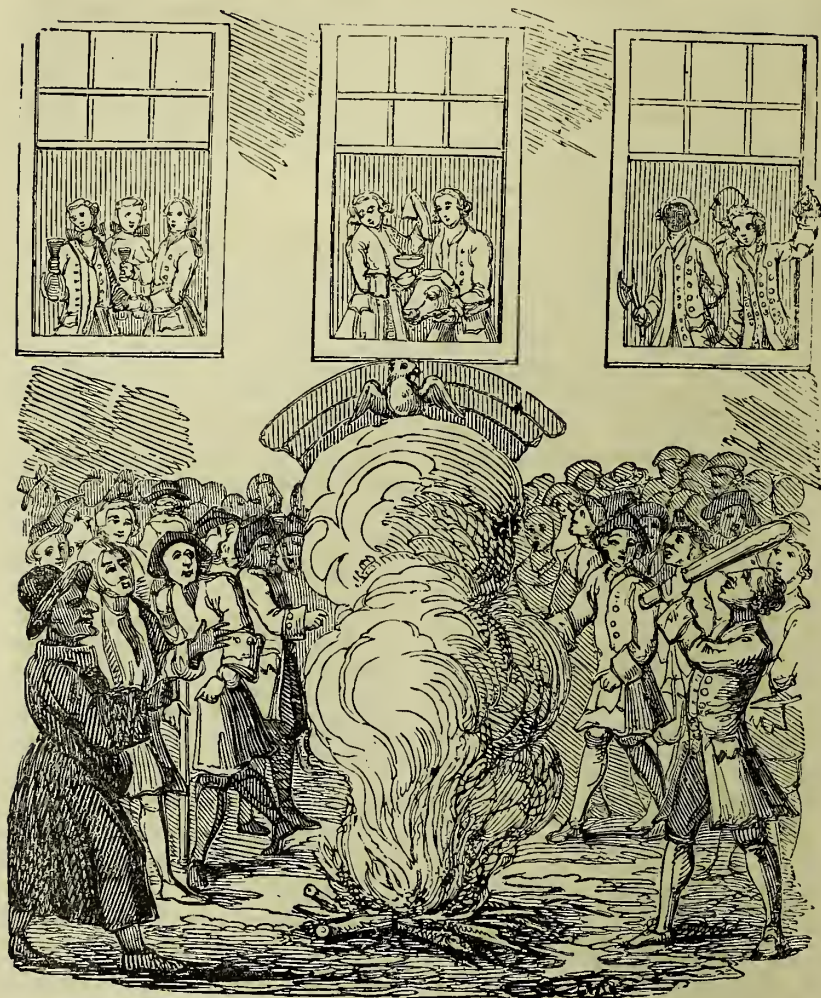
and hoped that it was not too harsh a name to be given to the service for the observation of that day, if he should brand it with the name of impiety, particularly in those parts where Charles I. is likened to our Saviour. On a division, there being for the motion 97, and against it 125, it was lost by a majority of 27.

The Calves-head Club.

On the 30th of January, 1735, certain young noblemen and gentlemen met at a French tavern in Suffolk-street, (Charing Cross,) under the denomination of the "Calves-head Club." They had an entertainment of calves' heads, some of which they showed to the mob outside, whom they treated with strong beer. In the evening, they caused a bonfire to be made before the door, and threw into it with loud huzzas a calf's-head dressed up in a napkin. They also dipped their napkins in red wine, and waved them from the windows, at the same time drinking toasts publicly. The mob huzzaed as well as "their betters,"—but at length broke the windows, and became so mischievous that the guards were called in to prevent further outrage.*

These proceedings occasioned some verses in the "Grub-street Journal," wherein are the following lines:—

Strange times! when noble peers secure
from riot
Can't keep *Noll's* annual festival in quiet.
Through sashes broke, dirt, stones and
brands thrown at em,
Which, if not *scand* was *brand-alm-*
magnatum—
Forced to run down to vaults for safer
quarters,
And in cole-boles, their ribbons hide and
garters.
They thought, their feast in dismal fray
thus ending,
Themselves to shades of death and hell
descending:
This might have been, had stout Clare
market mobsters
With cleavers arm'd, outmarch'd St. James's
lobsters;
Numsculls they'd split, to furnish other
revels,
And make a *calves-head* feast for worms
and devils.



The Calves-head Club in Suffolk Street, 1734.

There is a print entitled "The true Effigies of the Members of the Calves-head Club, held on the 30th of January, 1734, in Suffolk Street, in the County of Middlesex." This date is the year before that of the disturbance related, and as regards the company, the health drinking, huzzaing, a calf's head in a napkin, a bonfire, and the mob, the scene is the same; with this addition, that there is a person in a mask with an axe in his hand. The engraving above is from this print.

On a work entitled the "History of the Calves-head Club," little reliance is to be placed for authenticity. It appears, however, that their toasts were of this description: "The pious memory of Oliver Cromwell." "Damn—n to the race of the Stuarts." "The glorious year 1648." "The man in the mask, &c." It will be remembered that the executioner of Charles I. wore a mask.

Oranges and Bells.

A literary hand at Newark is so obliging as to send the communication annexed, for which, in behalf of the reader, the editor offers his sincere thanks.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir, Newark, Dec. 10, 1825.

On the 30th of January, the anniversary of king Charles's martyrdom, and on Shrove Tuesday, we have a custom here, which I believe to be singular, having never heard of it elsewhere. On those days, there are several stalls placed in the market-place, (as if for a regular market,) having nothing but oranges: you may purchase them, but it is rarely the case; but you "raffle" for them, at least that is their expression. You give the owner a halfpenny, which entitles you to one share; if a penny, to two, and so on; and when there is a sufficient sum, you begin the raffle. A ball nearly round, (about the size of a hen's egg,) yet having twenty-six square sides, each having a number, being one to twenty-six, is given you: (some balls may not have so many, others more, but I never saw them.) You throw the ball down, what I may term, the chimney, (which is so made as to keep turning the ball as it descends,) and it falls on a flat board with a ledge, to keep it from falling off, and when it stops you look at the number. Suppose it was twelve, the owner of the stall uses this expression, "Twelve is the highest, and one gone." Then another throws; if his is a lesser number, they say, "Twelve is the highest, and two gone;" if a higher number, they call accordingly. The highest number takes oranges to the amount of all the money on the board. When they first begin, a halfpenny is put down, then they call "One, and who makes two?" when another is put down, it is "Two, and who makes three?" and so on. At night the practice is kept up at their own houses till late hours; and others go to the inns and public-houses to see what they can do there.

Also every day, at six in the morning, and night, at eight o'clock, we have a bell rung for about a quarter of an hour: it is termed six o'clock and eight o'clock bell. On saint days, Saturdays, and Sundays, the time is altered to seven o'clock in the morning, and to seven o'clock at night, with an additional ringing at one o'clock

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at noon. Again, at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, all the bells are tolled round for a quarter of an hour.

I have mentioned the above, that, if they come within the notice of the *Every-Day Book*, you would give them insertion, and, if possible, account for their origin.

Whilst on the subject of "bells," perhaps you can mention how "hand bells came into the church, and for what purpose." We have a set in this church.

I am, &c.

H. H. N. N.

The editor will be glad to receive elucidations of either of these usages.

Accounts of local customs are particularly solicited from readers of the *Every-Day Book* in every part of the country.

To the notice of this day in the Perennial Calendar, the following stanzas are subjoined by Dr. Forster. They are evident "developments" of phrenological thought.

VERSES ON A SKULL

In a church-yard.

O empty vault of former glory!

Whate'er thou wert in time of old,
Thy surface tells thy living story,
Tho' now so hollow, dead, and cold,
For in thy form is yet descried

The traces left of young desire;
The Painter's art, the Statesman's pride,

The Muse's song, the Poet's fire;
But these, forsooth, now seem to be
Mere lumps on thy periphery.

Dear Nature, constant in her laws,
Hath mark'd each mental operation,
She ev'ry feeling's limit draws

On all the heads throughout the nation,
That there might no deception be;

And he who kens her tokens well,
Hears tongues which every where agree

In language that no lies can tell—
Courage—Deceit—Destruction—Theft—
Have traces on the skullcap left.

But through all Nature's constancy
An awful change of form is seen,
Two forms are not which quite agree,
None is replaced that once hath been;

Endless variety in all,
 From Fly to Man, Creation's pride,
 Each shows his proper form—to fall
 Eftsoons in time's o'erwhelming tide,
 And mutability goes on
 With ceaseless combination.

'Tis thine to teach with magic power
 Those who still bend life's fragile stem,
 To suck the sweets of every flower,
 Before the sun shall set to them;
 Calm the contending passions dire,
 Which on thy surface I descrie,
 Like water struggling with the fire
 In combat, which of them shall die;
 Thus is the soul in Fury's car,
 A type of Hell's intestine war.

Old wall of man's most noble par .
 While now I trace with trembling hand
 Thy sentiments, how oft I start,
 Dismay'd at such a jarring band!
 Man, with discordant frenzy fraught,
 Seems either madman, fool, or knave;
 To try to live is all he's taught—
 To 'scape her foot who nought doth save
 In life's proud race;—(unknown our goal)
 To strive against a kindred soul.

These various organs show the place
 Where Friendship lov'd, where Passion
 glow'd,
 Where Veneration grew in grace,
 Where justice swayed, where man was
 proud—
 Whence Wit its slippery sallies threw
 On Vanity, thereby defeated;
 Where Hope's imaginary view
 Of things to come (fond fool) is seated;
 Where Circumspection made us fear,
 Mid gleams of joy some danger near.

Here fair Benevolence doth grow
 In forehead high—here Imitation
 Adorns the stage, where on the Brow
 Are Sound, and Color's legislation.

Here doth Appropriation try,
 By help of Secrecy, to gain
 A store of wealth, against we die,
 For heirs to dissipate again.
 Cause and Comparison here show,
 The use of every thing we know.

But here that fiend of fiends doth dwell,
 While Ideality unshaken
 By facts or theory, whose spell
 Maddens the soul and fires our beacon.
 Whom memory tortures, love deludes,
 Whom circumspection fills with dread,
 On every organ he obtrudes,
 Until Destruction o'er his head
 Impends; then mad with luckless strife,
 He volunteers the loss of life.

And canst thou teach to future man
 The way his evils to repair—
 Say, O momento,—of the span
 Of mortal life? For if the care
 Of truth to science be not given,
 (From whom no treachery it can sever,)
 There's no dependence under heaven
 That error may not reign for ever.
 May future heads more learning cull
 From thee, when my own head's a skull.

There is a *parish* game in Scotland, at this season of the year, when the waters are frozen and can bear practitioners in the diversion. It prevails, likewise, in Northumberland, and other northern parts of south Britain; yet, nowhere, perhaps, is it so federalized as among the descendants of those who "ha' wi' Wallace bled." This sport, called *curling*, is described by the georgical poet, and will be better apprehended by being related in his numbers: it being premised that the time agreed on, or the appointment for playing it, is called the *tryst*; the match is called the *bonspiel*; the boundary marks for the play are called the *tees*; and the stones used are called *coits*, or *quoits*, or *coiting*, or *quoiting-stones*.

Now rival parishes, and shrievedoms, keep,
 On upland lochs, the long-expected tryst
 To play their yearly bonspiel. Aged men,
 Smit with the eagerness of youth, are there,
 While love of conquest lights their beamless eyes,
 New-nerves their arms, and makes them young once more.

The sides when ranged, the distance meted out,
 And duly traced the tees, some younger hand
 Begins, with throbbing heart, and far o'ershoots,
 Or sideward leaves, the mark: in vain he bends
 His waist, and winds his hand, as if it still
 Retained the power to guide the devious stone,

Which, onward hurling, makes the circling groupe
Quick start aside, to shun its reckless force.
But more and still more skilful arms succeed,
And near and nearer still around the tee,
This side, now that, approaches; till at last,
Two, seeming equidistant, straws, or twigs,
Decide as umpires 'tween contending coits.

Keen, keener still, as life itself were staked,
Kindles the friendly strife: one points the line
To him who, poising, aims and aims again;
Another runs and sweeps where nothing lies.
Success alternately, from side to side,
Changes; and quick the hours un-noted fly,
Till light begins to fail, and deep below,
The player, as he stoops to lift his coit,
Sees, half incredulous, the rising moon.
But now the final, the decisive spell
Begins; near and more near the sounding stones,
Some winding in, some bearing straight along,
Crowd justling all around the mark, while one,
Just slightly touching, victory depends
Upon the final aim: long swings the stone.
Then with full force, careering furious on,
Rattling it strikes aside both friend and foe,
Maintains its course, and takes the victor's place.
The social meal succeeds, and social glass;
In words the fight renewed is fought again,
While festive mirth forgets the winged hours.—
Some quit betimes the scene, and find that home
Is still the place where genuine pleasure dwells.

Grahame.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36° 85.

January 31.

King George IV. proclaimed.—Holiday
at the Exchequer.

Wakes.

A newspaper of this day,* in the year 1821, relates the following anecdote:—

All through Ireland the ceremonial of wakes and funerals is most punctually attended to, and it requires some *savoir faire* to carry through the arrangement in a masterly manner. A great adept at the business, who had been the prime manager at all the wakes in the neighbourhood for many years, was at last called away from the death-beds of his friends to his own. Shortly before he died he gave minute directions to his people as to

the mode of waking him in proper style. "Recollect," says he, "to put three candles at the head of the bed, after you lay me out, and two at the foot, and one at each side. Mind now, and put a plate with the salt on it just a top of my breast. And, do you hear? have plenty of tobacco and pipes enough; and remember to make the punch strong. And—but what the devil is the use of talking to you? sure I know you'll be sure to botch it, as I won't be there myself."

MR. JOHN BULL, an artist, with poetical powers exemplified in the first volume* by a citation from his poem entitled "The Museum," which deserves to be better known, favours the *Every-Day Book* with the following original lines. The conflict between the cross and the crescent, renders the communication peculiarly interesting to those who indulge a hope that the struggle will terminate in the liberation of Greece from "worse than Egyptian bondage."

* New Times.

* P. 254

THE RAINBOW IN GREECE.

By Mr. John Bull.

Arch of peace ' the firmament
Hath not a form more fair
Than thine, thus beautifully bent
Upon the lighten'd air.

Well might the wondrous bards of yore
Of thee so sweetly sing ;
Thy fair foot on their lovely shore
Returning with the spring !

An angel's form to thee they gave,
Celestial feign'd thy birth,
Saw thee now span the light green wave,
And now the greener earth.

Yet then, where'er thy smile was seen
On land, or billowy main,
Thou seem'd to watch, with look serene,
O'er Freedom's glorious reign.

Thy brilliant arch, around the sky,
The nurse of hope appear'd,
Sweet as the light of liberty,
Wherewith their souls were cheer'd !

But ah ! if thou, when Greece was young,
Didst visit realms above ;
Go and return, as minstrels sung
A messenger of love :

What tale, in heaven, hast thou to tell,
Of tyrants and their slaves—
Despots, and soul-bound men that dwell
Without their fathers' graves !

Oh ! when they see thy beauteous bow,
Surround their ancient skies,
Do not the Grecian warriors know,
'Tis then their hour to rise ?

Let them unsheath the daring sword,
And, pointing up to thee,
Speak to their men one fiery word,
And march to set them free

Upon thine arch of hope they'd glance,
And say, " The storm is o'er !"
" The clouds are breaking off—advance,
" We will be slaves no more !"

The " Mirror of the Months " repre-
sents of the coming month, that—

" Now the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than *black*, in the home-loving eyes of little schoolboys ; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but straight before them ; and sobs are heard, and sorrowful faces seen to issue from sundry post-chaises that carry sixteen inside, exclusive of cakes and boxes ;

and theatres are no longer conscious or unconscious *éclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud " which moveth altogether, if it move at all."

In the gardens of our habitations, and the immense tracts that provide great cities with the products of the earth, the cultivator seizes the first opportunity to prepare and dress the bosom of our common mother. " Hard frosts, if they come at all, are followed by sudden thaws ; and now, therefore, if ever, the mysterious old song of our school days stands a chance of being verified, which sings of

' Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day !'

Now the labour of the husbandman re-commences ; and it is pleasant to watch (from your library-window) the plough-team moving almost imperceptibly along, upon the distant upland that the bare trees have disclosed to you.—Nature is as busy as ever, if not openly and obviously, secretly, and in the hearts of her sweet subjects the flowers ; stirring them up to that rich rivalry of beauty which is to greet the first footsteps of spring, and teaching them to prepare themselves for her advent, as young maidens prepare, months beforehand, for the marriage festival of some dear friend.—If the flowers think and feel (and he who dares to say that they do not is either a fool or a philosopher—let him choose between the imputations !)—if the flowers think and feel, what a commotion must be working within their silent hearts, when the pinions of winter begin to grow, and indicate that he is at least meditating his flight Then do *they*, too, begin to meditate on May-day, and think on the delight with which they shall once more breathe the fresh air, when they have leave to escape from their subterranean prisons ; for now, towards the latter end of this month, they are all of them at least awake from their winter slumbers ; and most are busily working at their gay toilets, and weaving their fantastic robes, and shaping their trim forms, and distilling their rich essences, and, in short, getting ready in all things, that they may be duly prepared to join the bright procession of beauty that is to greet and glorify the annual coming on of their sovereign lady, the spring. It is true none of all this can be seen. But what a race should we be, if we knew and

cared to know of nothing, but what we can see and prove!"

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 35.

• Mirror of the Months.



FEBRUARY.

When, in the zodiac, the Fish wheel round,
They loose the floods, and irrigate the ground.
Then, husbandmen resume their wonted toil,
Yoke their strong steers, and plough the yielding soil :
Then prudent gard'ners seize the happy time,
To dig and trench, and prune for shoots to climb,
Inspect their borders, mark the silent birth
Of plants, successive, from the teeming earth,
Watch the young nurslings with paternal care,
And hope for "growing weather" all the year.
Yet February's suns uncertain shine,
For rain and frost alternately combine
To stop the plough, with sudden wintry storms—
And, often, fearful violence the month deforms,

February 1.

Flowers

A good garden in a sunny day, at the commencement of this month, has many delightful appearances to a lover of nature, and issues promises of further gratification. It is, however, in ball-rooms and theatres that many of the sex, to whose innocence and beauty the lily is likened, resort for amusement, and see or wear the mimic forms of floral loveliness. Yet this approach to nature, though at an awful distance, is to be hailed as an impulse of her own powerful working in the very heart of fashion; and it has this advantage, that it supplies means of existence to industry, and urges ingenuity to further endeavour. Artificial wants are rapidly supplied by the necessity of providing for real ones; and the wealthy accept drafts upon conditions which

indigence prescribes, till it becomes lifted above poverty to independence

The manufacture of artificial flowers is not wholly unknown in England, but our neighbours, the French, eclipse us in the accuracy and variety of their imitations. Watering-places abound with these wonders of their work-people, and in the metropolis there are dépôts, from whence dress-makers and milliners are supplied by wholesale.

The annexed literal copy of a French flower-maker's card, circulated during the summer of 1822 among the London shopkeepers, is a whimsical specimen of self-sufficiency, and may save some learners of French from an overweening confidence in their acquisition of that language, which, were it displayed in Paris, would be as whimsical in that metropolis as this English is in ours.

M. MARLOTEAU et Cie.

Manufacturers from Paris,

37, MONTMORENCY-STREET,

To London 14 Broad street, Oxford street.

Acquaint the Trade in general, that they have just established in LONDON.

A Warehouse for FRENCH FLOWERS, for each Season, feather from hat ladies of their own Manufacture elegant fans of the NEWEST TASTE.

And of Manufactures of PARIS, complete sets ornaments for balls, snuff boxes scale gold and silver, boxes toilette, ribbons and embroidered, hat et cap, from Ladies of the newest Taste, China, all sorts, etc.

He commit generally the articles from Paris, Manufacturers.

And send in all BRITISH CITY.

Attendance from Nine o'Clock in the Morning till five in the Afternoon.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . .39 · 70.

February 2.

Purification, or Candlemas. 1826.—Holiday at the Public Offices.

This day, the festival of "the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is sometimes called *Christ's Presentation*, the *Holiday of St Simeon*, and *The Wives' Feast*. An account of its origin and celebration is in vol. i. p. 199. A beautiful composition in honour of the Virgin is added as a grace to these columns.

Portuguese Hymn.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

By John Leyden.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flushed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
And raise their weeping eyes to thee,
The star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet,
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame
That made the deep's foundations reel:
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,

* * * * *

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own,
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of Ocean glitters bright,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires
When storms and tempests pass away
To join the bright immortal quires.
Ave Maris Stella!

On Candlemas-day, 1734, there was a grand entertainment for the judges, serjeants, &c. in the Temple-hall. The lord chancellor, the earl of Macclesfield, the bishop of Bangor, together with other distinguished persons, were present, and the prince of Wales attended *incog*. At night the comedy of "Love for Love" was acted by the company of his Majesty's revels from the Haymarket theatre, who received a present of 50*l*. from the societies of the Temple. The judges, according to an ancient custom, danced "round the coal fire," singing an old French song.*

THE COAL AND THE DIAMOND

A Fable for Cold Weather.

A coal was hid beneath the grate,
(Tis often modest merit's fate,)
'Twas small, and so, perhaps, forgotten;
Whilst in the room, and near in size,
In a fine casket lined with cotton,
In pomp and state, a diamond lies.
"So, little gentleman in black,"
The brilliant spark in anger cried,
"I hear, in philosophic clack,
Our families are close allied;
But know, the splendour of my hue,
Excell'd by nothing in existence,
Should teach such little folks as you
To keep a more respectful distance."

At these reflections on his name,
The coal soon reddened to a flame;
Of his own real use aware,
He only answer'd with a sneer—
"I scorn your taunts, good bishop *Blaze*,
And envy not your charms divine;
For know, I boast a double praise,
As I can *warm* as well as shine."

* Gentleman's Magazine.



Elizabeth Woodcock.

She was in prison, as you see,
All in a cave of snow ;
And she could not relieved be,
Though she was frozen so.
Ah, well a-day !

For she was all froze in with frost,
 Eight days and nights, poor soul !
 But when they gave her up for lost,
 They found her down the hole.
 Ah, well-a-day !

MS. Ballad.

On Saturday, the 2d of February, 1799, Elizabeth Woodcock, aged forty-two years, went on horseback from Impington to Cambridge; on her return, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, being about half a mile from her own home, her horse started at a sudden light, probably from a meteor, which, at this season of the year, frequently happens. She exclaimed, "Good God! what can this be?" It was a very inclement, stormy night; a bleak wind blew boisterously from the N. E.; the ground was covered by great quantities of snow that had fallen during the day. Many of the deepest ditches were filled up, whilst in the open fields there was but a thin covering; but in roads and lanes, and in narrow and enclosed parts, it had so accumulated as to retard the traveller. The horse ran backwards to the brink of a ditch, and fearing lest the animal should plunge into it, she dismounted, intending to lead the animal home; but he started again, and broke from her. She attempted to regain the bridle; but the horse turned suddenly out of the road, over a common field, and she followed him. Having lost one of her shoes in the snow, and wearied by the exertion she had made, and by a heavy basket on her arm, her pursuit of the horse was greatly impeded; she however persisted, and having overtaken him about a quarter of a mile from whence she alighted, she gained the bridle, and made another attempt to lead him home. But on retracing her steps to a thicket contiguous to the road, she became so much fatigued, and her left foot, which was without a shoe, was so much benumbed, that she was unable to proceed farther. Sitting down upon the ground in this state, and letting go the bridle, "Tinker," she said, calling the horse by his name, "I am too much tired to go any farther; you must go home without me:" and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" The ground on which she sat was upon a level with the common field, close under the thicket on the south-west. She well knew its situation, and its distance from her own house. There was then only a small quantity of snow drifted near her; but it accumulated so rapidly, that when

Chesterton bell rang at eight o'clock, she was completely hemmed in by it. The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over her head between two and three. She was incapable of any effectual attempt to extricate herself, and, in addition to her fatigue and cold, her clothes were stiffened by the frost; and therefore, resigning herself to the necessity of her situation, she sat awaiting the dawn of the following day. To the best of her recollection, she slept very little during the night. In the morning, observing before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards, she broke off a branch of a bush which was close to her, and with it thrust her handkerchief through the hole, and hung it, as a signal of distress, upon one of the uppermost twigs that remained uncovered. She bethought herself that the change of the moon was near, and having an almanac in her pocket, took it out, though with great difficulty, and found that there would be a new moon the next day, February the 4th. Her difficulty in getting the almanac from her pocket arose, in a great measure, from the stiffness of her frozen clothes; the trouble, however, was compensated by the consolation which the prospect of so near a change in her favour afforded. Here, however, she remained day after day, and night after night, perfectly distinguishing the alterations of day and night, hearing the bells of her own and the neighbouring villages, particularly that of Chesterton, which was about two miles distant from the spot, and rung in winter time at eight in the evening and four in the morning, Sundays excepted; she was sensible to the sound of carriages upon the road, the bleating of sheep and lambs, and the barking of dogs. One day she overheard a conversation between two gipsies, relative to an ass they had lost. She recollected having pulled out her snuff-box, and taken two pinches of snuff, but felt so little gratification from it, that she never repeated it. Possibly, the cold might have so far blunted her powers of sensation, that the snuff no longer retained its stimulus. Finding her

left hand beginning to swell, in consequence of her reclining on that arm, she took two rings, the tokens of her nuptial vows twice pledged, from her finger, and put them, together with a little money from her pocket, into a small box, judging that, should she not be found alive, the rings and money, being thus deposited, were less likely to be overlooked by the discoverers of her breathless corpse. She frequently shouted, in hopes that her vociferations might reach any that chanced to pass, but the snow prevented the transmission of her voice. The gipsies, who approached her nearer than any other persons, were not sensible of any sound, though she particularly endeavoured to attract their attention. A thaw took place on the Friday after the commencement of her misfortunes; she felt uncommonly faint and languid; her clothes were wetted quite through by the melted snow; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged, and she attempted to make an effort to release herself; but her strength was too much impaired; her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her clothes were become much heavier by the water which they had imbibed. She now, for the first time, began to despair of being discovered alive; and declared, that, all things considered, she could not have survived twenty-four hours longer. This was the morning of her emancipation. The apartment or cave of snow formed around her was sufficiently large to afford her space to move herself about three or four inches in any direction, but not to stand upright, it being only about three feet and a half in height, and about two in the broadest part. Her sufferings had now increased; she sat with one of her hands spread over her face, and fetched very deep sighs; her breath was short and difficult, and symptoms of approaching dissolution became hourly more apparent. On that day, Sunday, the 10th of February, Joseph Muncey, a young farmer, in his way home from Cambridge, about half-past twelve o'clock, passed very near the spot where the woman was. Her handkerchief, hanging upon the twigs, where she had suspended it, caught his eye; he walked up to the place, and saw the opening in the snow, and heard a sound issue from it similar to that of a person breathing hard and with difficulty. He looked in, and saw the woman who had been so long missing. He did

not speak to her, but, seeing another young farmer and a shepherd at a little distance, communicated to them the discovery he had made; upon which, though they scarcely credited his report, they went to the spot. The shepherd called out, "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" She replied, in a faint and feeble accent, "Dear John Stittle, I know your voice; for God's sake, help me out of this place!" Stittle immediately made his way through the snow till he was able to reach her; she eagerly grasped his hand, and implored him not to leave her. "I have been here a long time," she observed. "Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday." — "Ay, Saturday week," she replied; "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." Her husband was immediately acquainted with the discovery, and proper means were taken for conveying her home. Her husband and some neighbours brought a horse and chaise-cart, with blankets to wrap her in. The snow being somewhat cleared away, she asked for a piece of biscuit and a small quantity of brandy, from taking which she found herself greatly recruited. As a person took her up to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off, and she fainted. Nature was greatly exhausted, and the motion, added to the sight of her husband and neighbours, was too much for her strength and spirits. When she recovered, she was laid gently in the carriage, covered well over with the blankets, and conveyed without delay to her own house.

It appears that when the horse came home, her husband and another person set out on the road with a lantern, and went quite to Cambridge, where they only learnt that she left the inn at six that evening. They explored the road afresh that night, and for four succeeding days, and searched the huts of the gipsies, whom they suspected might have robbed and murdered her, till she was unexpectedly discovered in the manner already mentioned.

Mr. Okes, a surgeon, first saw her in the cart, as she was removing home. She spoke to him with a voice tolerably strong, but rather hoarse; her hands and arms were sodden, but not very cold though her legs and feet were. She was put to bed, and weak broth given her occasionally. From the time of her being lost she had eaten only snow, and believed

she had not slept till Friday the 8th. The hurry of spirits, occasioned by too many visitors, rendered her feverish; and her feet were found to be completely mortified. The cold had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels, and all the bottom of the feet, insomuch, that she lost all her toes with the integuments from the bottom of one foot. Her life was saved, but the mutilated state in which she was left, without even a chance of ever being able to attend to the duties of her family, was almost worse than death itself. She lingered until the 13th of July, 1799, when she expired, after a lapse of five months from the period of her discovery.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 37°.

February 3.

St. Blaise. St. Agatha.

These two Romish festivals are still retained in the church of England calendar.

Of St. Blaise's festival there is an account in vol. i. p. 207.

WITCHCRAFT.

The necessity for instruction is powerfully exemplified by the following narrative. Some who reflect upon it, and discover that there are other and worse consequences to be apprehended from ignorance than those related below, will consult their own safety, by providing education for the children of labouring people, and influencing their attendance where they may gain the means of distinguishing right from wrong.

In February, 1808, at Great Paxton, in Huntingdonshire, Alice Brown, crossing the ice on the river Ouse, fell into the water, and narrowly escaped drowning, in the sight of her friend, Fanny Amey, a poor epileptic girl, who, in great terror, witnessed the accident. Alice arrived at her father's house shivering with cold, and, probably from sympathetic affection, was herself seized with epilepsy. The fits returning frequently, she became emaciated, and incapable of labour. In April following, the rev. Isaac Nicholson, curate of the parish, inquiring after her health, was astonished by her brother informing him that her fits and debility were the

effect of witchcraft. "She is under an evil tongue," said the youth. "As sure as you are alive, sir," continued a stander-by, "she is bewitched, and so are two other young girls that live near her." The boor related, that at the town he came from in Bedfordshire, a man had been exactly in the same way; but, by a *charm*, he discovered the witch to be an old woman in the same parish, and that her reign would soon be over; which happened accordingly, for she died in a few days, and the man recovered. "Thomas Brown tried this charm last night for his daughter, but it did not succeed according to our wishes; so they have not at present found out who it is that does all the mischief."

Mr. Nicholson was greatly shocked at the general opinion of the people that Alice Brown, Fanny Amey, and Mary Fox were certainly bewitched by some person who had bought a familiar or an evil spirit of the devil at the expense of the buyer's soul, and that various charms had been tried to discover who the buyer was. It was utterly out of his power to remove or diminish the impressions of his parishioners as to the enchantment; and on the following Sunday, a few minutes before he went to church, Ann Izzard, a poor woman about sixty years old, little, but not ill-looking, the mother of eight children, five of whom were living, requested leave to speak to him. In tears and greatly agitated, she told him her neighbours pretended, that, by means of certain charms, they had discovered that *she* was the witch. She said they abused her children, and by their violent threats frightened her so much that she frequently dropped down to the ground in fainting-fits. She concluded by asserting her innocence in these words: "I am not a witch, and am willing to prove it by being weighed against the church bible." After the sermon, he addressed his flock on the folly of their opinions, and fatal consequences of brooding over them. It appears, however, that his arguments, explanations, and remonstrances were in vain. On Thursday, the 5th of May, Ann Izzard was at St. Neot's market, and her son, about sixteen years old, was sent there by his master for a load of corn: his mother and another woman, a shopkeeper in the parish, accompanied him home; but, contrary to the mother's advice, the woman put a basket of grocery on the sacks of corn

(One of the horses, in going down hill, became restive, and overturned the cart; and by this accident the grocery was much damaged. Because Ann Izzard had advised her neighbour against putting it in the cart, she charged her with upsetting it by the black art, on purpose to spoil the goods. In an hour, the whole village was in an uproar. "She has just overturned a loaded cart with as much ease as if it had been a spinning-wheel: this is positive proof; it speaks for itself; she is the person that does all the mischief; and if something is not done to put a stop to her baseness, there will be no living in the place." As it grew dark, on the following Sunday, these brutal creatures assembled together, and at ten o'clock, taking with them the young women supposed to be bewitched, they proceeded to Wright Izzard's cottage, which stood in a solitary spot at some distance from the body of the village; they broke into the poor man's house, dragged his wife naked from her bed into the yard, dashed her head against the large stones of the causeway, tore her arms with pins, and beat her on the face, breast, and stomach with the wooden bar of the door. When the mob had dispersed, the abused and helpless woman crawled into her dwelling, put her clothes on, and went to the constable, who said he could not protect her for he had not been sworn in. One Alice Russell, a compassionate widow, unlocked her door to her at the first call, comforted her, bound up her wounds, and put her to bed.

In the evening of the next day she was again dragged forth and her arms torn till they streamed afresh with blood. Alive the following morning, and apparently likely to survive this attack also, her enemies resolved to duck her as soon as the labour of the day was over. On hearing this she fled to Little Paxton, and hastily took refuge in the house of Mr. Nicholson, who effectually secured her from the cruelty of his ignorant flock, and had the mortification to learn that his own neighbours condemned him for "harbouring such a wretch."

The kindness and affection of the widow Russell were the means of shortening her days. The infatuated populace cried, "The protectors of a witch are just as bad as the witch, and deserve the same treatment." She neither ate nor slept again from anxiety and fear; but died a martyr to her humanity in twelve days after her home became the asylum,

for a few hours, of the unhappy Alice Izzard.

At the Huntingdon assizes in the August following, true bills of indictment were found by the grand jury against nine of these ignorant, infuriated wretches, for assaults on Wright Izzard and Ann Izzard, which were traversed to the following assizes.* It does not appear how they were disposed of.

Captain Burt, an officer of engineers, who, about the year 1730, was sent into the north of Scotland on government service, relates the following particulars of an interview between himself and a minister, whom he met at the house of a nobleman.

Witchcraft.

After the minister had said a good deal concerning the wickedness of such a diabolical practice as sorcery; and that I, in my turn, had declared my opinion of it, which you knew many years ago; he undertook to convince me of the reality of it by an example, which is as follows:—

A certain Highland laird had found himself at several times deprived of some part of his wine, and having as often examined his servants about it, and none of them confessing, but all denying it with asseverations, he was induced to conclude they were innocent.

The next thing to consider was, how this could happen. Rats there were none to father the theft. Those, you know, according to your philosophical next-door neighbour, might have drawn out the corks with their teeth, and then put in their tails, which, being long and spongy, would imbibe a good quantity of liquor. This they might suck out again, and so on, till they had emptied as many bottles as were sufficient for their numbers and the strength of their heads. But to be more serious:—I say there was no suspicion of rats, and it was concluded it could be done by none but witches.

Here the new inquisition was set on foot, and who they were was the question; but how should that be discovered? To go the shortest way to work, the laird made choice of one night, and an hour when he thought it might be watering-time with the hags; and went to his cellar

* Sermon against Witchcraft, preached at Great Paxton, July 17, 1808, by the Rev. I. Nicholson, Bvo.

without a light, the better to surprise them. Then, with his naked broadsword in his hand, he suddenly opened the door, and shut it after him, and fell to cutting and slashing all round about him, till, at last, by an opposition to the edge of his sword, he concluded he had at least wounded one of them. But I should have told you, that although the place was very dark, yet he made no doubt, by the glare and flashes of their eyes, that they were cats; but, upon the appearance of a candle, they were all vanished, and only some blood left upon the floor. I cannot forbear to hint in this place at Don Quixote's battle with the *borachios* of wine.

There was an old woman, that lived about two miles from the laird's habitation, reputed to be a witch: her he greatly suspected to be one of the confederacy, and immediately he hasted away to her hut; and, entering, he found her lying upon her bed, and bleeding excessively.

This alone was some confirmation of the justness of his suspicion; but casting his eye under the bed, there lay her leg in its natural form.

I must confess I was amazed at the conclusion of this narration; but ten times more, when, with the most serious air, he assured me that he had seen a certificate of the truth of it, signed by four ministers of that part of the country, and could procure me a sight of it in a few days, if I had the curiosity to see it.

When he had finished his story, I used all the arguments I was master of, to show him the absurdity of supposing that a woman could be transformed into the shape and diminutive substance of a cat; to vanish like a flash of fire; carry her leg home with her, &c.: and I told him, that if a certificate of the truth of it had been signed by every member of the general assembly, it would be impossible for me (however strong my inclinations were to believe) to bring my mind to assent to it.

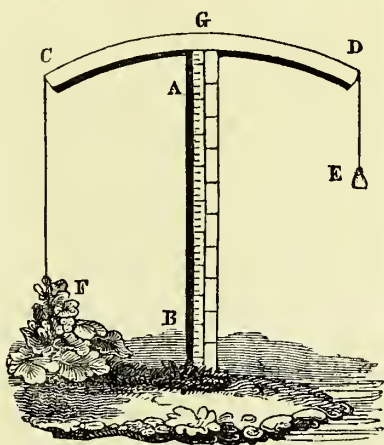
To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

As a small matter of use and curiosity, I beg to acquaint the readers of the *Every-Day Book* with the means of determining the gradual increase of a plant.

Take a straight piece of wood, of a convenient height; the upright piece, marked A B in the figure, may be divided into as

many parts as you think fit, in the manner of a carpenter's rule: lay across the top of this another piece of wood, marked G with a small wheel, or pulley, at each end thereof, marked C D; they should be so fixed that a fine thread of silk may easily run through each of them: at the end of this thread, E, tie a small weight, or poise, and tie the other end of the thread, F, to the tip-top of the plant, as represented in the figure.



To find the daily increase of this plant, observe to what degree the knot F rises every day, at a particular hour, or to what degree the ball E descends every day.

This little machine may serve several good purposes. By this you will be able to judge how much nourishment a plant receives in the course of each day, and a tolerably just notion may be formed of its quality; for moist plants grow quicker than dry ones, and the hot and moist quicker than the cold and dry.

I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

S. THOMAS.

January 24th, 1826.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

Perhaps the following parody of Moore's beautiful melody, "Those Evening Bells," on p. 143, may be acceptable to your readers, at a time like the present, when a laugh helps out the spirits against matter-of-fact evils

I do not think it necessary to avow myself as an "authority" for my little

communication; many of your readers will, no doubt, be able to furnish *feeling* evidence of the truth of the lines. Hoping you, sir, may read them without participating in the *lively sensibility* that the author felt, I remain,

Your admiring reader,
and regular customer,
A SMALL BOOKSELLER!

City, Jan. 1826.

"*These Christmas Bills!*"

A COMMERCIAL MELODY, 1826.

These Christmas bills, these Christmas bills,
How many a thought their number kills
Of notes and cash, and that sweet time
When oft' I heard my sovereigns chime.

Those golden days are past away,
And many a bill I used to pay
Sticks on the file, and empty tills
Contain no cash for Christmas bills.

And so 'twill be—though these are paid,
More Christmas bills will still be made,
And other men will fear these ills,
And curse the name of Christmas bills!

COPY OF A LETTER

Written to a Domestic at Parting.

The cheerfulness and readiness with which you have always served me, has made me interested in your welfare, and determined me to give you a few words of advice before we part. Read this attentively, and keep it; it may, perhaps, be useful.

Your honesty and principles are, I firmly trust, unshaken. Consider them as the greatest treasure a human being can possess. While this treasure is in your possession you can never be hurt, let what will happen. You will indeed often feel pain and grief, for no human being ever was without his share of them; out you can never be long and completely miserable but by your own fault.

If, therefore, you are ever tempted to do evil, check the *first* wicked *thought* that rises in your mind, or else you are ruined. For you may look upon this as a most certain and infallible truth, that if evil thoughts are for a moment encouraged, evil deeds follow: and you need not be told, that whoever has lost his good conscience is miserable, however he may hide it from the world, and whatever wealth and pleasures he may enjoy.

And you may also rely upon this, that the most miserable among the virtuous is

infinitely happier than the happiest of the wicked.

The consequence I wish you to draw from all this is, never to do any thing except what you certainly know to be right; for if you doubt about the lawfulness of any thing, it is a sign that it ought not to be done.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 32.

February 4.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 4th of February, 1800, the rev. William Tasker, remarkable for his learning and eccentricity, died, aged 60, at Idlesleigh, in Devonshire, of which church he was rector near thirty years, though he had not enjoyed the income of the living till within five years before his death, in consequence of merciless and severe persecutions and litigations. "An Ode to the Warlike Genius of Britain, 1778," 4to., was the first effusion of his poetical talent. His translations of "Select Odes of Pindar and Horace" add to his reputation with the muses, whose smiles he courted by many miscellaneous efforts. He wrote "Arviragus," a tragedy, and employed the last years of his checkered life on a "History of Physiognomy from Aristotle to Lavater," wherein he illustrated the Greek philosopher's knowledge of the subject in a manner similar to that which he pursued in "An Attempt to examine the several Wounds and Deaths of the Heroes in the Iliad and Æneid, trying them by the Test of Anatomy and Physiology." These erudite dissertations contributed to his credit with the learned, but added nothing to his means of existence. He usually wore a ragged coat, the shirt peeping at the elbows, and shoes of a brownish black, sometimes tied with packthread. Having heard that his spirited "Ode to the Warlike Genius of Britain" had been read by the late king, George III., he presented himself, in his customary habit, on the esplanade at Weymouth, where it excited curiosity; and his majesty asking an attendant who that person was? Mr. Tasker approached, avowed his name, and obtained a gratifying reception. His productions evince critical skill, and a large portion of poetic furor. But he was af-

flicted and unsuccessful; frequently struggling with penury, and sometimes with oppression. His irritability subjected him to numerous mortifications, and inflicted on him many pangs unknown to minds of less feeling or less delicacy.

Mr. Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes," gives a letter he received from Mr. Tasker, dated from Iddesleigh, in December, 1798, wherein he says, "I continue in very ill health, and confined in my dreary situation at *Starvation Hall*, forty miles below Exeter, out of the verge of literature, and where even your extensive magazine ['The Gentleman's'] has never yet reached." The works he put forth from his solitude procured him no advancement in the church, and, in the agony of an excruciating complaint, he departed from a world insensible to his merits:—his widow essayed the publication of his works by subscription without effect. Such was the fate of an erudite and deserving parish priest, whose right estimation of honourable independence barred him from stooping to the meanness of flattery; he preserved his self-respect, and died without preferment, and in poverty.

A CHARACTER.

The Old Lady.

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence;—in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit,

a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season, an orange or apple, which, after many days, she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantle-piece also are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware, the man perhaps in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess:—the woman, holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds,—linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners,—a heap of pocket-books for a series of years,—and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes with enormous heels. The stock of letters are always under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room, is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground,—a folding or other screen with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways;—a stuffed bird perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her);—a portrait of her husband over the mantle-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat:—and opposite him, on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colours, the whole con-

cluding with an A B C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the Spectator and Guardian, the Turkish Spy, a Bible and Prayer-book, Young's Night-Thoughts, with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart, Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and perhaps Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa. John Bunce is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room-doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows also should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may sometimes see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella turning up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays; and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant, in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many, nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the marquiss of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments: is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She

likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c. and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her other children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great æras in her life,—her marriage,—her having been at court to see the king, queen, and royal family,—and a compliment on her figure she once received in passing from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If any thing takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs even for that. The last time but one that she went was to see the duke of Wirtemberg: and she has lately been, most probably for the last time of all, to see the princess Charlotte and prince Leopold. From this beatific vision, she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a sort of transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and daughter of England.—*Indicator*.

The Season.

Sudden storms of short duration, the last blusters of expiring winter, frequently occur during the early part of the present month. These gales and gusts are mostly noticed by mariners, who expect them, and therefore keep a good "look out for squalls." The observations of seamen upon the clouds, and of husbandmen on the natural appearances of the weather generally, would form an exceedingly curious and useful compendium of meteorological facts.

Stilling the Sea with Oil.

Dr. Franklin suggests the pouring of oil on the sea to still the waves in a storm, but, before he lived, Martin wrote an "Account of the Western Islands of Scotland," wherein he says, "The steward of *Kilda*, who lives in *Pabbay*, is accustomed in time of a storm to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl, to the end of his cable, and lets it fall into the sea behind the rudder; this, he says, hinders the waves from breaking, and calms the sea; but the scent of the grease attracts the whales, which put the vessel in danger."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 38° 34.

February 5.



Browne Willis, Esq. LL. D.

A Doctor in *Antiquity* was he,
And Tyson lined his head, as now you see.
Kind, good "collector!" why "collect" that storm?
No rude attempt is made to mar his form;
No *alteration*'s aim'd at here—for, though
The artist's touch has help'd to make it show,
The meagre contour only is supplied—
Is it improved?—compare, and then decide.
Had Tyson, "from the life," Browne Willis sketch'd,
And left him, like old Jacob Butler,* etch'd,
This essay had not been, to better trace
The only likeness of an honour'd face.

The present engraving, however unwinning its aspect as to drawing, is, in other respects, an improvement of the picture painted by Dahl. There is no other portrait of "the great original" published.
ate Mr. Michael Tyson's etching from a

* See "Every-Day Book," vol. I. p. 1308.

On the 5th of February, 1760, Dr. Browne Willis died at Whaddon hall, in the county of Bucks, aged 78; he was born at St. Mary Blandford, in the county of Dorset, on the 14th of September, 1682. He was unexcelled in eagerness of inquiry concerning our national antiquities, and his life was devoted to their study and arrangement. Some interesting particulars concerning the published labours and domestic habits of this distinguished individual, will be given in a subsequent sheet, with one of his letters, not before printed, accompanied by a facsimile of his handwriting.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39° 20.

February 6.

COLLOP MONDAY. See vol. i. p. 241.

The Rule of Health.

Rise early, and, take exercise in plenty,
But always take it with your stomach empty.
After your meals sit still and rest awhile,
And with your pipe a careless hour beguile.
To rise at light or five, breakfast at nine,
Lounge till eleven, and at five to dine,
To drink and smoke till seven, the time of tea,
And then to dance or walk two hours away
Till ten o'clock,—good hour to go to nest,
Till the next cock shall wake you from your rest.

On the virtues of tobacco its users enhance with mighty eloquence, and puff it bravely.

In praise of Tobacco.

Much food doth gluttony procure
to feed men fat like swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed
who on a leaf can dine.

He needs no rapkin for his hands,
his finger ends to wipe,
Who has his kitchen in a box,
his roast-meat in a pipe.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39° 47.

The Season and Smoking.

At this time, Dr. Forster says that people should guard against colds, and, above all, against the contagion of typhus and other fevers, which are apt to prevail in the early spring. "Smoking tobacco," he observes, "is a very salutary practice in general, as well as being a preventive against infection in particular. The German pipes are the best, and get better as they are used, particularly those made of merschaum, called *Ecume de Mer*. Next to these, the Turkey pipes, with long tubes, are to be recommended; but these are fitter for summer smoking, under the shade of trees, than for the fireside. The best tobacco is the Turkey, the Persian, and what is called Dutch canaster. Smoking is a custom which should be recommended in the close cottages of the poor, and in great populous towns liable to contagion.

February 7.

1826.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

Several of the customs and sports of this day are related in vol. i. p. 242-261. It is the last *meat* day permitted by the papacy before Lent, which commences to-morrow, and therefore in former times, full advantage was taken of the expiring opportunity to feast and make merry. Selden observes, "that what the church debars us one day, she gives us leave to eat another—first, there is a carnival, and then a Lent." This period is also recorded in the homely rhymes of Barnaby Googe.

Shrove-tide.

Now when at length the pleasant time
of Shrove-tide comes in place,
And cruell fasting dayes at hand
approach with solemne grace.

Then olde and yong are both as mad,
 as ghestes of Bacchus' feast,
 And foure dayes long they tipples square,
 and feede and never reast.
 Downe goes the hogges in every place,
 and puddings every wheare
 Do swarme: the dice are shakte and tost,
 and cardes apace they teare:
 In every house are showtes and cryes,
 and mirth, and revell route,
 And daintie tables spred, and all
 be set with ghestes aboute:
 With sundrie playes and Christmase games,
 and feare and shame away,
 The tongue is set at libertie,
 and hath no kinde of stay.

Naogeorgus.

The Great Seal in Danger.

February 7, 1677, about one in the morning, the lord chancellor Finch's mace was stolen out of his house in Queen-street; the seal laid under his pillow, so the thief missed it. The famous thief that did it was Thomas Sadler, he was soon after taken, and hanged for it at Tyburn on the 16th of March.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 37° 37.

February 8.

1826.—ASH WEDNESDAY,

The First Day of Lent.

To the particulars concerning this day, and the *ashes*, (in vol. i. p. 261,) is to be added, that the *ashes*, made of the branches of brushwood, properly cleansed, sifted, and consecrated, were worn four times a year, as at the beginning of Lent; and that on this day the people were excluded from church, husbands and wives parted bed, and the penitents wore sackcloth and *ashes*.†

According to the Benedictine rule, on *Ash Wednesday*, after sext, the monks were to return to the cloister to converse; but, at the ringing of a bell, be instantly silent. They were to unshoe themselves, wash their hands, and go to church, and make one common prayer. Then was to follow a religious service; after which the priest, having consecrated the ashes, and sprinkled holy water on them, was to

throw them on the heads of the monks, saying, "Remember that you are but dust, and to dust must return." Then "the procession" was to follow.*

In former times, on the evening of Ash Wednesday, boys used to run about with firebrands and torches.‡

Lent Assizes and Sessions.

These follow, in due course, after Hilary Term, which is within a week of its expiration. The importance of assize and sessions business is frequently interrupted by cases not more serious than

The Trial

Of Farmer Carter's Dog

PORTER

For Murder.

Edward Long, esq., late judge of the admiralty court of Jamaica, wrote and published this "Trial,"‡ which is now scarce, and here somewhat abridged from the original without other alteration.

He commences his report thus:—

County of SEX- }
 GOTHAM, ss. }

At a High Court of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol-Delivery, holden this — day of — 1771, at *Gotham-Hall*.

Present:

The Worshipful }
 J. Bottle, Esq. } PRESIDENT.

A. Noodle, }
 Mat o' the Mill, } Esqs., Just-asses and
 Osmyn Ponser, } Associates.

GAME-ACT Plaintiff
 versus

PORTER Defendant.

The Court being met, the indictment was read, which we omit, for sake of brevity.

Court. Prisoner, hold up your paw at the bar.

First Counsel. He is sullen, and refuses.

Court. Is he so? Why then let † constable hold it up, *nolens volens*.

[Which was done, according to order

Court. What is the prisoner's name?

Constable. P-P-Po-rt-er, an't please your worship.

Court. What does the fellow say?

Constable. Porter! an't please you; Porter!

* Life of Ant. a Wood.

† Fosbroke's British Monachism.

* Fosbroke's British Monachism. † Ibid.

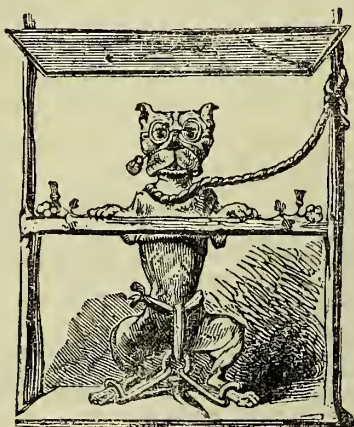
‡ Printed for T. Lowndes, 1771. 8vo.

Mat. He says Porter. It's the name of a liquor the London *kennel** much delight in.

Ponser. Ay, 'tis so; and I remember another namesake of his. I was hand in glove with him, I'll tell you a droll story about him—

Court. Hush, brother. *Culprit*, how will you be tried?

Counsel for the Prosecution. Please your worship, he won't say a word. *Stat mutus*—as mute as a fish.



Court. How?—what?—won't the dog speak? Won't he do what the court bids him? What's to be done? Is the dignity of this court to be trifled with in such a manner?

Counsel for Pros. Please your worships—it is provided by the statute in these cases, that when a culprit is stubborn, and refuses to plead, he is to be made to plead whether he will or no.

Court. Ay? How's that, pray?

Counsel for Pros. Why, the statute says—that he must first of all be *thumb-screwed*—

Court. Very good.

Counsel for Pros. If *that* will not do, he must be laid flat on his back, and squeezed, like a cheese in a press, with heavy weights.

Court. Very well. And what then?

Counsel for Pros. What then? Why, when all the breath is squeezed out of his body, if he should still continue dumb, which sometimes has been the case, he generally dies for want of breath.

Court. Very likely.

Counsel for Pros. And thereby saves the court a great deal of trouble; and the nation, the expense of a halter.

Court. Well, then, since the land stands thus—constable, twist a cord about the *culprit's*—

Counsel for Pros. Fore-paws.

Constable. Four paws? Why he has but two.

Court. Fore-paws, or fore-feet, block-head! and strain it as tight as you can, 'till you make him open his mouth.

[The constable attempted to enforce the order, but in drawing a little too hard, received a severe bite.]

Constable. 'Sblood and suet! He has snapped off a piece of my nose.

Court. Mr. Constable, you are within the statute of swearing, and owe the court one shilling.

Constable. *Zounds and death!* your worships! I could not help it for the blood o' me.

Court. Now you owe us two shillings.

Constable. That's a d——d bad plaster, your worships, for a sore nose!

Court. That being but *half* an oath, the whole fine amounts to two shillings and sixpence, or a half-crown bowl. So, without going further, if you are afraid of his teeth, apply this pair of *nut-crackers* to his tail.

Constable. I shall, your worships.

[He had better success with the tail, as will now appear.]

Prisoner. Bow, wow, wow, ow, wow!

Court. Hold! Enough. That will do.

It was now held that though the prisoner expressed himself in a strange language, yet, as he could speak no other, and as the law can not only make *dogs* to speak, but explain their meaning too, so the law understood and inferred that the prisoner pleaded *not guilty*, and put himself upon his trial. *Issue* therefore being joined, the *Counsel for the Prosecution* proceeded to address the Court; but was stopped by the other side.

Prisoner's Counsel. I take leave to *demur* to the jurisdiction of the court. If he is to have a trial *per pares*, you must either suppose their worships to be his *equals*, that is to say, not his *bettens*, which would be a great indignity, or else you must have a *venire* for a jury of *twelve dogs*. I think you are fairly caught in this dilemma.

* His worship meant *canaille*.

Counsel for Pros. By no means. It 's easily cured. We'll send the constable with a *Mandamus* to his *Grace's* kennel.

Pris. Counsel. They are *fox hounds*. Not the same species; therefore not his equals. I do not object to the *harriers*, nor to a *tales de circumstantibus*.

Counsel for Pros. That's artful, brother, but it won't take. I smoke your intention of *garbling* a jury. You know the *harriers* will be partial, and acquit your client at any rate. Neither will we have any thing to do with your *tales*.

Mat. No—no—you say right. I hate your *tales* and *tale-bearers*. They are a rascally pack altogether.

Counsel for Pros. Besides, the statute gives your worships ample jurisdiction in this case; and if it did not *give* it, your worships know how to *take* it, because the law says, *boni est judicis ampliari jurisdictionem*.

Pris. Counsel. Then—I *demur* for irregularity. The prisoner is a *dog*, and cannot be triable as a *man*—*ergo*, not within the intent of the statute.

Counsel for Pros. That's a poor subterfuge. If the statute respects a *man*, (*a fortiori*) it will affect a *dog*.

Ponser. You are certainly right. For when I was in the *Turkish* dominions, I saw an *Hebrew Jew* put to death for killing a *dog*, although *dog* was the aggressor.

Counsel for Pros. A case in point, please your worship. And a very curious and learned one it is. And the plain induction from it is this, that the *Jew* (who I take for granted was a *man*) being put to death for killing *dog*, it follows that said *dog* was as respectable a person, and of equal rank in society with the said *Jew*; and therefore—*ergo*—and moreover—That, said *dog*, so slain, was, to all and every purpose of legal inference and intendment, neither more nor less than—a *man*.

Court. We are all clearly of that opinion.

Counsel for Pros. Please your worships of the honourable bench. On *Saturday* the _____ day of *February* *inst.* on or about the hour of *five* in the afternoon, the deceased Mr. *Hare* was travelling quietly about his business, in a certain highway or road leading towards *Muckingham*; and then, and there, the prisoner at the bar being in the same road, in and upon the body of the deceased, with force and arms, a violent

assault did make; and farther, not having the fear of your worships before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of a devilish fit of hunger, he the said prisoner did him the said deceased, in the peace of our lord of the manor then and there being, feloniously, wickedly, wantonly, and of malice aforethought, tear, wound, pull, haul, touzle, masticate, macerate, lacerate, and dislocate, and otherwise evilly intreat; of all and singular which tearings, woundings, pullings, haulings, touzleings, mastications, and so forth, maliciously inflicted in manner and form aforesaid, the said *Hare* did languish, and languishing did die, in Mr. *Just-ass Ponser's* horsepond, to wit, and that is to say, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our said lord, his manor and dignity.

This, please your worships, is the purport of the indictment; to this indictment the prisoner has pleaded *not guilty*, and now stands upon his trial before this honourable bench.

Your worships will therefore allow me, before I come to call our evidence, to expatiate a little upon the heinous sin, wherewith the prisoner at the bar is charged. Hem!—To *murder*,—Ehem—To *murder*, may it please your worships, in Latin, is—is—*Murderare*;—or in the true and original sense of the word, *Murder-ha-re*. *H—*, as your worships well know, being not as yet raised to the dignity of a letter by any act of parliament, it follows that it plainly is no other than *Murder-a-re*, according to modern refined pronunciation. The very root and etymology of the word does therefore comprehend in itself a thousand volumes in folio, to show the nefarious and abominable guilt of the prisoner, in the commission and perpetration of this horrid fact. And it must appear as clear as sunshine to your worships, that the word *Murderare*, which denotes the prisoner's crime, was expressly and originally applied to that crime, and to *that* only, as being the most superlative of all possible crimes in the world. I do not deny that, since it first came out of the mint, it has, through corruption, been affixed to offences of a less criminal nature, such as *killing a man*, a *woman*, or a *child*. But the sense of the earliest ages having stamped *hare-murder*, or *murder-ha-re*, (as the old books have it,) with such extraordinary atrociousness, I am sure that

Just-asses of your worships' acknowledged and well-known wisdom, piety, erudition, and humanity, will not, at this time of the day, be persuaded to hold it less detestable and sinful. Having said thus much on the nature of the prisoner's *guilt*, I mean not to aggravate the charge, because I shall always feel due compassion for my *fellow-creatures*, however wickedly they may demean themselves.—I shall next proceed, with your worships' leave, to call our witnesses.—Call *Lawrence Lurcher* and *Toby Tunnel*.

Pris. Counsel. I must object to swearing these witnesses.—I can prove, they were both of them *drunk*, and *non compos*, during the whole evening, when this fact is supposed to have been committed.

Bottle. That will do you no service. I am very often *drunk* myself, and never more in my senses than at such times.

Court. We all agree in this point with brother *Bottle*.

[Objection overruled and witnesses sworn.]

Lurcher. As I, and *Toby Tunnel* here, was a going hoam to squire *Ponser's*, along the road, one evening after dark, we sees the prisoner at the bar, or somebody like him, lay hold of the deceased, or somebody like him, by the back, an't please your worships. So, says I, *Toby*, says I, that looks for all the world like one of 'squire *Ponser's* hares. So the deceased cried out pitifully for help, and jumped over a hedge, and the prisoner after him, growling and swearing bitterly all the way. So, says I, *Toby*, let's run after 'um. So I scrambled up the hedge; but *Toby* laid hold of my leg, to help himself up; so both of us tumbled through a thick furze bush into the ditch. So, next morning, as we was a going by the squire's, we sees the deceased in his worship's horse-pond.

Pris. Counsel. Are you sure he was dead?

Lurcher. Ay, as dead as my great grandmother.

Pris. Counsel. What did you do with the body?

Ponser. That's not a fair question. It ought not to be answered.

Lurcher. I bea'n't ashamed nor afeard to tell, not I. We carried it to his worship, squire *Ponser*; and his worship had him roasted, with a pudding in his belly, for dinner, that seame day.

Council for Pros. That is nothing to

the purpose. Have you any more questions for the witness?

Pris. Counsel. Yes, I have. Pray friend, how do you know the body you found was the very same you saw on the evening before?

Lurcher. I can't tell; but I'm ready to take my *bible oath* on't.

Pris. Counsel. That is a *princely* argument, and I shall ask you nothing farther.

Mrs. *Margery Dripping*, cook to his worship squire *Ponser*, deposed to the condition of the deceased.

DEFENCE

Prisoner's Counsel. Please your worships, I am counsel for the prisoner, who, in obedience to your worships' commands, has pleaded *not guilty*; and I hope to prove that his plea is a good plea; and that he must be acquitted by the justice of his cause. In the first place, the witnesses have failed in proving the prisoner's identity. Next, they have not proved the identity of the deceased. Thirdly, they do not prove who gave the wounds. Fourthly, nor to whom they were given. Fifthly, nor whether the party died of the wounds, if they were given, as supposed, to this identical *hare*. For, I insist upon it, that, because a *hare* was found in the squire's horse-pond, *non sequitur*, that he was killed, and thrown in by the defendant. Or, if they had proved that defendant had maliciously, and *animo furioso*, pursued the deceased into the horse-pond, it does not prove the *defendant* guilty of his death, because he might owe his death to the *water*; and therefore, in that case, the *pond* would be *guilty*; and if *guilty*, triable; and if triable, *punishable* for the same, and *not* my client. And I must say, (under favour,) that his *worship* would likewise be *particeps criminis*, for not having filled it up, to prevent such accidents. One evidence, who never saw the prisoner till now, nor the deceased till after the fact supposed to have happened, declares, he is sure the prisoner killed the deceased. And why? Because he is ready to take his *bible oath* on't. This is, to be sure, a very *logical* conviction.

Court. It is a very *legal* one, and that's better.

Pris. Counsel. I submit to your wisdoms. But I must conclude with observing, that admitting a part of the evidence to be true, viz. that the prisoner did meet

the deceased on the highway, and held some conference with him; I say, that supposing this, for argument sake; I do insist, that Mr. *Hare*, the deceased, was not following a lawful, honest business, at that late hour; but was wickedly and mischievously bent upon a felonious design, of trespassing on farmer *Carter's* ground, and stealing, consuming, and carrying off, his corn and his turnips. I further insist that the defendant, knowing this his felonious and evil machination, and being resolved to defend the property of his good friend and patron from such depredations, did endeavour to divert him from it. Which not being able to effect by fair means, he then was obliged to try his utmost, as a good subject and trusty friend, to seize and apprehend his person, and bring him, *per habeas corpus*, before your worships, to be dealt with according to law. But the deceased being too nimble for him, escaped out of his clutches, and tumbling, accidentally, in the dark, into his worship's horse-pond, was there *drowned*. This is, I do not doubt, a true history of the whole affair; and proves that, in the strictest construction of law, it can only be a case of *per infortunium*—unless your worships should rather incline to deem it a *felio de se*.

Noodle. *A fall in the sea!* No such thing: it was only a *horse-pond*, that's clear from the evidence.

Pris. Counsel. Howsoever your worships may think fit to judge of it, I do humbly conceive, upon the whole matter, that the defendant is *not guilty*; and I hope your worships, in your wisdoms, will concur with me in opinion, and acquit him.

The *Counsel for the Prosecution* replied in a long speech. He contended that Mr. *Hare*, the deceased, was a peaceable, quiet, sober, and inoffensive sort of a person, beloved by *king, lords, and commons*, and never was known to entertain any idea of robbery, felony, or depredation, but was innocently taking the air, one afternoon, for the benefit of his health, when he was suddenly accosted, upon his majesty's highway, by the prisoner, who immediately, and bloody-mindedly, without saying a syllable, made at him, with so much fury in his countenance, that the deceased was put in bodily fear; and being a lover of peace, crossed the other side of the way: the prisoner followed him close, and pressed him so hard, that he was obliged to fly over hedge and

ditch with the prisoner at his heels. It was at this very juncture they were observed by the two witnesses first examined. The learned counsel further affirmed from circumstances, which he contended amounted to *presumptive* evidence, that, after various turnings and windings, in his endeavour to escape, his foot slipped, and the prisoner seized him and inflicted divers wounds; but that the deceased finding means to get away, took to the pond, in order to swim across; when the prisoner, running round the pond incessantly, prevented his escape: so that, faint and languishing under his wounds and loss of blood, the hapless victim there breathed his last, in manner and form as the indictment sets forth. He also alleged that, as Mr. *Hare* lived within his worship's territory, where there are several more of the same family, he could not, therefore, be going to farmer *Carter's*; for that would have been absurd, when he might have got corn and turnips enough on his worship's own ground. Can there, said the learned gentleman, be a stronger, a weightier, a surer, a—a—a—?

Court. We understand you. It is as clear as *crystal*.

[Their worships in consultation.]

Court. Has the prisoner's counsel any thing further to offer in his behalf?

Pris. Counsel. Call farmer *Carter*.

Pray, farmer *Carter*, inform the court what you know of the prisoner's life, character, and behaviour.

Carter. I have known the prisoner these several years. He has lived in my house great part of the time. He was always sober—

Court. Never the *honestest* for that. Well, go on.

Carter. Sober, honest, sincere, trusty, and careful. He was one of the best and most faithful friends I ever knew. He has many a time deterred thieves from breaking into my house at night, and murdering me and my family. He never hated nor hurt any body but rogues and night-walkers. He performed a million of good offices for me, for no other recompense than his victuals and lodging; and seemed always happy and contented with what I could afford him, however scanty the provision. He has driven away many a *fox* that came to steal my geese and turkies; and, for taking care of a flock of sheep, there is not his equal in the county. In short, whenever he dies

I shall lose my best friend, my best servant, and most vigilant protector. I am positive that he is as innocent as a babe of the crime charged upon him; for he was with me that whole evening, and supped and slept at home. He was indeed my constant companion, and we were seldom or never asunder. If your worships please, I'll be *bail* for him from *five pounds to five hundred*.

Court. That cannot be: it is not a *bailable offence*. Have you any thing else to say, *Mr. Positive*?

Carter. Say? I think I've said enough, if it signified any thing.

Bottle. Drag him away out of hearing.

Carter. I will have justice! You, all of ye, deserve hanging more than your prisoner, and you all know it too.

Court. Away with him, constable.—*Scum of the earth! Base-born peasant!* [*Carter* is hauled out of the court, after a stout resistance.]

Court. A *sturdy beggar*! We must find out some means of *wiring* that fellow!

The Counsel for the Prosecution prayed sentence of death upon the *culprit* at the bar.

Court. How says the *statute*? Are we competent for this?

Counsel for Pros. The *statute* is, I confess, silent. But silence gives consent. Besides, this is a case of the first impression, and unprovided for by law. It is your duty, therefore, as good and wise magistrates of the *Hundreds of Gotham*, to supply this defect of the law, and to suppose that the law, where it says nothing, may be meant to say, whatever your worships shall be pleased to make it.

Bottle. It is now incumbent upon me to declare the opinion of this high and right worshipful court here assembled.

Shall the reptile of a dunghill, a paltry muckworm, a pitch-fork fellow, presume for to go for to keep a *dog*?—and not only a dog, but a dog that murders *hares*? Are these divine creatures, that are religiously consecrated to the mouths alone of squires and nobles, to become the food of garlic-eating rogues? It is a food, that nature and policy forbid to be contaminated by their profane teeth. It is by far too dainty for their *robustious* constitutions. How are our clayey lands to be turned up and harrowed, and our harvests to be got in, if our labourers, who should strengthen themselves with *beef and ale*, should come to be fed with *hare, partridge, and pheasant*? Shall we suffer our gians

to be nourished with mince-meat and pap? Shall we give our horses chocolate and muffins? No, gentlemen. The brains of labourers, tradesmen, and mechanics, (if they have any,) should ever be sodden and stupified with the grosser aliments of *bacon and dumplings*. What is it, but the spirit of *poaching*, that has set all the lower class, the *cunaille*, a hunting after *hare's-flesh*? You see the effects of it gentlemen; they are all run mad with *politics*, resist their rulers, despise their magistrates, and abuse us in every corner of the kingdom. If you had begun hanging of *poachers* ten years ago, d'ye think you would have had *one* left in the whole kingdom by this time? No, I'll answer for it; and your *hares* would have multiplied, till they had been as plenty as *blackberries*, and not left a stalk of corn upon the ground. This, gentlemen, is the very thing we ought to struggle for; that these insolent clowns may come to find, that the only *use* they are good for, is to furnish provision for these animals. In short, gentlemen, although it is not totally clear from the evidence, that the prisoner is *guilty*; nevertheless, *hanged* he must and ought to be, *in terrorem* to all other offenders.

Therefore let the *culprit* stand up, and hearken to the judgment of the court.

Constable. Please your worship, he's up.

Bottle. Porter! Thou hast been found *guilty* of a most daring, horrible, and atrocious crime. Thou hast, without being qualified as the law directs, and without licence or deputation from the *lord* of the *manor*, been *guilty* of shedding innocent blood. In so doing, thou hast broken the peace of the realm, set at naught the laws and statutes of thy country, and (what is more than all these) offended against these respectable personages, who have been sitting in judgment upon thee. For all this enormity of guilt, thy life doth justly become forfeit, to atone for such manifold injuries done to our most excellent constitution. We did intend, in *Christian* charity, to have given some moments for thy due repentance, but, as the hour is late, and *dinner ready*, now hear thy *doom*.

Thou must be led from the bar to the end of the room, where thou art to be *hanged* by the neck to yonder beam, *coram nobis*, till you are *dead, dead, dead!* *Hangman*, do your duty.

Constable. Please your worships, all is ready.

Ponser. Hoist away, then, hoist away.

[*Porter* is tucked up.]

Mat. Come, it seems to be pretty well over with him now. The constable has given him a jerk, and done his business.

Bottle. He's an excellent fellow.

Ponser. The best *informer* in the whole county.

Bottle. And must be well encouraged.

Ponser. He shall never want a *licence*, whilst *I* live.

Noodle. Come, shall we go to *dinner*?

Bottle. Ay—he'll never course *hares* again in this world. Gentlemen, the court is *adjourned*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPITAPH,

Composed by Sam. Snivel, the parish clerk, proposed to be put, at Farmer Carter's expense, on the unfortunate malefactor's tombstone :

Here lie the remains
of
honest PORTER ;
who,
after an innocent and well-spent life,
was dragged hither, and
tried,
for a *crime* never committed,
upon *laws* to which he was unamenable,
before *men* who were no judges,
found *guilty* without *evidence*,
and *hanged* without *mercy* :
to give to future ages an example,
that the spirit
of *Turkish* despotism, tyranny, and
oppression,
after glutting itself with the conquest of
liberty
in *British* men,
has stooped at length to wreak its bloody
vengeance
on *British* dogs !
Anno Dom. 1771.
Requiescat in pace !

S. S.

This humorous "Trial" was written in consequence of "a real event which actually took place, in 1771, near Chichester." The persons who composed the court are designated by fictitious names ; but to a copy of the pamphlet, in the possession of the editor of the *Every-day Book*, there is a manuscript-key to their identity. The affair is long past, and they are therefore added in italics.

'SQUIRES.

J. Bottle—*Butler*.

A. Noodle—*Aldridge*.

Mat o' the Mill—*Challen*.

O. *Ponser*—*Bridger*.

It appears that "the actors in the tragedy were well known by their nick-names, given in Mr. Long's pamphlet."

Edward Long, esq. was called to the bar in 1757, and sailed immediately for Jamaica, where he, at first, filled the post of private secretary to his brother-in-law, sir Henry Moore, bart., then lieutenant-governor of the island. He was afterwards appointed judge of the vice-admiralty court, and left the island in 1769. The remainder of his long life was spent in England, and devoted to literature. Mr. Long's first production was the facetious report of the case of "Farmer Carter's Dog Porter." He wrote ably on negro slavery, the sugar trade, and the state of the colonies ; but his most distinguished work is "The History of Jamaica," in three quarto volumes, which contains a large mass of valuable information, much just reasoning, and many spirited delineations of colonial scenery and manners, and is almost as rare as the curious and amusing tract that has contributed to the preceding pages. He was born on the 23d of August, 1734, at Rosilian, in the parish of St. Blaize, Cornwall, and died, on the 13th of March, 1813, at the house of his son-in-law, Henry Howard Molyneux, esq. M.P. of Arundel Park, Sussex, aged 79. Further particulars of his life, writings, and family, are in Mr. Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," and the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lxxiii., from whence this brief notice is extracted.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37 · 27.

February 9.

St. Apollonia.

She is called, by Butler, "the admirable Apollonia, whom old age and the state of virginity rendered equally venerable." He relates, that in a persecution of the Christians, stirred up by "a certain poet of Alexandria," she was seized, and all her *teeth* were beaten out, with threats that she should be cast into the fire, "if

she did not utter certain impious words ;” whereupon, of her own accord, she leaped into the flames. From this legend, St. Apollonia is become the patron saint of persons afflicted by *tooth-ach*.

In the “*Horæ B. Virginis*” is the following prayer :—

“**O** Saint Apollonia, by thy passion, obtain for us the remission of all the sins, which, with teeth and mouth, we have committed through gluttony and speech ; that we may be delivered from pain and gnashing of teeth here and hereafter ; and loving cleanness of heart, by the grace of our lips we may have the king of angels our friend. Amen.”

If her teeth and jaws in Romish churches be good evidence, St. Apollonia superabounded in these faculties ; the

number of the former is surprising to all who disbelieve that relics of the saints multiply of themselves. A church at Bononia possesses her *lower jaw*, “which is solemnly worshipped by the legate ;” St. Alban’s church at Cologne also has her *lower jaw*—each equally genuine and of equal virtue.

CHRONOLOGY.

1555. On the 9th of February in this year, Dr. Rowland Taylor, vicar of Hadleigh in Suffolk, one of the first towns in England that entertained the Reformation, suffered death there for resisting the establishment of papal worship in his church. The engraving beneath is a correct representation of an old stone commemorative of the event, as it appeared in 1825, when the drawing was made from it, by a gentleman who obligingly transmits it for the present purpose.



The Martyr's Stone at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

Besides the rude inscription on this old stone, as it is represented in the engraving, there is another on a neat monument erected by the side of the original in 1818.

The lines are as follows : they were supplied by the Rev. Dr. Hay Drummond rector of Hadleigh.

Mark this rude Stone, where Taylor dauntless stood,
Where Zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood :
Hadleigh ! that day, how many a tearful eye
Saw the lov'd Pastor dragg'd a Victim by ;
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past
"To the blind pair" his farewell alms were cast ;
His clinging flock e'en here around him pray'd
"As thou hast aided us, be God thine aid ;"

Nor taunts, nor bribes of mitred rank, nor stake,
 Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake :
 Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
 Like Holy Stephen's, seek the opening skies :
 There, fix'd in rapture, his prophetic sight
 Views Truth dawn clear, on England's bigot night ;
 Triumphant Saint ! he bow'd, and kiss'd the rod,
 And soar'd on Seraph-wing to meet his God.

Rowland Taylor was "a doctor in both the civil and canon lawes, and a right perfect divine." On induction to his benefice, he resided with his flock, "as a good shepherd abiding and dwelling among his sheep," and "not only was his word a preaching unto them, but all his life and conversation was an example of unfained christian life, and true holiness: he was void of all pride, humble and meeke as any child, so that none were so poore, but they might boldly, as unto their father, resort unto him; neither was his lowliness childish or fearfull; but, as occasion, time, and place required, he would be stout in rebuking the sinfull and evil doers, so that none was so rich, but he would tell him plainly his fault, with such earnest and grave rebukes as became a good curate and pastor." He continued in well-doing at Hadleigh during the reign of king Edward VI. till the days of queen Mary, when one Foster, a lawyer, and one John Clerk, of Hadley, "hired one Awerth, parson of Aldam, a right popish priest, to come to Hadley, and there to give the onset to begin again the popish masse: to this purpose they builded up, with all haste possible, the altar, intending to bring in their masse again about the Palme Munday." The altar was thrown down in the night, but on the following day it was replaced, and the Aldam priest entered the church, attended by Foster and Clerk, and guarded by men with swords and bucklers. Dr. Taylor, who was in his study, and ignorant of this irruption, hearing the church bells ring, repaired thither, and found the priest, surrounded by his armed force, ready to begin mass, against whom he was unable to prevail, and was himself thrust, "with strong hand, out of the church." Two days afterwards, he was summoned by Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, to come before him at London, and answer complaints. His friends counselled him to fly, but Taylor determined to meet his enemies, "and, to their beards, resist their false doings." He took

his departure amidst their weeping, "leaving his cure with a godly old priest named sir Richard Yeoman, who afterwards, for God's truth, was burnt at Norwich." On his appearance, bishop Gardiner, who was also lord chancellor, reviled him, "calling him knave, traitor, heretike, with many other villainous reproaches." Taylor listened patiently: at last he said, "My lord, I am neither traitor nor heretike, but a true subject, and a faithfull christian man; and am come, according to your commandment, to know what is the cause that your lordship hath sent for me?" The bishop charged upon him that he was married. "Yea," quoth Taylor, "that I thank God I am, and have had nine children, and all in lawful matrimony; and blessed be God that ordained matrimony." Then the bishop charged him with having resisted the priest of Aldam in saying mass at Hadleigh. Taylor also admitted this, and, after stout dispute, was committed to the king's bench, where he spent his time in praying, reading the scriptures, writing, preaching, and exhorting the prisoners to repentance and amendment of life. There he found "master Bradford," whom he comforted by his courage. While imprisoned, he was cited to appear "in the Arches at Bow church," and was carried thither, and "deprived of his benefice because he was married." On the 20th of January, 1555, Taylor was again taken before Gardiner and other bishops. He gives a long account of his disputations with them on that and like occasions. They urged him, and others with him, to recant: the prisoners refused, and "then the bishops read sentence of death upon them."

After condemnation, Dr. Taylor was "bestowed in the Clinker till it was toward night, and then he was removed to the counter by the Poultry." On the 4th of February, Bonner, bishop of London, came to the counter to degrade him; first wishing him to return to the church of

Rome, and promising him to sue for his pardon. Whereunto Taylor answered, "I woulde you and your fellowes would turne to Christ; as for me I will not turn to Antichrist." "Well," quoth the bishop, "I am come to degrade you, wherefore put on these vestures." "No," quoth doctor Taylor, "I will not." "Wilt thou not?" said the bishop. "I shall make thee, ere I goe." Quoth doctor Taylor, "You shall not, by the grace of God." Then Bonner caused another to put them on his back; and when thus arrayed, Taylor, walking up and down, said, "How say you, my lord, am I not a goodly fool? How say you, my masters; if I were in Cheap, should I not have boys enough to laugh at these apish toys, and toying trumpery?" The bishop proceeded, with certain ceremonies, to his purpose, till at the last, when, according to the form, he should have struck Taylor on the breast with his crosier, the bishop's chaplain said, "My lord, strike him not, for he will sore strike again." Taylor favoured the chaplain's suspicion. "The cause," said he, "is Christ's; and I were no good christian if I would not fight in my master's quarrel." It appears that "the bishop laid his curse upon him, but struck him not;" and after all was over, when he got up stairs, "he told master Bradford (for both lay in one chamber) that he had made the bishop of London afraid; for, saith he, laughingly, his chaplain gave him counsell not to strike with his crosier-staff, for that I would strike again; and by my troth, said he, rubbing his hands, I made him believe I would doe so indeed."

Thus was Taylor still cheerful from rectitude. In the afternoon his wife, his son, and John Hull his servant, were permitted to sup with him. After supper, walking up and down, he impressively exhorted them, with grave advice, to good conduct and reliance on Providence. "Then they, with weeping tears, prayed together, and kissed one the other; and he gave to his wife a book of the church service, set out by king Edward, which in the time of his imprisonment he daily used; and unto his sonne Thomas he gave a latine booke, containing the notable sayings of the old martyrs, gathered out of *Ecclesiastica Historia*; and in the end of that booke he wrote his testament and last vale." In this "vale," dated the 5th of February, he says to his family, "I goe before, and you shall follow after, to our

long home. I goe to the rest of my children. I have bequeathed you to the onely Omnipotent." In the same paper he tells his "dear friends of Hadley, to remain in the light opened so plainly and simply, truly, thoroughly, and generally in all England," for standing in which he was to die in flames.

In the morning at two o'clock, the sheriff of London with his officers brought him, without light, from the counter to Aldgate. His wife, suspecting that he would be carried away thus privately, had watched, from the time they had parted, within the porch of St. Botolph's church, having her daughter Mary with her, and a little orphan girl named Elizabeth, whom the honest martyr had reared from three years old to her then age of thirteen: and when the sheriff and his company came nigh to where they stood, the child Elizabeth cried, "O my dear father! Mother, mother, here is my father led away." The darkness being so great that the one could not see the other, his wife cried, "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" Taylor answered, "Dear wife! I am here," and he stayed; and the sheriff's men would have forced him, but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, my masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife." Then he took his daughter Mary in his arms, and he, and his wife, and the orphan girl kneeled and prayed; and the sheriff, and many who were present, wept; and he arose and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience; God shall stir up a father for my children." He had three others, besides his daughter Mary and the young Elizabeth. He then kissed Mary, and then Elizabeth, and he bade them, also, farewell, and enjoined them to stand steadfast in their faith. His weeping wife said, "God be with thee, dear Rowland, I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh." Then he was led on to the Wool-sack inn, at Aldgate, where he was put in a chamber, under the custody of four yeomen of the guard and the sheriff's men. Here his wife again desired to see him, but was restrained by the sheriff, who otherwise treated her with kindness, and offered her his own house to abide in; but she preferred to go to her mother's, whither two officers conducted her, charging her mother to keep her within till their return.

Meantime

the chamber he prayed; and he remained at the inn until the sheriff of Essex was ready to receive him. At eleven o'clock the inn gates were shut, and then he was put on horseback within the gates. When they arrived outside, Taylor saw his son Thomas standing against the rails, in the care of his man John Hull; and he said, "Come hither, my son Thomas." John Hull lifted the child up, and set him on the horse before his father; and Taylor put off his hat, and spoke a sentence or two to the people in behalf of matrimony, and then he lifted up his eyes and prayed for his son, and laid his hat on the child's head, and blessed him. This done he delivered the child to John Hull, whom he took by the hand, and he said to him, "Farewell, John Hull, the faithfullest servant that ever man had." Having so said, he rode forth with the sheriff of Essex and the yeomen of the guard to go to his martyrdom in Suffolk.

When they came near to Brentwood, one Arthur Taysie, who had been servant to Taylor, supposing him free, took him by the hand and said, "Master Doctor, I am glad to see you again at liberty;" but the sheriff drove him back. At Brentwood, a close hood was put over Taylor's face, with holes for his eyes to look out at, and a slit for his mouth to breathe through. These hoods were used at that place to be put on the martyrs that they should not be known, and that they should not speak to any one, on the road to the burning-places.

Yet as they went, Taylor was so cheerful, and talked to the sheriff and his guards in such wise, that they were amazed at his constancy. At Chelmsford they met the sheriff of Suffolk, who was there to carry him into his county. At that time he supped with the two sheriffs. The sheriff of Essex laboured during supper to persuade him to return to queen Mary's religion, telling him that all present would use their suit to the queen for his pardon, nor doubted they could obtain it. The sheriff reminded him, that he had been beloved for his virtues, and honoured for his learning; that, in the course of nature, he was likely to live many years; and that he might even be higher esteemed than ever; wherefore he prayed him to be advised: "This counsel I give you," said the sheriff, "of a good heart and good will towards you;" and, thereupon he drank to him; and the yeomen of the guard said, "In like manner,

upon that condition, master Doctor, we all drink to you." When they had so done, and the cup came to Taylor, he staid awhile, as studying what he might say, and then answered thus: "Master sheriff, and my masters all, I heartily thank you for your good will. I have hearkened to your words and marked well your counsels; and to be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself, and am likely to deceive a great many of their expectation." At these words they were exceedingly glad. "Would ye know my meaning plainly?" he said. "Yea, good master Doctor," answered the sheriff, "tell it us plainly." "Then," said Taylor, "I will tell you:" and he said, that, as his body was of considerable bulk, and as he thought, if he had died in his bed, it would have been buried in Hadleigh church-yard, so he had deceived himself; and, as there were a great many worms there abiding, which would have mealed handsomely upon him, so they, as well as himself, were deceived; "for" said he, "it must be burnt to ashes, and they will thereby lose their feeding." The sheriff and his company were thereupon astonished at him, as being a man without fear of death, and making a jest of the flames. During their progress, many gentlemen and magistrates were admitted to see him, and entreated him, in like manner, but he remained immovable.

Thus they drew near to Hadleigh: and when they rode over Hadleigh bridge, a poor man with his five small children awaited their coming. When they saw Taylor, they all fell down on their knees and held up their hands, and cried aloud, "God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The streets of Hadleigh were crowded on each side by men and women, of the town and country, sorely weeping, and with piteous voices loudly bewailing the loss of their pastor, praying that he might be strengthened and comforted in his extremity, and exclaiming, "What shall become of this wicked world!" Taylor said, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come to seal it with my blood." When he came to the almshouses, he put some money, that had been bestowed on him during his imprisonment, into a glove, and this he is said to have given to the poor almsmen as they stood at their doors, to see their wonted benefactor pass. At the

last of the almshouses he inquired, "Is the blind man, and blind woman, that dwelt here, alive?" He was answered, "Yes; they are there, within." Then he threw glove and all in at the window, and so rode forth towards the field of his death.

Coming where a great multitude were assembled, he asked, "What place is this, and what meaneth it that so much people are gathered hither?" It was answered, "This is Aldham common, the place where you must suffer." He said, "Thanked be God, I am even at home." Then he alighted from his horse, and with both his hands rent the hood from his head. His hair was unseemly, for Bonner, when he degraded him, had caused it to be clipped in manner of a fool's. At the sight of his ancient and reverend face, and his long white beard, the people burst into tears, and prayed for him aloud. He would have spoken to them, but whenever he attempted, one or other of the yeomen of the guard thrust a tipstaff into his mouth.

Then he desired licence to speak, of the sheriff; but the sheriff refused him, and bade him remember his promise to the council: "Well," quoth Taylor, "promise must be kept." What the promise was is unknown. Seating himself on the ground he called to one in the crowd, "Soyce, I pray thee come and pull off my boots, and take them for thy labour; thou hast long looked for them, now take them." Then he arose, and putting off his underclothes, them also he bestowed. This done, he cried with a loud voice, "Good people! I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." One Holmes, a yeoman of the guard, who had used him cruelly all the way, then struck him a violent blow on the head "with a waster," and said, "Is that the keeping of thy promise, thou heretick?" Whereupon Taylor knelt on the earth and prayed, and a poor, but faithful woman, stepped from among the people to pray with him: the guards would fain have thrust her away, they threatened to tread her down with their horses, but she was undismayed, and would not remove, but remained and prayed with him. Having finished his devotions he went to the stake, and kissed it, and placed himself in a pitch-barrel

which had been set for him to stand in; and he stood with his back upright against the stake, and he folded his hands together, and he lifted his eyes towards heaven, and he prayed continually. Then they bound him with chains, and the sheriff called one Richard Donningham, a butcher, and commanded him to set up the faggots, but he said, "I am lame, sir, and not able to lift a faggot." The sheriff threatened to send him to prison, but the man refused to obey his command notwithstanding. Then the sheriff appointed to this labour one Mullcine of Carsey, "a man for his virtues fit to be a hangman." Soyce, a very drunkard, a man named Warwick, and one Robert King, "a deviser of interludes." These four set up the faggots, and prepared for making ready the fire, and Warwick cast a faggot at the martyr, which lit upon his head and wounded his face, so that the blood ran down. Taylor said, "O, friend! I have harm enough, what needed that?" Then, while he repeated the psalm *Miserere*, in English, sir John Shelton struck him on the mouth: "You knave," said he, "speak Latin; or I will make thee." At last they set the faggots on fire, and Taylor, holding up both his hands, called on God, crying, "Merciful Father of Heaven! for Jesus Christ our saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands!" He stood, during his burning, without crying or moving, till Soyce struck him on the head with a halberd, and the brains falling out, the corpse fell down into the fire.*

While some may deem this narrative of Rowland Taylor's conduct too circumstantial, others perhaps may not so deem. It is to be considered as exemplifying the manners of the period wherein the event occurred, and may at least be acceptable to many. It will assuredly be approved by a few who regard inflexible adherence to principle, at the hazard of death itself, as preferable to a conscience-consuming subserviency, which, while it truckles to what the mind judges to be false, depraves the heart, and saps the foundations of public virtue.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59° 05.

* Acts and Monuments.

February 10.

Biographical Notice.

1818. On this day died in London, captain Thomas Morris, aged 74, a man of highly cultivated mind, who was born in its environs, and for whom when young a maternal uncle, of high military rank, procured an ensigncy. He beat for recruits at Bridgewater, and enlisted the affections of a Miss Chubb of that town, whom he married. He was ordered with his regiment to America, where he fought by the side of general Montgomery.

Captain Morris at one time was taken by the Indians, and condemned to the stake; at the instant the women and children were preparing to inflict its tortures, he was recognised by an old sachem, whose life he had formerly saved, and who in grateful return pleaded so powerfully in his behalf, that he was unbound and permitted to return to his friends, who had given him up for lost. He published an affecting narrative of his captivity and sufferings; yet he was so attached to the Indian mode of life, that he used to declare they were the only human beings worthy of the name of MEN. On his return from America to England, he quitted the army and gave himself to literary studies, and the conversation of a few enlightened friends. In the midst of "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," he often sighed for the grand imagery of nature, the dashing cataracts of Columbia, the wild murmurs of rivers rolling through mountains, woods, and deserts. Having met with some disappointments which baffled his philosophy, he sought a spot for retirement, and found it in a nursery garden, at Paddington. Here in a small cottage, he compared Pope's translation of Homer with the original, in which he was assisted by Mr. George Dyer, a gentleman well qualified for so pleasing a task. In this pursuit he passed some years, which he declared were the happiest of his life.

With partiality for the dead languages, he was sensible to the vigour and copiousness of his own: he translated Juvenal into English, and enriched it with many notes, but it was never printed. He published a little poem, entitled "*Quashy, or the Coal-black Maid,*" a pathetic West India story. He lived in the style of a gentleman, and left a handsome sum to his children.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39° 92.

February 11.

CHRONOLOGY

1763. William Shenstone, the poet, died at his celebrated residence the Leasowes, near Hagley, in Worcestershire. He was born at Hales Owen, Shropshire, in 1714.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 00.

February 12.

1826.—*First Sunday in Lent.*

The communion service of the church of England for the Sundays in Lent, was extracted from the offices appointed for these Sundays by the missal of Sarum, excepting the collect for the first Sunday, which was composed by the compilers of the liturgy, and also excepting the gospel for the second Sunday

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38° 37.

February 13.

Valentine's Eve.

1826. Hilary term ends. Cambridge term begins.

VALENTINE'S EVE AT SWAFFHAM.

For the Every-Day Book.

At Swaffham in Norfolk it is customary to send valentines on this evening. Watching for a convenient opportunity, the door is slyly opened, and the valentine, attached to an apple or an orange, is thrown in; a loud rap at the door immediately follows, and the offender, taking to his heels, is off instantly. Those in the house, generally knowing for what purpose the announcing rap was made, commence a search for the juvenile billet doux: in this manner, numbers are disposed of by each youth. By way of teasing the person who attends the door, a white oblong square, the size of a letter, is usually chalked on the step of the door, and, should an attempt be made to pick it up, great amusement is thus afforded to some of the urchins, who are generally watching.

K.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38 · 10.

February 14.

OLD CANDLEMAS DAY.

Valentine.

Referring to vol. i. from p. 215 to 230, for information concerning the origin of this festival of lovers, and the manner wherein it is celebrated, a communication is subjoined concerning a custom now observed in Norfolk.

VALENTINE'S DAY AT LYNN.*For the Every-Day Book.*

Independent of the homage paid to St. Valentine on this day at Lynn, (Norfolk,) it is in other respects a red-letter day amongst all classes of its inhabitants, being the commencement of its great annual mart. This mart was granted by a charter of Henry VIII., in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, "to begin on the day next after the feast of the purification of the blessed virgin Mary, and to continue six days next following," (though now it is generally prolonged to a fortnight.) Since the alteration of the style, in 1752, it has been proclaimed on Valentine's day. About noon, the mayor and corporation, preceded by a band of music, and attended by twelve decrepit old men, called from their dress "Red coats," walk in procession to proclaim the mart, concluding by opening the antiquated, and almost obsolete court of "Piepowder." Like most establishments of this nature, it is no longer attended for the purpose it was first granted, business having yielded to pleasure and amusement. Formerly Lynn mart and Stourbridge (Stirbitch) fair,* were the only places where small traders in this and the adjoining counties, supplied themselves with their respective goods. No transactions of this nature now take place, and the only remains to be perceived, are the "mart prices," still issued by the grocers. Here the thrifty housewives, for twenty

miles round, laid in their annual store of soap, starch, &c., and the booth of "Green" from Limehouse, was for three generations the emporium of such articles; but these no longer attend. A great deal of money is however spent, as immense numbers of persons assemble from all parts. Neither is their any lack of incitements to unburthen the pockets: animals of every description, tame and wild, giants and dwarfs, tumblers, jugglers, peep-shows, &c., all unite their attractive powers, in sounds more discordant than those which annoyed the ears of Hogarth's "enraged musician."

The year 1796 proved particularly unfortunate to some of the inhabitants of Marshland who visited the mart. On the evening of February 23, eleven persons, returning from the day's visit, were drowned by the upsetting of a ferryboat; and on the preceding day a man from Tilney, going to see the wild beasts, and putting his hand to the lion's mouth, had his arm greatly lacerated, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces.

In the early part of the last century, an old building, which, before the reformation, had been a hall belonging to the guild of St. George, after being applied to various uses, was fitted up as a theatre, (and by a curious coincidence, where formerly had doubtless been exhibited, as was customary at the guild feasts, religious mysteries and pageants of the catholic age, again was exhibited the mysteries and pageants of the protestant age,) during the mart and a few weeks afterwards; but with no great success, as appears by an anecdote related of the celebrated George Alexander Stevens. Having in his youthful days performed here with a strolling company, who shared amongst them the receipts of the house, after several nights' performance to nearly empty benches, while performing the part of Lorenzo, in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," he thus facetiously parodied the speech of Lorenzo to Jessica, in the fifth act, as applicable to his distressed circumstances:

"Oh Jessica! in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've shar'd but half a crown;
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we longer stay, they'll starve us quite."

* In 1510, a suit at law took place between Lynn and Cambridge respecting the toll of Stirbitch fair; the precise ground of the dispute and the termination are not stated.

This neglect of the drama is not, however, to be attributed to the visitors or the inhabitants at the present day, a very elegant and commodious theatre having been erected in 1814, at a considerable expense, in another part of the town. But even here, a fatality attends our catholic ancestors, indicative of the instability of all sublunary affairs. The theatre has been erected on the site of the cloisters and cemetery of the grey friars' monastery, the tall, slender tower of which is still standing near, and is the only one remaining out of ten monasteries found in

Lynn at the dissolution; where, but for the lustful rapacity of that tyrannical "defender of the faith," Henry VIII., this sacred asylum of our departed ancestors would not have been profaned, nor their mouldering particles disturbed, by a building as opposite to the one originally erected, as darkness is to light. Thus time, instead of consecrating, so entirely obliterates our veneration for the things of yesterday, that the reflecting mind cannot forbear to exclaim with the moralist of old,—"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

K.



David Love, of Nottingham,

Aged 74, A. D. 1824.

"Here's David's likeness for his book,
All those who buy may at it look,
As he is in his present state,
Now printed from a copper-plate."

These lines are beneath the portrait from whence the above engraving is taken. It is a very faithful likeness of David Love, only a little too erect:—not quite enough of the stoop of the old man of 76 in it,—but it is a face and a figure which will be recognised by thousands in Nottingham and Nottinghamshire. The Vol. II.—60.

race of the old minstrels has been long extinct;—that of the ballad-singers is fast following it—yet David is both one and the other. He is a bard and a caroller,—a wight who has wandered over as many hills and dales as any of the minstrels and troubadours of old;—a man who has sung, when he had cause enough for cry-

ing—wh: has seen many ups and downs, and has seldom failed to put his trials and hardships into rhyme. He is the poet of poverty and patience—teaching experience. He has seen the

“huts where poor men lie”

all his life; yet he has never ceased to chant as he proceeded on his painful pilgrimage, like the “nightingale with a thorn in her breast” It is true, he does not carry his harp to accompany his strains, but he carries his life, “The Life, Adventures, and Experience of David Love, written by Himself. Fifth edition:” and well doth it deserve both its title and sale. A curious, eventful story of a poor man’s it is. First he is a poor parent-deserted lad; then he has wormed himself into good service, and afterwards into a coal-pit, where he breaks his bones and almost crushes out life; then he is a traveller, a shopkeeper, a soldier fighting against the Highland rebels; he falls in love, gets into wedlock and a workhouse, is never in despair, and never out of trouble; with a heart so buoyant, that, like a cork on a boisterous flood, however he might be plunged into the depths, he is sure to rise again to the surface, and in all places and cases still pours out his rhymes—pictures of scenes around him, strange cabins and strange groups, love verses, acrostics, hymns, &c.

“I have composed many rhymes,
On various subjects, and the times,
And call’d the trials of prisoners’ crimes
The cash to bring;
When old I grew, composed hymns,
And them did sing.”

So David sped, and so he speeds now in his 77th year, only that his travels have left him finally fixed at Nottingham. His wars and his loves have vanished; his circle of action has annually become more and more contracted; till, at length, the town includes the whole field of his perambulations, and even that is almost more than his tottering frame can traverse. Yet there he is! and the stranger who visits Nottingham will be almost sure to see him, as represented in the print, crossing the market-place, with a parcel of loose papers in his hand;—a rhyming account of the last Goose Fair, a flood, an execution, or *one* of David’s own marriages,—for be it known to thee, gentle reader, that David *Love* has been a true son of the family of the *Loves*. He has not sung his amatory lays for naught; he

has captivated the hearts of no less than three damsels, and he has various and memorable experience in wives.

David, like many of our modern geniuses, is a Scotchman. He tells us that he was born near Edinburgh, but the precise place he affects not to know. The fact is, he is not very strong in his faith that, as he has tasted the sweets of a parish, he cannot be removed, and thinks it best to keep his birth-place secret: but the spot is Torriburn, on the Forth, the Scotch Highgate. David “has been to mair toons na Torriburn,” as the Scotch say, when they intimate that they are not to be gulled.

After sustaining many characters in the drama of life whilst yet very young, a schoolmaster among the rest, he fairly flung himself and his genius upon the world, and rambled from place to place in Scotland, calling around him all the young ears and love-darting eyes by his original ballads. It was a dangerous life, and David did not escape scatheless.

“At length so very bold I grew,
My songs exposed to public view,
And crowds of people round me drew,
I was so funny;
From side to side I nimbly flew
To catch the monee.”

And he caught not only money, but matrimony,—and such a wife! alas! for poor David!

“As she always will rule the roast,
I’d better be tied to a post,
And whipped to death,
Than with her tongue to be so tossed,
And bear her wrath.
She called me both rogue and fool,
And over me she strove to rule;
I sat on the repenting stool—
There tears I shed;
Sad my complaint, I said, O dool!
That e’er I wed.”

The next step evidently enough was enlisting, which he did into the duke of Buccleugh’s regiment; where, he says, he distinguished himself by writing a song in compliment of the regiment and its noble commander, concluding with,

“Now, at the last, what do you think
Of the author, David Love?”

And whenever the duke and the officers saw him, they were sure to point, and say “What do you think of the author, David Love?” These seem to have been David’s golden days. Not only—

“One hand the pen, and one the sword did wield,”

but he was also an actor of plays for the amusement of the officers. However, his discharge came, and adventures crowded thickly upon him. He traversed England in all directions, married a second and a third time, figured away in London and Edinburgh, and finally in Nottingham, with ballads and rhymes of his own composing; saw the inside of a prison, was all but hanged for his suspicious and nomadic poverty, and after all, by his own showing, is now to be classed with the most favoured of mortals:—

“I am now 76 years of age, and I both see and hear as well as I did thirty years ago. My wife is aged about fifty, and has been the space of a year in tolerable health. She works hard at her silk-wheel, to assist me; is an excellent housewife; gossips none: cleanly in cooking, famous at washing, good at sewing, marking, and mending her own and children's clothes. For making markets none can equal her. Consults me in every thing, to find if I think it right, before she proceeds to buy provisions, or clothes; strives to please me in every thing; and always studies my welfare, rejoicing when I am in health, grieved when I am pained or uneasy. She is my tender nurse to nourish me, my skilful doctress to administer relief when I am in sickness or in pain; in short, a better wife a poor man never had.”

Truly, David, I think so too! A happy man art thou to be possessed of such an incomparable helpmate; and still happier that, unlike many a prouder bard, thou art sensible of thy blessings.

To show that although our minstrel often invokes the muse to paltry subjects for paltry gains, yet he can sometimes soar into a higher region, I give the following:—

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

The substance thereof being founded on fact

I'll tell you who I saw last night,
As I lay sleeping on my bed;
A shining creature all in light,
To me she seemed a heavenly maid.

I meet her tripping o'er the dew,
Fine as a queen of May, mamma;
She saw, she smiled, she to me flew,
And bade me come away, mamma.

I looked, I loved, I blushed awhile,
Oh! how could I say no, mamma?
She spoke so sweet, so sweet did smile,
I was obliged to go, mamma.

For love my tender heart beguiled,
I felt unusual flames, mamma;
My inward fancy turned so wild,
So very strange my dream, mamma.

Indeed I was, I know not how,
Oh had you only been with me;
Such wonders opened to my view,
As few but holy angels see.

Methought we wandered in a grove,
All green with pleasant fields, mamma;
In joyful measures on we move,
As music rapture yields, mamma.

She took me in her snow-white hand,
Then led me through the air mamma,
Far higher above sea and land,
Than ever eagles were, mamma.

The sea and land, with all their store,
Of rivers, woods, and lofty hills,
Indeed they did appear no more
Than little streams or purling rills.

I sought my dear papa's estate,
But found it not at all, mamma;
The world in whole seemed not so great
As half a cannon-ball, mamma.

We saw the sun but like a star,
The moon was like a mustard seed;
Like Elias in his fiery car,
All glorious winged with light'ning speed.

Swift as our thoughts, oh joyful day.
We glanced through all the boundless
spheres;
Their music sounding all the way,
Heaven sweetly rushing in our ears,

Now opens, and all we saw before
Were lost entirely to our view;
The former things are now no more,
To us all things appeared new.

No death is there, nor sorrow there,
E'er to disturb the heavenly bliss,
For death, sin, hell, and sorrow are,
Entirely lost in the abyss.

With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines
Clothed in eternal bloom, mamma;
For there the sun of glory shines,
And all the just with him, mamma.

I saw my sister Anna there,
A virgin in her youthful prime;
More than on earth her features fair,
And like the holy angels' fine.

*Her robe was all a flowing streak
Of silver dipt in light, mamma,*
But ah! it 'woke me from my dream,
It shone so strong and bright, mamma.

With this specimen of David's poetical faculties, I leave him to the kind consideration of the well disposed.

January, 1826.

M. T.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37 · 42.

February 15.

1826. *Ember Week.*

Ember weeks are those in which the Ember days fall. A variety of explanations have been given of the word *Ember*, but Nelson prefers Dr. Marechal's, "who derives it from the Saxon word importing, *a circuit or course*; so that these fasts being not occasional, but returning every year in certain courses, may properly be said to be Ember days, because fasts in course." The Ember days are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, and after the 13th of December. It is enjoined by the xxxi. canon of the church, "that deacons and ministers be ordained, or made, but only on the Sundays immediately following these Ember feasts."*

1731. Their majesties king George II. and the queen, being desirous of seeing "the noble art of printing," a printing press and cases were put up at St. James's palace on the 15th of February, and the duke (of York) wrought at one of the cases, to compose for the press a little book of his own writing, called "The Laws of Dodge-Hare." The two youngest princes, likewise, composed their names, &c., under the direction of Mr. S. Palmer, a printer, and author of the "History of Printing," which preceded Mr. Ames's more able work.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 22.

February 16.

CHRONOLOGY.

A question was carried in the house of commons for building a bridge over the Thames, from Palace-yard to the Surrey side. During the debate, that river overflowed its banks by reason of a strong spring tide; the water was higher than ever known before, and rose above two feet in Westminster-hall, where the courts being sitting, the judges, &c. were obliged to be carried out. The water

came into all the cellars and ground rooms near the river on both sides, and flowed through the streets of Wapping and Southwark, as its proper channel; a general inundation covered all the marshes and lowlands in Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, and some thousands of cattle were destroyed, with several of their owners in endeavouring to save them. The tide being brought in by a strong wind at N.W. was the highest in Lincolnshire of any for 135 years past. Seventeen breaches were made, about sunrise, in the banks of the river between S alding and Wisbech, with several between Wisbech and Lynn, and irreparable damage done; some graziers having lost all their cattle. At Clay, in Norfolk, waters came over the great beach, almost demolished the town, and left nine feet of water in the marshes. At Gold Ongar, Essex, Mr. Cooper, and four of his servants, were drowned in endeavouring to save some sheep, the sea wall giving way of a sudden. The little isles of Candy and Foulness, on the coast of Essex, were quite under water; not a hoof was saved thereon, and the inhabitants were taken from the upper part of their houses into boats. The particular damages may be better conceived than related.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38 · 90.

February 17.

Sittings after Term.

On the day after the expiration of every term, the courts of law continue to sit at Westminster, and try causes; and some judges come into London at the same time, for the same purpose. These sittings are called the "sittings after term," and during these periods, suits, arising out of clashing claims of important interests, are usually decided by the verdicts of special juries, and other litigations are disposed of.

The origin and progress of every possible action, in a court of law, are succinctly portrayed by "the Tree of Common Law"—an engraving in vol. i. p. 234. It stands there for "ornament and use;"—there are plenty of books to explain technical terms, and show the practice of the courts; any uninformed person,

* Audley's Companion to the Almanac.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine

therefore, may easily obtain further information as to the modes; and any respectable attorney will advise an inquirer, who states all the particulars of his case, concerning the costs of attempting to sue or defend, and the chances of success. After proceeding so far, it will be requisite to pause, and then, as paramount to the legal advice, common sense should weigh consequences well, before giving "instructions to sue," or "defend," in

— that wide and pathless maze
Where law and custom, truth and fiction,
Craft, justice, strife, and contradiction,
With every blessing of confusion,
Quirk, error, quibble, and delusion,
Are all, if rightly understood,
Like jarring ministers of state,
'Mid anger, jealousy, and hate,
In friendly coalition joined,
To harmonize and bless mankind.

To some "whimsical miscellanies," subjoined at the place aforesaid, can be added or annexed, more or many others, of the same or the like kind. The realities of law may be relieved by the pleasures of imagination, and the heaviness of the "present sittings" be enlivened by a *reported* case, in the words of the reporter, (*Stevens's Lect.*) premising, however, that he first publicly stated, with his head in his wig, and with a nosegay in his hand,

"Law is—law,—law is law, and as, in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it." The same learned authority observes, that the case before referred to, and hereafter immediately stated, came before him, that is to say,

Bullum v. Boatum.

Boatum v. Bullum.

There were two farmers, farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of

hay, twisted rope fashion, or as we say, *volgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer A's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he eat up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard. Thereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull, and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat.

At trial of these causes, *Bullum v. Boatum*, *Boatum v. Bullum*, the counsel for the bull began with saying,

"*My lord*, and you, *gentlemen of the jury*,

"We are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat affirmed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because the declaration did not specify of what colour he was; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, of what colour could the bull be? I overruled this objection myself (says the reporter) by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. The causes went to reference and any th

award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away. According to the legal maxim, there cannot be a wrong without a remedy, I therefore advised a fresh case to be laid before me, and was of opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a right of action against the water-bailiff.

Upon this opinion an action was commenced, and this point of law arose, how, whether, when, and whereby, or by whom, the facts could be proved on oath, as the boat was not *compos mentis*. The evidence point was settled by Boatum's attorney, who declared that for his client he would swear any thing.

At the trial, the water-bailiff's charter was read, from the original record in true law Latin, to support an averment in the declaration that the plaintiffs were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The water-bailiff's charter stated of him and of the river, whereof or wherein he thereby claimed jurisdiction, as follows:—*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, fishibus, qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel sal-tibus, riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimp, turbutus solus*; that is, *not turbot alone, but turbot and soals* both together. Hereupon arose a nicety of law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; and thereupon, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed, by the court, to begin again, *de novo*.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37 · 82.

February 18.

Revivification of Trees.

Mr. Arthur Aikin, in his "Natural History of the Year," narrates the first vital function in trees on the conclusion of winter. This is the *ascent of the sap* after the frost is moderated, and the earth sufficiently thawed. The absorbent vessels composing the *inner bark* reach to the extremity of the fibres of the roots,

and thus, through the roots, imbibe water, which, mixing there with a quantity of saccharine matter, forms *sap*, and is from thence abundantly distributed through the trunk and branches to every individual bud. The birch tree in spring, or being tapped, yields its sap, which is fermented into wine. The palm tree in the tropics of the same season yields its sap by the same method, which is made into palm wine, and the sap of the sugar maple in North America being boiled, yields the maple sugar.

"This great accession of nourishment (the *sap*) causes the bud to swell, to break through its covering, and to spread into blossoms, or lengthen into a shoot bearing leaves. This is the *first* process, and, properly speaking, is all that belongs to the *springing* or *elongation* of trees; and in many plants, that is, all those which are annual or deciduous, there is no other process; the plant absorbs juices from the earth, and in proportion to the quantity of these juices increases in size: it expands its blossoms, perfects its fruit, and when the ground is incapable by drought or frost of yielding any more moisture, or when the vessels of the plant are not able to draw it up, the plant perishes. But in *trees*, though the beginning and end of the first process is exactly similar to what takes place in vegetables, yet there is a second process, which at the same time that it adds to their bulk, enables them to endure and go on increasing through a long series of years.

"The *second* process begins soon after the first, in this way. At the base of the footstalk of each leaf a small bud is gradually formed; but the absorbent vessels of the leaf having exhausted themselves in the formation of the bud, are unable to bring it nearer to maturity: in this state it exactly resembles a seed, containing within it the rudiments of vegetation, but destitute of absorbent vessels to nourish and evolve the embryo. Being surrounded, however, by sap, like a seed in moist earth, it is in a proper situation for growing; the influence of the sun sets in motion the juices of the bud and of the seed, and the first operation in both of them is to send down roots a certain depth into the ground for the purpose of obtaining the necessary moisture. The bud accordingly shoots down its roots upon the inner bark of the tree, till they reach the part covered by the earth.

Winter now arriving, the cold and defect of moisture, owing to the clogged condition of the absorbent vessels, cause the fruit and leaves to fall, so that, except the provision of buds with roots, the remainder of the tree, like an annual plant, is entirely dead: the leaves, the flowers, and fruit are gone, and what was the inner bark, is no longer organized, while the roots of the buds form a new inner bark; and thus the buds with their roots contain all that remains alive of the whole tree. It is owing to this annual renovation of the *inner bark*, that the tree increases in bulk; and a new coating being added every year, we are hence furnished with an easy and exact method of ascertaining the age of a tree by counting the number of concentric circles of which the trunk is composed. A tree, therefore, properly speaking, is rather a congeries of a multitude of annual plants, than a perennial individual.

"The sap in trees always rises as soon as the frost is abated, that when the stimulus of the warm weather in the early spring acts upon the bud, there should be at hand a supply of food for its nourishment; and if by any means the sap is prevented from ascending at the proper time, the tree infallibly perishes. Of this a remarkable instance occurred in London, during the spring succeeding the hard winter of the year 1794. The snow and ice collecting in the streets so as to become very inconvenient, they were cleared, and many cartloads were placed in the vacant quarters of *Moorfields*; several of these heaps of snow and frozen rubbish were piled round some of the elm-trees that grow there. At the return of spring, those of the trees that were not surrounded with the snow expanded their leaves as usual, while the others, being still girt with a large frozen mass, continued quite bare; for the fact was, the absorbents in the lower part of the stem, and the earth in which the trees stood, were still exposed to a freezing cold. In some weeks, however, the snow was thawed, but the greater number of the trees were dead, and those few that did produce any leaves were very sickly, and continued in a languishing state all summer, and then died."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 37° 92.

February 19.

1826 — *Second Sunday in Lent.*

The First Bird's Nest in Spring.

Of all our native birds, none begins to build so soon as the raven: by the latter end of this month it has generally laid its eggs and begun to sit. The following anecdote, illustrative of its attachment to its nest, is related by Mr. White in his "*Natural History of Selborne*." "In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the name of the *raven-tree*. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so much in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. So the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of *February*, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle and mallet, the tree nodded to its fall, but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 38° 37.

February 20.

The Ways of the Season.

The roads now are usually *heavy*, that is, the thaws have so entirely liberated the water in the earth, that the subsoil, which had been expanded by the action of the frost, becomes loosened, and, yielding mud to the surface, increases the draught of carriages. Now, therefore, the com-

* Aikin's Nat. Hist. of the Year.

missioners and agents who execute their duty have full employment, and the highways afford employment to a large num-

ber of persons who are destitute of their customary labour, or unfit for other work.



Travelling in Ireland.

And is it you'd be riding, by Blackwater to Fermoy ?
You'll be accommodated, to your heart's content and joy,
There's not a beast, nor car, but what's beautiful and easy ;
And then the pleasant road—bad's the luck but it 'll please ye !

MS. Ballad.

Mr. Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," besides accounts of scenery and architectural remains, and illustrations of popular manners and superstition, conveys a very good idea of the roads and the methods of travelling in that part of the sister kingdom. The usual conveyance is called a car; its wheels are either a solid block rounded to the desired size, or they are formed of three pieces of wood clamped together. The wheels are fixed to a massive wooden axletree; this supports the shafts, which are as commonly constructed on the outside as on the inside of the wheels. In one of these machines Mr. Croker, with a lady and gentleman who accompanied him on his tour, took their seats. The car and horse were precisely of that description and condition in the engraving. Mr. W. H. Brooke painted a picture of this gentleman's party, from whence he has obligingly made the drawing for the present

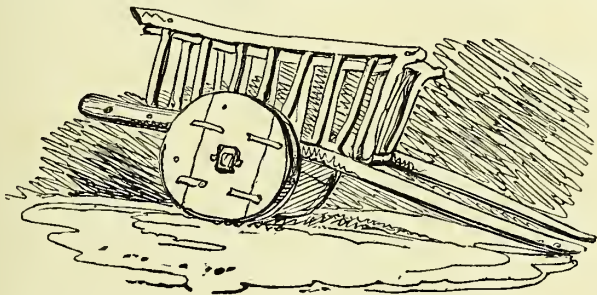
purpose; the only alteration is in the travellers, for whom he has substituted a family on their removal from one cabin to another.

This, which is the common Irish car, is used throughout the province of Leinster, the midland counties, and some parts of the north. The country, or farmer's car always has the wheels on the outside of the shafts, with a balustrade or upright railing fixed from the shaft to the side bars, which rise diagonally from them; this sort of enclosure is also at the back. This car is open at top for the convenience of carrying hay, corn, vegetables, tubs, packages, and turf, which is generally placed in wicker baskets, called a "kish;" two or four of these placed side by side occupy the entire body. The car, with the wheels between the shafts, is used for like purposes, but has the additional honour of being rendered a family conveyance, by cart ropes intertwisted or crossing

each other from the top bars, whereon a ticking, stuffed with straw, and a quilt or coverlid, form a cushion for the comfort of the travellers. The car is the common, and indeed the only, mode of carrying coals in the city of Dublin to the houses of the consumers: from six to nine sacks,

making about half a ton, lie very snugly across the bars. Of course, as a family conveyance, it is only in use among the poorest class in the country.

The common car somewhat varies in shape, as will appear from the following figure, also drawn by Mr. Brooke.



It must be added, that though these cars maintain their ground in uncultivated districts, they are quickly disappearing, in the improved parts of Ireland, before the Scotch carts introduced by the agricultural societies.

The Irish "jaunting car," the "jingle," the "noddy," and a variety of other carriages, which ply for hire in Dublin, are wholly distinct and superior vehicles.

The following interesting narrative, in the words of its author, illustrates the nature of the car, the state of the roads, and the "manners" of the people.

A JAUNT IN A COUNTRY CAR

From Lismore to Fermoy

By T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

Having hired a car at Lismore to take us to Fermoy, and wishing to walk part of the way along the banks of the Blackwater, we desired the driver to meet us at a given point. On arriving there, the man pretended not to have understood we were three in party, and demanded, in consequence, an exorbitant addition to the sum agreed on. Although we were without any other means of conveyance for eight Irish miles, it was resolved not to submit to this imposition, and we accordingly withdrew our luggage and dismissed the car, intending to seek another amongst a few cabins that appeared at a little distance from the road side. A high dispute ensued with the driver, who, of course, was incensed at this proceeding, and endeavoured to enlist in his cause the

few straggling peasants that had collected around us; but having taken refuge and placed our trunks in the nearest cabin, ourselves and property became sacred, and the disposition to hostility, which had been at first partially expressed, gradually died away. When we began to make inquiries for a horse and car of any kind to take us into Fermoy, our endeavours were for some time fruitless. One person had a car, but no horse. Another had a *car building*, which, if Dermot Leary were as good as his word, would be finished next week some time, "God willing." At length we gained intelligence of a horse that was "only two miles off, drawing turf: sure he could be fetched in less than no time." But then again, "that big car of Thaddy Connor's was too great a load for him entirely. Sure the *baste* would never draw the *car* into Fermoy, let alone their honours and the trunks." After some further consultation, a car was discovered more adapted to the capabilities of the miserable animal thus called upon to "leave work and carry wood," and though of the commonest kind we were glad to secure it. By means of our trunks and some straw we formed a kind of lodgment on the car, which, being without springs and on the worst possible of roads, was not exactly a bed of down. The severe contusions we received on precipitating into the numerous cavities, though no joke, caused some laughter; on which the driver turned round with a most facetious expression of countenance, suggesting that "May be the motion did not just agree with the

lady, but never fear, she would soon get used to it, and be asleep before we got half way to Fermoy." This prediction, it will readily be supposed, was not fulfilled; and I believe it was three days before we recovered from the bruises of that journey. It is difficult to say whether our situation will excite mirth or sympathy in the minds of our readers, but a sketch may do no injury to the description. [In Mr. Croker's volume an engraving on wood is inserted.]

Many Irish villages boast a post-chaise, the horses for which are not unfrequently taken from the plough, and the chaise itself submitted to a temporary repair before starting, to render it, if the parody of a nautical phrase may be allowed, "road-worthy;" but the defects are never thought of one moment before the chaise is required; and the miseries of posting in Ireland have, with justice, afforded subject for the caricaturist. Tired horses or a break-down are treated by a driver, whose appearance is the very reverse of the smart jockey-like costume of an English postilion, with the utmost resignation, as matters of unavoidable necessity. With a slouched hat—slovenly shoes and stockings—and a long, loose great coat wrapped round him, he sits upon a bar in front of the carriage and urges on his horses by repeated applications of the whip, accompanied with the most singular speeches, and varied by an involuntary burst of his musical talent, whistling a tune adapted to the melancholy pace of the fatigued animals, as he walks slowly beside them up the ascent of every hill.

"Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped to sketch?" inquired one of my fellow-travellers of the driver, who for the last three or four miles had with much exertion urged on the jaded backs.

"I did not, your honour," was the reply, "but sure, and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

Nor is this instance of pretended understanding between man and horse singular. Riding once in company with a poor farmer from Cork to Mallow, I advised him to quicken the pace of his steed as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm.

"Sure then that I would with the greatest pleasure in life for the honour I have out of your company, sir; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk, and

I never belie myself to any one, much less to a poor creature that carries me—for, says the *baste* to me, I'm tired, as good right I have, and I'll not go a step faster—and you won't make me—I scorn it says I, so take your own way."

A verbatim dialogue on an Irish breakdown happily characterises that accident: the scene, a bleak mountain, and the time, the return of the driver with another chaise from the nearest station which afforded one—seven miles distant.

"Is the carriage you have brought us safe?"

(One of the travellers attempts to get in)

"Oh never fear, sir; wait till I just bail out the water and put a little sop of hay in the bottom—and sure now and 'tis a queer thing that the *ould* black chaise should play such a trick, and it has gone this road eleven years and never broke down *afore*. But no wonder poor *cratur*, the turnpike people get money enough for mending the roads, and bad luck to the bit of it they mend, but put it all in their pockets."

"What, the road?"

"*Noe*, your honour, the money."

To such as can bear with composure and indifference lesser and temporary misfortunes, those attendant on an Irish tour become objects of merriment; the very essence of the innate ingenuity and wit of the people is called out by such evils; and the customary benediction muttered by the peasant on the meeting a traveller, is changed into the whimsical remark or shrewd reply that mock anticipation.

Of late, jingles, as they are termed, have been established between the principal towns. These are carriages on easy springs, calculated to contain six or eight persons. The roof is supported by a slight iron frame capable of being unfixed in fine weather, and the curtains, which may be opened and closed at will, afford complete protection from sun and rain; their rate of travelling is nearly the same as that of the stage-coach, and they are both a cheaper and more agreeable conveyance.

On our way from Cork to Youghall in one of these machines, we were followed by a poor wretch ejaculating the most dreadful oaths and imprecations in Irish. His head was of an uncommonly large and stupid shape, and his idiotic countenance was rendered fierce and wild by a long and bushy red beard. On our

driver giving him a piece of bread, for which he had run beside the jingle at least half a mile, he uttered three or four terrific screams, accompanied by some antic and spiteful gestures. I should not remark this circumstance here were it one of less frequent occurrence; but on most of the public roads in the south of Ireland, fools and idiots (melancholy spectacles of humanity!) are permitted to wander at large, and in consequence of this freedom have acquired vicious habits, to the annoyance of every passenger: throwing stones, which they do with great dexterity, is amongst the most dangerous of their practices, and a case is known to me where the wife of a respectable farmer, having been struck on the temple by a stone thrown at her by an idiot, died a few days after. Within my recollection, Cove-lane, one of the most frequented parts of Cork, as leading to the Cove-passage, Carrigaline and Monkstown roads, was the station of one of these idiots, who seldom allowed an unprotected woman to pass without following her, and inflicting the most severe pinches on her back and arms; yet this unfortunate and mischievous being for many years was suffered by the civil power to remain the terror of every female, and that too within view of a public asylum for the reception of such. But to return from this digression.

The charges at inferior towns and villages are extravagant in an inverse proportion to the indifference of their accommodation, and generally exceed those of the first hotels in the metropolis. Our bill at Kilmallock was any thing but moderate, and yet the house, though the best the town afforded, appeared to be one where carmen were oftener lodged than gentry. The landlady stood at the door, and with a low curtsy and a good-humoured smile welcomed us to "the ancient city of Kilmallock;" in the same breath informed us, that she was a gentlewoman born and bred, and that she had a son, "as fine an officer as ever you could set eyes on in a day's walk, who was a *patriarch* (a patriot) in South America;" then leading us up a dark and narrow staircase to the apartment we were to occupy, wished to know our names and business, whence we came and where we were going; but left the room on our inquiring, in the first place, what we could have to eat. After waiting a reasonable time our demands were

attended to by a barefooted female, who to our anxiety respecting what we could have for supper, replied with perfect confidence, "Just any thing you like, sure!"

"Have you any thing in the house?"

"Indeed and we have not; but it's likely I might be able to get an egg for ye."

An examination of the bedrooms will not prove more satisfactory; a glass or soap are luxuries seldom found. Sometimes one coarse and very small towel is provided; at Kilmallock, the measurement of mine was half a yard in length and a quarter in breadth; its complexion, too, evinced that it had assisted in the partial ablutions of many unfastidious persons. Mr. Arthur Young's constant ejaculation, when he lighted on such quarters in Ireland, usually occurred to my mind, "Preserve me, Fate, from such another!" and I have no doubt he would agree with me, that two very essential requisites in an Irish tour are a stock of linen, and a tolerable partiality for bacon. But travellers, any more than beggars, cannot always be choosers, and those who will not submit with patience to the accidents and inconveniences of a journey, must sit at home and read the road that others travel.

"Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard hills, nor likes the mountain way."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 39 · 17.

February 21.

Seasonable Rules.

On p. 187 there is a "Letter," delivered to a favourite servant at parting, which deserves to be printed in letters of gold, or, what is better, because it is easier and more useful, it should be imprinted on the memory of every person who reads it. There are sentiments in it as useful to masters and mistresses as their domestics. The following "Rules" may likewise be perused with advantage by both; they are deemed "seasonable," because, as good-livers say, good things are never out of season.

* Mr. Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland, &c. This gentleman's excursions were made between the years 1812 and 1822.

Rules for Servants.

I. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants; for it is their bread, and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family; and happy it is that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

II. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place, for long service shows worth—as quitting a good place through passion, is a folly which is always lamented of too late.

III. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for pretending to what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, deceives them whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

V. Adhere to truth; for falsehood is detestable, and he that tells one lie, must tell twenty more to conceal it.

VI. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

VIII. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

IX. Be clean in your business; for those who are slovens and sluts, are disrespectful servants.

X. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

XI. Live friendly with your fellow-servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

XII. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for that is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Prefer a peaceable life, with moderate gains, to great advantage and irregularity.

XIV. Save your money; for that will be a friend to you in old age. Be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

XV. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

XVI. Never swear; for that is a crime without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

XVII. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature gains the love of every one.

XVIII. Never stay when sent on a message; for waiting long is painful to your master, and a quick return shows diligence.

XIX. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

XX. The servant that often changes his place, works only to be poor; for “the rolling-stone gathers no moss.”

XXI. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintances; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and often puts you to an expense you cannot afford. And above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted; for persons are generally the better or the worse for the company they keep.

XXII. When out of place, be careful where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house, puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

XXIII. Never go out on your own business, without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; for “Leave is light,” and returning punctually at the time you promise, shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

XXIV. If you are dissatisfied with your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and do not neglect your business nor behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away; for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served in.

** * All who pay a due regard to the above precepts, will be happy in themselves, will never want friends, and will always meet with the assistance, protection, and encouragement of the wealthy, the worthy, and the wise.*

The preceding sentences are contained in a paper which a young person committed to heart on first getting a place, and, having steadily observed, obtained a character for integrity and worth incapable of being shaken. By constantly keeping in view that “Honesty is the best policy,” it led to prosperity, and the faithful servant became an opulent employer of servants.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41° 70.

February 22.

GENERAL ELECTION.

1826. This year may be deemed remarkable in the history of modern times, for its being the period wherein, for the first time within the memory of man, a parliament expired by efflux of time. Most of the preceding parliaments were dissolved, but this attained to its full duration of seven years.

THE FREEMAN'S WELL AT ALNWICK.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir, *Kensington, Feb. 1826.*

I hope the following description of an extraordinary custom which has obtained at Alnwick, in Northumberland, may be considered worthy preservation in *The Every-Day Book*.

About four miles from the above town there is a pond, known by the name of the Freeman's well; through which it has been customary for the freemen to pass from time immemorial before they can obtain their freedom. This is considered so indispensable, that no exemption is permitted, and without passing this ordeal the freedom would not be conferred. The pond is prepared by proper officers in such a manner, as to give the greatest possible annoyance to the persons who are to pass through it. Great dikes, or mounds, are erected in different parts, so that the candidate for his freedom is at one moment seen at the top of one of them only up to his knees, and the next instant is precipitated into a gulf below, in which he frequently plunges completely over head. The water is purposely rendered so muddy, that it is impossible to see where these dikes are situated, or by any precaution to avoid them. Those aspiring to the honour of the freedom of Alnwick, are dressed in white stockings, white panta-

loons, and white caps. After they have "reached the point proposed," they are suffered to put on their usual clothes, and obliged to join in a procession, and ride for several miles round the boundaries of the freemen's property—a measure which is not a mere formality for parade, but absolutely indispensable; since, if they omit visiting any part of their property, it is claimed by his grace the duke of Northumberland, whose steward follows the procession, to note if any such omission occurs. The origin of the practice of travelling through the pond is not known. A tradition is current, that king John was once nearly drowned upon the spot where this pond is situated, and saved his life by clinging to a holly tree; and that he determined, in consequence, thenceforth, that before any candidate could obtain the freedom of Alnwick, he should not only wade through this pond, but plant a holly tree at the door of his house on the same day; and this custom is still scrupulously observed. In the month of February, 1824, no less than thirteen individuals went through the above formalities.

I am, &c.

T. A.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42° 61.

February 23.

CHRONOLOGY.

1821. John Keats, the poet, died. Virulent and unmerited attacks upon his literary ability, by an unprincipled and malignant reviewer, injured his rising reputation, overwhelmed his spirits, and he sunk into consumption. In that state he fled for refuge to the climate of Italy, caught cold on the voyage, and perished in Rome, at the early age of 25. Specimens of his talents are in the former volume of this work. One of his last poems was in prospect of departure from his native shores. It is an

Ode to a Nightingale.

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in a full-throated ease.

2.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

7.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

This ode was included with "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems," by John Keats, published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who, in an advertisement at the beginning of the book, allude to the critical ferocity which hastened the poet's death.

mission, and the year and manner of his death, though all concur in saying he was martyred. Dr. Cave affirms, that he suffered by the cross. He is presumed to have died A.D. 61 or 64.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 57.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 22.

February 24.

St. Matthias.—Holiday at the Public Offices.

After the crucifixion, and the death of the traitor Judas, Peter, in the midst of the disciples, they being in number about a hundred and twenty, proposed the election of an apostle in his stead, "and they appointed two, Joseph, called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias: and they prayed" to be directed in their choice, "and they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles." (*Acts* i. 23-26.) Writers disagree as to the particular places of his

February 25.

1826.—*Third Sunday in Lent.*

STORM SUPERSTITIONS.

The stilling of the waves by oil is briefly noticed at p. 192, and another instance is subjoined.

Oil for a fair Wind.

C. W., in Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*, says: "About twelve years ago, during my stay at Malta, I was introduced to the bey of Bengazi, in Africa, who was going with his family and a large retinue of servants to Mecca. He very politely offered me and my companion a passage to Egypt. We embarked on board a

French brig which the bey had freighted, and very unfortunately were captured by an English letter of marque within a few leagues of Alexandria. The captain, however, was kind enough to allow us to proceed, and as we lay becalmed for two days, the bey ordered three or four Turkish flags to be hoisted, and a flask of oil to be thrown overboard. On inquiring into the purport of the ceremony, we were informed that the flask *would float to Mecca* (a pretty long circumnavigation) *and bring us a fair wind!* As we cast anchor in the port soon after, of course the ceremony had been propitious; nor did we seek to disturb the credulity of a man who had treated us so kindly."

We know, however, that there is "credulity" on board English as well as Turkish vessels; and that if our sailors do not send an oil flask to Mecca, they *whistle for a wind* in a perfect calm, and many seem as certainly to expect its appearance, as a boatswain calculates on the appearance of his crew when he pipes all hands.

Navigation in the Clouds.

Agobard, archbishop of Lyons, in the reign of Charlemagne, and his son, has the following passage in his book, "*De Grandine.*" "In these districts, almost all persons, noble and plebeian, townsmen and rustics, old and young, believe that hail and thunder may be produced at the will of man, that is, by the incantations of certain men who are called *Tempestarii*." He proceeds: "We have seen and heard many who are sunk in such folly and stupidity, as to believe and assert, that there is a certain country, which they call *Magonia*, whence ships come in the clouds, for the purpose of carrying back the corn which is beaten off by the hail and storms, and which those aerial sailors purchase of the said *Tempestarii*." Agobard afterwards affirms, that he himself saw in a certain assembly four persons, three men and a woman, exhibited bound, as if they had fallen from these ships, who had been kept for some days in confinement, and were now brought out to be stoned in his presence; but that he rescued them from the popular fury. He further says, that there were persons who pretended to be able to protect the inhabitants of a district from tempests, and that for this service they received a payment in corn from the credulous countrymen, which payment was called *canonicum*.*

* Athenæum.

A Shrovetide Custom.

It will appear on reading, that the annexed letter came too late for insertion under *Shrove Tuesday*.

LUDLOW ROPE PULLING.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book

Ludlow, Shrove Tuesday,
Feb. 7, 1826.

Sir,

Among the customs peculiar to this town, that of pulling a rope is not the least extraordinary. On Shrove Tuesday the corporation provide a rope three inches in thickness, and in length thirty-six yards, which is given out by a few of the members at one of the windows of the Market-hall at four o'clock; when a large body of the inhabitants, divided into two parties, (the one contending for Castle-street and Broad-street Wards, and the other for Old-street and Corve-street Wards,) commence an arduous struggle; and as soon as either party gains the victory by pulling the rope beyond the prescribed limits, the pulling ceases; which is, however, always renewed by a second, and sometimes by a third contest; the rope being purchased by subscription from the victorious party, and given out again. In the end the rope is sold by the victors, and the money, which generally amounts to two pounds, or guineas, is expended in liquor. I have this day been an eye-witness to this scene of confusion; the rope was first gained by Old-street and Corve-street Wards, and secondly by Castle-street and Broad-street Wards. It is supposed, that nearly 2000 persons were actively employed on this occasion.

Without doubt this singular custom is symbolical of some remarkable event, and a remnant of that ancient language of visible signs, which, says a celebrated writer, "imperfectly supplies the want of letters, to perpetuate the remembrance of public or private transactions." The sign, in this instance, has survived the remembrance of the occurrence it was designed to represent, and remains a profound mystery. It has been insinuated, that the real occasion of this custom is known to the corporation, but that for some reason or other, they are tenacious of the secret. An obscure tradition attributes this custom to circumstances arising out of the siege of Ludlow by Henry VI., when two parties arose within

the town, one supporting the pretensions of the duke of York, and the other wishing to give admittance to the king; one of the bailiffs is said to have headed the latter party. History relates, that in this contest many lives were lost, and that the bailiff, heading his party in an attempt to open Dinham gate, fell a victim there.

R. J

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 16.

February 26.

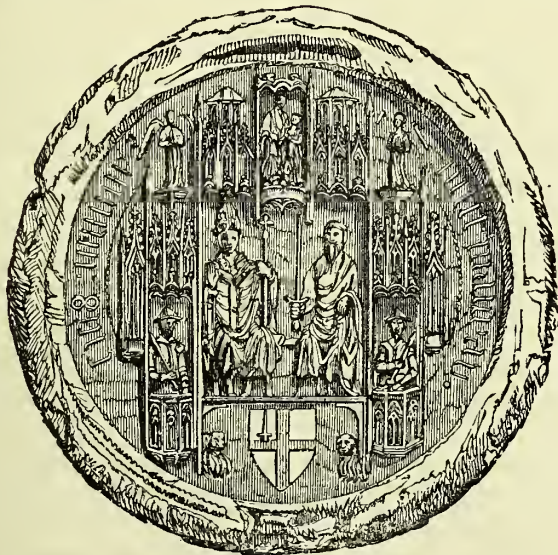
1826.—*Third Sunday in Lent.*

Penderill Family.

1732, February 26. The title to an

estate of 100*l.* per annum, which had been settled on the Penderill family "for preserving king Charles II. in the oak," was sued for on behalf of an infant claiming to be heir-at-law, and the issue was this day tried in the court of king's bench. It was proved that Mr. Penderill, after marrying the mother of the claimant, retired into Staffordshire two years before he died: that during that time he had no intercourse with his wife, and that the infant was born about the time of her husband's death. In consequence of this evidence a verdict was found for the defendant, and thereby the child was declared to be illegitimate.*

* Gentleman's Magazine.



Mayoralty Seal of the City of London.

A respected correspondent, S. G., not remembering to have met with a representation of this remarkable seal in any work, and conceiving its appearance in the *Every-Day Book* may gratify many readers, obligingly transmits a fine impression, taken in February, 1826, from whence the present engraving has been made with at least as much fidelity as the antiquity of the original permitted. "This seal," he says, "is quite distinct from the city seal. It is kept at the Mansion-house, in the custody of the gate-porter, and is now

used for the purpose of authenticating documents forwarded to foreign countries upon affidavit sworn before the lord mayor: it is also used for sealing the precepts which are issued preparatory to St. Thomas's-day for the election of common councilmen and ward officers." The following is the inscription round the seal, "*Sigillum Officii Majoratus Civitatis Londini*:" this legend is indistinct from wear.

The history of this seal is especially remarkable, because it is connected with the

origin of the "dagger" in the city arms. On this subject Maitland and other historians have taken so much only from Stow as seemed to them to suit their purpose; what that author relates, therefore, is here extracted verbatim. He introduces it by saying, "In the year 1381, William Walworth, then maior, a most provident, valiant, and learned citizen, did by his arrest of Wat Tyler, (a presumptuous rebell upon whom no man durst lay hands,) deliver the king and kingdome from the danger of most wicked traitors, and was for his service knighted in the field as before hath been related." In opposition to a notion which prevailed in his time, and prevails at present, that the "dagger" in the civic shield was an augmentation of the city arms upon occasion of Walworth's prowess in Smithfield, Stow says, "It hath also been, and is now growne to a common opinion, that in reward of this service done by the said William Walworth against the rebell, that king Richard added to the armes of this city (which was argent, a plaine crosse gules) a sword, or dagger, (for so they terme it,) whereof I have read no such record, but to the contrary. I finde that in the fourth yeere of king Richard the second, in a full assembly made in the upper chamber of the Guildhall, summoned by this William Walworth, then maior, as well of aldermen as of the common counsell in every ward, for certain affaires concerning the king, it was there by common consent agreed and ordained, that the old seale of the office of the maioralty of the city being very small, old, unapt, and uncomely for the honour of the city, should be broken, and one other new seale bee had; which the said maior commanded to be made artificially, and honourably, for the exercise of the said office thereafter, in place of the other. In which new seale, besides the images of Peter and Paul, which of old were rudely engraven, there should be under the feet of the said images a shield of the arms of the said city, perfectly graven, with two lyons supporting the same, and two sergeants of arms: in the other part, one, and two tabernacles, in which, above, should stand two angels, between whom (above the said images of Peter and Paul) should be set the glorious Virgin. This being done, the old seale of the office was delivered to Richard Odiham, chamberlain, who brake it, and in place thereof was delivered the new seale to the said

maior, to use in his office of maioralty as occasion should require. This new seale seemeth to be made before William Walworth was knighted, for he is not there intituled Sir, as afterwards he was: and certain it is, that the same new seale then made, is now in use, and none other in that office of the maioralty; which may suffice to answer the former fable, without showing of any evidence sealed with the *old* seale, which was the crosse, and sword of Saint Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth."

On a partial citation of the preceding extract, in Maitland, it is observed by S. G., that "the seal at present in use was made in pursuance of the order above cited, may be deduced from the seal itself. In the centre, within a large and square compartment, are the effigies of Peter and Paul. The former has a mitre or tiara on his head, and is attired in the pall as bishop of the catholic church, and holds a crosier in his left hand. The latter saint is known by his usual attribute, the sword, which he sustains in his right hand: above each of these saints is a rich canopy. Beneath the compartment just described is a shield, bearing the present arms of the city, a cross, with a dagger in the dexter quarter, supported by two lions. It appears to have been surmounted with a low pointed arch. The centre compartment is flanked by two niches, with rich canopies and plinths; in each is a demi-figure bearing a mace, and having on its head a triangular cap; these figures, according to the above description, are intended to represent two sergeants at arms. The canopies to these niches terminate in angular pedestals, sustaining kneeling statues in the act of paying adoration to the Virgin Mary, whose effigy, though much effaced, appears in the centre niche at the top of the seal. From these representations on the seal before us, little doubt can remain that it is the same which has been in use from the time of sir William Walworth to the present day. The canopies and stall work are of the period in which it is supposed to have been made, and are of similar design with those fine specimens which ornamented the late front of Westminster-hall, and the screen to the chapel of Saint Edward the Confessor in the abbey, and which are still to be seen in the restored portion of Westminster-hall, as well as the *plaster* altar-screen lately set up in the abbey church."

As Wat Tyler's insurrection was in 1381, the fourth year of Richard II., and as that was the year wherein the old mayoralty seal was destroyed, and the present seal made, our obliging correspondent, S. G., deems it "a very reasonable opinion, which many authors have entertained on the subject, that the dagger in the city arms was really granted at that period, in commemoration of Walworth having given Tyler the blow with that instrument, which was the prelude to his death." He says it is also further confirmed by the act of the assembly [the common council], which Maitland quotes [after Stow], inasmuch as one reason which appears to have been urged by them for destroying the old seal was on account of the same, at that time, being unbecoming the honour of the city, which, no doubt, referred to the addition of the dagger, which had then lately been made to the arms: and it likewise goes on further to state, in reference thereto, "that beside the images of Saint Peter and Paul, was placed the shield of the arms of the said city well engraved."

Our correspondent, S. G., will not conceive offence at a notion which varies from his own opinion; and probably, on reperusing the quotation from Stow and the following remarks, he may see some reason to abate his present persuasion.

As a reason for the old seal, in the fourth year of Richard II., having been ordered by the common council to be broken, Stow says it was "very small, old, unapt, and uncomely for the honour of the city." His description seems to set forth its diminutive size and age, its "being very small, old," and "unapt," as the ground whereon they deemed it "uncomely for the honour of the city," and therefore caused the old seal to be destroyed, and a new one to be made. So far this appears to have been Stow's view of the matter; and should his authority be regarded, our friend S. G. may appear to have too hastily assumed that the common council order for the destruction of the old seal, as "unbecoming the honour of the city, no doubt referred to the addition of the dagger which had then lately been made to their arms." Unless Stow's testimony be disputed, it may not only be doubted, but positively denied, that the dagger "had then lately been added to the city arms." Stow

speaks of it as a "common opinion," when he wrote, that upon Walworth's striking Wat Tyler with his dagger Richard II. therefore "added a sword, or dagger, for so they terme it," he says, to the city arms; "whereof," he adds, "I have read no such record, but to the contrary." Then he takes pains to relate *why* the ancient seal was destroyed, and having stated the reasons already cited, he says, "this *new* seale," the seal now before us, "seemeth to be made *before* William Walworth was knighted, for he is not there intituled Sir, as he afterwards was." Afterwards comes Stow's conclusion upon the whole matter: "Certaine it is," he says, "that the same new seale then made, is now in use, and none other in that office of the maioralty: which," mark his words, "which may suffice to answer the former fable, without shewing of any evidence sealed with the *old* seale, which was the crosse, and sword of St. Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth." What Stow here calls the "former fable," was the "common opinion" stated by himself, "that king Richard added to the arms of this city (which [in the notion of those who entertained the opinion] was argent, a plain cross gules) a sword, or dagger." That the city arms before the time of Richard II. was merely "argent a plain cross gules," Stow clearly treats as a vulgar assumption, "whereof," he says, "I have read no such record, *but*," and these following words are most notable, "*but to the contrary*." This, his declaration "*to the contrary*" being followed by his particulars, just laid before the reader, concerning the present seal, Stow says, "may suffice to answer the former fable, without showing of any evidence sealed with the *old* seale:" that is, without showing or producing any document or writing "sealed with the old seale, which," to clench the matter, he positively affirms, "was the crosse, and sword of St. Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth."

The cathedral church of the city of London is dedicated to St. Paul, who suffered martyrdom by the sword, and "the old seale," related by Stow to have been destroyed, he says, "was the crosse, and sword of St. Paul." It therefore represented the present shield of the city arms, which, on Stow's showing, existed before the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and are therefore "the crosse, and

sword of St. Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth."

To the communication with which the liberty of differing has been taken, in furtherance of its object to elucidate the arms of the metropolis, our respected correspondent S. G. adds, "The origin of the seal may no doubt be traced to the source from whence sir Henry Englefield, in his walk through Southampton, derives the seal of the city of Winchester; in speaking of which his opinion appears to be, that it was first used in consequence of an act passed for the benefit of merchants, in the reign of Edward I., which was afterwards greatly extended by the statute of Staples, passed in the 27th year of the reign of Edward III., whereby it was enacted that the commerce of wool, leather, and lead should be carried on at certain towns, called Staple towns, of which several are not seaports—but to each of these inland Staples a port is assigned for entries. It was also further enacted, that in each Staple there should be a *seal* kept by the mayor of the Staple."

In relation to this seal, Maitland sadly blunders. He says, "The ancient seal of this city having been laid aside in the fourth of Richard II., the present, whereof the annexed is a representation, was made in the same year, 1381." Then he annexes his "representation," purporting to be of this seal, which Stow so accurately describes, but, strange to say, he substitutes the "representation" of a seal wholly different. (See his *History of London*, edit 1772, vol. ii. p. 1193.) It is astonishing that Maitland should have so erred, for (in vol. i. p. 138.) he describes the seal almost in Stow's words, and sufficiently at length to have saved him from the palpable mistake.

Sealing-Wax.

Our present common sealing-wax for letters was not invented till the sixteenth century. The earliest letter in Europe known to have been sealed with it, was written from London, August 3, 1554, to the rheingrave Philip Francis von Daun, by his agent in England, Gerrard Herman. The wax is of a dark red, very shining, and the impression bears the initials of the writer's name, G. H. The next seal known in the order of time is on a letter

written in 1561 to the council of Gorlitz at Breslau: it is sealed in three places with beautiful red wax. There are two letters in 1563 from count Louis of Nassau to the landgrave William IV.; one dated March 3, is sealed with red wax, the other, dated November 7, is sealed with black wax. In 1566 are two letters to the rheingrave Frederick von Daun, from his steward Charles de Pousol, in Picardy, dated respectively September the 2d, and September the 7th; another from Pousol to the rheingrave, dated Paris, January 22, 1567, is sealed with red wax of a higher colour and apparently of a coarser quality. On the 15th of May, 1571, Vulcob, a French nobleman, who the year before had been ambassador from the king of France to the court of Weymar, wrote a letter to that court sealed with red wax; he sealed nine letters of a prior date with common wax. From an old expense book of 1616, in the records of Plessingburg, "Spanish wax," and other writing materials, were ordered from a manufacturer of sealing-wax at Nuremberg, for the personal use of Christian, margrave of Brandenburg.

It has been conjectured that, as the oldest seals came from England and France, and as the invention is called "Spanish wax," it originated with the Spaniards; but this is doubted. The first notice of sealing-wax occurs in a work by Garcia ab Orto, or Horto, entitled "*Aromatum et simplicium aliquot historia, &c.*" first printed in 1563, and afterwards at Antwerp in 1574, 8vo., in which latter edition it is mentioned at p. 33. The oldest printed receipt for sealing-wax is in a work entitled "*Neu Titularbuch, &c., Durch Samuelen Zimmerman, burger zu Augspurg 1579,*" 4to. p. 112. The following is a

Translation.

"To make hard sealing-wax, called Spanish wax, with which if letters be sealed they cannot be opened without breaking the seal.—Take beautiful clear resin, the whitest you can procure, and melt it over a slow charcoal fire. When it is properly melted, take it from the fire, and for every pound of resin add two ounces of cinnabar pounded very fine stirring it about. Then let the whole cool, or pour it into cold water. Thus you will have beautiful *red* wax.

"If you are desirous of having *black* wax, add lamp black to it. With smalt, or azure, you may make it *blue*; with

white lead, *white*; and with orpiment, *yellow*.

"If instead of resin you melt purified turpentine, in a glass vessel, and give it any colour you choose, you will have a harder kind of sealing-wax, and not so brittle as the former."

In these receipts there is no mention of gum lac, which is at present the principal ingredient in sealing-wax of the best quality. The name "Spanish wax," probably imports no more than "Spanish flies," "Spanish gum," and several other "Spanish" commodities; for it was formerly the custom to give all new things, particularly those which excited wonder, or excelled in quality, the appellation of "Spanish."*

Dutch sealing-wax, or wax with "brand well en vast houd," burn well and hold fast, impressed on each stick, was formerly in great repute; but the legend having been constantly forged was no security against imposition. The "best Dutch sealing-wax" usually sold in the shops of London, is often worse than that which inferior manufacturers stamp with the names of many stationers, who prefer a large profit to a good reputation. It is not an easy matter, in 1826, to get a stick of sealing-wax that will "burn well and hold fast."

Wafers.

The oldest letter yet found with a red wafer was written in 1624, from D. Krapf, at Spire, to the government at Bayreuth. Wafers are ascribed, by Labat, to Genoese economy. In the whole of the seventeenth century they were only used by private persons; on public seals they commence only in the eighteenth century.†

Writing Ink.

The ancient writing ink was a viscid mass like painter's colours, and therefore letters in ancient manuscript frequently appear in relief.‡ Pliny's writing ink is mentioned by Dr. Bancroft, according to whom it consisted of the simple ingredients in the following receipt. "Any person who will take the trouble of mixing pure lamp black with water, thickened a little by gum, may obtain an ink of no despicable quality in other respects, and with the advantage of being much less liable to decay by age, than the ink now

in common use." It should be observed, however, that every black pigment mixed with gum or size can be soon and easily washed out again with water.

It is not purposed to make this a "Receipt Book," yet, as connected with this subject, two or three really good receipts may be of essential service, at some time or other, to many readers. For instance, artists, and other individuals who require it, may easily manufacture a black pigment in the following manner, with a certainty of its being genuine, which can scarcely be placed in the article sold at most shops.

A pure Lamp Black.

Suspend over a lamp a funnel of tin plate, having above it a pipe to convey from the apartment the smoke which escapes from the lamp. Large mushrooms of a very black carbonaceous matter, and exceedingly light, will be formed at the summit of the cone. This carbonaceous part is carried to such a state of division as cannot be given to any other matter by grinding it on a piece of porphyry. This black goes a great way in every kind of painting. It may be rendered drier by calcination in close vessels; and it should be observed that the funnel ought to be united to the pipe, which conveys off the smoke, by means of wire, because solder would be melted by the flame of the lamp.*

Receipts for Ink.

Chaptal the eminent chemist, after numerous experiments regarding writing ink, concludes, that the best ingredients and proportions are the following, viz: two parts of galls, in sorts, bruised, and one part of logwood chipped; these are to be boiled in twenty-five times their weight of water for the space of two hours, adding a little water from time to time, according to the evaporation. The decoction so made, he says, will commonly mark from 3 to 3½ degrees upon the hydrometer of Beaumé, equal to about 1022 of the common standard. At the same time a solution of gum arabic is to be made with warm water, until the latter will dissolve no more of the former. This solution will mark 14 or 15 degrees, equal to about 110. A solution of calcined sulphate of iron is also

* Beckmann.

† Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities. Beckmann.

‡ Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities

* Tingry.

to be made, and concentrated so that it will mark 10 degrees, equal to about 1071. And to this as much sulphate of copper is to be added as will be equal to one-twelfth part of the galls employed to make the decoction. The several matters being so prepared, six measures of the decoction are to be mixed with four measures of the solution of gum; and to this mixture from three to four measures of the metallic solution are to be added, by a little at a time, mixing the several matters each time by shaking. Ink so made, will, he says, form no sediment: and he estimates the proportions of solid matters contained in it to be five hundred parts of gums, four hundred and sixty-two parts of the extract of galls and logwood, and four hundred and eighty-one parts of metallic oxides.

Dr. Bancroft, who gives these particulars from Chaptal, proposes the following, as being generally the most suitable proportions for composing the best and most lasting writing ink, viz:

Take of good Aleppo galls, in sorts, coarsely powdered, twelve ounces, and of chipped logwood six ounces; boil these in five quarts of soft water two hours, and strain off the decoction whilst hot; then put to the residuum as much boiling water as, when properly stirred, strained, and added to the former, will suffice to make the whole of the decoction equal to one gallon; add to this five ounces of sulphate of iron, with the same quantity of gum arabic, and two ounces of good dry muscovado sugar; let these be all dissolved, and well mixed by stirring.

A calcination of the sulphate of iron, which Chaptal, Proust, and some others have recommended, Dr. Bancroft does not regard as of much importance; for, he says, though the ink may be thereby made to attain its *utmost* degree of darkness, almost immediately, yet the strong disposition which ink has to absorb oxygen from the atmosphere until saturated therewith, will enable it, without such calcination, to attain an equal degree of blackness, in a day or two, according to the temperature of the air, if the latter be allowed free access to it. For reasons which he also states, he omits the sulphate of copper; though he observes that, if any portion of that metal were deemed beneficial, he should prefer verdigrise to the sulphate, the latter containing a much larger proportion of acid than even the sulphate of iron, and being, therefore,

more likely to render the ink corrosive. He regards gum as highly useful to retard the separation and subsidence of its black part, or compound of colouring matter and iron, previous to its application to paper, as well as to hinder it, when used, from spreading and penetrating too far.

Indelible Writing Ink.

M. Chaptal remarks, that, since the oxygenated muriatic acid had been found capable of discharging the colour of common writing ink, both from parchment and paper, without injuring their texture, it had been fraudulently employed to efface particular parts or words of deeds, contracts, or other writings, for which others had been substituted, leaving the signatures untouched. In consequence of these frauds, the commercial parts of society, as well as governments, were solicitous for the discovery of some composition, which might be employed instead of common writing ink, without its defects; therefore Chaptal, (being then minister of the interior of France, and possessed of great chemical science,) as might be expected, occupied himself particularly with that subject; and he states, that up to the then present time, the composition which had been found most useful for this purpose, consisted of a solution of glue in water, with which a sufficient portion of lamp black and a little sea salt were intimately mixed, by rubbing them together on marble. This composition was made sufficiently thin by water, to flow readily from the pen; and he describes it as being capable of resisting the action, not merely of cold, but of boiling water, and also of acids, alkalies, and spirit of wine; and attended with no inconvenience but that of abrasion by being rubbed.

It is observed by Dr. Bancroft, that when lamp black has been incorporated with common ink, by first rubbing the former in a mortar with a mucilage of gum arabic, the writing done with it could not be rendered invisible by the application of muriatic acid; and, doubtless, such an addition of lamp black would hinder the letters from ever becoming illegible by age, at least within any length of time which the paper and parchment could be expected to last. But ink made with this addition would require to be frequently shaken or stirred, as the lamp

black would otherwise be apt to separate and subside.

In the making of indelible ink, the receipt for lamp black before given may be of considerable importance.

Calico Printing.

Perhaps no object has more engaged "the ingenious chemist's art" than this, and leave is craved to conclude this diversion from the mayoralty seal of London, by what may be serviceable to some who are actively engaged in an extensive branch, from whence our private chambers, and the dresses of our wives and daughters, derive continual improvement.

Prosubstantive, or Chemical Black, for Calico Printers.

"Some years ago," says Dr. Bancroft, "I purchased of a calico printer, possessing great knowledge of the principles and practice of his art, the secret of a composition which he had employed with success, as a prosubstantive black, and which, as far as I can judge from experiments upon a small scale, deserved the high commendations which he bestowed upon it: and though I have never obtained the smallest pecuniary advantage from this purchase, in any way, I will here give the full benefit of it to the public. The following was his recipe, with some abbreviations of language: viz. Take two pounds of the best mixed galls, in powder, and boil them in one gallon of vinegar, until their soluble part is extracted, or dissolved; then strain off the clear decoction, and add to the residuum of the galls as much water as will be equal to the vinegar evaporated in boiling; stir them a little, and after allowing the powdered galls time to subside, strain off the clear liquor, and mix it with the former decoction, adding to the mixture six ounces of sulphate of iron; and this being dissolved, put to it six ounces more of sulphate of iron, after it has been previously mixed with, and dissolved by, half of its weight of single aquafortis; let this be stirred, and equally dispersed through the mixture, which is to be thickened by dissolving therein a sufficient quantity of gum tragacanth, (of which a very small proportion will suffice.) Calico, after being printed or pencilled with this mixture, should, when the latter is sufficiently dried, be washed in lime water, to remove the gum and superfluous colour, and then either streamed or well rinsed in clear water. This composition

has not been found to weaken, or injure, the texture of calico printed or pencilled with it, and the colour is thought unobjectionable in regard to its blackness and durability."

It is added by Dr. Bancroft, that "when sulphate of iron is mixed with aquafortis, the latter undergoes a decomposition; the oxygen of the nitric acid combining with the iron, and raising it to a much higher degree of oxidation; the result of these operations is the production of a fluid which has the consistence and smooth appearance of oil, and which (though the name may not be quite unexceptionable) I will call a nitro-sulphate of iron. I have been induced to believe, from several trials, that a better prosubstantive black than any other within my knowledge may be formed, by taking a decoction, containing in each gallon the soluble matter of two pounds of the best galls, in sorts, and when cold, adding to it for each gallon twelve ounces of sulphate of iron, which had been previously mixed with half its weight of single aquafortis, (of which one wine pint should weigh about twenty ounces,) and, by the decomposition just described, converted to the nitro-sulphate of iron just mentioned. By thus employing twelve ounces of sulphate of iron, oxygenated by nitric acid, instead of six ounces of the latter, with six ounces of the green sulphate in its ordinary state, an improvement in the colour seems, by my experiments, to have been invariably produced, and without any corroding or hurtful action upon the fibres of the cotton."

With these scientific receipts and suggestions it may be agreeable to close Matters of this kind have not been before introduced, nor is it purposed to repeat them; and those who think they are out of place at present, may be asked to recollect whether any of themselves ever obtained knowledge of any kind that, at some period or other, did not come into use?

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 40° 72.

February 27.

CHRONOLOGY.

A Scotch newspaper of the 27th of February, 1753, relates, that on the preceding Wednesday se'nnight, the river

Tweed was dried up from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, the current having been entirely suspended. On the 20th of February, 1748, the river Sark, near Philipston, in the parish of Kirk Andrews upon Eske, and the Liddel, near Penton, in the same parish, were both dry. At the same time other rivers also lost their waters. These remarkable phenomena are naturally accounted for in the "Gentleman's Magazine for 1753," vol. xxiii. p. 156.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 39.

February 28.

Dr. Johnson.

It was recorded in the daily journals, on the 28th of February, 1755, that "the university of Oxford, in full convocation, unanimously conferred the degree of master of arts on the learned Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of the New English Dictionary." Such a testimony to distinguished merit, from a learned university, was, perhaps, such a reward as Dr. Johnson appreciated more highly than others of more seeming worth; the publicity given to it at the time is evidence of the notoriety he had attained by his literary labours, and of the interest taken in his fame by every class of society. He taught and admonished all ranks, in a style that charmed by its luxuriant amplification of simple truths, when the majority of people refused the wholesome labour of reflection. Johnson's ethical writings verify the remark of a shrewd writer, that "a maxim is like an ingot of gold, which you may draw out to any length you please."

Gin Lane.

The "Historical Chronicle" of the "Gentleman's Magazine," notices that on this day, in the year 1736, a proposal was submitted to the house of commons "for laying such a duty on distilled spirituous liquors as might prevent the ill consequences of the poorer sort drinking them to excess," whereon it takes occasion to adduce the following fact: "We have observed some signs, where such liquors are retailed, with the following inscriptions, *Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing.*" This record establishes the reality of the inscription in Hogarth's fearful print of "Gin-lane," and marks a trait in the manners of that period, which, to the credit of the industrious classes of society, has greatly abated.

Drunkenness exists nowhere but in the vicious or the irresolute. "Give a poor man work and you will make him rich." Give a drunkard work and he will only keep sober till he has earned enough to drink again and get poor. While he is drinking he robs himself of his time; drinking robs him of his understanding and health; when he is unfit or disinclined to work he will lie to avoid it; and if he succeeds in deceiving, he will probably turn thief. Thus a drunkard is not to be relied on either for true speaking, or honest principle; and therefore those who see that drinking leads to falsehood and dishonesty, never attach credit to what a drunkard says, nor trust him within reach of their property.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . 40 · 44



MARCH.

Now husbandman and binds in March prepare,
 And order take, against the teeming year,
 Survey their lands, and keep a good look out
 To get their fields and farms well fenc'd about.
 Now careful gard'ners, during sunny days,
 Admit to greenhouses the genial rays:
 Vines, espaliers, and standard trees demand
 The pruner's skilful eye, and ready hand;
 And num'rous shoots and roots court the cold toil
 Of transplantation, or another soil.

In the "Mirror of the Months" it is observed, that at this season a strange commotion may be seen and heard among the winged creatures, portending momentous matters. The lark is high up in the cold air before daylight, and his chosen mis-

tress is listening to him down among the dank grass, with the dew still upon her unshaken wing. The robin, too, has left off, for a brief season, his low plaintive piping, which it must be confessed was poured forth for his own exclusive satis-

faction, and, reckoning on his spruce looks and sparkling eyes, issues his quick peremptory love-call, in a somewhat ungallant and husband-like manner.

The sparrows, who have lately been sulking silently about from tree to tree, with ruffled plumes and drooping wings, now spruce themselves up till they do not look half their former size; and if it were not pairing-time, one might fancy that there was more of war than of love in their noisy squabbings.

Now, also, the ants first begin to show themselves from their subterranean sleeping-rooms; those winged abortions, the bats, perplex the eyes of evening wanderers by their seeming ubiquity; and the owls hold scientific converse with each other at half a mile distance.

Now, quitting the country till next month, we find London all alive, Lent and Lady-day notwithstanding; for the latter is but a day after all; and he must have a very countrified conscience who cannot satisfy it as to the former, by doing penance once or twice at an oratorio, and hearing comic songs sung in a foreign tongue; or, if this does not do, he may fast if he please, every Friday, by eating salt fish in addition to the rest of his fare.

During this month some birds that took refuge in our temperate climate, from the rigour of the arctic winters, now begin to leave us, and return to the countries where they were bred; the redwing-thrush, fieldfare, and woodcock, are of this kind, and they retire to spend their summer in Norway, Sweden, and other northern re-

gions. The reason why these birds quit the north of Europe in winter is evidently to escape the severity of the frost; but why at the approach of spring they should return to their former haunts is not so easily accounted for. It cannot be want of food, for if during the *winter* in this country they are able to subsist, they may fare plentifully through the rest of the year; neither can their migration be caused by an impatience of warmth, for the season when they quit this country is by no means so hot as the Lapland summers; and in fact, from a few stragglers or wounded birds annually breeding here, it is evident that there is nothing in our climate or soil which should hinder them from making this country their permanent residence, as the thrush, blackbird, and other of their congeners, actually do. The crane, the stork, and other birds, which used formerly to be natives of our island, have quitted it as cultivation and population have extended; it is probable, also, that the same reason forbids the fieldfare and redwing-thrush, which are of a timorous, retired disposition, to make choice of England as a place of sufficient security to breed in.*

In this month commences the yearning season of those gentle animals whose clothing yields us our own, and engages in its manufacture a large portion of human industry and ingenuity. The poet of "The Fleece" beautifully describes and admonishes the shepherd of the accidents to which these emblems of peace and innocence are exposed, when "abroad in the meadows beside of their dams."

Spread around thy tend'rest diligence
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerable ills, that rush around his life:
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,

Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,
 And tires her also turning: to her aid
 Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
 Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
 Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable habits learn in sport:
 Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
 Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers.

Dyer.

March 1.

St. David's Day.

To the particulars connected with this anniversary, related in vol. i. p. 317-322, may be added that Coles, in his "Adam in Eden," says, concerning leeks, "The gentlemen in Wales have them in great regard, both for their feeding, and to wear in their hats upon St. David's day."

It is affirmed in the "Royal Apophthegms" of James I., that "the Welchmen in commemoration of the Great Fight by the Black Prince of Wales, do wear *Leeks* as their chosen ensign."

Mr. Brand received through the late Mr. Jones, Welsh bard to the king, as prince of Wales, a transcript of the following lines from a MS. in the British Museum.

I like the leeke above all herbes and flowers.
 When first we wore the same the feild was ours.

The leeke is white and greene, wherby is ment

That Britaines are both stout and eminent;
 Next to the lion and the unicorn,

The leeke's the fairest emblin that is worne.

Hark, M.S. 1977.

The bishop's "Last Good Night," a single sheet satire, dated 1642, has a stanza which runs thus:—

"Landaff, provide for St. David's day,
 Lest the leeke, and red-herring run away:
 Are you resolved to go or stay?

You are called for, Landaff:

Come in, Landaff."

There is the following proverb on this day:—

"Upon St. David's day, put oats and barley
 in the clay." *Ray.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 42 · 27

March 2.

Strange Narrative.

A rare quarto tract alleges some extraordinary appearances in Ireland on this day in the year 1679. It is here reprinted verbatim, beginning with the title-page: viz.

A TRUE ACCOUNT of divers most strange and prodigious APPARITIONS seen in the Air at Pains-town, in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland: March the second, 1678-9. Attested by Sixteen Persons that were Eye-witnesses. Published at Dublin, and thence communicated hither. Licensed, 1679. London: printed for L. C., 1679.

Upon the second day of this present month, being Sunday in the evening, near sun-set, several gentlemen and others, hereinafter named, walked forth into the fields, and the sun going down behind a hill, and appearing somewhat bigger than ordinary, they discoursed about it, directing their eyes towards the place where the sun set.

When one of the company observed in the air, near the place where the sun went down, an arm of a blackish blew colour, with a ruddy complexioned hand at one end and at the other end a cross piece, with a ring fastned to the middle of it, like one end of an anchor, which stood still a while, and then made northwards, and so disappeared; while they were startled at the sight which they all saw, and wondred what it should be and mean, there appeared at a great distance in the air, from the same part of the sky, something like a ship coming towards them; and so near to them it came, that they could distinctly perceive the masts, sails, tacklings, and men; she then seemed to tack about, and sailed with the stern foremost, northwards, upon a dark, smooth sea, (not seen before,) which stretched

itself from south-west to the north-west ; having seemed thus to sail for some few minutes, she sunk by degrees into the sea, her stern first, and as she sunk, they perceived her men plainly running up the tackling, in the fore-part of the ship, as it were, to save themselves from drowning.

The ship disappearing, they all sate down on a green bank, talking of, and wondering at what they had seen, for a small space, and then appeared (as that ship had done) a fort, or high place strongly fortified, with somewhat like a castle on the top of it : out of the sides of which, by reason of some clouds of smoake, and a flash of fire suddenly issuing out, they concluded some shot to be made. The fort then immediately was divided into two parts, which were in an instant transformed into two exact ships, like the other they had seen, with their heads towards each other. That towards the south, seemed to chase the other with its stern foremost, northwards, till it sunk with its stern first, as the first ship had done. The other ship sayled sometime after, and then sunk with its head first. It was observed, that men were running upon the decks in these two ships, but they did not see them climb up, as in the last ship, excepting one man, whom they saw distinctly to get up with much haste upon the very top of the bowsprit of the second ship, as they were sinking. They supposed the two last ships were engaged and fighting, for they saw like bullets roulung upon the sea, while they were both visible.

The ships being gone, the company rose, and were about to go away, when one of them perswaded the rest to stay, and said, he saw some little black thing coming towards them, which he believed would be worth their observation, then some of the rest observed the same ; whereupon, they sate down again, and presently there appeared a chariot, somewhat like that which Neptune is represented riding in, drawn with two horses, which turned as the ships had done, northward. And immediately after it, came a strange frightful creature, which they concluded to be some kind of serpent, having an head like a snake, and a knotted bunch or bulk at the other end, something resembling a snail's house.

This monster came suddenly behind the chariot, and gave it a sudden violent blow, then out of the chariot straight leaped a bull and a dog, which following him, seemed to bait him : these also went

northward, as the former phenomena had done, the bull first holding his head downward, then the dog, and then the chariot, till they all sunk down one after another, about the same place, and just in the same manner as the former.

These last meteors being vanished, there were several appearances like ships, and other things, in the same place, and after that like order with the former ; but the relators were so surprised and pleased with what they had seen, especially with the bull and dog, that they did not much observe them ; and besides, they were not so visible as the rest, the night drawing on so fast, that they could not well discern them.

The whole time of the vision or representation lasted near an hour, and it was observable, that it was a very clear and a very calm evening, no cloud seen, no mist, nor any wind stirring. All the phenomena came out of the west, or south-west. They seemed very small, and afar off, and at first seemed like birds at a good distance, and then being come to the place, where there was the appearance of a sea, they were discerned plainly in their just proportion. They all moved northwards, the ships, as appeared by their sails, went against the wind ; they all sunk out of sight, much about the same place. When they disappeared, they did not dilate themselves, and become invisible as clouds do, but every the least part of them, was as distinctly seen at the last, as they had been all along. The height of the scene on which these meteors moved, was about as much above the horizon, as the sun is being half an hour high. Of the whole company, there was not any one but saw all those things, as above written ; all agreed in their notions and opinions about them, and were all the while busie talking concerning what they saw, either much troubled, or much pleased, according to the nature of the appearance.

The names of the persons who saw the foregoing passage :

Mr. Allye, a minister, living near the place.
 Lieutenant Dunsterville and his son.
 Mr. Grace, his son-in-law.
 Lieutenant Dwine, } Scholars and
 Mr. Dwine, his brother, } Travellers.
 Mr. Christopher Hewelson.
 Mr. Richard Foster.
 Mr. Adam Hewelson.
 Mr. Bates, a schoolmaster
 Mr. Larkin.

Mrs. Dunsterville,
her daughter-in-law,
her maiden-daughter.

Mr. Dwine's daughter.
Mrs. Grace, her daughter.

This account was given by Mr. C. Hewelson and Mr. R. Foster, two of the beforenamed spectators : and when it was related, a servant of Mr. C. H., being present, did confirm the truth of it ; affirming, that he and others of the servants being then together at Poins-town, in another place, saw the very same sights, and did very much wonder at them. *Finis.*

This wonderful wonder is worthy of preservation, for the very reason that renders it scarcely worthy of remark. It was a practice, before the period when the preceding tract was printed, for partisans to fabricate and publish strange narratives in behalf of the side they pretended to aid, with the further view of blackening or injuring those whom they opposed. Such stories were winked at as "pious frauds," and found ready sale among the vulgar. As parties declined, the business of the writers and venders of such productions declined, and some among them of desperate fortune resorted to similar manufactures on any subject likely to astonish the uninformed. The present "True Account" may be regarded as a curious specimen of this kind of forgery. The pamphlet was printed in London ; the scene being laid in Ireland, it probably never reached Poins-town, and if it even travelled thither, the chance is that there were only a few who could read it, and certainly none of those few were interested in its contradiction. At the present time it is common in Somersetshire to hear a street-hawker crying, "A wonderful account of an apparition that appeared in Hertfordshire," and selling his papers to an admiring crowd ; the same fellow travelling into Hertfordshire, there cries the very same "Apparition that appeared in Somersetshire ;" and his printed account equally well authenticates it to a similarly constituted audience.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 80.

March 3.

St. Winwaloe.

This saint is called Winwaloc, by father Cressy, and Winwaloke by father Porter.

St. Winwaloe's father, named Fragan, or Fracan, was nearly related to Cathoun, one of the kings or princes of Wales. In consequence of Saxon invasions, Fragan emigrated from Wales to Armorica, where the spot he inhabited is "called from him to this day Plou-fragan." Whether Winwaloe was born there or in Wales is uncertain ; but he was put under St. Budoc, a British abbot of a monastery in Isleverte, near the isle of Brebat, from whence with other monks he travelled, till they built themselves a monastery at Landevenech, three leagues from Brest.

He died in 529, at an advanced age. *

Father Cressy says, that St. Winwaloe worked many miracles ; "among which the most stupendous was his raising a young man to life." He further tells, that "St. Patrick presented himself to him in a vision, with an angelicall brightness, and having a golden diadem on his head," and told him he paid him a visit, to prevent Winwaloe, who desired to see him, "so tedious a journey by sea and land." St. Patrick in this interview foretold St. Winwaloe so much, that the father of his monastery released him with the other monks before-mentioned, that they might become hermits ; for which purpose they travelled, till, wanting a ship, St. Winwaloe struck the sea with his staff, which opened a passage for them, and they walked through singing, and dryshod, "himself marching in the front, the waters on both sides standing like walls." Father Cressy says, that St. Winwaloe never sat in the church ; that "every day he repeated the hundred and fifty psalms ;" that to his bed he had neither feathers nor clothes, "but instead of feathers he strewed under him nutshells, and instead of blankets, sand mingled with pebbles, and two great stones under his head ;" that he wore the same clothes night and day ; that his bread was made with half of barley and half of ashes ; that his other diet was a mixture of meal and cabbage without fat ; and that "he took this refec-tion once, only in two, and sometimes three days."

* Butler.

Besides other particulars, Cressy adds, that "a town in Shropshire, called even in the Saxons' time Wenlock, (which seems a contraction from Winwaloc,) from him took its denomination."

He vanquisheth the Devil, &c.

So father Porter entitles one of his particulars concerning St. Winwaloe, which he relates in his "Flowers of the Saints" in these words: "The devill envying soe great sanctitie, endeavoured with his hellish plotts to trouble and molest his pious labours, appeared unto him as he prayed in his oratorie, in the most uglye and horrid shapes that the master of wickednes could invent, vomiting out of his infernall throate manie reprochfull wordes against him; when he nothing dismayed thereat, courageously proceeded in his devotions, and brandishing the chief armes of life, the holy crosse, against that black messenger of death, he compelled him to vanish away in confusion."

St Winwaloe and the cruel Goose.

Bishop Patrick, in his "Reflexions upon the Devotions of the Roman Church," cites from the latin "Acts of the Saints," a miracle which is quite as miraculous as either of the preceding. "A sister of St. Winwaloc had her eye plucked out by a goose, as she was playing. St. Winwaloc was taught by an angel a sign whereby to know that goose from the rest, and having cut it open, found the eye in its entrails, preserved by the power of God unhurt, and shining like a gem; which he took and put it again in its proper place, and recovered his sister; and was so kind also to the goose as to send it away alive, after it had been cut up, to the rest of the flock."

WINNOLD FAIR, NORFOLK.

A correspondent, whose signature has before appeared, transmits the annexed communication concerning the hamlet of Winnold, and the fair held there annually on this day.

For the Every-Day Book.

A priory, dedicated to St. Winwaloe, was founded by the family of the earls of Clare, before the seventh year of king John, (1206,) in a hamlet, (thence called, by corruption, the hamlet of Whinwall, *Winnold*, or *Wynhold*,) belonging to the parish of Wereham, in Norfolk, as a cell to the

abbey of Mounstroll, of the order of St. Bennet, in the diocese of Amiens, in France. In 1321, the abbot and convent sold it to Hugh Scarlet, of London, who conveyed it to the lady Elizabeth de Burso, the sister and coheir of Gilbert, earl of Clare, and she afterwards gave it to West Dereham abbey, situate a few miles from Wereham. At the general dissolution it was valued, with West Dereham, at 252*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* (Speed,) and 228*l.* (Dugdale.) Little of the priory is now remaining, except a part which is thought to have been the chapel.

A fair for horses and cattle on this day, which was originally kept in this hamlet of *Winnold*, has existed probably from the foundation of the priory, as it is mentioned in the tenth of Edward III. (1337,) when the priory and the fair were given to West Dereham abbey. Though the abbey and priory, as establishments, are annihilated, the fair (probably from its utility) has continued with reputation to the present day. Soon after the dissolution, it was removed to the adjoining parish of Wimbotsham, and continued to be held there till within the last thirty years, when it was again removed a few miles further, to the market town of Downham, as a more convenient spot, and is now kept in a field there, called, for reasons unknown, "the Howdell," and is at this time a very large horse and cattle fair; but, though it has undergone these removals, it still retains its ancient, original appellation of "*Winnold Fair*."* This fair, which is perhaps of greater antiquity than any now kept in the kingdom, will probably preserve the memory of *St. Winnold*, in the west of Norfolk and the adjoining counties, for centuries to come, above the whole host of his canonized brethren. He is also commemorated, by the following traditional West Norfolk proverbial distich:—

"First comes David, next comes Chad,

And then comes *Winnold* as though he was mad

noticing the two previous days in March, (the first and second,) and in allusion to the prevalence of windy weather at this period. Whether *St. Winnold*, in the zenith of his fame, was remarkable for an irascibility of temper, I am not enabled to say; yet it rarely happens when the first few days in March are not attended with such boisterous and tempestuous weather, generally from the

* Blomfield's Norfolk. Taylor's Index Monasticus.

north, that he might not improperly be termed the Norfolk "Boreas."

K.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 10.

March 4.

A Flower of the Season.

The fair author of the "Flora Domestica" inquires, "Who can see, or hear the name of the daisy, the common field daisy, without a thousand pleasurable associations? It is connected with the sports of childhood and with the pleasures of youth. We walk abroad to seek it; yet it is the very emblem of home. It is a favourite with man, woman, and child: it is the *robin* of flowers. Turn it all ways, and on every side you will find new beauty. You are attracted by the snowy white leaves, contrasted by the golden tuft in the centre, as it rears its head above the green grass: pluck it, and you will find it backed by a delicate star of green, and tipped with a blush-colour, or a bright crimson.

'Daisies with their pinky lashes'

are among the first darlings of spring. They are in flower almost all the year; closing in the evening, and in wet weather, and opening on the return of the sun."

In the poem of a living poet are these elegant stanzas:

To the Daisy.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten or defy,
That thought comes next, and instantly
The freak is over;
The freak will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar;
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee.

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast;
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

Wordsworth.

This evergreen of flowers is honoured by the same delightful bard in other poems; our young readers will not find fault if they are again invited to indulge; and the graver moralist will be equally gratified.

To the Daisy.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet daisy!

When soothed awhile by milder airs,
Thou Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
If welcomed once, thou count'st it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor carest if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
 Or some bright day of April sky,
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
 Near the green holly,
 And wearily at length should fare ;
 He need but look about, and there
 Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
 Have I derived from thy sweet power
 Some apprehension ;
 Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
 Some memory that had taken flight ;
 Some chime of fancy, wrong or right ;
 Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
 And one chance look to thee should turn,
 I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure ;
 The homely sympathy that heeds
 The common life, our nature breeds
 A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
 I see thee rise alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful flower ! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness :
 And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
 A happy genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the year ! that round dost run
 Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
 And cheerful when the day's begun
 As morning leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
 Dear shalt thou be to future men
 As in old time ;—thou, not in vain,
 Art Nature's favourite."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 10.

March 5.

1826.—*Mid Lent Sunday.*

For particulars of this day, see vol. i.
 p. 358.

FLOWERS.

Yes—Flowers again ! It is the season
 of their approach ; therefore make ready
 for their coming, and listen to the fair
 herald who is eloquent in praise of their
 eloquence. She tells us, in her "*Flora
 Domestica*," and who dare deny ? that
 "flowers do speak a language, a clear
 and intelligible language : ask Mr. Words-
 worth, for to him they have spoken, until
 they excited 'thoughts that lie too deep
 for tears ;' ask Chaucer, for he held com-
 panionship with them in the meadows ;
 ask any of the poets, ancient or modern.
 Observe them, reader, love them, linger
 over them ; and ask your own heart, if
 they do not speak affection, benevolence,
 and piety. None have better understood
 the language of flowers than the simple-
 minded peasant-poet, Clare, whose vo-
 lumes are like a beautiful country, diver-
 sified with woods, meadows, heaths, and
 flower-gardens :

Bowing adorers of the gale,
 Ye cowslips delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems ;
 Unfold your cups in splendour, speak !
 Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil ;
 Go bid the artist's simple stain
 Your lustre imitate, in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod ;
 Open to spring's refreshing air,
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker, and my God.

Clare.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 69.

March 6.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 40 · 22.

Merriment in March.

The wooden bird on horseback showing,
By beat of drum with pipers blowing,
They troop along huzzaing, tooting,
To hold their annual game of shooting.

This is a French sport, which, according to a print from whence the present representation was taken, is peculiar to the month of March. The inscription on the engraving just mentioned, is—

MARS.

REJOUISSANCES DU PAPEGUAY.

*Les Triomphes d'un Conquérant
Font voir plus de magnificence :
Mais au défaut de l'opulence,
Ceux cy ne content point de Sang.*

The "Papeguay," Papegai, or Papegaut, is "a wooden bird to shoot at, a shaw fowl."* This wooden bird in the

print is carried on a pole by the man on horseback, attended by those who are about to partake of the sport, and preceded by music. It seems to be a rustic amusement, and, perhaps, some light may be thrown on it by the following account from Miss Plumtre's "Residence in France." She says, that in connection with the church of St. John, at Aix, which formerly belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, there is a ceremony which used to be called *Le Bravade de St. Jean d'Aix*, instituted in the year 1272, on the return of the army which had followed Louis IX. or St. Louis, in his last expedition to Egypt and the Holy-land

* Charnaud.

According to Miss Plumptre, it was held on the eve of St. John the Baptist. A large bird of any kind was tethered in a field without the town, so that it could fly only to a certain height, and the youth of the place, those only of the second order of nobles, took aim at him with their bows and arrows in presence of all the nobility, gentry, and magistracy. He who killed the bird was king of the archers for the year ensuing, and the two who had gone the nearest after him were appointed his lieutenant and standard-bearer; he also nominated several other officers from among the competitors. The company then returned into the town, the judges of the contest marching first, followed by the victors: bonfires were made in several parts, round which the people danced, while the king and his officers went from one to the other till they had danced by turns at them all. The same diversions were repeated the following day; and both evenings the king, at the conclusion of them, was attended home by his officers and a concourse of people, among whom he distributed largesses to a considerable amount.

At the first institution of this ceremony, the intention of which was to incite the young men to render themselves expert marksmen, the king enjoyed very extensive privileges during the year; but in latter times they had been reduced to those of wearing a large silver medal which was presented to him at his accession, of enjoying the right of shooting wherever he chose, of partaking in the grand mass celebrated by the order of Malta at their church on the festival of St. John, and of being exempted from lodging soldiers, and paying what was called *Le droit de piquet*, a tax upon all the flour brought into the town. After the invention of the arquebuse, instead of shooting at a live bird with arrows, they fired at a wooden bird upon a pole, and he who could bring it down was appointed king: any one who brought it down two years together was declared emperor, and in that quality exempted for life from all municipal taxes. This ceremony continued till the revolution.

It appears from hence that this custom of shooting at a wooden bird on St. John's eve is very similar to that which the engraving represents, as the merriment of the *Papeguay*, or wooden bird, belonging to the month of March

Anecdotes of
BROWNE WILLIS,
The Antiquarian.

To the portrait of this eminent antiquary at p. 194, is annexed the day of his birth, in 1682, and the day whereon he died, in 1760. That engraving of him is after an etching made "in 1781, at the particular request of the Rev. William Cole, from a drawing made by the Rev. Michael Tyson, from an original painting by Dahl." Mr. Cole, in a letter to Mr. Steevens, speaks of the etching thus: "The copy pleases me infinitely; nothing can be more exact and like the copy I sent, and which, as well as I can recollect, is equally so to the original. Notwithstanding the distance of time when Dahl drew his portrait and that in which I knew him, and the strange metamorphose that age and caprice had made in his figure, yet I could easily trace some lines and traits of what Mr. Dahl had given of him." Agreeably to the promise already given, some particulars remain to be added concerning the distinguished individual it represents.

Browne Willis was grandson of Dr. Thomas Willis, the most celebrated physician of his time, and the eldest son of Thomas Willis, esq., of Bletchley, in the county of Bucks. When at Westminster school, "the neighbouring abbey drew his admiration: here he loved to walk and contemplate. The solemnity of the building, the antique appearance, the monuments, filled his whole mind. He delighted himself in reading old inscriptions. Here he first imbibed the love of antiquities, and the impression grew indelible." At seventeen he was admitted a gentleman commoner of Christ Church college; in 1705 he represented the town of Buckingham in parliament, where he constantly attended, and often sat on committees; in 1707 he married; in 1718 he became an active member of the society of antiquaries; in 1720 the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of M. A. by diploma; and in 1740 he received from it the degree of LL. D. On the 11th of February, 1760, he was buried in Fenny Stratford chapel, an edifice which, though he founded it himself, he was accustomed to attribute to the munificence of others, "who were in reality only contributors." Of his numerous antiquarian works the principal are "Notitia Parliamentaria, or

an History of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs in England and Wales," 3 vols. 8vo. "Mitred Abbies, &c." 2 vols. 8vo. "Cathedrals of England," 3 vols. 4to. and 4 vols. 8vo.—He attained a most extensive erudition in the topographical, architectural, and numismatic remains of England by devoting his life to their study, which he pursued with unabated ardour, uncheered by the common hope of deriving even a sufficiency from his various publications to defray their expenses. In a letter to his friend Dr. Ducarel, when he was seventy-four years of age, he says, "I am 100*l.* out of pocket by what I have printed; except my octavo of Parliaments, which brought me 15*l.* profit, though I gave it all away, and above 20*l.* more to build Buckingham tower steeple; and now, as I hoped for subscription to this book, (his last work, the History of the Town and Hundred of Buckingham) am like to have half the impression on my hands. Sold only 69 copies, of which to gentlemen of Buckinghamshire, only 28." In the same year, 1756, he writes to one of his daughters, "I have worked for nothing; nay, except in one book, have been out of pocket, and at great expense in what I printed." He considerably impaired his fortune by the scrupulosity and magnitude of his researches and collections, which he persevered in till he grew so weak and infirm that he had not strength to reach down and turn over his books, or draw up particulars with his own hands. Yet even then, in his seventy-eighth year, he amused himself by inquiries concerning "Bells," and obtained returns of the contents of belfries in nearly six hundred parishes of the county of Lincoln, which he entered in the "Parochiale Anglicanum."

An account of Dr. Willis was read to the society of antiquaries, by his friend Dr. Ducarel, who sums up his character in these words:—"This learned society, of which he was one of the first revivers, and one of the most industrious members, can bear me witness that he was indefatigable in his researches; for his works were of the most laborious kind. But what enabled him, besides his unwearied diligence, to bring them to perfection, was, his being blessed with a most excellent memory. He had laid so good a foundation of learning, that, though he had chiefly conversed with records, and

other matters of antiquity which are not apt to form a polite style, yet he expressed himself, in all his compositions, in an easy and genteel manner. He was, indeed, one of the first who placed our ecclesiastical history and antiquities upon a firm basis, by grounding them upon records and registers; which, in the main, are unexceptionable authorities. During the course of his long life, he had visited every cathedral in England and Wales, except Carlisle; which journeys he used to call his *pilgrimages*. In his friendships none more sincere and hearty; always communicative, and ever ready to assist every studious and inquisitive person: this occasioned an acquaintance and connection between him and all his learned contemporaries. For his mother, the university of Oxford, he always expressed the most awful respect and the warmest esteem. As to his piety and moral qualifications, he was strictly religious, without any mixture of superstition or enthusiasm, and quite exemplary in this respect: and of this, his many public works, in building, repairing, and beautifying of churches, are so many standing evidences. He was charitable to the poor and needy; just and upright towards all men. In a word, no one ever deserved better of the society of antiquaries; if industry and an incessant application, throughout a long life, to the investigating the antiquities of this national church and state, is deserving of their countenance."

The editor of the *Every-Day Book* possesses an unprinted letter written by Dr. Willis to the learned bishop Tanner, when chancellor of Norwich. A copy of this letter is subjoined, together with a fac-simile of its date and the place from whence it was addressed, in Dr. Willis's hand-writing, and a further fac-simile of his autograph at the conclusion. The epistle is written on a proof impression of "The Ichnography or Platform of the Cathedral Church of Christ Church in Oxford," one of the plates in Dr. Willis's "Cathedrals," relative to which, as well as other works, he sought information from his distinguished brother antiquary. This letter is a good specimen of Dr. Willis's epistolary style of communication, and of that minuteness of investigation which is indispensable to antiquarian labours: it likewise testifies his solicitude for the education of his eldest

son "Tom," who died four years before himself, and expresses a natural desire that Dr. Tanner would visit his ecclesiastical foundation at Fenny Stratford.

Copy.

To

The Rev. Dr. Tanner
Chancellor of Norwich
att
Norwich

Wkaddon Hall

March 23 1728

Dear Mr. Chancellor,

I am honoured with yours just now received, and though weary with a journey being come home to night after 3 days absence, and lying out of my Bed which I have not done since Sir Thomas Lee's Election in January, yet I cannot omitt paying my duty to you and thanking you for the favour and satisfaction yours gave mee—I have printed above 20 Prebendal Stalls of Lincoln but it does not goe on so fast as I would have it, else I should soon come to Ely, but I doubt I shall stay a long time for the draughts, wherefore I pray when you write to Dr. Knight press his getting them done out of hand—I have here one of Christ-church which I write upon that you may give your opinion—I shall be very glad you approve it, wee cannot well put in more references. As to the Prebendarys of Lincoln, since I have wrote 5 or 6 letters to the Bishop without an answer, I am obliged to be contented. I should be glad of Thomas Davies's Epitaph from Bexwell. He was vicar of Siston co: Leicester and A.M. as my Account says. I have only 4 or 5 to enquire after that I shall be so eager to find, viz. Joshua Clark (Prebendary) of Cester, who died 1712. I have wrote to his 2 successors and cannot hear one word: The others I want are John Davenport, Mr. Davies's predecessor in Sutton Prebend, and Henry Morland or Merland who died about 1704; but I would more particularly enquire after Thomas Stanhope, who, about 1668, was installed into the Prebend of Sutton cum Buckingham—I shall be thankfull for any Information of him, as I am of all opportunities of hearing from you, and design to lay by your papers of Ely to send you again: but I

am teized sadly about Bishop Lloyd of Norwich's great Seal, and the circumscription round it, and have had 2 letters this week on that account: what my importunate correspondent wants is, the circle of writing round the Episcopal Seal in which he wrote his name Gulielmus: I am ashamed to repeat this Impertinence to which I pray a quick answer, especially as to another subject of the greatest consequence of all, which is about placing my Eldest Son at Christ-church, where I design to make him a commoner, for he must study hard—I am to consult about a Tutor, and would gladly have one you have a confidence in; there are recommended Mr. Allen, Mr. Bateman, and Mr. Ward; now if you can answer for ever an one of these, and that he will, on your friendship or the Dean's, have a more particular eye to Tom, whom I dont design to continue above 2 or 3 years at most, I shall be very thankfull for your recommendation. And so pray dear Mr. Chancellor write soon and advise mee, but I hope your affairs will call you to Oxford, and that you will take mee in your way and see Stratford chapell, which is very near, and your ever obliged and devoted Servant in all things,

B Willis

Browne Willis's letter is franked by Dr. Richard Willis, bishop of Winchester, who was translated to that see from the bishopric of Salisbury, in 1723. A fac-simile of his autograph, on this occasion, is annexed.

*Frank
R Winchester*

The character of Dr. Willis, by Dr. Ducarel, records his "pilgrimages" to "every cathedral in England and Wales, except Carlisle." The antiquity, and the purposes of religious buildings, were objects of his utmost veneration; and he had the remarkable propensity of visiting churches on the festival-day of the saint to whom they were dedicated. In Fenny Stratford chapel he placed the following lines, "to the memory of Thomas Willis

M.D.," his grandfather, through whom he derived his patrimonial estates:—

In honour to thy mem'ry, blessed Shade!
 Was the foundation of this chapel laid.
 Purchas'd by thee, thy son, and present heir,
 Owes these three manors to thy sacred care.
 For this, may all thy race thanks ever pay,
 And yearly celebrate *St. Martin's day!*

B. W.

A letter he wrote within three months before his death particularizes his regard of festival-days.

Mr. Nichols transcribes a letter which wrote very late in life, dated Nov. 3, 1759: "Good Mr. Owen, This comes to thank you for your favour at Oxford at St. Frideswide's festival; and as your Bodleian visitation is over, I hope you are a little at liberty to come and see your friends; and as you was pleased to mention you would once more make me happy with your good company, I wish it might be next week, at our St. Martin's anniversary at Fenny Stratford, which is Thursday se'nnight, the 22d instant, when a sermon will be preached by the minister of Buckingham: the last I am ever like to attend, so very infirm as I am now got; so that I stir very little out of the house, and it will therefore be charity to have friends come and visit me."

Mr. Gough's manuscripts relate of Dr. Willis, that "he told Mr. S. Bush he was going to Bristol on *St. Austin's-day* to see the cathedral, it *being the dedication day*." It is added, that "he would lodge in no house at Bath but the Abbey-house: he said, when he was told that Wells cathedral was 800 years old, there was not a stone of it left 500 years ago."

Miss Talbot, "in an unprinted letter to a lady of first-rate quality," dated from the rectory house of St. James's parish, (Westminster,) January 2, 1739, humorously describes him and says, "As by his little knowledge of the world, he has ruined a fine estate, that was, when he first had it, worth 2000*l.* per annum, his present circumstances oblige him to an odd-headed kind of frugality, that shows itself in the slovenliness of his dress, and makes him think London much too extravagant an abode for his daughters; at the same time that his zeal for antiquities makes him think an old copper farthing very cheaply bought for a guinea, and any journey properly undertaken that will bring him to some old cathedral on *the saint's day* to which it

was dedicated." Further on, Miss Talbot adds, relative to Dr. Willis on St. George's day, "To honour last Sunday *as it deserved*, after having run about all the morning to *all the St. George's churches*, whose difference of hours permitted him, he came to dine with us in a tie-wig, that exceeds indeed all description. 'Tis a tie-wig (the very colour of it is inexpressible) that he has had, he says, these nine years; and of late it has lain by at his barber's, never to be put on but once a year, in honour of the Bishop of Gloucester's (Benson) birth-day."

These peculiarities of Dr. Willis are in Mr. Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," from which abundant depository of facts, the particulars hereafter related are likewise extracted, with a view to the information of general readers. On the same ground, that gentleman's collection is mentioned; for—it is not to be presumed that any real inquirer into the "Literary History" of the last or the preceding century can be ignorant, that Mr. Nichols's invaluable work is an indispensable assistant to every diligent investigator. It is certainly the fullest, and is probably the most accurate, source that can be consulted for biographical facts during that period, and is therefore quoted by name, as all authors ought to be by every writer or editor who is influenced by grateful feelings towards his authorities, and honest motives towards the public.

Dr. Willis was whimsically satirized in the following verses by Dr. Darrell of Lillington Darrell.

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace*.

Whilome there dwelt near Buckingham,
 That famous county town,
 At a known place, hight Whaddon Chace
 A squire of odd renown.—

A Druid's sacred form he bore,
His robes a girdle bound :
Deep vers'd he was in ancient lore,
In customs old, profound.

A stick torn from that hallow'd tree
Where Chaucer us'd to sit,
And tell his tales with leering glee,
Supports his tott'ring feet.

High on a hill his mansion stood
But gloomy dark within ;
Here mangled books, as bones and blood
Lie in a giant's den.

Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
On groaning shelves they're thrown ;
Such manuscripts no eye could read,
Nor hand write—but his own.

No prophet he, like Sydrophele,
Could future times explore ;
But what had happen'd, he could tell,
Five hundred years and more.

A walking Alm'nack he appears,
Stept from some mouldy wall,
Worn out of use thro' dust and years,
Like scutcheons in his hall.

His boots were made of that cow's hide,
By Guy of Warwick slain ;
Time's choicest gifts, aye to abide
Among the chosen train.

Who first receiv'd the precious boon,
We're at a loss to learn,
By Spelman, Camden, Dugdale, worn,
And then they came to Hearne.

Hearne strutted in them for a while ;
And then, as lawful heir,
Browne claim'd and seiz'd the precious spoil,
The spoil of many a year.

His car himself he did provide,
To stand in double stead ;
That it should carry him alive,
And bury him when dead.

By rusty coins old kings ne'd trace,
And know their air and mien :
King Alfred he knew well by face,
Tho' George he ne'er had seen.

This wight th' outside of churches lov'd,
Almost unto a sin ;
Spires Gothic of more use he prov'd
Than pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in air,
A wand'ring bird they'll rest,
Or with a Bramin's holy care,
Make lodgments for its nest.

Ye Jackdaws, that are us'd to talk,
Like us of human race,
When nigh you see Browne Willis walk
Loud chatter forth his praise.

Whene'er the fatal day shall come,
For come, alas ! it must,
When this good 'squire must stay at home,
And turn to antique dust ;

The solemn dirge, ye Owls, prepare,
Ye Bats, more hoarsely screek ;
Croak, all ye Ravens, round the bier,
And all ye Church-mice squeak.

The Rev. W. Cole says, " Browne Willis had a most passionate regard for the town of Buckingham, which he represented in Parliament one session, or part of a session. This he showed on every occasion, and particularly in endeavouring to get a new charter for them, and to get the bailiff changed into a mayor ; by unwearied application in getting the assizes held once a year there, and procuring the archdeacon to hold his visitations, and also the bishop there, as often as possible ; by promoting the building of a jail in the town ; and, above all, by procuring subscriptions, and himself liberally contributing, to the raising the tower of the church 24 feet higher. As he cultivated an interest opposite to the Temple family, they were never upon good terms ; and made verses upon each other on their several foibles."

The same Mr. Cole, by way of notes on the preceding poem, relates the following anecdotes of Dr. Willis, which are subjoined to it by Mr. Nichols. "Mr. Willis never mentioned the adored town of Buckingham without the addition of *county-town*. His person and dress were so singular, that, though a gentleman of 1000*l.* per annum, he has often been taken for a beggar. An old leathern girdle or belt, always surrounded the two or three coats he wore, and over them an old blue cloak. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England,—such as he could with difficulty read himself, and what no one, except his old correspondents, could decipher. His boots, which he almost always appeared in, were not the least singular part of his dress. I suppose it will not be a falsity to say they were forty years old, patched and vamped up at various times. They are all in wrinkles, and don't come up above half way of his legs. He was often called in the neighbourhood, *Old Wrinkle Boots*. They are humorously historized in the above poem. The chariot of Mr. Willis

was so singular, that from it he was called himself, *The old Chariot*. It was his wedding chariot, and had his arms on brass plates about it, not unlike a coffin, and painted black. He was as remarkable probably for his love to the walls and structures of churches, as for his variance with the clergy in his neighbourhood. He built, by subscription, the chapel at Felny Stratford; repaired Bletchley church very elegantly, at a great expense; repaired Bow-Brickill church, desecrated and not used for a century, and added greatly to the height of Buckingham church tower. He was not well pleased with any one, who in talking of, or with him, did not call him *Squire*. I wrote these notes when I was out of humour with him for some of his tricks. God rest his soul, and forgive us all. Amen!" Cole and Willis were friends. Our antiquary presented a living to Mr. Cole, who appears to have been very useful to him as a transcriber, seeker after dates, and collector of odds and ends. In erudition, discrimination, arrangement, and literary powers, Cole was at an immense distance from him. Dr. Willis's writing he calls "the worst hand of any man in England." This was not the fact. Cole's "hand" was formal, and as plain as print; it was the only qualification he possessed over Dr. Willis, whose writing is certainly peculiar, and yet, where it seems difficult, is readily decipherable by persons accustomed to varieties of method, and is to be read with ease by any one at all acquainted with its uniform character.

On Dr. Willis's personal appearance, Mr. Cole says, in a letter to Mr. Steevens, "When I knew him first, about 35 years ago, he had more the appearance of a mumping beggar than of a gentleman; and the most like resemblance of his figure that I can recollect among old prints, is that of Old Hobson the Cambridge carrier. He then, as always, was dressed in an old slouched hat, more brown than black, a weather-beaten large wig, three or four old-fashioned coats, all tied round by a leathern belt, and over all an old blue cloak, lined with black fustian, which he told me he had new made when he was elected member for the town of Buckingham about 1707." Cole retained affection for his memory: he adds "I have still by me as relics, this cloak and belt, which I purchased of his

servant." Cole's letter with this account he consented that Mr. Steevens should allow Mr. Nichols to use, adding that he gave the permission "on a presumption, that there was nothing disrespectful to the memory of Mr. Willis, for what I said I don't recollect." On this, Mr. Nichols remarks, "The *disrespect* was certainly levelled at the mere external foibles of the respectable antiquary, whose goodness of heart, and general spirit or philanthropy were amply sufficient to bear him out in those whimsical peculiarities of dress, which were irresistible sources of ridicule."

Cole, however, may be suspected to have somewhat exaggerated, when he so generalized his description of Dr. Willis, as to affirm that "he had more the appearance of a mumping beggar than of a gentleman." Miss Talbot, of whom it was said by the duchess of Somerset to lady Luxborough, "she censures nobody, she despises nobody, and whilst her own life is a pattern of goodness, she does not exclaim with bitterness against vice," seems, in her letter to the lady of quality before cited, to have painted Dr. Willis to the life. She says, "With one of the honestest hearts in the world, he has one of the oddest heads that ever dropped out of the moon. Extremely well versed in coins, he knows hardly any thing of mankind, and you may judge what kind of education such an one is likely to give to four girls, who have had no female directress to polish their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling mansion-house in a country village."

It must be allowed, notwithstanding, to the credit of Mr. Cole, that she adds, "He is the dirtiest creature in the world;" but then, with such a character from the mouth of a fine lady, the sex and breeding of the affirmant must be taken into the account, especially as she assigns her reasons. "It is quite disagreeable," she says, "to sit by him at table: yet he makes one suit of clothes serve him at least two years, and then his great coat has been transmitted down, I believe, from generation to generation, ever since Noah." Thus there may be something on the score of want of fashion in her estimate.

Miss Talbot's account of Dr. Willis's daughters is admirable "Browne distinguishes his four daughters into the

lions and the *lambs*. The *lambs* are very good and very iuspid ; they were in town about ten days, that ended the beginning of last week ; and now the *lions* have succeeded them, who have a little spirit of rebellion, that makes them infinitely more agreeable than their sober sisters. The *lambs* went to every church Browne pleased every day ; the *lions* came to St. James's church on St. George's day, (which to Browne was downright heresy, for reasons just related.) The *lambs* thought of no higher entertainment than going to see some collections of shells ; the *lions* would see every thing, and go every where. The *lambs* dined here one day, were thought good awkward girls, and then were laid out of our thoughts for ever. The *lions* dined with us on Sunday, and were so extremely diverting, that we spent all yesterday morning, and are engaged to spend all this, in entertaining them, and going to a comedy, that, I think, has no ill-nature in it ; for the simplicity of these girls has nothing blameable in it, and the contemplation of such unassisted nature is infinitely amusing. They follow Miss Jenny's rule, of never being strange in a strange place ; yet in them this is not boldness." Miss Talbot says, she could give "a thousand traits of the *lions*," but she merely adds, "I wondered to have heard no remarks on the prince and princess ; their remarks on every thing else are admirable. As they sat in the drawing-room before dinner, one of them called to Mr. Secker, 'I wish you would give me a glass of sack !' The bishop of Oxford (Secker) came in, and one of them broke out very abruptly, 'But we heard every word of the sermon where we sat ; and a very good sermon it was,' added she, with a decisive nod. The bishop of Gloucester gave them tickets to go to a play ; and one of them took great pains to repeat to him, till he heard it, 'I would not rob you, but I know you are very rich, and can afford it, for I ben't covetous, indeed I an't covetous.' Poor girls ! their father will make them go out of town to-morrow, and they begged very hard that we would all join in entreating him to let them stay a fortnight, as their younger sisters have done ; but all our entreaties were in vain, and to-morrow the poor *lions* return to their den in the stage-coach. Indeed, in his birth-day tie-wig he looked so like the father in the farce Mrs. Secker was so diverted with, that I wished a

thousand times for the invention of Scapix and I would have made no scruple of assuming the character, and inspiring my friends with the laudable spirit of rebellion. I have picked out some of the dullest of their traits to tell you. They pressed us extremely to come and breakfast with them at their lodgings, four inches square, in Chapel-street, at eight o'clock in the morning, and bring a stay-maker and the bishop of Gloucester with us. We put off the engagement till eleven, sent the stay-maker to measure them at nine, and Mrs. Secker and I went and found the ladies quite undressed ; so that, instead of taking them to Kensington Gardens, as we promised, we were forced, for want of time, to content ourselves with carrying them round Grosvenor-square into the Ring, where, for want of better amusement, they were fain to fall upon the basket of dirty sweetmeats and cakes that an old woman is always teizing you with there, which they had nearly despatched in a couple of rounds. It were endless to tell you all that has inexpressibly diverted me in their behaviour and conversation."

Mr. Nichols contents himself with calling Miss Talbot's letter "a very pleasant one"—it is delightfully pleasant : that its description may not be received in an ill sense, he carefully remarks, that "it would be thought highly satirical in any body else," but he roguishly affirms that "Dr. Taylor could tell a thousand such stories of Browne Willis and his family ;" and then he selects another. "In the summer of 1740, after Mr. Baker's death, his executor came to take possession of the effects, and lived for some time in his chambers at college. Here Browne Willis waited upon him to see some of the MSS. or books ; and after a long visit, to find and examine what he wanted, the old bed-maker of the rooms came in ; when the gentleman said, 'What noise was that I heard just as you opened the door ?' (he had heard the *rustling of silk*)—"Oh !" says Browne Willis, 'it is only one of my daughters that I left on the staircase. This, we may suppose, was a *lamb*, by her patient waiting ; else a *lion* would have been better able to resist any petty rudenesses.'" Afterwards we have another "trait" of the same kind : "Once after long teasing, the young ladies prevailed on him to give them a London

jaunt; unluckily the lodgings were (unknown to them) at an undertaker's, the irregular and late hours of whose business was not very agreeable to the young ladies: but they comforted themselves with the thoughts of the pleasure they should have during their stay in town; when to their great surprise and grief, as soon as they had got their breakfast, the old family coach rumbled to the door, and the father bid them get in, as he had done the business about which he came to town." Poor girls!

sameness of a country situation. He represented me at parting, to Mr. Cartwright, as one incorrigible, and lost beyond all hopes of recovery to every thing truly valuable in learning, by having unfortunately let slip that I preferred, and feared I ever should prefer, one page of Livy or Tacitus, Sallust or Cæsar, to all the monkish writers, with Bede at the head of them.

———"quot sunt quotve fuerunt

Aut quotquot aliis erunt in annis.

Sic explicat Historiola de Brownio Willisio!"

The late Rev. John Kynaston, M. A., fellow of Brazen-nose college, who had seen the preceding paragraphs, writes to Mr. Nichols, "Your anecdotes of the *lions* and the *lambs* have entertained me prodigiously, as I well knew the grizzly sire of both. Browne Willis was indeed an original. I met with him at Mr. Cartwright's, at Aynhoe, in Northamptonshire, in 1753, where I was at that time chaplain to the family, and curate of the parish. Browne came here on a visit of a week that summer. He looked for all the world like an old portrait of the era of queen Elizabeth, that had walked down out of its frame. He was, too truly, the very dirty figure Miss Talbot describes him to be; which, with the antiquity of his dress, rendered him infinitely formidable to all the children in the parish. He often called upon me at the parsonage house, when I happened not to dine in the family; having a great, and as it seemed, a very favourite point to carry, which was no less than to persuade me to follow his example, and to turn all my thoughts and studies to *venerable antiquity*; he deemed that the *summum bonum*, the height of all human felicity. I used to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright highly, by detailing to them Browne's arguments to debauch me from the pursuit of polite literature, and such studies as were most agreeable to my turn and taste; and by parcelling out every morning after prayers (we had daily prayers at eleven in the church) the progress Browne had made the day before in the arts of seduction. I amused him with such answers as I thought best suited to his hobby-horse, till I found he was going to leave us; and then, by a stroke or two of spirited railery, lost his warm heart and his advice for ever. My egging him on served us, however, for a week's excellent entertainment, amid the dulness and

An Itinerary of Browne Willis "in search of the *antique*," must have been excessively amusing. "Among the innumerable stories that are told of him, and the difficulties and rebuffs he met with in his favourite pursuits, the following may suffice as a specimen:—One day he desired his neighbour, Mr. Lowndes, to go with him to one of his tenants, whose old habitation he wanted to view. A coach driving into the farm-yard sufficiently alarmed the family, who betook themselves to close quarters; when Browne Willis, spying a woman at a window, thrust his head out of the coach, and cried out, 'Woman, I ask if you have got no *arms* in your house.' As the transaction happened to be in the rebellion of 1745, when searches for arms were talked of, the woman was still less pleased with her visitor, and began to talk accordingly. When Mr. Lowndes had enjoyed enough of this absurdity, he said, 'Neighbour, it is rather cold sitting here; if you will let me put my head out, I dare say we shall do our business much better.' So the late Dr. Newcome, going in his coach through one of the villages near Cambridge, and seeing an old mansion, called out to an old woman, 'Woman, is this a *religious house*?' 'I don't know what you mean by a religious house,' retorted the woman; 'but I believe the house is as honest an house as any of yours at Cambridge.'"

On another occasion, "Riding over Mendip or Cheddar, he came to a church under the hill, the steeple just rising above them, and near twenty acres of water belonging to Mr. Cox. He asked a countryman the church's name—'Emburrough.' 'When was it dedicated?' 'Talk English, or don't talk at all.' 'When is the revel or wake?' The fellow thought, as there was a match at quarter-staff for a

hat in the neighbourhood, he intended to make one; and, struck with his mean appearance besides, challenged him in a rude way, and so they parted.' This anomalous proposition must have been as embarrassing as the situation presumed in the play, 'Dr. Pangloss in a tandem, with a terrier between his legs!'"

There is a very characteristic anecdote of Browne Willis, and Humfrey Wanley, a man of singular celebrity, and library keeper to the literary earl of Oxford: it is of Wanley's own relation in his Diary. "Feb. 9, 1725-6. Mr. Browne Willis came, wanting to peruse one of Holmes's MSS. marked L, and did so; and also L 2, L 3, and L 4, without finding what he expected. He would have explained to me his design in his intended book about our cathedrals; but I said I was about my lord's necessary business, and had not leisure to spend upon any matter foreign to that. He wanted the liberty to look over Holmes's MSS. and indeed over all this library, that he might collect materials for amending his former books, and putting forth new ones. I signified to him that it would be too great a work; and that I, having business appointed me by my lord, which required much despatch, could not in such a case attend upon him. He would have teased me here this whole afternoon, but I would not suffer him. At length he departed in great anger, and I hope to be rid of him." It is reported of the lion, that he is scared by the braying of the least noble of the beasts.

The Rev. Mr. Gibberd performed the "last offices" at the funeral of his friend Dr. Willis, who parted from life "without the usual agonies of death." This gentleman says, "He breathed almost his last with the most earnest and ardent wishes for my prosperity: 'Ah! Mr. Gibberd, God bless you for ever, Mr. Gibberd!' were almost the last words of my dying friend." Mr. Gibberd's character of him may close these notices. "He was strictly religious, without any mixture of superstition or enthusiasm. The honour of God was his prime view in almost every action of his life. He was a constant frequenter of the church, and never absented himself from the holy communion; and as to the reverence he

had for places more immediately set apart for religious duties, it is needless to mention what his many public works, in building, repairing, and beautifying churches, are standing evidences of. In the time of health he called his family together every evening, and, besides his private devotions in the morning, he always retired into his closet in the afternoon at about four or five o'clock. In his intercourse with men, he was in every respect, as far as I could judge, very upright. He was a good landlord, and scarce ever raised his rents; and that his servants, likewise, have no reason to complain of their master, is evident from the long time they generally lived with him. He had many valuable and good friends, whose kindness he always acknowledged. And though, perhaps, he might have some dispute, with a few people, the reason of which it would be disagreeable to enter into, yet it is with great satisfaction that I can affirm that he was perfectly reconciled with every one. He was, with regard to himself, peculiarly sober and temperate; and he has often told me, that he denied himself many things, that he might bestow them better. Indeed, he appeared to me to have no greater regard to money than as it furnished him with an opportunity of doing good. He supplied yearly three charity schools at Whaddon, Bletchley, and Fenny-Stratford: and besides what he constantly gave at Christmas, he was never backward in relieving his poor neighbours with both wine and money when they were sick, or in any kind of distress." Thus, then, may end the few memorials that have been thrown together regarding an estimable though eccentric gentleman "of the old school." If he did not adorn society by his "manners," he enriched our stores of knowledge, and posterity have justly conferred on his memory a reputation for antiquarian attainments which few can hope to acquire, because few have the industry to cultivate so thorough an intimacy with the venerable objects of their acquaintance.

An "antiquary" is usually alarming. Those who are not acquainted with him personally, imagine that he is necessarily dull, tasteless, and passionless. Yet this conception might be dissipated by reference to the memoirs of the eminent departed, or by courting the society of the

distinguished living. A citation in the notice of Grose* tells us that

"society droops for the loss of his jest:"

that antiquary's facetiousness enlivened the duller company, and with the convivial he was the most jovial. Pennant's numerous works bear internal evidence of his pleasant mindedness. Jacob Bryant, "famous for his extensive learning, erudition," and profound investigations concerning "Heathen Mythology," and the situation and siege of "Troy," was one of the mildest and most amiable beings: his society was coveted by youth and age, until the termination of his life, in his eighty-ninth year. Among the illustrious lovers of classic or black letter lore, were the witty and humorous George Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare; Dr. Richard Farmer, the learned author of the masterly "Essay on the Genius and Learning of Shakspeare," is renowned by the few who remember him for the ease and variety of his conversation; Samuel Paterson, the celebrated bibliopolist, was full of anecdote and drollery; and the placid and intelligent Isaac Reed, the discriminating editor of "the immortal bard of Avon," graced every circle wherein he moved. It might seem to assume an intimacy which the editor of this work does not pretend to, were he to mention instances of social excellence among the prying investigators of antiquity yet alive: one, however, he cannot forbear to name—the venerable octogenarian John Nichols, esq. F.S.A. of whom he only knows, in common with all who have read or heard of him, as an example of cheerfulness and amenity during a life of unwearied perseverance in antiquarian researches, and the formation of multiform collections, which have added more to general information, and created a greater number of inquirers on such subjects, than the united labours of his early contemporaries.

Still it is not to be denied, that seclusion, wholly employed on the foundations of the dead, and the manners of other times, has a tendency to unfit *such* devotees for easy converse, when they seek to recreate by adventuring into the world. Early-acquired and long-continued severity of study, whether of the learned languages, or antiquities, or science, or nature, if it exclude other intimacies, is unfavourable to personal ap-

pearance and estimation. The *mere* scholar, the *mere* mathematician, and the *mere* antiquary, easily obtain reputations for eccentricity; but there are numerous individuals of profound abstraction, and erudite inquiry, who cultivate the understanding, or the imagination, or the heart, who are, in manner, so little different from others, that they are scarcely suspected by the unknown and the self-sufficient of being better or wiser than themselves. Hence, "in company," the individual whom all the world agrees to look on as "The Great Unknown," may be scarcely thought of, as "The Antiquary"—the "President of the Royal Society" pass for "quite a lady's man"—and ELIA be only regarded as "a gentleman that loves a joke!"

NATURE AND ART.

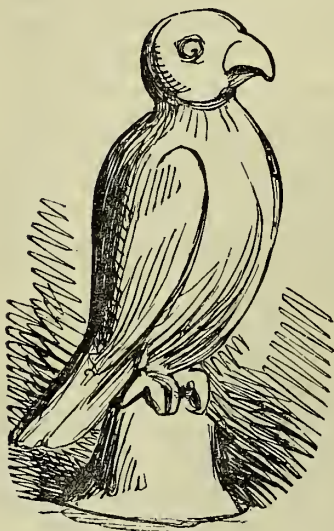
"Buy my images!"

"Art improves nature," is an old proverb which our forefathers adopted without reflection, and obstinately adhered to as lovers of consistency. The capacity and meshes of their brain were too small to hold many great truths, but they caught a great number of little errors, and this was one. They bequeathed it to "their children and their children's children," who inherited it till they threw away the wisdom of their ancestors with their wigs; left off hair powder; and are now leaving off the sitting in hot club rooms, for the sake of sleep, and exercise in the fresh air. There seems to be a general insurrection against the unnatural improvement of nature. We let ourselves and our trees grow out of artificial forms, and no longer sit in artificial arbours, with entrances like that of the cavern at Blackheath hill, or, as we may even still see them, if we pay a last visit to the dying beds of a few old tea-gardens. We know more than those who lived before us, and if we are not happier, we are on the way to be so. Wisdom is happiness: but "he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Knowledge is not wisdom; it is only the rough material of wisdom. It must be shaped by reflection and judgment, before it can be constructed into an edifice fitting for the mind to dwell in, and take up its rest. This, as our old discourses used to say, "brings us to our subject."

"Buy my images!" or, "Pye m'imatches," was, and is, a "London cry," by Italian lads carrying boards on their heads,

* Vol. i. p. 658.

with plaster figures for sale. "In my time," one of these "images" (it usually occupied a corner of the board) was a "Polly"—



A Parrot.

This representative of the most "popular" of "all the winged inhabitants of air," might have been taken for the likeness of some species between an owl and the booby-bird; but then the wings and back were coloured with a lively green, and the under part had yellow streaks, and the beak was of a red colour, and any colour did for the eyes, if they were larger than they ought to have been. "In my time" too, there was an "image" of a "fine bow pot," consisting of half a dozen green shapes like halbert tops for "make believe" leaves, spreading like a half opened fan, from a knot "that was not," inasmuch as it was delicately concealed by a tawny coloured ball called an orange, which pretended to rest on a clumsy clump of yellowed plaster as on the mouth of a jar—the whole looking as unlike a nosegay in water as possible. Then, too, there was a sort of obelisk with irregular projections and curves; the top, being smaller than the bottom, was marked out with paint into a sort of face, and, by the device of divers colours, it was bonnetted, armed, waisted, and petticoated—this was called a "fine lady."

A lengthened mass became by colourable show, "a dog"—like ingenuity might have tortured it into a devil. The feline race were of two shapes and in three sizes; the middle one—like physic in a bottle, "when taken, to be well shaken," moved its chalk head, to the wonder and delight of all urchins, until they informed themselves of its "springs of action," at the price of "only a penny," and, by breaking it, discovered that the nodding knob achieved its un-cat-like motion, by being hung with a piece of wire to the interior of its hollow body. The lesser cat was not so *very* small, considering its price—"a farthing:"—I speak of when battered button tops represented that plentiful "coin of the realm." Then there was the largest



Cat.

The present representation favours the image too much. Neither this engraving, nor that of the "parrot," is sufficiently like—the artist says he "could not draw it bad enough:" what an abominable deficiency is the want of "an eye"—heigho! Then there were so many things, that were not likenesses of any thing of which they were "images," and so many years and cares have rolled over my head and heart, that I have not recollection or time enough for their description. They are all gone, or going—"going out" or "gone out" for ever! Personal remembrance is the

frail and only memorial of the existence of some of these "ornaments" of the humble abodes of former times.

The masterpieces on the board of the "image-man," were "a pair,"—at that time "matchless." They linger yet, at the extreme corners of a few mantle-pieces, with probably a "sampler" between, and, over that, a couple of feathers from Juno's bird, gracefully adjusted into a St. Andrew's cross—their two gorgeous eyes giving out "beautiful colours," to the beautiful eyes of innocent children. The "images," spoken of as still in being, are of the colossal height of eighteen inches, more or less: they personate the "human form divine," and were designed, perhaps, by Hayman, but their moulds are so worn that the casts are unfeatured, and they barely retain their bodily semblance. They are always painted black, save that a scroll on each, which depends from a kind of altar, is left white. One of the inscriptions says,

"Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed, &c."

and all, except the owners, admire the presumption. The "effigy" looks as if the man had been up the chimney, and, instead of having "drawn empyrean air," had taken a glass too much of Hodges's "Imperial," and wrapped himself in the root-bag to conceal his indulgence and his person—this is "Milton." The other, in like sables, points to his inscription, beginning,

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, &c."

is an "insubstantial pageant" of "the immortal Shakspeare,"

"cheated of feature by dissembling nature,"

through the operation of time.

"Such were the *forms* that o'er th' *incrusted souls*

Of our forefathers scatter'd *fond delight*."

Price, and Alison, and Knight, have generalized "taste" for high-life; while those of the larger circle have acquired "taste" from manifold representations and vehicles of instruction, and comprehend the outlines, if they do not take in the details of natural objects. This is manifested by the almost universal disuse of the "images" described. With the inhabitants of every district in the metropolis, agreeable forms are now absolute requisites, and the demand has induced their supply. There are, perhaps, as many casts from the Medicean Venus, Apollo Belvidere, Antinous, the Gladiator, and other beauties of ancient sculpture, within the parish of St. George, in the East, as in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square. They are repositied over the fire-places, or on the tables, of neighbourhoods, wherein the uncouth cat, and the barbarous parrot were, even "in *my* time," desirable "images." The moulds of the greater number of these deformities, are probably destroyed. It was with difficulty that the "cat" could be obtained for the preceding column, and an "image" of the "parrot" was not procurable from an "image-man." Invention has been resorted to for the gratification of popular desire: two plaster casts of children, published in the autumn of 1825, have met with unparalleled sale. To record the period of their origin they are represented in the annexed engraving, and, perhaps, they may be so perpetuated when the casts themselves shall have disappeared, in favour of others more elegant.

The "common people" have become uncommon;

A few remain, just here and there, the rest

Are polish'd and refined: child, man, and woman,

All, imitate the manners of the best;

Picking up, sometimes, good things from their betters,

As they have done from them. Then they have books;

As 'twas design'd they should, when taught their letters;

And nature's self befriends their very looks:

And all this must, and all this ought to be—

The only use of eyes, I know of, is—to *see*.



Street Images in 1826.

Height of each 16 inches and a half.

When these agreeable figures first appeared, the price obtained for them was four shillings. As the sale slackened they were sold for three shillings; now, in March, 1826, the pair may be bought for two shillings, or eighteen pence. The consequence of this cheapness is, that there is scarcely a house without them.

There can be no doubt that society is improving in every direction. As I hinted before, we have a great deal to learn, and something to unlearn. It is in many respects untrue, that "art improves nature;" while in many important respects it is certain, that "nature improves art."

The Brothers.

There are things in nature which

the human voice can scarcely trust itself to relate; which art never can represent, and the pen can only feebly describe. Such a scene occurred at Lyons, in the year 1794.

The place of confinement to which those were hurried, who had been condemned to suffer by the revolutionary tribunal, was called "the Cave of Death." A boy not fifteen years of age was sent thither. He had been one of the foremost in a *sortie* made during the siege, and for this was doomed to perish. His little brother, scarcely six years old, who had been accustomed to visit him at his former prison, no longer finding him there, came and called at the iron grate of the vault. His brother heard him, and came to the grate: the poor infant passed his little hands between the vast bars to embrace him, while the

elder raising himself on the points of his feet could just reach to kiss them. "My dear brother," said the child, "art thou going to die, and shall I see thee no more? why didn't you tell them that you are not yet fifteen?"—"I did, brother, I said all that I could say, but they would hear nothing. Carry a kiss to my mother, and try to comfort her; nothing grieves me but that I leave her ill; but don't tell her yet, that I am going to die." The child was drowned in tears, his little

heart seemed ready to burst:—"Good-by, brother," he repeated again and again; "but I'm afraid you didn't say that you are not yet fifteen."—He was at length so suffocated with sobs that he could speak no more, and went away. Every one who passed by, seeing his distress, asked him what was the matter. "'Tis the wicked men that make me cry," said he; "they are going to kill my brother who is so good, and who is not yet fifteen."

With any being of a human form,
Who, reading such a narrative as this
Could be unshaken to the inmost soul,
I would not share a roof, nor sit, nor stand,
Nor converse hold, by word, or look, or pen.
Well, Reader! thou hast read—hast thou no tears?
If thou wert stranger to the tale till now,
And weep'st not—go! I dare not, will not, know thee
Thy manner may be gentle, but thy heart
Is ripe for cruelty—Go hence, I say!

March 7.

The Season.

The earth has now several productions for our gratification, if we stoop to gather and examine them. Young botanists should commence their inquiries before

the season pours in its abundance. They who are admirers of natural beauties, may daily discover objects of delightful regard in the little peeping plants which escape the eye, unless their first appearance is narrowly looked for.

The Primrose.

Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground:
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.
And when thy fairy flowers, in groups, are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring!

Clare.

It is remarked by the lady of the "Flora Domestica," that "this little flower, in itself so fair, shows yet fairer from the early season of its appearance; peeping forth even from the retreating snows of winter: it forms a happy shade of union between the delicate snowdrop and the flaming crocus, which also venture forth in the very dawn of spring." The elegant authoress observes further: "There are many varieties of the prim-

rose, so called, (the polyanthus and auricular, though bearing other names, are likewise varieties,) but the most common are the sulphur-coloured and the lilac. The lilac primrose does not equal the other in beauty: we do not often find it wild; it is chiefly known to us as a garden-flower. It is indeed the sulphur-coloured primrose which we particularly understand by that name: it is *the* primrose: it is this which we associate with

the cowslips and the meadows: it is this which shines like an earth-star from the grass by the brook side, lighting the hand to pluck it. We do indeed give the name of primrose to the lilac flower, but we do this in courtesy: we feel that it is not the primrose of our youth; not the primrose with which we have played at bo-peep in the woods; not the irresistible primrose which has so often lured our young feet into the wet grass, and procured us coughs and chidings. There is a sentiment in flowers: there are flowers we cannot look upon, or even hear named,

without recurring to something that has an interest in our hearts; such are the primrose, the cowslip, the May-flower, the daisy, &c. &c. The poets have not neglected to pay due honours to this sweet spring-flower, which unites in itself such delicacy of form, colour, and fragrance; they give it a forlorn and pensive character. The poems of Clare are as thickly strewn with primroses as the woods themselves; the two following passages are from "The Village Minstrel."

"O, who can speak his joys when spring's young morn
From wood and pasture opened on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew.

* * * * *

"And while he pluck'd the primrose in its pride,
He ponder'd o'er its bloom 'twixt joy and pain;
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
Where nature's simple way the aid of art supplied."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 54.

March 8.

At this season there is a sweetness in

the fresh and open air, which never "comes to town." Residents in cities, therefore, must seek it at some distance from their abodes; and those who cannot, may derive some pleasure from a sonnet, by the rural bard quoted just now.

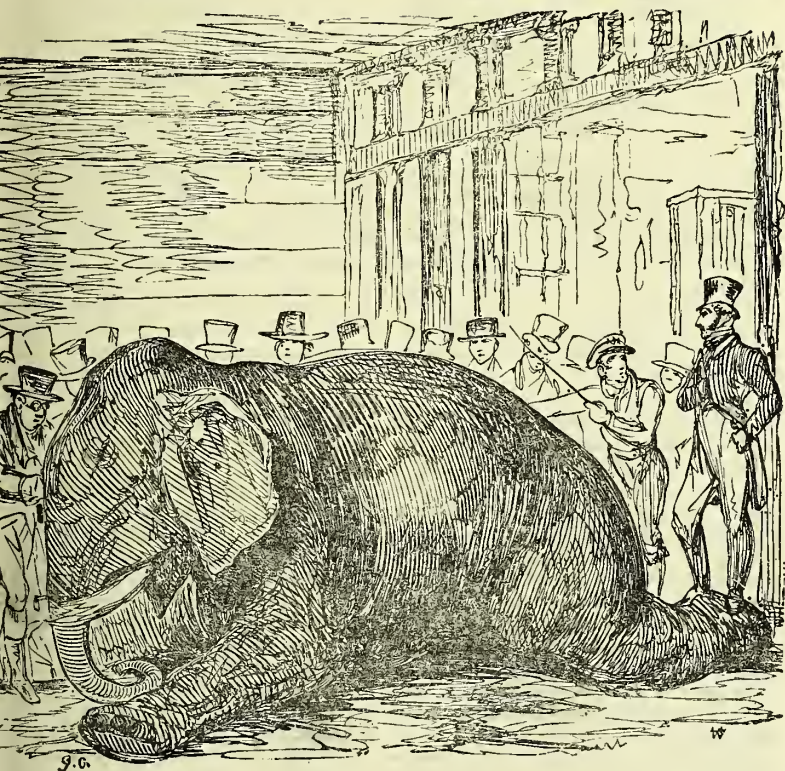
Approach of Spring.

Sweet are the omens of approaching Spring
When gay the elder sprouts her winged leaves;
When tootling robins carol-welcomes sing,
And sparrows chelp glad tidings from the eaves.
What lovely prospects wait each wakening hour,
When each new day some novelty displays,
How sweet the sun-beam melts the crocus flower,
Whose borrow'd pride shines dizen'd in his rays:
Sweet, new-laid hedges flush their tender greens:
Sweet peep the arum-leaves their shelter screens:
Ah! sweet is all that I'm denied to share:
Want's painful hindrance sticks me to her stall;—
But still Hope's smiles unpoint the thorns of Care
Since Heaven's eternal spring is free from all!

Clare

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 40 · 05

March 9.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 40 · 15.

THE ELEPHANT,

As he laid dead at Exeter Change.

In the position he liked best
 He seem'd to drop, to sudden rest ;
 Nor bow'd his neck, but still a sense
 Retain'd of his magnificence ;
 For, as he fell, he raised his head
 And held it, as in life, when dead.

VISIT TO MR. CROSS, PROPRIETOR OF THE ELEPHANT.

The most remarkable incident in the metropolis, since "the panic" in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, in January, 1826, was the death of the celebrated elephant at Exeter Change, in March of the same year; not that it is attempted to insinuate comparison between these events, as to their nature or consequences, but it may fairly be observed,

that each produced what is commonly called "a sensation" in town and country, and that each originated in peculiar excitement.

Wishing to record the death of the elephant in this work, and to relate only what is true, I resorted to Mr. Cross, whose menagerie has sustained a bereavement that can only be supplied, if it ever

can be supplied, at a vast expense, and after a long lapse of time. On explaining my wish and purpose, Mr. Cross readily assented to furnish me with the information I desired, and communicated the following particulars. I committed them to paper during my interviews, and after digesting them into order, submitted the whole to his revision. Except as to mere language and occasional illustrations, the narrative is, in fact, the narrative of Mr. Cross. It differs in many essential respects from other accounts, but it only so differs, because every statement is accurately related from Mr. Cross's lips. Circumstances which occurred during his temporary absence at the critical moment, were supplied to me in his presence by Mr. Tyler, the gentleman who arranged and cooperated with Mr. Her-ring, during the exigency that rendered the destruction of the elephant imperative.

The first owner of the lordly animal, now no more, was Mr. Harris, proprietor of Covent-garden theatre. He purchased it in July, 1810, for nine hundred guineas on its arrival in England, aboard the *Astel*, Captain Hay, and the elephant "came out" as a public performer the same year, in the procession of a grand pantomime, called "*Harlequin Padmanaba*." Mrs. Henry Johnstone was his graceful rider, and he was "played up to" by the celebrated columbine, Mrs. Parker, whose husband had a joint interest with Mr. Harris in the new performer. During his "engagement" at this theatre, Mr. Polito "signed articles" with Messrs. Harris and Parker for his further "appearance in public" at the Royal Menagerie, Exeter Change. On the death of Mr. Polito, in 1814, Mr. Cross, who for twenty years had been superintendent of the concern, became its purchaser, and the elephant, thus transferred, remained with Mr. Cross till the termination of his life. From his "last farewell" to the public at Covent-garden theatre, he was stationary at the menagerie, from whence he was never removed, and, consequently, he was never exhibited at any other place.

On the elephant's first arrival from India he had two keepers; these accompanied him to Exeter Change, and to their controul he implicitly submitted, until the death of one of them, within the first year after Mr. Cross's proprietorship, when the animal's increasing bulk and strength rendered it necessary to enlarge his den,

or rather to construct a new one. The bars of the old one were not thicker than a man's arm. With Mr. Harrison, the carpenter, who built his new den, and with whom he had formed a previous intimacy, he was remarkably docile, and accommodated himself to his wishes in every respect. He was occasionally troublesome to his builder from love of play, but the prick of a gimblet was an intimation he obeyed, till a desire for fresh frolic prompted him to further interference, and then a renewal of the hint, or some trifling eatable from the carpenter's pocket, abated the interruption. In this way they went on together till the work was completed, and while the elephant retained his senses, he was happy in every opportunity that afforded him the society of his friend Harrison. The den thus erected will be particularized presently: it was that wherein he remained till his death.

About six years ago this elephant indicated an excitement which is natural to the species, and which prevails every year for a short season. At the period now spoken of, his keeper having gone into his den to exhibit him, the animal refused obedience; on striking him with a slight cane, as usual, the elephant violently threw him down; another keeper seeing the danger, tossed a pitchfork to his comrade, which the animal threw aside like a straw. A person then ran to alarm Mr. Cross, who hurried down stairs, and catching up a shovel, struck the animal violently on the head, and suddenly seizing the prostrated man, dragged him from the den, and saved his life.

This was the first appearance of those annual paroxysms, wherein the elephant, whether wild or confined, becomes infuriated. At such a period it is customary in India to liberate the elephants and let them run to the forests, whence, on the conclusion of the fit, they usually return to their wonted subjection. Such an experiment being impossible with Mr. Cross, he resorted to pharmacy, and, in the course of fifty-two hours, succeeded in deceiving his patient into the taking of twenty-four pounds of salts, twenty-four pounds of treacle, six ounces of calomel, an ounce and a half of tartar emetic, and six drams of powder of gamboge. To this he added a bottle of croton oil, the most potent cathartic perhaps in existence; of this, a full dram was administered, which alone is suffi-

cient for at least sixty full doses to the human being; yet, though united with the preceding enormous quantity of other medicine, it operated no apparent effect. At this juncture Mr. Nyleve, a native East Indian, and a man of talent, suggested to Mr. Cross the administration of animal oil, as a medicine of efficacy. Six pounds of marrow from beef bones were accordingly placed within his reach, as if it had been left by accident; the liquorish beast, who would probably have refused it had it been tendered him in his food, swallowed the bait. The result justified Mr. Nyleve's prediction. To my inquiry whether the marrow had not accelerated an operation which would have succeeded the previous administration, Mr. Cross answered, that he believed the beef marrow was the really active medicine, because, after an interval of three weeks, he gave the same quantity wholly unaccompanied, and the same aperient effect followed. He never, however, could repeat the experiment; for the elephant in successive years wholly refused the marrow, however attempted to be disguised, or with whatever it was mixed.

In subsequent years, during these periods of excitement, the paroxysms successively increased in duration; but there was no increase of violence until the present year, when the symptoms became more alarming, and medicine produced no diminution of the animal's heightened rage. On Sunday, (the 26th of February,) a quarter of a pound of calomel was given to him in gruel. Three grains of this is a dose for a man; and though the entire quantity given to the elephant was more than equal to six hundred of those doses, it failed of producing in him any other effect than extreme suspicion of any food that was tendered to him, if it at all varied in appearance from what he was accustomed to at other times. On Monday morning some warm ale was offered him in a bucket, for the purpose of assisting the operation of the calomel, but he would not touch it till Cartmell, his keeper, drank a portion of the liquor himself, when he readily took it. The fluid did not appear to accelerate the wished-for object; and, in fact, the calomel wholly failed to operate. Though in a state of constant irritation, he remained tolerably quiet throughout Monday and Tuesday, until Wednesday, the 1st of March, when

additional medicine became necessary, and Mrs. Cross conceived the thought of giving it to him through some person whom the elephant had not seen, and whom therefore he might regard as a casual visiter, and not suspect. To a certain extent the feint succeeded. She sent some buns to him by a strange lad, in one of which a quantity of calomel had been introduced. He ate each bun from the boy's hand till that with the calomel was presented; instead of conveying it to his mouth, he instantly dropped the bun, and crushed it with his foot. In this way he was accustomed to treat every thing of food that he disliked.

It was always considered that the elephant's den was of sufficient strength and magnitude to accommodate, and be proof against any attack he was able to direct against it, even in his most violent displeasure. In the course of the four preceding years the front had sustained many hundred of his powerful lounges, without any part having been substantially injured, or the smallest portion displaced, or rendered rickety in the slightest degree; but on this morning, (Wednesday,) about ten o'clock, he made a tremendous rush at the front, wholly unexcited by provocation, and broke the tenon, or square end at the top of the hinge story-post, to which the gates are hung, from its socket or mortise in the massive cross beam above; and, consequently, the strong iron clamped gates which had hitherto resisted his many furious attacks upon them, lost their security. Mr. Cross was then absent from the menagerie, and, in the urgency of the moment, his friend Mr. Tyler, a gentleman of great coolness and faculty of arrangement, gave orders for a strong massy piece of timber to be placed in front of his den, as a temporary fixture against the broken story-post; and offered every thing he could think of to pamper, and, if possible, to allay the animal's fury. On Mr. Cross's arrival he rightly judged, that another such lounge would prostrate the gates; and, as it was known that Mr. Harrison, the carpenter of the den, who formerly possessed great influence over him, had now lost all power of controuling him, it was morally certain, that if any other persons attempted to repair the mischief in an effectual way, their lives would be forfeited. Mr. Cross, under these circumstances of imminent danger, instantly determined to destroy the elephant with all pos-

sible despatch, as the only measure he could possibly adopt for his own safety and the safety of the public. Having formed his resolution, he went without a moment's delay to Mr. Gifford, chemist in the Strand, and requested to be supplied with a potent poison, destitute if possible of taste or smell. Mr. Gifford, sensible of the serious consequences to Mr. Cross in a pecuniary point of view, entreated him to reflect still further, and not to commit an act of which he might hereafter repent. Mr. Cross assured him that whatever irritation he might manifest, proceeded from his own feelings of regard towards the elephant, heightened by a sense of the loss that would ensue upon his purpose being effected; adding, that he had a firm conviction that unless the animal's death was immediately accomplished, loss of human life must ensue. Mr. Gifford replied, that he had never seen or complied more reluctantly with his wish on any occasion, and he gave him four ounces of arsenic. Mr. Cross declares that on his way back, the conflict of his feelings was so great at that moment, that he imagines no person contemplating murder could endure greater agony. The arsenic was mixed with oats, and a quantity of sugar being added by way of inducement, it was offered to the elephant as his ordinary meal by his keeper. The sagacious animal wholly refused to touch it.

His eyes now glared like lenses of glass reflecting a red and burning light. In order to soothe him, some oranges, to which fruit he had great liking, were repeatedly proffered; but though these were in a pure state, he took them, one after the other, as they were presented to him, and dropping each on the floor of his den instantly squelched it with his foot, and having thus disposed of a few he refused to take another. This utter rejection of food, with amazing increase of fury, heightened Mr. Cross's alarm. He again went out, and in great agitation procured half an ounce of corrosive sublimate to be mixed in a quantity of conserve of roses, securely tied in a bladder, to prevent, if possible, any scent from the poison, and with some hope that if the animal detected any effluvia through the air-tight skin it would be the odour of roses and sugar, which were substances peculiarly grateful to him. The elephant was accustomed to swallow several things lying about within reach of his

proboscis, which, if tendered to him, he would have refused; and this habit suggesting the possibility that he might so dispose of this, which, it was quite certain, if presented would have been rejected, the ball was placed so that he might find it; but the instant he perceived it he seemed to detect the purpose; he hastily seized it, and as hastily letting it fall, violently smashed it with his foot.

The peril was becoming greater every minute. The elephant's weight was upwards of five tons, and from such an animal's excessive rage, in a place of insecure confinement, the most terrible consequences were to be feared. Mr. Cross therefore intrusted his friend, Mr. Tyler, to direct and assist the endeavours of the keepers for the controul of the infuriated beast. He then despatched a messenger to his brother-in-law, Mr. Herring, in the New Road, Paddington, a man of determined resolution, and an excellent shot, stating the danger, and requesting him to come to the *menagerie*. As he arrived without arms, they went together to Mr. Stevens, gunsmith, in High Holborn, for rifles. On their way to him they called at Surgeons-hall, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, where they hoped to see the skeleton of an elephant, in order to form a judgment of the places through which the shots would be likeliest to reach the vital parts. In this they were disappointed, the college of surgeons not having the skeleton of the animal in its collection; but Mr. Clift, who politely received them, communicated what information he possessed on the subject. Mr. Stevens lent him three rifles, and at his house Mr. Cross left Mr. Herring to get the pieces ready, after instructing him to cooperate with Mr. Tyler, in attempting the destruction of the animal, if it should be absolutely necessary before he returned himself. From thence Mr. Cross hastened to Great Marlborough-street, for the advice of Mr. Joshua Brookes, the eminent anatomist. He found that gentleman in his theatre, delivering a public lecture. Sense of danger deprived Mr. Cross of the attentions due to time and place under ordinary circumstances, and he immediately addressed Mr. Brookes; "Sir, a word with you, if you please, immediately I have not an instant to lose." Mr. Brookes concluded his lecture directly and knowing Mr. Cross would not have intruded upon him except from extreme urgency, withdrew with him, and gav

him such instructions as the case seemed to require. Mr. Cross, accompanied by one of Mr. Brookes's pupils, hastened homeward. They were met near the menagerie by Mr. Tyler, who entreated Mr. Cross to run to Somerset-house and obtain military assistance from that place, for that they had been compelled to use the rifles in their own defence, and had put a number of shot in him without being able to get him down. Mr. Brookes's pupil accompanied Mr. Tyler, to assist him, if possible, while Mr. Cross rapidly proceeded to Somerset-house, where he found a sentry on duty, who did not dare to quit his post, and referred him to the guard-room, where there were only two other privates and a corporal, who, at first, declared his utter inability to lend him either men or arms; but on the earnest entreaties of Mr. Cross for aid, and his repeated representations, that he would be responsible in purse and person, and compensate any consequences that could be incurred by a dereliction from the formalities of military duty on so pressing an occasion, the corporal relented, and, with one of the privates, hastened to the menagerie.

Mr. Cross now met Herring, of the public office, Bow-street, to whom he communicated the situation of affairs at Exeter Change, and requested his assistance in obtaining arms. Herring suggested an application to Bow-street for that purpose. It appears that from accident they were not procurable there, and deeming it possible that they might be got at sir W. Congreve's office, Mr. Cross ran thither, where he was also disappointed. Mr. Brooks, glassman of the Strand, informed Mr. Cross there were small arms in the neighbourhood of Somerset-house; these, on returning to that place, were discovered to be old howitzers, and, therefore, useless. From thence he went on board the police-ship stationed on the Thames, near Waterloo-bridge, expecting to find swivels, and was again disappointed; being informed, however, that swivels were fired during civic processions from Hawes's soap manufactory, on the Surrey side of the river, near Blackfriars-bridge, he rowed over and obtained a swivel, with a few balls, and the aid of a poker, and the assistance of one of Mr. Hawes's men. The use for either, however, ceased to exist; for they arrived at the menagerie within a few minutes after the conclusion of such a scene as

had never been exhibited in that place nor, probably, in any other in this country. The elephant was dead.

To describe the proceedings of Exeter Change, from the time of Mr. Cross' leaving it, it is necessary to recur to the period of Mr. Herring's appearance thither, on his return from Mr. Stevens's, in Holborn, with the three rifles, and one of Mr. Stevens's assistants. He found that the violence of the elephant had increased every minute from the period of his departure with Mr. Cross, and that at great personal hazard Mr. Tyler, with Cartmell and Newsam, and the other keepers, had prevented him from breaking down the front of the den.

The keepers faced him with long pikes or spears, to deter him as much as possible from efforts to liberate himself from the confinement, which at ordinary periods he had submitted to without restraint. When he lounged furiously at the bars, they assailed him with great bravery, and their threats and menaces prevented the frequency of his attacks. In this state of affairs Mr. Herring concurred with Mr. Tyler, that to wait longer for Mr. Cross would endanger the existence of every person present; and having communicated the fact to Mrs. Cross, who had the highest regard for the animal, from his ordinary docility, she was convinced, by their representations, that his death must be accomplished immediately, and therefore assented to it.

For the information of persons not acquainted with the menagerie, it is necessary to state that it occupies the entire range of the floor above Exeter Change, the lower part of which edifice within is occupied by shops belonging to Mr. Clarke. This part of the building, on the business of the day being concluded, is closed every night by the strong folding gates at each end, which, when open, allow a free passage to the public through the Change. It will be perceived, therefore, that the flooring above is Mr. Cross's menagerie, or, at least, that very important part of it which is allotted to his matchless collection of quadrupeds. A large arrangement of other animals is in other apartments, on a higher story. Nero, no Wombwell's Nero, which was baited by that showman at Warwick, but a lion not only in every respect finer than his namesake, and, in short, the noblest of his noble species in England, occupies a den in the menagerie over the western door of

the Change. Other lions and animals are properly secured in their places of exhibition, on each side of the room, and the east end is wholly occupied by the den of the elephant; its floor being supported by a foundation of brick and timber more than adequate to the amazing weight of the animal. The requisite strength and construction of this flooring necessarily raise it nearly two feet from the flooring of the other part of the menagerie, which, though amazingly stable, and capable of bearing any other beast in perfect safety, would have immediately given way beneath the tread of the elephant; and had he forced his den he must have fallen through.

As soon, therefore, as his sudden death was resolved on, Mr. Tyler went down to Mr. Clarke, and acquainting him with the danger arising out of the immediate necessity, suggested the instant removal of every person from the Change below, and the closing of the Change gates. Mr. Clarke, and all belonging to his establishment, saw the propriety of their speedy departure, and in a few minutes the gates were barred and locked. By the adoption of these precautions, if the elephant had broken down the floor no lives would have been lost, although much valuable property would have been destroyed; and, in the event contemplated, the animal himself would have been confined within the basement. Still, however, a slight exertion of his enormous strength could have forced the gates. If he had made his entry into the Strand, it is impossible to conjecture the mischief that might have ensued in that crowded thoroughfare, from his infuriated passion.

On Mr. Tyler's return up stairs from Mr. Clarke, it was evident from the elephant's extreme rage, that not a moment was to be lost. Three rifles therefore were immediately loaded, and Mr. Herring, accompanied by Mr. Stevens's assistant entered the menagerie, each with a rifle, and took their stations for the purpose of firing. Mr. Tyler pointed out to the keepers the window places, and such recesses as they might fly to if the elephant broke through, and enjoining each man to select a particular spot as his own exclusive retreat, concluded by showing the danger of any two of them running to the same place for shelter. The keepers with their pikes, placed themselves in the rear of Mr. Herring and his assistant, who stood immediately opposite the den, at

about the distance of twelve feet in the front. Mr. Herring requested Cartmell to call in his usual tone to the elephant when he exhibited him to visitors, on which occasions the animal was accustomed to face his friends with the hope of receiving something from their hands. Cartmell's cry of "Chunee! Chunee! Chunee!" in his exhibiting tone, produced a somewhat favourable posture for his enemies, and he instantly received two bullets aimed from the rifles towards the heart; they entered immediately behind the shoulder blade, at the distance of about three inches from each other. The moment the balls had perforated his body he made a fierce and heavy rush at the front, which further weakened the gates, shivered the side bar next to the dislodged story-post, and drove it out into the menagerie. The fury of the animal's assault was terrific, the crash of the timbers, the hallooing of the keepers in their retreat, the calls for "rifles! rifles!" and the confusion and noise incident to the scene, rendered it indescribably terrific. The assailants rallied in a few seconds, and came pointing their spears with threats. Mr. Tyler having handed two other rifles, they were discharged as before; and, as before, produced a similar desperate lounge from the enraged beast at the front of his den. Had it been effective, and he had descended on the floor, his weight must have inevitably carried it, together with himself, his assailants, and the greater part of the lions, and other animals, into the Change below, and by possibility have buried the entire menagerie in ruins. "Rifles! rifles!" were again called for, and from this awful crisis it was only in the power of Mr. Tyler and some persons outside, to load quick enough for the discharge of one rifle at a time. The maddened animal turned round in his den incessantly, apparently with the design of keeping his head from the riflemen, who after the first two discharges could only obtain single shots at him. The shutter inside of a small grated window, which stood in a projection into the den, at one of the back corners, was now unshipped, and from this position Mr. Herring fired several shots through the grating. The elephant thus attacked in the rear as well as the front, flew round the den with the speed of a race-horse, uttering frightful yells and screams, and stopping at intervals to bound from the back against the front. The force of these

rushes shook the entire building, and excited the most terrifying expectation that he would bring down the entire mass of wood and iron-work, and project himself among his assailants.

After the discharge of about thirty balls, he stooped and sunk deliberately on his haunches. Mr. Herring, conceiving that a shot had struck him in a vital part, cried out—“He’s down, boys! he’s down!” and so he was, but it was only for a moment: he leapt up with renewed vigour, and at least eighty balls were successively discharged at him from different positions before he fell a second time. Previous to that fall, Mr. Joshua Brookes had arrived with his son, and suggested to Mr. Herring to aim especially at the ear, at the eye, and at the gullet.

The two soldiers despatched from Somerset-house by Mr. Cross came in a short time before Mr. Brookes, and discharged about three or four rounds of ball cartridge, which was all the ammunition they had. It is a remarkable instance of the animal’s subjection to his keeper, that though in this deranged state, he sometimes recognised Cartmell’s usual cry of “Chunee! Chunee! Chunee-lah!” by sounds with which he was accustomed to answer the call, and that more than once, when Cartmell called out “Bite Chunee! bite!” which was his ordinary command to the elephant to kneel, he actually knelt, and in that position received the balls in the parts particularly desired to be aimed at. Cartmell, therefore, kept himself as much as possible out of view as one of the assailants, in order that his voice might retain its wonted ascendancy. He and Newsam, and their comrades took every opportunity of thrusting at him. Cartmell, armed with a sword at the end of a pole, which he afterwards affixed to a rifle, pierced him several times.

On the elephant’s second fall he lay with his face towards the back of the den, and with one of his feet thrust out between the bars, so that the toes touched the menagerie floor. At this time he had from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty balls in him; as he lay in a posture, Cartmell thrust the sword into his body to the hilt. The sanguinary conflict had now lasted nearly an hour; yet, with astonishing alacrity, he again rose, without evincing any sign that he had sustained vital injury, though it was apparent he was much exhausted. He en-

deavoured to conceal his head by keeping his rear to the front; and lest he should either make a successful effort at the gate, or, on receiving his death-wound, fall backwards against it, which would inevitably have carried the whole away, the keepers availed themselves of the juncture to rapidly lash the gates of his den with a chain and ropes so securely, that he could not force them without bringing down the entire front.

Mr. Herring now directed his rifle constantly to the ear: one of these balls took so much effect, that the elephant suddenly rushed round from the blow, and made his last furious effort at the gates. Mr. Tyler describes this rush as the most awful of the whole. If the gates had not been firmly lashed, the animal must have come through; for, by this last effort, he again dislodged them, and they were kept upright by the chain and ropes alone. Mr. Herring from this time chiefly directed his fire at the gullet; at last he fell, but with so much deliberation, and in a position so natural to his usual habits, that he seemed to have lain down to rest himself. Mr. Herring continued to fire at him, and spears were ran into his sides, but he remained unmoved, nor did he stir from the first moment of his fall. Four or five discharges from a rifle into his ear produced no effect: it was evident that he was without sense, and that he had dropped dead, into the posture wherein he always lay when alive.

The fact that such an animal, of such prodigious size and strength, was destroyed in such a place, without an accident, from the commencement to the close of the assault, is a subject of real astonishment.

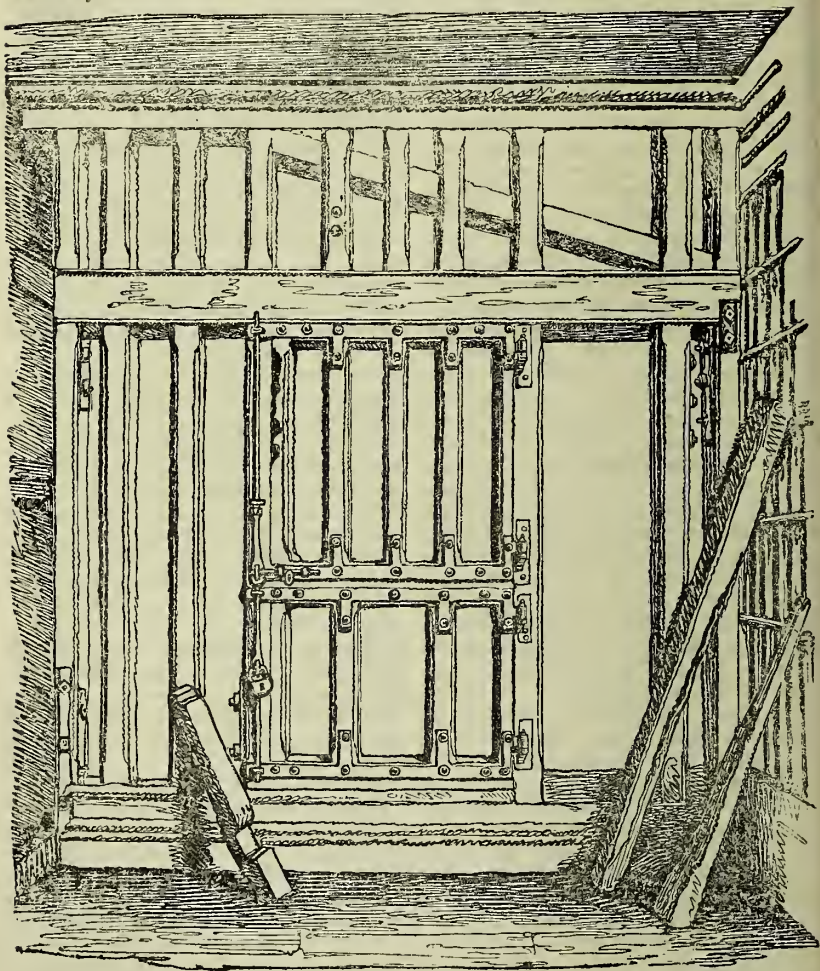
The situation of Mr. Cross’s menagerie, after the removal of the elephant, was equally and almost as agreeably surprising. A partial dissection took place on the Sunday, and in the course of the same day the body of the animal, with the skeleton, hide, and every particle of the remains, were removed. A stranger entering the place on Tuesday, ignorant of the recent event, could not have suspected such an occurrence. The menagerie was destitute of offensive smell, and, in every respect, preserved its usual appearance of order and cleanliness. Thus much is testified by the editor of the *Every-Day Book* from personal observation; and, if he were not too unwell to write more, he would add some interesting

particulars respecting "Chuneelah," which are necessarily deferred till the next sheet.

A representation of the outside front of the den seeming essential to the right understanding of the narrative, an engraving of it is added from a drawing made by Mr. John Clehor the archi-

tectural draftsman, for that purpose. It is minutely correct in form and proportion, and shows the bar which the elephant broke and displaced in his last lounge. Though of solid oak, six inches square, it broke beneath his rush like a slight tick.

This engraving will be particularly referred to hereafter.



The Den of the Elephant at Greter Change.

The posture of the animal as he lay dead, is shown by the engraving at the head of this article.

Several interesting anecdotes concerning elephants are extracted and subjoined from the *Philosophical Transactions* Grose's

Voyage to the East Indies, Shaw's *Zoology*, Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other works and collections, some of which are named in the extracts themselves.

In the "London Magazine," for 1761, there is an imperfect description of a large elephant, which is there called a "monstrous creature," presented by the court of Persia to the king of Naples at that period. There is a detailed account of the animal by M. Nollet, in the "Philosophical Transactions" of the French Royal Academy. The "London" editor was so struck by this elephant's enormous consumption of food, that he observes, "as the keeping of an elephant is so expensive, we may conclude that no old or full-grown one will ever be brought here for a show." It is true that Mr. Cross's elephant, on his arrival in this country, was neither old nor full-grown; but his exhibition falsifies the English editor's presumption, that the great outlay for such an animal's keep would be an effectual bar to such enterprise as we have seen manifested by Mr. Cross, whose elephant was in size, and other respects, greatly superior to the "enormous" elephant of his majesty of the Two Sicilies.

Bosnian observes, that the bullets to be made use of in hunting and killing the elephants, must be of *iron*, lead being too soft in its texture to do any execution. He says, "elephants are very difficult to be killed, unless the ball happens to light betwixt the eyes and the ears; to which end the bullet ought to be iron also. Their skin is as good proof against the common musket lead balls, as a wall; and if they hit the mentioned place become entirely flat." Afterwards he says, "Those who pretended thoroughly to understand the elephant-shooting, told us, that we ought to have shot iron bullets, since those of lead are flatted, either by their hones, or the toughness of their skin."

About the year 1767, a cutler at Sheffield in Yorkshire, in sawing an elephant's tooth into proper laminæ or scantlings of ivory, met with a resistance which he had great difficulty to overcome. After he had got through the obstruction, it proved to be an *iron* bullet, lodged in the very body of the tooth, without any visible mark externally of the place where it entered.

In 1801, Mr. Charles Combe described to the Royal Society, an elephant's tusk with the iron head of a spear thoroughly imbedded in it. From its position, he pre-

sumed it to have been forced by manual strength, through that part of the skull contiguous to the tusk; and that pursuing the natural course of the cavity, it pointed downwards towards the apex of the tusk.

Other substances foreign to the natural growth of the tusks of elephants, are frequently found within them.

It is not until after the discharge of a hundred or perhaps double the number of rifles, that the elephant is slain in India, when he is chased by persons inured to the danger, and determined on his destruction. It will not excite astonishment, therefore, that Mr. Cross's noble animal should have retained life under the firing of one hundred and fifty-two shots. There is an account of a splendid hunting party of a late Nawab Asuf-ud-Dowlah, who, with an immense retinue, took the field for the purpose of destroying every animal they met with. On a large plain overgrown with grass they discovered a wild elephant. The Nawab immediately formed a semicircle, with four hundred tame elephants, who were directed to advance and surround him. When the semicircle of elephants got within three hundred yards of the wild one, he looked amazed, but not frightened. Two large and fierce elephants were ordered to advance against him, but they were repulsed by a dreadful shock, and drove by the Nawab, who, as the wild one passed, ordered some of the strongest female elephants to go alongside and endeavour to entangle him with nooses and running knots; the attempt, however, was vain, as he snapped every rope, and none of the tame elephants could stop his progress. The Nawab, perceiving it impossible to catch him, ordered his death, and immediately a volley of above a hundred shots were fired. Many of the balls hit him, but he seemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains. An incessant fire was kept up for nearly half an hour; the Nawab and most of his omras, or lords, used rifles which carried two or three ounce balls but they made very little impression, and scarcely penetrated beyond the skin. Our author, who was mounted on a female elephant, went up repeatedly within ten yards of the wild one, and fired his rifle at his head; the blood gushed out, but the skull was invulnerable. Some of the Kandahar horse then galloped up and wounded the beast in several places. At

length, being much exhausted with the loss of blood, from the number of wounds which he had received, he slackened his pace, and became quite calm and serene, as if determined to meet his approaching end. The horsemen, seeing him weak and slow, dismounted, and with their swords commenced a furious attack on the tendons of his hind legs, which were soon divided, and the operation completely disabled the poor animal from proceeding any further: he staggered, and then fell without a groan. The hatchet-men now advanced, and began to cut away his large ivory tusks, while the horsemen and soldiers in the most unfeeling manner attacked the dying creature with their swords. We can readily believe the writer, when he says the sight was very affecting. The noble animal still breathed, and breathed without a groan. He rolled his eyes in anguish on the surrounding crowd, and, making a last effort to rise, expired with a sigh.

Before gunpowder was invented, elephants were used by the nations of Asia and Africa for the purposes of war, and the kings of Ceylon, Pegu, and Arracan, have from time immemorial employed them for this use. Sharp sword-blades were fastened to their trunks, and upon their backs were fixed small wooden castles, containing five or six men, armed with javelins, and other missile weapons. The Greeks and Romans, however, soon learnt the best method of defence against these enormous warriors. They opened their ranks to let them pass through, and directed their whole attack against their riders. But since fire-arms have become the principal instruments of war, elephants, who are terrified both by the fire, and the noise of their discharge, would be of more detriment than advantage to the party that should employ them. Some of the Indian kings, however, still use armed elephants in their wars. In Cochín, and other parts of Malabar, all the soldiers that do not fight on foot are mounted upon elephants. This is also the case in Tonquin, Siam, and Pegu, where the use of fire-arms is but little known. The leader of the elephant sits astride upon his neck, and the combatants sit or stand upon other parts of his body. The elephants also prove very serviceable in passing rivers, and carry the baggage over on their backs. When their leaders have loaded them with a

burden of several hundred weight, they tie cords to it, by which the soldiers hold fast and swim, or are drawn across the river. In battle, a heavy iron chain is sometimes fastened to the end of their trunk, which they swing about with such rapidity, as renders it impossible for an enemy to approach them. Another service which these animals perform in war, consists in forcing open the gates of besieged towns or fortresses. This they do, by stemming themselves with their haunches against the gates, and moving from side to side till they have broken the hinges, and forced open the gate. In order to prevent this, the besieged have generally large nails fixed in the gates, and projecting to a considerable length.

Elephants are also employed for transporting heavy ordnance over mountains, in doing which they show a singular degree of ingenuity. When oxen or horses are harnessed to a piece of ordnance, it requires the exertion of all their strength to draw it up an ascent. The elephant, in such cases, pushes the carriage forward with his forehead, and after every push, stems his knees against the wheels, whereby he prevents it from rolling back.

Wild elephants were caught and trained at an early period; since we find Arrian, who flourished about the 104th year of Christ, giving us the following account of the manner of taking elephants in India. The Indians enclose a large spot of ground, with a trench about twenty feet wide, and fifteen high, to which there is access but in one part, and this is a bridge, and is covered with turf; in order that these animals, who are very subtle, may not suspect what is intended. Of the earth that is dug out of the trench, a kind of wall is raised, on the other side of which a little kind of chamber is made, where people conceal themselves in order to watch these animals, and its entrance is very small. In this enclosure two or three tame female elephants are set. The instant the wild elephants see or smell them, they run and whirl about so much, that at last they enter the enclosure; upon which the bridge is immediately broken down, and the people upon the watch fly to the neighbouring villages for help. After they have been broken for few days by hunger and thirst, people enter the enclosure upon the tame ele-

phants, and with these they attack them. As the wild ones are by this time very much weakened, it is impossible for them to make a long resistance. After throwing them on the ground, men get upon their backs, having first made a deep wound round their necks, about which they throw a rope, in order to put them to great pain in case they attempt to stir. Being tamed in this manner, they suffer themselves to be led quietly to the houses with the rest, where they are fed with grass and green corn, and tamed insensibly by blows and hunger, till such time as they obey readily their master's voice, and perfectly understand his language.

In a description of the process of catching wild elephants, related by John Corse, Esq. in the "Asiatic Researches," he interests the reader by an account of the escape of one which had been tamed, and of his submission to his keeper when he was recaptured. He says, in June, 1787, Jâttra-mungul, a male elephant taken the year before, was travelling in company with some other elephants towards Chittigong, laden with a tent, and some baggage for the accommodation of Mr. Buller and myself on the journey. Having come upon a tiger's track, which elephants discover readily by the smell, he took fright and ran off to the woods in spite of the efforts of his driver. On entering the wood, the driver saved himself by springing from the elephant, and clinging to the branch of a tree, under which he was passing: when the elephant had got rid of his driver, he soon contrived to shake off his load. As soon as he ran away, a trained female was despatched after him, but could not get up in time to prevent his escape; she, however, brought back his driver, and the load he had thrown off, and we proceeded, without any hope of ever seeing him again.

Eighteen months after this, when a herd of elephants had been taken, and had remained several days in the enclosure, till they were enticed into the outlet, and there tied, and led out in the usual manner, one of the drivers, viewing a male elephant very attentively, declared that he resembled the one which had run away. This excited the curiosity of every one to go and look at him; but when any person came near, the animal struck at him with his trunk, and, in every respect, appeared as wild and outrageous as any of the other elephants. At length, an old hunter,

coming up and examining him narrowly, declared he was the very elephant that had made his escape.

Confident of this, he boldly rode up to him, on a tame elephant, and ordered him to lie down, pulling him by the ear at the same time. The animal seemed quite taken by surprise, and instantly obeyed the word of command, with as much quickness as the ropes with which he was tied permitted; uttering at the same time a peculiar shrill squeak through his trunk, as he had formerly been known to do; by which he was immediately recognised by every person who had ever been acquainted with this peculiarity.

Thus we see that this elephant, for the space of eight or ten days, during which he was in the haddah, and even while he was tying in the outlet, appeared equally wild and fierce as the boldest elephant then taken; so that he was not even suspected of having been formerly taken, till he was conducted from the outlet. The moment, however, he was addressed in a commanding tone, the recollection of his former obedience seemed to rush upon him at once, and, without any difficulty, he permitted a driver to be seated on his neck, who in a few days made him as tractable as ever.

Bruce relates the Abyssinian mode of destroying the elephant from his own observation, during his return from Gondah, and while sojourning with Ayto Confu. His narrative is in these words.

Though we were all happy to our wish in this enchanted mountain, the active spirit of Ayto Confu could not rest. He was come to hunt the elephant, and hunt him, he would. All those that understood any thing of this exercise had assembled from a great distance, to meet Ayto Confu at Tcherkin. He and Engedan, from the moment they arrived, had been overlooking from the precipice their servants training and managing their horses in the market-place below. Great bunches of the finest canes had been brought from Kawra for javelins; and the whole house was employed in fitting heads to them in the most advantageous manner. For my part, though I should have been very well contented to have remained where I was, yet the preparations for sport of so noble a kind roused my spirits, and made me desirous to join in it.

On the 6th, an hour before day, after a hearty breakfast, we mounted on horse-

back, to the number of about thirty, belonging to Ayto Confu. But there was another body, both of horse and foot, which made hunting the elephant their particular business. These men dwell constantly in the woods, and know very little of the use of bread, living entirely upon the flesh of the beasts they kill, chiefly that of the elephant or rhinoceros. They are exceedingly thin, light, and agile, both on horseback and foot; are very swarthy, though few of them black; none of them woolly-headed, and all of them have European features. They are called *Agageer*, a name of their profession, not of their nation, which comes from the word *agar*, and signifies to hough or hamstring with a sharp weapon. More properly it means the cutting of the tendon of the heel, and is a characteristic of the manner in which they kill the elephant, which is shortly as follows:

Two men, absolutely naked, without any rag or covering at all about them, get on horseback; this precaution is for fear of being laid hold of by the trees or bushes in making their escape from a very watchful enemy. One of these riders sits upon the back of the horse, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes without one, with only a switch, or short stick in one hand, carefully managing the bridle with the other; behind him sits his companion, who has no other arms but a broad-sword, such as is used by Selavonians, and which is brought from Trieste. His left hand is employed grasping the sword by the handle; about fourteen inches of the blade is covered with whipcord. This part he takes in his right hand, without any danger of being hurt by it; and, though the edges of the lower part of the sword are as sharp as a razor, he carries it without a scabbard.

As soon as the elephant is found feeding, the horseman rides before him as near his face as possible; or, if he flies, crosses him in all directions, crying out, "I am such a man and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place; and I am now come to kill you; you are but an ass in comparison of them." This nonsense he verily believes the elephant understands, who, chased and angry at hearing the noise immediately before him, seeks to seize him with his trunk, or proboscis; and, intent upon this, follows the horse everywhere, turning and turning

round with him, neglectful of making his escape by running straight forward, in which consists his only safety. After having made him turn once or twice in pursuit of the horse, the horseman rides close up alongside of him, and drops his companion just behind on the off side; and while he engages the elephant's attention upon the horse, the footman behind gives him a drawn stroke just above the heel, or what in man is called the tendon of Achilles. This is the critical moment; the horseman immediately wheels round, takes his companion up behind him, and rides off full speed after the rest of the herd, if they have started more than one; and sometimes an expert agageer will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not afraid, the tendon is commonly entirely separated; and if it is not cut through, it is generally so far divided, that the animal, with the stress he puts upon it, breaks the remaining part asunder. In either case, he remains incapable of advancing a step, till the horseman's return, or his companions coming up pierce him through with javelins and lances: he then falls to the ground, and expires with loss of blood.

The agageer nearest me presently lamed his elephant, and left him standing. Ayto Engedan, Ayto Confu, Guebra Mariam, and several others, fixed their spears in the other before the agageer had cut his tendons. My agageer, however, having wounded the first elephant, failed in the pursuit of the second; and being close upon him at the entrance of the wood, he received a violent blow from the branch of a tree which the elephant had bent by his weight, and, after passing, allowed it to replace itself; when it knocked down both the riders, and very much hurt the horse. This, indeed, is the great danger in elephant-hunting; for some of the trees, that are dry and short, break by the violent pressure of so immense a body moving so rapidly, and fall upon the pursuers, or across the roads. But the greatest number of these trees being of a succulent quality, they bend without breaking, and return quickly to the former position, when they strike both horse and man so violently, that they often beat them to pieces. Dexterous too as the riders are, the elephant sometimes reaches them with his trunk, with which he dashes the horse against the ground, and then sets his feet upon him, till he tears him limb from limb with his proboscis; a

great many hunters die this way. Besides this, the soil at this time of the year is split into deep chasms, or cavities, by the heat of the sun, so that nothing can be more dangerous than the riding.

The elephant once slain, they cut the whole of the flesh off his bones into thongs, like the reins of a bridle, and hang these like festoons upon the branches of trees, till they become perfectly dry, without salt; and then they lay them up for their provisions in the season of the rains.

A very interesting account of the affection of a young elephant for its mother, concludes Bruce's description of this cruel amusement.

There now remained but two elephants of those that had been discovered, which were a she one with a calf. The agageer would willingly have let these alone, as the teeth of the female are very small, and the young one is of no sort of value, even for food, its flesh shrinking much upon dying; but the hunters would not be limited in their sport. The people having observed the place of her retreat, thither we eagerly followed. She was very soon found, and as soon lamed by the agageers; but when they came to wound her with their darts, as every one did in turn, to our very great surprise, the young one, which had been suffered to escape unheeded and unpursued, came out from the thicket, apparently in great anger, running upon the horses and men with all the violence it was master of. I was amazed, and as much as ever I was, upon such an occasion, afflicted at seeing the great affection of the little animal defending its wounded mother, heedless of its own life or safety. I therefore cried to them for God's sake to spare the mother, though it was then too late; and the calf had made several rude attacks upon me, which I avoided without difficulty; but I am happy to this day in the reflection that I did not strike it. At last, making one of his attacks upon Ayto Engedan, it hurt him a little upon the leg; upon which he thrust it through with his lance, as others did after, and then it fell dead before its wounded mother, whom it had so affectionately defended.

The bodies of elephants are frequently oiled, to prevent the effects of the sun on them. They are fond of the water in hot weather, and seem delighted when they are rubbed with a brick, or any hard

substance, on the upper part of the head. They are very sure-footed, have an active, shuffling gait, and generally travel about three or four miles an hour, but may be urged on to six when goaded by a man who runs behind the animal for that purpose. They are very fond of sugar-canes, and the leaves of the banyan; they can free a cocoa-nut from its tough coat, crack it, and take out the nut free from the shell. A small race of elephants, from five to six feet in height, are much used about the court in the northern part of India. When the elephant passes through a crowd, he is very careful to open a way with his trunk, that he may not injure any one. This observation is strengthened by M. d'Obsonville, who informs us that the baron de Lauriston was induced to go to Laknaor, the capital of the Scoubah, or viceroyalty of that name, at a time when an epidemic distemper was making the greatest ravages amongst the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended on the ground, at the very moment when the nabob must necessarily pass. It appeared impossible for the elephant to do otherwise than tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in his passage, unless the prince would stop till the way could be cleared; but he was in haste, and such tenderness would be unbecoming in a personage of his importance. The elephant, however, without appearing to slacken his pace, and without having received any command for that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, and stepped over the rest with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was wounded.

The proboscis of the elephant is the most distinguishing character in his formation. It is hollow all along, but with a partition running from one end of it to the other; so, though outwardly it appears like a single pipe, it is inwardly divided into two. This fleshy tube is composed of nerves and muscles, covered with a proper skin of a blackish colour, like that of the rest of the body. It is capable of being moved in every direction, of being lengthened and shortened, of being bent or straightened, so pliant as to embrace any body it is applied to, and yet so strong, that nothing can be torn from the gripe. To aid the force of this grasp, there are little eminences, like

a caterpillar's feet, on the underside of this instrument, which, without doubt, contribute to the sensibility of the touch as well as to firmness of the hold. Through this trunk the animal breathes, drinks, and smells, as through a tube; and at the very point of it, just above the nostrils, there is an extension of the skin, about five inches long, in the form of a finger, and which, in fact, answers all the purposes of one; for, with the rest of the extremity of the trunk, it is capable of assuming different forms at will, and, consequently, of being adapted to the minutest objects. By means of this the elephant can take a pin from the ground, untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen. "I have myself seen," says Ælian, "an elephant writing Latin characters on a board, in a very orderly manner, his keeper only showing him the figure of each letter. While thus employed, the eyes might be observed studiously cast down upon the writing, and exhibiting an appearance of great skill and erudition." It sometimes happens that the object is too large for the trunk to grasp; in such a case the elephant makes use of another expedient, as admirable as any of the former. It applies the extremity of the trunk to the surface of the object, and, sucking up its breath, lifts and sustains such a weight as the air in that case is capable of suspending. In this manner this instrument is useful in most of the purposes of life; it is an organ of smelling, of touching, and of suction; it not only provides for the animal's necessities and comforts, but it also serves for its ornament and defence.

Mr. Corse affirms, that the usual height of the male Asiatic elephant is from eight to ten feet, and, in one instance only, he saw one of ten feet six inches. The young one at its birth is thirty-five inches; one grew eleven inches in the first year; eight, six, and five, in the three succeeding years. The full growth is at nineteen years. He says, elephants that have escaped from confinement have not sagacity to avoid being retaken, and they will breed in confinement. The young, he observes, begin to nibble and suck the breast soon after birth, pressing it with the trunk, which, by mutual instinct, they know will make the milk flow more readily into their mouths while sucking. Elephants never lie down to give their

young ones suck; and it often happens, when the dam is tall, that she is obliged, for some time, to bend her body towards her young, to enable him to reach the nipple with his mouth; consequently, if ever the trunk were used to lay hold of the nipple, it would be at this period, when he is making laborious efforts to reach it with his mouth, but which he could always easily do with his trunk if it answered the purpose. In sucking, the young elephant always grasps the nipple, which projects horizontally from the breast, with his mouth. Mr. Corse often observed this; and so sensible were the attendants of it, that, with them, it is a common practice to raise a small mound of earth, about six or eight inches high, for the young one to stand on, and to save the mother the trouble of bending her body every time she gives suck, which she cannot readily do when tied to her picket. Tame elephants are never suffered to remain loose in India, as instances occur of the mother leaving even her young and escaping into the woods. Another circumstance deserves notice: if a wild elephant happens to be separated from her young for only two days, though giving suck, she never afterwards recognises it. This separation happened, sometimes, unavoidably, when they were enticed, separately, into the kiddah.

Elephants in India are taught to reverence the various sovereigns to whom they belong, when they appear in his presence. They are then trained to warfare, and rushing upon the enemy, as if conscious of their superior strength, beat down all before them. They have even been known to brave the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery. Beauleu, in his "Voyage to the East Indies," mentions that the king of Achen places his whole strength in nine hundred elephants, which are bred to tread fire under their feet, and to be unmoved at the shot of cannon, and likewise to salute the king when they pass by his apartments, by bending their knees, and raising their trunks three times. This traveller adds, that they are influenced by exemplary punishment; and gives an instance of the fact. The king of Achen, he says, having ordered the embarkation of a hundred elephants for the siege of Dehly, when they were brought to the coast not one of them would enter the ship. The king being acquainted with their behaviour,

went in person to the shore, and after expressing passion and rage at their disobedience, ordered one of them to be cut asunder in the presence of the rest; on which they all peaceably embarked, and were more than ordinary tractable during the whole voyage.

White elephants are revered throughout the east, and the Chinese pay them a certain kind of worship. The Burmese monarch is called the "king of the white elephants," and is regarded under that title with more than the ordinary veneration which oriental despotism exacts from its abject dependants.

The little island of Elephanta, opposite to the fort of Bombay, derives its name from a sculptured figure in stone, of the natural colour, and ordinary size, of the animal. It is elevated on a platform of stone of the same colour, and on the back of this granite elephant was a smaller one, apparently of the same stone, which had been broken off. There is no history, nor any well grounded tradition, relative to this statue. The island itself is distinguished for extraordinary antiquities, particularly a magnificent temple hewn out of the solid rock, adorned by the arts of sculpture and painting with statues and pictures, probably of more remote age than the earliest efforts of Greek or Roman genius. Many of these venerable representations suffered irreparable injury, and vast numbers were wholly destroyed, by the barbarian ravages of the Portuguese, who formerly obtained possession of the place, and dragged field-pieces to the demolition of these the most curious, and, possibly, the most ancient monuments of oriental grandeur. Queen Catharine of Portugal, who held the island in dower, was so sensible of the importance of this spot, that she imagined it impossible that any traveller on that side of India would return without exploring the wonders of the "Cave of Elephanta." The island is destitute of all other interest.

That elephants are susceptible of the most tender attachment to each other, is evinced by the following occurrence, which is recorded in a French journal:—Two very young elephants, a male and a female, were brought from the island of Ceylon to Holland. They had been separated from each other in order to be

conveyed from the Hague to the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, where a spacious stable had been constructed for them. This was divided into two partitions, which communicated to each other by means of a trap-door. Both of the divisions were surrounded with strong wooden paling. The morning after their arrival they were brought into this habitation: the male elephant was introduced first. With an air of suspicion he examined the place, tried each of the beams by shaking it with his trunk to see if it was fast. He endeavoured to turn round the large screws which held them on the outside, but this he found impracticable. When he came to the trap-door between the two partitions, he discovered that it was secured only by a perpendicular iron bolt, which he lifted up, pushed open the door, and went into the other partition, where he ate his breakfast.

It was with great difficulty that these animals had been separated in order to be conveyed singly to Paris, and having now not seen each other for several months, the joy they expressed at meeting again is not to be described. They immediately ran to each other, uttered a cry of joy that shook the whole building, and blew the air out of their trunks with such violence, that it seemed like the blast of a smith's bellows. The pleasure which the female experienced seemed to be the most lively; she expressed it by moving her ears with astonishing rapidity, and tenderly twining her trunk round the body of the male. She laid it particularly to his ear, where she held it for a considerable time motionless, and after having folded it again round his whole body, she applied it to her own mouth. The male in like manner folded his trunk round the body of the female; and the pleasure which he felt at their meeting seemed to be of a more sentimental cast, for he expressed it by shedding an abundance of tears. Afterwards they had constantly one stable in common, and the mutual attachment between them excited the admiration of every beholder.

The following example shows that elephants are capable also of forming attachments to animals of a different species.

An elephant which the Turkish emperor sent as a present to the king of Naples, in the year 1740, displayed a particular attachment towards a ram, that was con-

fined, together with some other animals, in his stable. He even permitted him to butt at him with his horns, as these animals are wont to do. But if the ram abused the liberty he gave him, the only punishment he inflicted upon him for it was, that he took him up with his trunk, and threw him upon a dung-heap, though if any of the other animals attempted to take liberties with him, he dashed them with such violence against the wall, that he killed them on the spot.

An elephant, rendered furious by the wounds he had received in an engagement at Hambour, rushed into the plain uttering the most hideous cries. A soldier, whose comrades made him sensible of his danger by calling to him, was unable on account of his wounds, to retreat with sufficient expedition out of the way of the enraged animal. But the elephant, when he came to him, seemed to be apprehensive lest he should trample him with his feet, raised him with his trunk, and having laid him gently on one side, continued his progress.

At Mahie, on the coast of Malabar, the owner of an elephant lent him out for hire. His occupation consisted in drawing timber for building out of a river, which he performed very dexterously with his trunk, under the guidance of a boy. He then piled the beams upon each other with such regularity, that no human being could have done it better.

Elephants do not merely obey the commands of their keeper while he is present, but they perform also in his absence the most singular operations when they have previously been made acquainted with the nature of them. I once saw, says M. d'Obsonville, two elephants employed in demolishing a wall, in obedience to the orders previously received from their cornacks, who had encouraged them to undertake the task by a promise of fruit and brandy. They united their powers, placed their trunks together, which were defended by a covering of leather, and pushed with them against the strongest part of the wall; repeated their efforts, carefully watching at the same time the effect of the equilibrium, which they followed till the whole was sufficiently loose, when they exerted their whole strength in one more push, after which

they speedily retreated out of the reach of danger, and the whole wall fell to the ground.

Bosmann relates, that in December, 1700, an elephant came at six o'clock in the morning towards Fort Mina, on the Gold Coast, and took his road along the river at the foot of Mount St. Jago. Some of the negroes ran unarmed about him, which he permitted without appearing to be in the least degree suspicious of them. But a Dutch officer shot at him, and wounded him over his eye. The animal did not alter his course, but pricking his ears, proceeded to the Dutch garden, where he saw the director-general and other officers belonging to the fort, sitting under the shade of some palm-trees. He had torn down about a dozen of these trees with the greatest facility, when upwards of an hundred bullets were discharged at him. He bled over his whole body, but still kept his legs, and did not halt in the least. A negro now, to plague the elephant, pulled him by the tail, at which the animal, being provoked, seized him with his trunk, threw him to the ground, and thrust his tusks twice through his body. As soon as the negro was killed, he turned from him, and suffered the other negroes to take away his body unmolested. He now remained upwards of an hour longer in the garden, and seemed to have directed his attention to the Dutchmen who were sitting at a distance of fifteen or sixteen paces from him. As these had expended their ammunition, and feared that the elephant might attack them, they made their retreat. In the mean time the elephant was come to another gate, and although the garden-wall consisted of a double row of stones, he easily threw it down, and went out by the breach. He then walked slowly to a rivulet, and washed off the blood with which he was covered: after that he returned to the palm-trees, and broke some boards that were placed there for the purpose of building a vessel. The Dutchmen had in the mean time procured a fresh supply of powder and ball, and their repeated shots at length put the elephant out of condition to make further resistance. They then with great difficulty cut off his trunk, upon which the elephant, who till then had not uttered a sound, set up a hideous roar, threw himself down under a tree, and expired.

Further particulars concerning Elephants generally.

The elephant is not an enemy to any other animal. It is said that the mouse is the only quadruped that is an enemy to him, and that this little quadruped holds him in perpetual fear. He sleeps with the end of his proboscis so close to the earth, that nothing but the air he breathes can get between; for the mouse is affirmed to enter its orifice, when he finds it possible, and, making his way to the elephant's vital parts in search of food or shelter, by that means destroys the mighty tenement wherein his own littleness is ensconced.

The great dean of St. Paul's, if he may be so called without disparagement to Colet, has two noble stanzas on this subject on "The Progress of the Soul." They were read to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, by one of the kindest of hu-

man beings, himself a poet, from his own copy of the book wherein the hand of a friend, the greatest living poet, and perhaps the greatest mind of our country hath penned, that "Donne's rhythm was as inexplicable to the many as blank verse, spite of his rhymes.—Not one in a thousand of his readers have any notion how his lines are to be read. To read Dryden, Pope, &c. you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure *time*, and discover the *time* of each word by the sense and passion." Having presumed on the wonted indulgence of friendship, by this transcription from the manuscript notes of a borrowed volume, for counsel and caution in the present reader's behalf, the verses are submitted to his regard.


Natures great master-piece, an Elephant,
The onely harmelesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just, and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And foe to none; suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasie
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelesly
His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie.

In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the soul's bed chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd the slain beast tumbled down;
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape; for onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome;
And thus he made his foe, his prey and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come

Donne.

The "elephant," according to Randle Holme, is regarded, in heraldry, as "the emblem of vigilance, *nec jacet in somno*; but, like a faithful watchman, sleeps in a sentinel's posture; it denoteth strength, ingenuity, and ambition of people's praise; it signifieth also meekness and devotion." He mentions an elephant *argent* on a shield *gules*, that "this coat is born by the name of Elphinston." Describing

that "they (the elephant) are a great and vast creature," he says, that "an elephant's head erased *gules*," on a shield *argent*, "is borne, by the name of Brodrick." In explanation of this bearing, Holme's knowledge seems to have been more correct in heraldry than in natural history, for he declares that "this should be termed a she-elephant, or the head of a female elephant; by reason his tusks or

teeth stand upwards, and the male stands downwards; but this," says our lamenting herald, "is a thing in heraldry not observed." He positively affirms, that "it were sufficient distinction for a coat of arms between families" (!) as much a distinction "as the bearing of a ram and a ewe, or a lion with red claws, and another with yellow; and much more (distinctive) than ermyne and ermyntes, (they) being both one, save (that) the last hath one hair of red on each side of every one of the poulderings: a thing little regarded, makes a great alteration in arms." His discrepant distinctions between the male and female are exceedingly amusing, and he is quite as diverting with their trunks. He figures their "snowts inwards, or snowts *respected*," which, he says, is "a term used when things (either quick or dead) are, as it were, regarding or looking one at another." Then he gives a bearing "*Argent* out of a coronet *or*; two proboscides (or trunks) of two elephants reflected endorsed, *gules*, each adorned with three trefoils, *vert*. This" says Holme, "is a very great bearing amongst the Dutch, as their books of heraldry inform me; for there is scores of those families, bear the elephant's trunk thus: some adorned with roses, leaves, pendants, crosses, or with other varieties of things, each set at a certain distance from the trunk by a footstalk. Now," he goes on to say, with a hand most carefully pointing to the important fact, thus— "Now, in the blazon of such coates, you must first observe the *reflection* of the proboscides, whether the snowts stand respected, or endorsed; and then to tell the exact number of things, each one is endorsed withall: for in some, they will have one thing apeece, others 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. Some, again, will have (with the sides, and others without the sides, adorning,) such and such things set in the concave or hole of the snowt." He refers to precedents for these essential particulars, and in a page, wherein he assigns "the left *arm* of a devil, or fiend with a devil-like *foot*," for "the coat of *Spittachar*," he gives to "the name of Oberstagh," on a field *argent*, "the proboscide of an elephant erected and couped, bowed or imbowed, *or*; maned, or haired, to the middle, *azure*; and collared at the bottom with an hawk's bill fixed thereunto, *gules*; out of the snowte, a Dutch fane pendant *sable*." So likewise by taking, for your guide, his de-

scriptions under a "demy talbot, his feet converted, turned, or metamorphosed into elephants' snowts, with two flowers de lis *issuant*, you shall have demy men, women, lions, and other creatures born with several sorts of things in the places of hands and feet." We will not, however, travel on his "elephants' snouts in coat armour," beyond a field *or*, with "the proboscide of an elephant, erected, flexed and recurved *gules*, issuing out of a pierced place; towards the basis thereof, a rose-sprig *vertant et revertant*, about the trunk to the middle thereof *proper*." According to Holme, this elegant bearing may be claimed by any reader who has the happiness to bear "the name or Van Snotfloodh." Concerning, however, "snowts bowed, and imbowed, erected and couped," Holme guardedly adds that "these things, though I from my author, and from their similitude to an elephant's trunk, have all along termed them so, yet, in my judgment they would pass better for horns, and I take them to be absolute horns." Thus, "at one fell swoop," when destitute readers may be large with speculation raised by our friend Holme, he disturbs their fond regards, and they who contemplate glorious "atchievements" with the "proboscides of elephants," must either content themselves with "absolute horns," or gaze on empty "fields."

In several parts of India, elephants are employed to perform upon criminals the office of an executioner. With their trunks they break the limbs of the culprit, trample him to death, or impale him upon their tusks, according as they are ordered by their master.

This use of elephants in the east, and their sagacity, is alluded to by one of our poets:—

Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees:
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Phny's ancient page resort;
How learn'd was that sagacious breed,
Who now, like them, the Greek can read.

Gay.

The author of "The Chase" elegantly describes one of the devices by which the elephant is caught in his own domains:—

On distant Ethiopia's sunburnt coasts,
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with temp'ring fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd, the downy peach,
 The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty globe,
 The stately elephant from the close shade
 With step majestic strides, eager to taste
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
 To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death
 That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
 The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
 Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast
 Self sinking, drops into the dark profound.
 So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
 Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
 Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
 With all its towers.

Somerville.

According to Bayle, the Romans called elephants *Boves Lucas*, because, as it is reported, they saw them for the first time in Lucania, during a great battle with Pyrrhus. The issue of the conflict was extremely doubtful, for the ground on both sides was lost and won seven times ; but, at last, the Epirotes got the victory by means of their elephants, whose smell frightened the Roman horses. In a subsequent engagement they were fatal to Pyrrhus ; they threw his troops into disorder, and the Romans were victorious.

Some parts of the elephant's skin, which are not callous, are seized upon by flies. and they torture the animal exceedingly. His tail is too short to reach any portion of his body, and his trunk alone is insufficient to defend him from myriads of his petty enemies. In his native forests he snaps branches from the trees, and with his trunk brushes off his tormentors, and fans the air to prevent their settling on him. In a confined state, he converts a truss of hay into a wisp for the same purpose ; and he often gathers up the dust with his trunk and covers the sensible places.

Elephantiasis is a disease in man, deriving its name from the elephant, who is also afflicted with a similar disorder. It is also called the Arabian leprosy. Medical treatises describe its appearances, mode of cure in the human being. As few readers possess elephants, it will not be necessary to say more of it, than that it is cutaneous ; and that to prevent it in the elephant, the Indians apply oil to the animal's skin, which, to preserve its pliancy, they frequently bathe with the unctuous fluid.

It is related by M. Navarette, that at Macassar, an elephant driver had a cocoa nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's forehead to break, and that, the day following, the animal saw some cocoa nuts exposed in the street for sale, one of which he took up with his trunk, and beat it about the driver's head, till the man was completely dead. "This comes," says our author, "of jesting with elephants."

A sentinel at the Menagerie in Paris, used often to desire the visitors not to give the elephants any thing to eat. This admonition was particularly disagreeable to the female elephant, and she took a great dislike to the sentinel. She had several times endeavoured to make him desist from interfering, by squirting water over his head, but without effect. One day, when several persons came to see these animals, one of them offered a piece of bread to the female, which being perceived by the sentinel, just as he was opening his mouth to repeat his usual admonition, the elephant stepped opposite to him, and threw a large quantity of water into his face. This excited the laughter of all the by-standers; but the sentinel coolly wiped his face, placed himself a little on one side, and was as usual very vigilant. Not long after he again found occasion to repeat his former admonition to the spectators; but scarcely had he done it when the elephant tore his musket out of his hand, wound her trunk round it, trod upon it, and did not deliver it again to him till after she had twisted it completely into the form of a screw.

A person resident in Ceylon, near a place where elephants were daily led to water, often used to sit at the door of his house, and occasionally to give to one of these animals some fig-leaves, a food to which elephants are very partial. Once he took it into his head to play the elephant a trick. He wrapped a stone round with fig-leaves, and said to the cornack (the keeper of the elephants) "Th's time I will give him a stone to eat, and see how it will agree with him." The cornack answered, "that the elephant would not be such a fool as to swallow the stone." The man, however, reached the stone to the elephant, who taking it with his trunk applied it to his mouth, and immediately let it fall to the ground. "You see," said the cornack, "that I was right." Saying these words, he drove away his elephants, and after having watered them, was conducting them again to their stable. The man who had played the elephant the trick with the stone was still sitting at his door, when, before he was aware, the animal made at him, threw his trunk round him, and dashing him to the ground trampled him immediately to death.

All Naples, says Sonnini, in one of his notes to Buffon's "Natural History," has witnessed the docility and sagacity of an elephant that belonged to the king. He afforded great assistance to the masons that were at work upon the palace, by reaching them the water they required, which he fetched in large copper vessels from a neighbouring well. He had observed that these vessels were carried to the brazier's when they wanted any repair. Observing, therefore, one day that the water ran out at the bottom of one of them, he carried it of his own accord to the brazier, and having waited while it was repairing, received it again from him, and returned to his work. This elephant used to go about the streets of Naples without ever injuring any one: he was fond of playing with children, whom he took up with his trunk, placed them on his back, and set them down again on the ground without their ever receiving the smallest hurt.

There is a remarkable instance of an elephant's attachment to a very young child. The animal was never happy but when it was near him: the nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle, and place it between his feet, and this he became at length so accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis, and when it cried he would move the cradle backward and forward, and thus again rock it to sleep.

Ælian relates that a man of rank in India, having very carefully trained up a female elephant, used daily to ride upon her, and gave her many proofs of his attachment to her. The king of the country, who had heard of the extraordinary gentleness and capacity of this animal, demanded her of her owner; but he, unwilling to part with his favourite, fled with her to the mountains. By order of the king he was pursued, and the soldiers that were sent after him having overtaken him when he was at the top of a steep hill, he defended himself by throwing stones at them, in which he was faithfully assisted by the elephant, who had learnt to throw stones with great dexterity. At length, however, the soldiers gained the summit of the hill, and were about to seize the

fugitive, when the elephant rushed amongst them with the utmost fury, trampled some of them to death, dashed others to the ground with her trunk, and put the rest to flight. She then placed her master, who was wounded in the contest, upon her back, and conveyed him to a place of security. There are numerous well-attested anecdotes of similar instances of the affection of elephants towards their owners.

If elephants meet with a sick or wounded animal of their own species, they afford him all the assistance in their power. Should he die, they bury him, and carefully cover his body with branches of trees.

During a war in the East Indies, an elephant, that had received a flesh-wound from a cannon-ball, was conducted twice or thrice to the hospital, where he stretched himself upon the ground to have his wounds dressed. He afterwards always went thither by himself. The surgeon employed such means as he thought would conduce to his cure; he several times even cauterized the wound, and although the animal expressed the pain which this operation occasioned him, by the most piteous groaning, yet he never showed any other sentiments towards the opera-

tor than those of gratitude and affection. The surgeon was fortunate enough to completely cure him.

There is a further anecdote of this animal's gratitude. A soldier at Pondicherry, who was accustomed, whenever he received a portion that came to his share, to carry a certain quantity of it to an elephant, having one day drank rather too freely, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, took refuge under the elephant's body and fell asleep. In vain did the guard try to force him from this asylum: the elephant protected him with his trunk. The next morning the soldier recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge animal. The elephant, which, without doubt, perceived the embarrassment of the poor fellow, caressed him with his trunk, in order to dissipate his fears, and make him understand that he might now depart in safety.

It should not be forgotten that the poet of "The Seasons" refers to the sagacity of the elephant, his seclusion in his natural state, the arts by which he is ensnared, the magnificence of his appearance in oriental solemnities, and his use in warfare:—

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage among the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Thomson

On the 27th of September, 1763, captain Sampson presented an elephant, brought by him from Bengal, to his majesty, at the queen's house. It was conducted from Rotherhithe that morning at two o'clock, and two blacks and a seaman

rode on his back. The animal was about eight feet high.

The zebra, now well known from its being frequently brought into this country, was at that time almost a "stranger in England." One of them having been

given to her late majesty queen Charlotte, obtained the name of the "queen's ass," and was honoured by a residence in the tower, whither the elephant was also conveyed. Their companionship occasioned some witticisms, of which there remains this specimen.

EPIGRAM

On the Elephant's being placed in the same stable with the Zebra.

Ye critics so learn'd, whence comes it to pass
That the elephant wise should be plac'd by
an ass?

This matter so strange I'll unfold in a trice,
Some asses of state stand in need of advice
To screen them from justice, lest in an ill
hour,
In the elephant's stead they be sent to the
tower.

On the occasion of captain Sampson's present to the king, several accounts of the elephant were written. One of them says, that "the largest and finest elephants in the world are those in the island of Ceylon; next to them, those of the continent of India; and lastly, the elephant of Africa." The Moors, who deal in these animals throughout the Indies, have a fixed price for the ordinary sort, according to their size. They measure from the nail of the fore foot to the top of the shoulder, and for every cubit high they give after the rate of 100*l.* of our money. An African elephant of the largest size measures about nine cubits, or thirteen feet and a half in height, and is worth about 900*l.*, but of the breed of Ceylon, four times that sum."

Tavernier, in proof of the superiority of the elephant of Ceylon, says, "One, I will tell you, hardly to be believed, but that which is a certain truth, which is, that when any other king, or rajah, has one of these elephants of Ceylon, if they bring them any other breed in any other place whatever, so soon as the other elephants behold the Ceylon elephants, by an instinct of nature, they do them reverence, by laying their trunks upon the ground, and raising them up again."

Though Cæsar does not mention the fact in his commentaries, yet it is certain that he brought elephants with him to England, and that they contributed to his conquest of our predecessors. Poly-

æmus in his "Stratagems," says, "Cæsar in Britain attempted to pass a great river (supposed the Thames:) Casolaunus, (i.e. Cæsar, Cassivellaunus) king of the Britons opposed his passage with a large body of horse and chariots. Cæsar had in his company a vastly large elephant, (*μεγιστος ελεφας*) a creature before that time unknown to the Britons. This elephant he fenced with an iron coat of mail, built a large turret on it, and putting up bowmen and slingers, ordered them to pass first into the stream. The Britons were dismayed at the sight of such an unknown and monstrous beast, (*αυραλον κ' υπερφεσ θηριον*) they fled, therefore, with their horses and chariots, and the Romans passed the river without opposition, terrifying their enemies by this single creature."

In 1730, or 1731, some workmen digging the great sewer in Pall Mall, "over against the King's Arms tavern," discovered at the depth of twenty-eight feet, several bones of an elephant. The strata below the surface were ten or twelve feet of artificial soil; below that four or five feet of yellow sand, varying in colour till they came to the bed wherein the bones were found, which consisted of exceedingly fine sand similar to that dug on Hampstead heath.

About eighteen years previously, elephants' bones were discovered in digging in St. James's-square; and about fourteen years before that some were found in the same place. These various animal remains in that neighbourhood lay at about the same depth.

In 1740, the remains of an elephant were discovered by some labourers while digging a trench in the park of Frances Biddulph, esq at Benton, in Sussex. The bones did not lie close together as those of a skeleton usually do. It was evident that the various parallel strata of the earth had never been disturbed; it was concluded that these animal deposits had remained there from the period of the deluge, when it was presumed that they had been conveyed and there, left, on the subsidence of the waters.

In 1756, the workmen of a gentleman, digging upon a high hill near Mendip for ochre and ore, discovered, at the depth of 315 feet from the surface, four teeth, not tusks, and two thighbones with part of the

head of an elephant. Remains of the same animal have been at periods discovered at Mersey Island in Essex, at Harwich, at Chartham near Canterbury, at Bowden Parva, in Norfolk, Suffolk, Northamptonshire, and in various other parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Elephant's teeth were discovered at Islington, in digging a gravel pit.

Shakspeare, in "Troilus and Cressida," compares the slowness of Ajax to that of the elephant; and in the same play he again compares him to the same animal, and afterwards continues the comparison.

There is reason to believe, that the elephant was adopted at that period as the sign of a public inn. Antonio in "Twelfth Night" tells Sebastian,—

"In the south suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
While you beguile your time."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 65.

March 10.

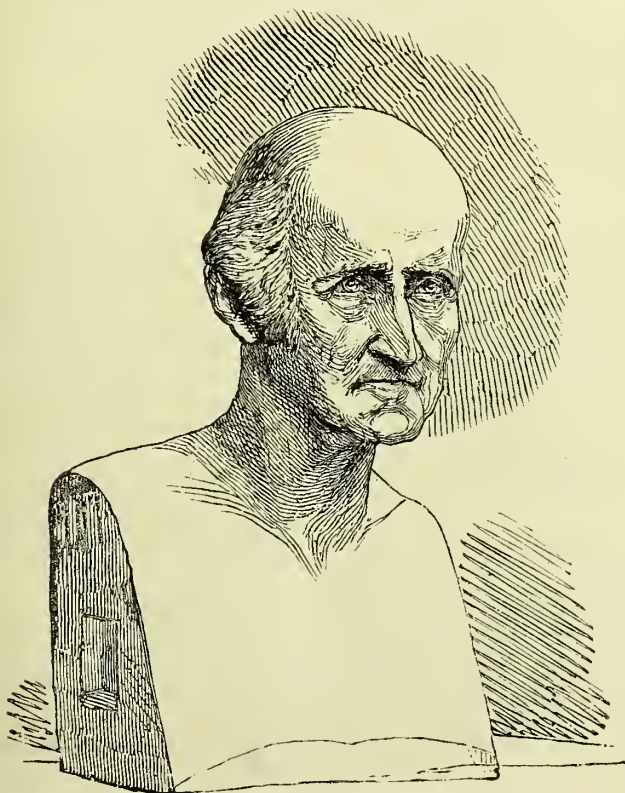
Benjamin West.

A few anecdotes of this eminent painter, who died on the 10th of March, 1820, are related in vol. i. p. 346. By the favour of a gentleman who possesses letters from him, the reader is presented with

Mr. West's Autograph.

Benj. West

Another gentleman, an artist, has obligingly made a drawing from the bust by Mr. Behnes, in sir John Leicester's gallery, and thrown in some touches from intimate acquaintance with Mr. West, in his last illness, to convey an idea of his friend's last looks.



Benjamin West, Esq.

The elegant volume descriptive of sir John Leicester's gallery, contains an outline of Mr. Behnes' bust; the outline of that delineation is preserved in the preceding sketch, because it is familiar Mr. Behnes conveys to us the apostolic simplicity of West's character, and the present engraving may be regarded as inviting the admirers of the genius of the late president of the royal

academy, who have not seen the marble, to view it, in sir John Leicester's noble collection of works of British artists, which during a stated season every year is liberally opened to public inspection.

In "The Examiner" of the 10th of March, 1816, there are some lines, too beautiful in sentiment to be passed over on any day.

PROVIDENCE.

From the Italian of Filicaia.

Just as a mother with sweet pious face
Yearns tow'rds her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet :
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still:—

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants ;
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38° 90.

March 11.

Newark Custom,

FOUNDED ON A DREAM.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Newark, Feb. 1826.

A curious traditional story of a very extraordinary deliverance of alderman Hercules Clay, and his family, by a dream, is at your service.

I am, &c.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

On March 11, every year, at Newark-upon-Trent, penny loaves are given away to every one who chooses to appear at the town-hall, and apply for them, in commemoration of the deliverance of Hercules Clay, during the siege of Newark by the parliamentary forces. This Hercules Clay, by will dated 11th of De-

cember, 1694, gave to the mayor and aldermen one hundred pounds, to be placed at interest by the vicar's consent for his benefit, to preach a sermon on the 11th day of March, annually, and another hundred pounds to be secured and applied in like manner for the poor of the town of Newark, which is distributed as above-mentioned. The occasion of this bequest was singular. During the bombardment of the town of Newark, by the parliament army under Oliver Cromwell, Clay (then a tradesman residing in Newark market-place) dreamed three nights successively, that his house was set fire to by the besiegers. Impressed by the repetition of this warning, as he considered it, he quitted his house, and in the course of a few hours after the prediction was fulfilled.

CHRONOLOGY.

1727 March 11. The equestrian statue of king George I., in Grosvenor square, was much defaced; the left leg torn off, the sword and truncheon broken off, the neck hacked as if designed to cut off the head, and a libel left at the place.*

* British Chronologist.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 60.

March 12.

1826. *Fifth Sunday in Lent.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 12th of March, 1808, died, at West Ham, in Essex, George Gregory, D. D. vicar of that parish. He was descended from a respectable family, originally from Scotland, a branch of which was settled in Ireland. His father, who had been educated in Trinity-college, Dublin, held, at the time of his son's birth, the living of Edernin, and a prebend in the cathedral of Ferns. Dr. Gregory was born on April 14, 1754, but whether in Dublin or in Lancashire, of which county his mother was a native, is uncertain. When twelve years of age, at the death of his father, he was removed to Liverpool, where his mother fixed her residence, desiring to place him in commerce; but a taste for literature being his ruling propensity, he studied in the university of Edinburgh, in 1776 entered into holy orders, and his first station in the church was in the capacity of a curate at Liverpool. His attachments were chiefly among the liberal and literary. In conjunction with Mr. Roscoe, and other congenial spirits, Dr. Gregory had the merit of publicly exposing the cruelty and injustice of the slave trade in the principal seat of that traffic. In 1782, he removed to London, and obtained the curacy of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, which, on account of the weight of its parochial duty, he left in three years, though by a general invitation he was recalled as morning preacher in 1788; and on the death of the vicar in 1802, a request was presented to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, signed by every inhabitant, that he might succeed to the vacancy. In the mean time he pursued with indefatigable industry those literary occupations, which, in various ways, have benefited the public. Dr. Gregory was a useful writer who, without aiming, except rarely, at the reputation of original composition, performed real services to letters, by employing a practised style, an exercised judgment, and extensive information, in works of compilation or abridgement, adapted to the use of that numerous class who desire to obtain knowledge in

a compendious manner. His publications were successfully planned and ably executed. He served at different times the curacy and lectureship of St. Botolph, the lectureship of St. Luke's, and a weekly lectureship of St. Antholin's, and was elected evening preacher at the Foundling hospital, which the state of his health obliged him to resign. The bishop of London presented him with a small prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's, which he relinquished on receiving the rectory of Stapleford, Herts. In 1804, he was presented by Lord Sidmouth (then Mr. Addington) with the valuable living of West Ham, in Essex, when he resigned every other clerical charge except that of Cripplegate, to which parish he was attached by warm feelings of gratitude.

At West Ham he passed four years, discharging with fidelity his duties as a clergyman and a magistrate, and occupying his leisure with literature. Life was endeared to him by domestic enjoyments in the bosom of an amiable and affectionate family, and by the society of many friends, whom he was much valued for his perpetual readiness to serve and oblige, and the unaffected cheerfulness of his conversation. Without any decided cause of illness, the powers of his constitution suddenly and all together gave way; every vital function was debilitated, and after a short confinement, he expired with the calm resignation and animating hopes of a christian. Among his numerous works are, "Essays, historical and moral," a "Translation of Lowth's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews," a "Church History," from which he acquired celebrity with the inquiring, "The Economy of Nature," and a well-known "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences."*

CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

The interment of the late duchess of Rutland, at Bottesford, the family burial-place, has had a more than usual number of persons to visit its many sepulchral monuments. One of them to the memory of Francis Manners, earl of Rutland, who lies buried here, is very splendid. It represents him with his countess in a kneeling posture, and two children who are supposed to have been *bewitch'd* to

* Dr. Atkin's Athenæum.

death. The inscription to that effect I read, and procured a copy of the particulars from an old book which is always read to visitors by the sexton; and which, as to the execution of the alleged criminals at Lincoln, on the 12th of March, 1618, I find to be correct, and send it for your use.

I am, Sir, &c.

B. JOHNSON.

Newark, Feb. 22, 1826.

The only alteration in the transcript is a variation from inaccurate spelling.

EXTRACT

From the Church Book of Bottesford.

When the Right Hon. Sir Francis Manners succeeded his Brother Roger in the Earldom of Rutland, and took possession of Belvoir Castle, and of the Estates belonging to the Earldom, He took such Honourable measures in the Courses of his Life, that He neither displaced Tenants, discharged Servants, nor denied the access of the poor; but, making Strangers welcome, did all the good offices of a Noble Lord, by which he got the Love and good-will of the Country, his Noble Countess being of the same disposition: So that Belvoir Castle was a continual Place of Entertainment, Especially to Neighbours, where Joan Flower and her Daughter were not only relieved at the first, but Joan was also admitted Chairwoman and her daughter Margaret as a Continual Dweller in the Castle, looking to the Poultry abroad, and the washhouse at Home; and thus they Continued till found guilty of some misdemeanor which was discovered to the Lady. The first complaint against Joan Flower the Mother was that she was a Monstrous malicious Woman, full of Oaths, Curses, and irreligious Imprecations, and, as far as appeared, a plain Atheist. As for Margaret, her Daughter, she was frequently accused of going from the Castle, and carrying Provisions away in unreasonable Quantities, and returning in such unseasonable Hours that they could not but Conjecture at some mischief amongst them; and that their extraordinary Expences tended both to rob the Lady and served also to maintain some debauched and Idle Company which frequented Joan Flower's House. In some time the Countess misliking her (Joan's) Daughter Margaret, and discovering some Indecencies in her Life, and the Neglect of her Business, discharged

her from lying any more in the Castle, yet gave her forty Shillings, a Bolster, and a Mattress of wool, commanding her to go Home. But at last these Wicked Women became so malicious and revengeful, that the Earl's Family were sensible of their wicked Dispositions; for, first, his Eldest Son Henry Lord Ross was taken sick after a strange Manner, and in a little time Died; and, after, Francis Lord Ross was Severely tortured and tormented by them, with a Strange sickness, which caused his Death. Also, and presently after, the Lady Catherine was set upon by their Devilish Practices, and very frequently in Danger of her Life, in strange and unusual Fits; and, as they confessed, both the Earl and his Countess were so Bewitched that they should have no more Children. In a little time after they were Apprehended and carried to Lincoln Jail, after due Examination before sufficient Justices and discreet Magistrates.

Joan Flower before her Conviction called for bread and butter, and wished it might never go through her if she were guilty of the Matter she was Accused of; and upon mumbling of it in her Mouth she never spoke more, but fell down and Died, as she was carried to Lincoln Jail, being extremely tormented both in Soul and Body, and was Buried at Ancaster.

The Examination of Margaret Flower the 22nd of January, 1618.

She confessed that, about four years since, her Mother sent her for the right Hand glove of Henry Lord Ross, and afterwards her Mother bid her go again to the Castle of Belvoir, and bring down the glove, or some other thing, of Henry Lord Ross's; and when she asked for what, her Mother answered to hurt My Lord Ross; upon which she brought down a glove, and gave it to her Mother, who stroked *Rutterkin* her cat (the Imp) with it, after it was dipped in hot water, and, so, pricked it often after; which Henry Lord Ross fell sick, and soon after Died. She further said that finding a glove, about two or three years since of Francis Lord Ross's, she gave it to her mother, who put it into hot water, and afterwards took it out, and rubbed it on *Rutterkin* (the Imp,) and bid him go upwards, and afterwards buried it in the yard, and said "a mischief light on him but he will mend again." She further confessed that her Mother and her and

her sister agreed together to bewitch the Earl and his Lady, that they might have no more children; and being asked the cause of this their malice and ill-will, she said that, about four years since, the Countess, taking a dislike to her, gave her forty shillings, a Bolster, and a mattress, and bid her be at Home, and come no more to dwell at the Castle; which she not only took ill, but grudged it in her heart very much, swearing to be revenged upon her, on which her Mother took wool out of the Mattress, and a pair of gloves which were given her by Mr. Vovason, and put them into warm water, mingling them with some blood, and stirring it together; then she took them out of the water, and rubbed them on the belly of Rutterkin, saying, "the Lord and the Lady would have Children but it would be long first." She further confessed that, by her Mother's command, she brought to her a piece of a handkerchief of the Lady Catherine, the Earl's Daughter, and her Mother put it into hot water, and then, taking it out, rubbed it upon Rutterkin, bidding him "fly and go," whereupon Rutterkin whined and cried "Mew," upon which the said Rutterkin had no more power of the Lady Catherine to hurt her.

Margarett Flower and Phillis Flower, the Daughters of Joan Flower, were executed at Lincoln for Witchcraft, March 12, 1618.

Whoever reads this history should consider the ignorance and dark superstition of those times; but certainly these women were vile abandoned wretches to pretend to do such wicked things.

"Seek not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor wizards, nor unto witches that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God." Isaiah xix.

This entry in the church book of Bottesford is certainly very curious. Its being read at this time, to the visitors of the monuments, must spread the "wonderful story" far and near among the country people, and tend to the increase of the sexton's perquisites; but surely if that officer be allowed to disseminate the tale, he ought to be furnished with a few sensible strictures which he might be required to read at the same time. In all probability, the greater number of visitors are attracted thither by the surprising narrative, and there is at least one hand from whom might be solicited such

remarks as would tend to obviate undue impressions. Instances are already recorded in this work of the dreadful influence which superstitious notions produce on the illiterate.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 72°.

March 13.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 13th of March, 1614, in the reign of king James I., Bartholomew Legat, an Arian, was burnt in Smithfield for that heresy.

1722, March 13, there were bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of joy, in the cities of London and Westminster, upon the dissolution of the septennial parliament.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 47°.

March 14.

FOOTBALL.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Perhaps you are not aware that, during fine weather, football is played every Sunday afternoon, in the fields, between Oldfield's dairy and Copenhagen-house, near Islington, by Irishmen. It generally commences at three o'clock, and is continued till dusk. The boundaries are fixed and the parties chosen. I believe, as is usual in the sister kingdom, county-men play against other county-men. Some fine specimens of wrestling are occasionally exhibited, in order to delay the two men who are rivals in the pursuit of the ball; meantime the parties' friends have time to pursue the combat, and the quick arrival of the ball to the goal is generally the consequence, and a lusty shout is given by the victors.

When a boy, football was commonly played on a Sunday morning, before church time, in a village in the west of England, and the church-piece was the ground chosen for it. I am, &c.

Islington.

J. R. P.

Royal Bridal.

On the 14th of March, 1734, his serene highness the prince of Orange was married at St. James's, to the princess-royal.

* British Chronologist.

At eleven o'clock at night, the royal family supped in public in the great state ball-room.

About one, the bride and bridegroom retired, and afterwards sat up in their bed-chamber, in rich undresses, to be seen by the nobility, and other company at court.

On the following day there was a more splendid appearance of persons of quality to pay their compliments to the royal pair than was ever seen at this court; and in the evening there was a ball equally magnificent, and the prince of Orange danced several minuets.

A few days before the nuptials, the Irish peers resident in London, not having received summonses to attend the royal procession, met to consider their claims to be present, and unanimously resolved that neither themselves nor the peeresses would attend the wedding as spectators, and that they would not send to the lord chamberlain's office for their tickets.*

THE "PAPEGUAY."

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Kennington, March 7, 1826.

Sir,—The following brief observations on the sport mentioned at p. 289, may not be considered unacceptable; strange to say, it is not mentioned by either Strutt or Fosbroke in their valuable works.

This sport obtained over the principal parts of Europe. The celebrated composer, C. M. Von Weber, opens his opera of horrors, "*Der Frieschütz*," with a scene of shooting for the popingay. This is a proof that it is common in Germany, where the successful candidate is elected a petty sovereign for the day. The necessity and use of such a custom in a country formed for the chase, is obvious.

The author of the "*Waverley*" novels, in his excellent tale of "*Old Mortality*," introduces a scene of shooting for the popingay, as he terms it. It was usual for the sheriff to call out the feudal array of the county, annually, to what was called the *wappen-schaws*. The author says, "The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-schaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a traugh or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which is in no way essential to my story, upon the morning of the 5th of May, 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had

been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various parts, of which the chief was to shoot at the *popingay*, an ancient game formerly practised with archery, and then with fire-arms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popingay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fuses and carbines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of captain of the popingay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable charge-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices." From the accuracy and research of the author, I am inclined to take it for granted, that this sport was common in Scotland.

A friend informs me it is common in Switzerland, and I have no doubt obtained pretty generally over Europe. In conclusion, allow me to remark that in my opinion the man on horseback, with the popingay on the pole, is returning as victor from the sport; the pole in the distance evidently had the honour of supporting the popingay, until it was carried away by the aim of the marksman.

I am, sir, &c.

T. A.

The editor is obliged by the conjecture at the close of the preceding letter, and concurs in thinking that he was himself mistaken, in presuming that the French print from whence the engraving was taken, represented the going out to the shooting. He will be happy to be informed of any other misconception or inaccuracy, because it will assist him in his endeavours to render the work a faithful record of manners and customs. To that end he will always cheerfully correct any error of opinion or statement.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 90.

March 15.

The Highgate Custom.

With much pleasure insertion is given to the following letter and its accompanying song.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Seymour-street, Feb. 18, 1826.

Sir,—In illustration of the custom of
“Swearing on the horns at Highgate,”
described at p. 79, in the *Every-Day Book*
of the present year, I enclose you a song,

which was introduced in the pantomime
of *Harlequin Teague*, performed at the
Haymarket theatre, in August, 1742. If
you think it worthy the columns of your
valuable work, it is at your service.

I am, &c.

PASCHE.

Song by the Landlord of the Horns

Silence! take notice, you are my son,
Full on your father look, sir;
This is an oath you may take as you run,
So lay your hand on the Hornbook, sir.
Hornaby, hornaby, Highgate and horns,
And money by hook or by crook, sir.

Hornaby, &c.

Spend not with cheaters, nor cozeners, your life,
Nor waste it on profligate beauty;
And when you are married, be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty.
Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
And true from the cap to the shoetie.

Dutiful, &c.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,
You never should hold to be right, sir;
Nor unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for strong beer
Or eat brown bread when you can get white, sir.
Manniken, canniken, good meat and drink
Are pleasant at morn, noon, and night, sir

Manniken, &c.

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,
A gentleman ought to be loth, sir;
But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind,
Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, sir.
Kiss away, both you may, sweetly smack night and day,
If you like it—you're bound by your oath, sir.

Kiss away, &c.

When you travel to Highgate, take this oath again,
And again, like a sound man, and true, sir,
And if you have with you some more merry men,
Be sure you make them take it too, sir.
Bless you, son, get you gone, frolic and fun,
Old England, and honest true blue, sir.

Bless you, &c.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature. . . 40° 8.

March 16.

Coruish Sports,

AND THE

Origin of Piccadilly.

From several valuable communications,

a letter is selected for insertion this day,
because it happens to be an open one,
and therefore free for pleasant intelligence
on any subject connected with the pur-
pose of this publication. It is an advan-
tage resulting from the volume already
before the public, that it acquaints its
readers with the kind of information de-
sired to be conveyed, more readily than the

prospectus proposed to their consideration. If each reader will only contribute something to the instruction and amusement of the rest, the editor has no doubt that he will be able to present a larger series of interesting notices and agreeable illustrations, than any work he is at present acquainted with.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

February 6, 1826.

Sir,—I send you the account of two more games, or in-doors sports, in vogue among the country people in Cornwall. Of the latter, Mr. D. Gilbert has made slight mention in the introduction to his carols, second edition; but he states that these games, together with carol-singing, may be considered as obsolete, which is by no means the case: even yet in most of the western parishes, (and of these I can speak from personal observation,) the carol-singers, not only sing their "auntient chaunts" in the churches, but go about from house to house in parties. I am told the practice is the same in many other parts of the county, as it is also in various places throughout the kingdom. I have added a slight notice respecting Piccadilly, which (if worth inserting) may be new to some of your readers; but, now for our Cornish sports: I state them as I found them, and they are considered provincial.

First, then, the *Tinkeler's* (tinker's) shop.—In the middle of the room is placed a large iron pot, filled with a mixture of soot and water. One of the most humorous of the set is chosen for the master of the shop, who takes a small mop in his left hand, and a short stick in his right; his comrades each have a small stick in his right hand; the master gives each a separate name, as *Old Vulcan*, *Save-all*, *Tear'em*, *All-my-men*, *Mend-all*, &c. After these preliminaries, all kneel down, encircling the iron vessel. The master cries out, "Every one (that is, all together, or 'one and all,' as the Cornish say,) and I; all then hammer away with their sticks as fast as they can, some of them with absurd grimaces. Suddenly the master will, perhaps, cry out, "*All-my-men* and I;" upon this, all are to cease working, except the individual called *All-my-men*; and if any unfortunate delinquent fails, he is treated with a salute from the mop well dipped in the black liquid: this never fails to afford great entertainment to the spectators, and if the master is "well up to the sport," he contrives that none of his comrades shall

escape unmarked; for he changes rapidly from *All-my-men* and I, to *Old Vulcan* and I, and so on, and sometimes names two or three together, that little chance of escaping with a clean face is left.

The Corn-market.—Here, as before, an experienced reveller is chosen to be the master, who has an assistant, called *Spy-the-market*. Another character is *Old Penglaze*, who is dressed up in some ridiculous way, with a blackened face, and a staff in his hand; he, together with part of a horse's hide girt round him, for the hobby-horse, are placed towards the back of the market. The rest of the players sit round the room, and have each some even price affixed to them as names; for instance, *Two-pence*, *Four-pence*, *Six-pence*, *Twelve-pence*, &c. The master then says "*Spy-the-market*," to which the man responds, "*Spy-the-market*;" the master repeats, "*Spy-the-market*;" the man says, "*Aye, sirrah*." The master then asks the price of corn, to which *Spy-the-market*, may reply any price he chooses, of those given to his comrades, for instance, "*Twelve-pence*." The master then says, "*Twelve-pence*," when the man hearing that price answers "*Twelve-pence*," and a similar conversation ensues, as with *Spy-the-market* before, and *Twelve-pence* names his price, and so the game proceeds; but if, as frequently happens, any of the prices forget their names, or any other mistakes occur in the game, the offender is to be sealed, a ceremony in which the principal amusement of the game consists; it is done as follows,—the master goes to the person who has forfeited, and takes up his foot, saying, "*Here is my seal, where is old Penglaze's seal?*" and then gives him a blow on the sole of the foot. *Old Penglaze* then comes in on his horse, with his feet tripping on the floor, saying, "*Here I comes, neither riding nor a foot*;" the horse winces and capers, so that the old gentleman can scarcely keep his seat. When he arrives at the market, he cries out, "*What work is there for me to do?*" The master holds up the foot of the culprit and says, "*Here, Penglaze, is a fine shoeing match for you*." *Penglaze* dismounts; "*I think it's a fine colt indeed*." He then begins to work by pulling the shoe off the unfortunate *colt*, saying "*My reward is a full gallon o moonlight, besides all other customs for shoeing in this market*;" he then gives one or two hard blows on the shoe-less foot, which make its proprietor tingle,

and remounts his horse, whose duty it is now to get very restive, and poor Penglaze is so tossed up and down, that he has much difficulty to get to his old place without a tumble. The play is resumed until Penglaze's seal is again required, and at the conclusion of the whole there is a set dance.

PICCADILLY.—The pickadil was the round hem, or the piece set about the edge or skirt of a garment, whether at top or bottom; also a kind of stiff collar, made in fashion of a band, that went about the neck and round about the shoulders; hence the term "wooden peccadilloes," (meaning the pillory) in "Hudibras," and see Nares's "Glossary," and Blount's "Glossographia." At the time that ruffs, and consequently *pickadils*, were much in fashion, there was a celebrated ordinary near St. James's, called *Pickadilly*, because, as some say, it was the outmost, or skirt-house, situate at the *hem* of the town; but it more probably took its name from one Higgins, a tailor, who made a fortune by pickadils, and built this with a few adjoining houses. The name has by a few been derived from a much frequented shop for sale of these articles; this probably took its rise from the circumstance of Higgins having built houses there, which, however, were not for selling ruffs; and indeed, with the exception of his buildings, the site of the present Piccadilly was at that time open country, and quite out of the way of trade. At a later period, when Burlington-house was built, its noble owner chose the situation, then at some distance from the extremity of the town, that *none might build beyond him*. The ruffs formerly worn by gentlemen were frequently double-wired, and stiffened with yellow starch; and the practice was at one time carried to such an excess that they were limited by queen Elizabeth "to a nayle of a yeard in depth." In the time of James I. they still continued of a preposterous size, so that previous to the visit made by that monarch to Cambridge in 1615, the vice-chancellor of the university thought fit to issue an order, prohibiting "the fearful enormity and excess of apparel seen in all degrees, as, namely, strange peccadilloes, vast bands, huge cuffs, shoe-roses, tufts, locks, and tops of hair, unbeseeing that modesty and carriage of students in so renowned an university." It is scarcely to be supposed that the ladies were deficient in

the size of their ruffs; on the contrary, according to Andrews, (Continuation of Henry's History of England, vol. ii. 307,) they wore them immoderately large, made of lawn and cambric, and stiffened with yellow starch, for the art of using which, in the proper method, they paid as much as four or five pounds, as also twenty shillings for learning "to seethe starche," to a Mrs. Dingen Van Plesse, who introduced it, as well as the use of lawn, which was so fine that it was a by-word, "that shortly they would wear ruffles of a spider's web." The poking of these ruffs gracefully was an important attainment. Some satirical Puritans enjoyed the effects of a shower of rain on the ruff-wearers; for "then theyre great ruffles stryke sayle, and downe they falle, as dish-clouts fluttering in the winde." Mrs. Turner, who was one of the persons implicated in the death of sir Thomas Overbury, is said to have gone to the place of execution in a fashionable ruff, after which their credit was very much diminished.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. S.

P. S.—It is perhaps scarcely worth observing, that the Monday preceding Ash-Wednesday is, in the west, called *Shrove-Monday*; and that *peas and pork* is as standard a dish on that day as *pancakes* on Shrove-Tuesday, or *salt fish* on Ash-Wednesday.

Having thus performed a duty to a valued correspondent without waiting till Christmas, the editor takes the liberty of referring to the observations by which the preceding letter was introduced, and respectfully expresses an earnest hope to be favoured with such communications as, from the past conduct of the *Every-Day Book*, may appear suitable to its columns. For the first time, he believes, he ventures to allude to any inconvenience he has felt while conducting it; nor does he hint at difficulty now from lack of materials, for he has abundance; but it is a truth, which he is persuaded many of his readers will be happy to mitigate, that at the present moment he is himself so very unwell, and has so much indisposition in his family to distract his mind, that he cannot arrange his collec-

tions; services, therefore, under such circumstances, will be peculiarly acceptable. If one or two of his correspondents should refer him to communications which their kindness have already placed in his hands, he answers, that he is really too ill to seek them amongst his papers. From this it will be seen how very much he really needs, and how much he covets, assistance. He ventures to think that he shall not have made this public

appeal in vain, and he again calls on the friends and readers of his labours to send him their aid.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 49° 51°.

March 17.

1826, *Cambridge Term ends.*



St. Patrick's Day—a Pattern.

“An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With a sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green.”

It happens that several *fairs*, similar to those in the country parts of England as to tents and booths, are held in Ireland on Saint Patrick's day, and then its hilarity is heightened by the publicity of the celebration.

The usual fair day or “*patron*,” or, as it is usually pronounced, *pattern* or *paten*, is a festive meeting to commemorate the virtues of a patron saint. It is a kind of rural fete with drinking and dancing, whereto in (Ireland) is added fighting,

“unless the neighbouring magistrates personally interfere, or the spirits of the people are repressed by a conscious participation in plots and conspiracies.” This is the character of these festivals by an Irish writer, who relates an anecdote resulting from one of these festivals. “We were waiting (he says,) in the vain hope that the weather would clear up, and allow us a fine evening for return, when a poor stranger from Joyce country came before ‘his honour’ as a magistrate

His black eye, swelled face, and head and shoulders covered with clotted blood, too plainly told the history of his sufferings; and his woeful countenance formed a strange and ludicrous contrast with his account of the pleasures of the preceding evening." He had obtained these features at a *patron*. "The poor fellow had travelled many a weary mile across the mountains to share its rustic mirth and revelry: but, 'plaze your honour, there was a little bit of fighting in it,' and as no true follower of St. Macdarragh could refuse to take a part in such a peaceful contest, he had received, and no doubt given, many a friendly blow; but his meditations on a broken head during the night, had both cooled his courage and revived his prudence, and he came to swear before 'his honour' a charge of assault and battery against those who had thus woefully demolished his upper works."*

The constant use of the "shillelagh" by Irishmen at a "*patron*," is a puzzling fact to Englishmen, who, on their own holidays, regard a "shillelagh" as a malicious weapon. In the hand of an Irishman, in his own country, at such a season, it is divested of that character; this singular fact will be accounted for, when the origin of the custom comes to be considered. At present, nothing more is requisite than to add, that the "shillelagh" is seldom absent on St. Patrick's day, celebrated as a *patron*.

Some account of the commemoration of this festival, and of the tutelar saint of Ireland and his miracles, is already given in vol. i. p. 363. To this may be added the annexed notices relative to the day, obtained from an Irish gentleman.

It is a tradition that St. Patrick first landed at *Croagh Patrick*, a high and beautiful mountain in the county of Mayo, from which place he banished all venomous animals into the sea, and to this day, multitudes of the natives who are catholics, make pilgrimages to Croagh Patrick, under the persuasion of efficacy in these journeys to atone for misdeeds, or mitigate the penalties attached to sin.

It is a very popular tradition that when St. Patrick was dying, he requested his weeping and lamenting friends to forego their grief, and rather rejoice at his comfortable exit, for the better furtherance of

which, he advised each one to take "a drop of something to drink;" and that this last injunction of the saint in reverence to his character was complied with. However this may be, it is a custom on his anniversary to observe the practice to supererogation; for the greater number of his present followers, who take a little "crathur" for the purpose of dissipating woeful reminiscencies, continue to imbibe it till they "lisp and wink."

Some years ago, "Patrick's day" was welcomed, in the smaller country towns or hamlets, by every possible manifestation of gladness and delight. The inn, if there was one, was thrown open to all comers, who received a certain allowance of oaten bread and fish. This was a benevolence from the host, and to it was added a "Patrick's pot," or quantum of beer; but, of late years, whiskey is the beverage most esteemed. The majority of those who sought entertainment at the village inn, were young men who had no families, whilst those who had children, and especially whose families were large, made themselves as snug as possible by the turf fire in their own cabins.

Where the village or hamlet could not boast of an inn, the largest cabin was sought out, and poles were extended horizontally from one end of the apartment to the other; on these poles, doors purposely unhinged, and brought from the surrounding cabins were placed, so that a table of considerable dimensions was formed, round which all seated themselves, each one providing his own oaten bread and fish. At the conclusion of the repast, they sat for the remainder of the evening over a "Patrick's pot," and finally separated quietly, and it is to be hoped in perfect harmony.

In the city of Dublin, "Patrick's day" is still regarded as a festival from the highest to the lowest ranks of society. There is an annual ball and supper at the lord lieutenant's residence in the castle, and there are private convivial assemblies of the most joyous character. On this day every Irishman who is alive to its importance, adorns his hat with bunches of shamrock, which is the common trefoil or clover, wherewith, according to tradition, St. Patrick converted the Irish nation to belief in the doctrine of the trinity in unity. In the humbler ranks, it is the universal practice to get a

* Letters from the Irish Highlands.

morning drain as a preparation for the duties of the festival. They then attend chapel and hear high mass. After the ceremonies and observances peculiar to the Romish worship, they again resort to the whiskey shop, and spend the remainder of the day in devotions to Bacchus, which are mostly concluded, with what in England would be called, by persons of this class, "a row."

On Patrick's day, while the bells of churches and chapels are tuned to joyous notes, the piper and harper play up "Patrick's day in the morning;" old women, with plenteous supplies of trefoil, are heard in every direction, crying "Buy

my shamrocks, green shamrocks," and children have "Patrick's crosses" pinned to their sleeves. These are small prints of various kinds; some of them merely represent a cross, others are representations of Saint Patrick, trampling the reptiles under his feet.

It appears from this account, and from general narrations, that St. Patrick is honoured on his festival by every mode which mirth can devise for praise of his memory. The following whimsical song is a particular favourite, and sung to "his holiness" by all ranks in the height of convivial excitement:—

St. Patrick was a Gentleman.

St. Patrick was a gentleman, and he came from decent people :
In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple ;

His father was a Wollaghan, his mother an O'Grady,

His aunt she was a Kinaghan, and his wife a widow Brady.

Tooralloo tooralloo, what a glorious man our saint was,

Tooralloo, tooralloo, O whack fal de lal, de lal, &c.

Och ! Antrim hills are mighty high and so's the hill of Howth too ;
But we all do know a mountain that is higher than them both too ;

'Twas on the top of that high mount St. Patrick preach'd a sermon,

He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished all the vermin.

Tooralloo, &c.

No wonder that we Irish lads, then, are so blythe and frisky ;

St. Patrick was the very man that taught us to drink whiskey ;

Och ! to be sure, he had the knack and understood distilling,

For his mother kept a sheebeen shop, near the town of Enniskillen.

Tooralloo, &c.

The day after St. Patrick's day is "Sheelah's day," or the festival in honour of Sheelah. Its observers are not so anxious to determine who "Sheelah" was, as they are earnest in her celebration. Some say she was "Patrick's wife," others that she was "Patrick's mother," while all agree that her "immortal memory" is to be maintained by potations of whiskey. The shamrock worn on St. Patrick's day should be worn also on Sheelah's day, and, on the latter night, be drowned in the last glass. Yet it frequently happens that the shamrock is flooded in the last glass of St. Patrick's day, and another last glass or two, or more, on the same night, deluges the over-soddened trefoil. This is not "quite correct," but it is endeavoured to be remedied the next morning by the display of a fresh shamrock, which

is steeped at night in honour of "Sheelah" with equal devotedness.

That Saint Patrick was not married is clear from the rules of the Roman catholic church, which impose celibacy on its clergy. A correspondent suggests that the idea of his matrimonial connection, arose out of a burlesque, or, perhaps, ironical remark, by females of the poorer class in Ireland, to retaliate on their husbands for their excesses on the 17th of March ; or, perhaps, from the opportunity the effects of such indulgence afforded them, these fair helpmates are as convivial on the following morning, as their "worse halves" were the preceding day. "Sheelah" is an Irish term, generally applied to a slovenly or muddling woman, more particularly if she be elderly. In this way, probably, the day after St. Patrick's ob-

tained the name of "Sheelah's day," *speciale gratia*, without any reference to the calendar of saints. The saint himself, if we determine from the sacrifices to his memory, is deemed a kind of christian Bacchus; and, on like home-made authority, "Sheelah" is regarded as his consort.

The editor of this work especially regrets that few of the peculiarities regarding this festival which are familiar to Irishmen have been communicated to him. He has received letters expressing surprise that so little has been observed concerning their country. Such complaints have been made under initials, and therefore he could not answer them: the complainants he has no doubt could have contributed largely themselves, and from them he would have required information. As many Irish usages are fast dying away, he hopes and earnestly solicits to be favoured with particulars, which he is persuaded the collections or recollections of his Irish readers can readily furnish, and which he will be most happy in having intrusted to him for publication. Any illustrations of Irish character and manners, especially if drawn up by natives of Ireland, will be highly valued.

On St. Patrick's day, 1740, the butchers in Clare-market, London, hung up a grotesque figure of an Irishman. A great number of Irishmen came to pull it down, when a fierce battle ensued, much mischief was done, and several persons were dangerously wounded; but a file of musqueteers having been fetched from St. James's, some of the rioters were taken into custody, and three of them were committed by col. De Veil to Newgate.*

A correspondent who signs, "IKEY PINGLE," communicates a copy of a singular monumental inscription in the churchyard of Grimmingham, in Norfolk. It is subjoined on this day, because the public performer to whom it refers is stated to have quitted this stage of life on this day, in the year 1798.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

Epitaph.

SACRED

To the memory of

THOMAS JACKSON, COMEDIAN,

who was engaged, 21st of Dec. 1741, to play a comic cast of characters, in this great theatre—the World: for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel.

The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal; where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable, by him who paid the great stock-debt, for the love he bore to performers in general.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 27.

March 18.

Edward, king of the West Saxons.

On this anniversary, which is a holiday in the church of England calendar, and kept at the Exchequer, Rapin says, "I do not know upon what foundation Edward was made both a saint and a martyr, unless it was pretended he was murdered out of revenge for his great affection to Dunstan and the monks." See farther concerning him in vol. i. p. 372.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 75.

March 19.

1826. *Oxford Term ends.*

PALM SUNDAY.

This is the first of *Passion Week*. To accounts of remarkable ceremonies peculiar to the day, and its present observance, it is proper to add the mode wherein it is celebrated by the papal pontiff at Rome. An eye-witness to the pageant relates as follows:—

About half-past nine in the morning, the pope entered the Sistine chapel, attired in a robe of scarlet and gold, which he wore over his ordinary dress, and took his throne. The cardinals, who were at

first dressed in under-robcs of a violet colour (the mourning for cardinals), with their rich antique lace, scarlet trains, and mantles of ermine, suddenly put off these accoutrements, and arrayed themselves in most splendid vestments, which had the appearance of being made of carved gold. The tedious ceremony of each separately kissing the pope's hand, and making their three little bows, being gone through, and some little chaunting and fidgetting about the altar being got over, two palm branches, of seven or eight feet in length, were brought to the pope, who, after raising over them a cloud of incense, bestowed his benediction upon them: then a great number of smaller palms were brought, and a cardinal, who acted as the pope's aid-de-camp on this occasion, presented one of these to every cardinal as he ascended the steps of the throne, who again kissed the pope's hand and the palm, and retired. Then came the archbishops, who kissed both the pope's hand and toe, followed by the inferior orders of clergy, in regular gradations, who only kissed the toe, as they carried off their palms.

The higher dignitaries being at last provided with palms, the deacons, canons, choristers, cardinals, train-bearers, &c. had each to receive branches of olive, to which, as well as to the palms, a small cross was suspended. At last, all were ready to act their parts, and the procession began to move: it began with the lowest in clerical rank, who moved off two by two, rising gradually in dignity, till they came to prelates, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, and terminated by the pope, borne in his chair of state (*sedia gestatoria*) on men's shoulders, with a crimson canopy over his head. By far the most striking figures in the procession were the bishops and patriarchs of the Armenian church. One of them wore a white crown, and another a crimson crown glittering with jewels. The mitres of the bishops were also set with precious stones; and their splendid dresses, and long wavy beards of silver whiteness, gave them a most venerable and imposing appearance.

The procession issued forth into the Sala Borgia (the hall behind the Sistine chapel), and marched round it, forming nearly a circle; for by the time the pope had gone out, the leaders of the procession had nearly come back again; but they found the gates of the chapel closed

against them, and, on admittance being demanded, a voice was heard from within in deep recitative, seemingly inquiring into their business, or claims for entrance there. This was answered by the choristers from the procession in the hall; and after a chaunted parley of a few minutes, the gates were again opened, and the pope, cardinals, and priests, returned to their seats. Then the passion was chaunted; and then a most tiresome long service commenced, in which the usual genuflections, and tinkling of little bells, and dressings and undressings, and walking up and coming down the steps of the altar, and bustling about, went on; and which at last terminated in the cardinals all embracing and kissing each other, which is considered the kiss of peace.

The palms are artificial, plaited of straw, or the leaves of dried reeds, so as to resemble the real branches of the palm-tree when their leaves are plaited, which are used in this manner for this ceremony in the catholic colonies of tropical climates. These artificial palms, however, are topped with some of the real leaves of the palm-tree, brought from the shores of the gulf of Genoa.*

Palm Sunday in Spain.

The following is a description of the celebration of this day in the cathedral of Seville:—

Early in the morning, the melancholy sound of the *passion-bell* announces the beginning of the solemnities for which the fast of Lent is a preparation. This bell, the largest of several which are made to revolve upon pivots, is moved by means of two long ropes, which by swinging the bell into a circular motion, are twined, gently at first, round the massive arms of a cross, of which the bell forms the foot, and the head its counterpoise. Six men then draw back the ropes, till the enormous machine receives a sufficient impetus to coil them in an opposite direction; and thus alternately, as long as ringing is required. To give this bell a tone appropriate to the sombre character of the season, it has been cast with several large holes disposed in a circle round the top—a contrivance which without diminishing the vibration of the metal, prevents the distinct formation of any musical note, and converts the sound into a dismal clangour.

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

The chapter, consisting of about eighty resident members, in choral robes of black silk with long trains and hoods, preceded by the inferior ministers, by thirty clergymen, in surplices, whose deep bass voices perform the plain or Ambrosian chaunt, and by the band of wind-instruments and singers, who execute the more artificial strains of modern or counterpoint music, move in a long procession round the farthest aisles, each holding a branch of the oriental, or date palm, which overtopping the heads of the assembled multitude, nod gracefully, and bend into elegant curves at every step of the bearers. For this purpose a number of palm-trees are kept with their branches tied up together, that, by the want of light, the more tender shoots may preserve a delicate yellow tinge. The ceremony of blessing these branches is solemnly performed by the officiating priest, previously to the procession, after which they are sent by the clergy to their friends, who tie them to the iron bars of the balconies, to be, as they believe, a protection against lightning.

In the long church-service for this day, the organ is silent, the voices being supported by hautboys and bassoons. All the altars are covered with purple or grey curtains. The holy vestments, during this week, are of the first-mentioned colour, except on Friday, when it is changed for black. The four accounts of our saviour's passion, appointed as gospels for this day, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, are dramatized in the following manner:—Outside of the gilt-iron railing which encloses the presbytery, are two large pulpits of the same materials, from one of which, at the daily high mass, the sub-deacon chaunts the epistle, as the deacon does the gospel from the other. A movable platform with a desk, is placed between the pulpits on the *passion-days*; and three priests or deacons, in *albes*—the white vestment, over which the dalmatic is worn by the latter, and the *casulla* by the former—appear on these elevated posts, at the time when the gospel should be said. These officiating ministers are chosen among the singers in holy orders, one a bass, another a tenor, and the third a counter-tenor. The tenor chaunts the narrative without changing from the key-note, and makes a pause whenever he comes to the words of the interlocutors mentioned by the evangelist. In those passages the words of our saviour are

sung by the bass in a solemn strain. The counter-tenor, in a more florid style, per sonates the inferior characters, such as Peter, the maid, and Pontius Pilate. The cries of the priests and the multitude are represented by the band of musicians within the choir.*

PALM SUNDAY CUSTOM

in Lincolnshire.

The following letter is from a correspondent on the spot where the custom is still preserved.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—There is a singular ceremony at Caistor church, Lincolnshire, every Palm Sunday, which you may think worth describing from this account of it.

A deputy from Broughton brings a very large ox-whip, called here a gad-whip. *Gad* is an old Lincolnshire measure of ten feet; the stock of the gad-whip is, perhaps, of the same length. The whip itself is constructed as follows. A large piece of ash, or any other wood, tapered towards the top, forms the stock; it is wrapt with white leather half way down, and some small pieces of mountain ash are enclosed. The thong is very large, and made of strong white leather. The man comes to the north porch, about the commencement of the first lesson, and cracks his whip in front of the porch door three times; he then, with much ceremony, wraps the thong round the stock of the whip, puts some rods of mountain ash lengthwise upon it, and binds the whole together with whip-cord. He next ties to the top of the whip-stock a purse containing two shillings, (formerly this sum was in twenty-four silver pennies,) then taking the whole upon his shoulder, he marches into the church, where he stands in front of the reading desk till the commencement of the second lesson: he then goes up nearer, waves the purse over the head of the clergyman, kneels down on a cushion, and continues in that position, with the purse suspended over the clergyman's head, till the lesson is ended. After the service is concluded, he carries the whip, &c. to the manor-house of Undon, a hamlet adjoining, where he leaves it. There is a new whip made every year; it is made at Broughton, and left at Undon.

Certain lands in the parish of Broughton are held by the tenure of this annual

* Doblado's Letters from Spain

custom, which is maintained to the present time.

I am, Sir, &c.

G. P. J

On the 19th of March, 1755, three women in the village of Bergemioletto, near Piedmont, were buried for thirty-seven days in the ruins of a stable, by a heavy fall of snow. They survived their confinement, and the facts relating to it were published by Ignazio Somis, professor in the university of Turin. With the case of these poor creatures, that, related at p. 176, of our Elizabeth Woodcock, who remained so imprisoned eight days, is scarcely to be compared. Her sufferings highly interest the feelings; a narration of theirs would too deeply wound them.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 . 25

March 20.

LAMB SEASON.

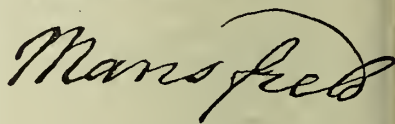
An Anecdote

It is related in the Scottish newspapers that about the year 1770, a Selkirkshire farmer, a great original in his way, and remarkable for his fondness of a "big price" for every thing, attended at Langholm fair, and, notwithstanding his parsimonious habits, actually sold his lambs to a perfect stranger upon his simply promising to pay him punctually at the next market. On his return home, the farmer's servants, who regularly messed at the same table, and seldom honoured him with the name of master, inquired "Weel, Sandy, hae ye sell't the lambs?" "Atweel hae I, and I gat saxpence mair a-head for them than ony body in the market." "And a' weel paid siller?" "Na, the siller's no paid yet, but its sure eneuch." "Wha's your merchant, and, and what's your security?" "Troth I never spiered, but he's a decent lookin' man wi tap boots, and a bottle-green coat." The servants, at this, laughed outright, and tauntingly told him he would never get a farthing. Sandy, however, thought differently, and having accidentally hurt his leg so as to prevent him from travelling, he sent a shepherd to Langholm, with instructions to look for a man with a bottle-green coat, whom he was sure he said, to find standing near a certain sign. The shepherd did as he was bid, and, strange to say, discovered a

person standing at the identical spot who, on learning his errand, inquired kindly for his master, and paid the money to the uttermost farthing. Sandy, who piqued himself on his skill in physiognomy, heard the news without emotion, and merely said, "I wad at any time trust mair to looks than words, and whan I saw Colly smeilin about hun sae kindly, I ken't weel eneuch he couldna be a scoundrel." This result differs from one which might have been expected. Sandy believed in a "second sight," which, in these times, a knowledge of the arts of life disqualify most persons for indulging on such an occasion.

In an early edition of vol. i. p. 374, the death of sir Isaac Newton is stated to have happened on this day in the year 1727; and it is added, that he was born on the 25th of December 1742, instead of the proper year 1642.

On the same page the death of the celebrated earl Mansfield, is mentioned to have taken place on the same day in the year 1793. He was aged eighty-nine, and his autograph is now added for the gratification of those who desire to be acquainted with the hand-writing of distinguished persons.



NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 42 . 81.

March 21.

Benedict.

Concerning this saint in our almanacs, see vol. i. p. 380.

A SURPRISING CALCULATION.

For the Every-Day Book.

In the summer of 1825, a meeting was held at Tunbridge in Kent, by some gentlemen interested in the formation of a rail road, in that neighbourhood; at which was a present a young gentleman well known for astonishing celerity in resolving difficult calculations by the aid of memory alone. One of the company, a great snuff-taker, and good mathemati-

clan, proposed the following, (as he thought,) puzzling question;

"If I take so many (a given quantity) of pinches of snuff every quarter of an hour, how many pinches shall I have taken in fifteen years?"

The young gentleman in little more than a minute gave his answer.

The snuff-taker called for pen, ink, and paper, to examine the answer, when after a considerable time he declared it erroneous; upon hearing which, the calculator asked the snuff-taker if he had allowed for the leap-years? being answered in the negative, the snuff-taker was requested to add them, when the calculator's answer was found to be correct to a single pinch, to the no small astonishment and delight of the assembled party.

A. S.

The preceding anecdote is wholly new, and, after a "pinch of snuff," the editor introduces a topic somewhat corresponding.

"TOBACCO."

"EX FUMO dare lucem."

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

The use of tobacco, "that stinking weed so much abused to God's dishonour," as Stow expresses himself, having become so common, as to be almost "naturalized on English ground;" perhaps a short article on the subject at this seasonable period, may not be unacceptable to the numerous readers of the *Every-Day Book*. Let me however be understood in the outset.

I do not mean to write a historical—nor yet critical—nor yet a poetical essay on my subject—no! I merely wish to "cull a few leaves" from the "fragrant herb," and leave them for you to burn, or your readers to cut up, or smoke, at their good pleasure. Dropping all metaphor, the subject is worth attention, and treated with judgment, might be rendered highly interesting. Resigning all pretension however to that quality, I have merely collected a few "passages," which, I hope, will be considered worthy of a place in your interesting miscellany.

"Commencing our commencement," says the old French proverb, my medical dictionary, (Hooper's) has the following under this head:—

"Tobacco. See Nicotiana."

"Nicotiana. (From M. Nicot, who first brought it into Europe.) Tobacco."

"1st. The name of a genus of plants in the Linnean system. Class *Pentandria*; order, *Monogynia*."

"2nd. The former pharmacopœia. name of the officinal tobacco," &c. &c.

Hooper's Medical Dictionary, 4th edit. p. 594.

In that elegant work, "*Flora Domestica*," the botanical summary says, this genus is named from Jean Nicot of Nismes, agent from the king of France to Portugal, who procured the seeds from a Dutchman, and sent them to France. Tobacco, from the island Tobago. The French have many names for it; as, le tabac: Nicotiane from its first introducer; petum [the original Indian appellation;] herbe du grand prieur; herbe à la Reine; herbe sacrée; herbe propre à tous maux; herbe de St. Croix; &c. &c. *Italian*, tabacco; terna bona."

Flora Domestica, 1823. p. 365.

Of these names, the Italian one of "terna bona," is very singular, and as arbitrary as need be, for example, what connection can there be between tobacco, and the "grand prior," the "queen's," or the "holy cross?" "Propre à tous maux," is rather too comprehensive an appellation; I have copied but few of these names, many as there may appear to be.

Of all the subjects which have employed the pens of writers, perhaps no one has called forth so great a diversity of opinion as this; and we may perhaps go further, and say, that no other (save only, *love* and *war*) has attracted so much notice since its introduction. Popes, poets, historians, kings, and physicians, have dwelt upon its use and abuse, and even historians have condescended to mention it. But to proceed.

With regard to its first introduction into England, Hume says, "chap. xli. Eliz. 1558, 1603," at the close of the narration of Drake's attack on the Spanish provinces in the West Indies. "It is thought that Drake's fleet first introduced the use of tobacco into England."

In an after part of his work "*Appendix*, James I. 1603-1625," he adds,

"After supplying themselves with provisions more immediately necessary for the support of life, the new planters began the cultivating of tobacco; and James, notwithstanding his antipathy to that drug, which he affirmed to be pernicious

to men's morals as well as health, gave them permission to enter it in England; and he inhibited by proclamation all importation of it from Spain."

At this period originated the story of the wetting poor sir Walter Raleigh, received from the hands (and bucket) of his servant; this, however, is too common to deserve transferring to your pages. The following facts, however, are not so generally known. "On the first introduction of tobacco, our ancestors carried its use to an enormous excess, smoking even in the churches, which made pope Urban VIII. in 1624, publish a decree of excommunication against those who used such an unseemly practice; and Innocent XII. A.D. 1690, solemnly excommunicated all those who should take snuff or tobacco, in St. Peter's church at Rome." *Flora Domestica*, p. 367.

This excess is perhaps only equalled by the case of William Breedon, vicar of Thornton, Bucks, "a profound divine, but absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age;" of whom William Lilly, "student in astrology," says, "when he had no tobacco, (and I suppose too much drink,) he would cut the bell ropes and smoke them."—*History of Lilly's Life and Times*. p. 44.*

To the eulogist of tobacco, who, on column 195 of your present volume, defies "all daintie meats," and

—"keeps his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe,"

take as an antidote the following from Peter Hausted's *Raphael Thorius*: London, 1551.

Let it be damn'd to Hell, and call'd from thence,
Proserpine's wine, the Furics' frankincense,
The Devil's addle eggs.

Hawkins Brown, esq., parodying Ambrose Philips, writes thus prettily to his pipe:—

Sublime tobacco!—which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labours, or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours,—and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire;
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd; &c.

In our own times the following have appeared.

"La Pipe de Tabac," a French song to music, by Geweaux, contains the following humorous stanzas:—

"Le soldat baille sous la tente,
Le matelot sur le tillac,
Bientôt ils ont l'âme contente,
Avec la pipe de tabac;
Si pourtant survient une belle,
À l'instant le cœur fait tic tac,
Et l'Amant oublie auprès d'elle,
Jusqu'à la pipe de tabac.

"Je tiens cette maxime utile,
De ce fameux Monsieur de Crac,
En campagne comme à la ville,
Font tous l'amour et le tabac,
Quand ce grand homme allait en guerre
Il portait dans son petit sac,
Le doux portrait de sa bergère,
Avec la pipe de tabac."

In the accompanying English version, they are thus imitated:—

See, content, the soldier smiling
Round the vet'ran smoking crew
And the tar, the time beguiling,
Sighs and whiffs, and thinks of Sue.
Calm the bosom; naught distresses;—
Labour's harvest's nearly ripe;—
'Susan's health;'—the brim he presses,—
Here alone he quits his pipe.

Faithful still to every duty
Ne'er his faithful heart will roam;
Mines of wealth, and worlds of beauty,
Tempt him not from Susan's home.
From his breast—wherever steering,
Oft a sudden tear to wipe,
Susan's portrait,—sorrow cheering,
First he draws,—and then his pipe!

Our immortal Byron, in his poem of "The Island," sings thus the praises of "the Indian weed":—

* "The following commendation of Lilly is inserted under a curious frontispiece to his 'Astrologia,' 1676, "containing portraits of Cardan, Guido, and himself.

"Let Envy burst—Vrania's glad to see
Her sons thus loyn'd in a Triplicity;
To Cardan and to Guido much is due,
But in one Lilly wee behold them Two."

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
 When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far,
 Thy naked beauties— Give me a cigar !

If, Sir, you should deem this communication worthy of your notice, I shall feel inclined to pursue my researches farther ; and, whatever the result, allow me in the mean time to subscribe myself,

Your well-wisher,

FUMO.

P. S. Should you, Sir, *burn* this, the Roman adage, which I have used as my motto, will be once more *verified*.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 43° 44°.

March 22.

Passion Wednesday.

In 1826, this being the Wednesday before Easter, called *Passion Wednesday*, is celebrated with great solemnity in catholic countries. At Seville a white veil conceals the officiating priest and ministers, during mass, until the words in the service "the veil of the temple was rent in twain" are chaunted. At this moment the veil disappears, as if by enchantment, and the ears of the congregation are stunned with the noise of concealed fireworks, which are meant to imitate an earthquake.

The evening service, named *Tinieblas*, (darkness) is performed this day after sunset. The cathedral, on this occasion, exhibits the most solemn and impressive aspect. The high altar, concealed behind dark grey curtains which fall from the height of the cornices, is dimly lighted by six yellow wax candles, while the gloom of the whole temple is broken in large masses by wax torches, fixed one on each pillar of the centre aisle, about one-third of its length from the ground. An elegant candlestick of brass, from fifteen to twenty feet high, is placed, on this and the following evening, between the choir and the altar, holding thirteen candles, twelve of yellow, and one of bleached wax, distributed on the two sides of the triangle which terminates the machine. Each candle stands by a brass figure of one of the apostles. The white candle occupying the apex is allotted to the virgin

Mary. At the conclusion of each of the twelve psalms appointed for the service, one of the yellow candles is extinguished, till, the white taper burning alone, it is taken down and concealed behind the altar. Immediately after the ceremony, the *Miserere*, (Psalm 50.) set, every other year, to a new strain of music, is sung in a grand style. This performance lasts exactly an hour. At the conclusion of the last verse the clergy break up abruptly without the usual blessing, making a thundering noise by clapping their movable seats against the frame of the stalls, or knocking their ponderous breviaries against the boards, as the rubric directs.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 22d of March, 1687, Jean Baptiste Lully, the eminent musical composer, died at Paris. He was born of obscure parents at Florence, in 1634, and evincing a taste for music, a benevolent cordelier, influenced by no other consideration than the hope of his becoming eminent in the science, undertook to teach him the guitar. While under his tuition, a French gentleman, the chevalier Guise, arrived at Florence, commissioned by Mlle. de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV., to bring her some pretty little Italian boy as a page. The countenance of Lully did not answer to the instructions, but his vivacity, wit, and skill on an instrument, as much the favourite of the French as of the Italians, determined the chevalier to send him to Paris. On his arrival, he was presented to the lady ; but his figure obtained for him so cool a reception, that she commanded him to be entered in her household books as an under-sculion. Lully was at this time ten years old. In the moments of his leisure from the kitchen, he used to scrape upon a wretched fiddle. He was overheard by a person about the court, who informed the princess he had an excellent taste for music, and a master was employed to teach him the violin, under whom in the course of a few months, he became so

* Doblado's Letters from Spain.

great a proficient, that he was elevated to the rank of court-musician. In consequence of an unlucky accident he was dismissed from this situation; but, obtaining admission into the king's band of violins, he applied himself so closely to study, that in a little time he began to compose. His airs were noticed by the king, Lully was sent for, and his performance of them was thought so excellent, that a new band was formed, called *les petits violons*, and under his direction it surpassed the band of twenty-four, till that time celebrated throughout Europe. This was about the year 1660, when the favourite entertainments at the French court were dramatic representations, consisting of dancing intermixed with singing and speaking in recitative; they were called *ballets*, and to many of them Lully was employed in composing the music.

In 1669, an opera in the French language, on the model of that at Venice, being established at Paris, Lully obtained the situation of composer and joint director, left his former band, instituted one of his own, and formed the design of building a new theatre near the Luxemburg palace, which he accomplished, and opened in November, 1670.

Previous to this, Lully, having been appointed superintendent to the king's private music, had neglected the practice of the violin; yet, whenever he could be prevailed with to play, his excellence astonished all who heard him.

In 1686, the king recovering from an indisposition that threatened his life, Lully composed a "*Te Deum*," which was not more remarkable for its excellence, than the unhappy accident with which its performance was attended. In the preparations for the execution of it, and the more to demonstrate his zeal, he himself beat the time. With the cane that he used for this purpose, he struck his foot, which caused so much inflammation, that his physician advised him to have his little toe taken off; and, after a delay of some days, his foot; and at length the whole limb. At this juncture, an empiric offered to perform a cure without amputation. Two thousand pistoles were promised him if he should accomplish it, but his efforts were vain; and Lully died.

Lully's confessor in his last illness required as a testimony of his sincere repentance, and as the condition of his absolution, that he should throw the last of his operas into the fire. After some

excuses, Lully acquiesced, and pointing to a drawer in which the rough draft of "*Achilles and Polixenes*" was deposited, it was taken out and burnt, and the confessor went away satisfied. Lully grew better and was thought out of danger, when one of the young princes came to visit him: "What, Baptiste," says he to him, "have you thrown your opera into the fire? You were a fool for thus giving credit to a gloomy Jansenist, and burning good music." "Hush! hush! my lord," answered Lully, in a whisper, "I knew very well what I was about, I have another copy of it!" This pleasantry was followed by a relapse; and the prospect of inevitable death threw him into such pangs of remorse, that he submitted to be laid on ashes with a cord round his neck; and, in this situation, he chaunted a deep sense of his late transgression.

Lully contributed greatly to the improvement of French music. In his overtures he introduced fugues, and was the first who, in the choruses, made use of the side and kettle drums. It is difficult to characterize his style, which seems to have been derived from no other source than his own invention.

His compositions were chiefly operas and other dramatic entertainments, adapted to the desires of Louis XIV., who was fond of dancing, and had not taste for any music but airs, in the composition of which a stated number of bars was the chief rule to be observed. Of harmony or fine melody, or of the relation between poetry and music, he seems to have had no conception; and these were restraints upon Lully's talents.

He is said to have been the inventor of that species of composition, the overture; for, though the symphonies or preludes of Carissimi, Colonna, and others, are, in effect, overtures, yet they were compositions of a mild and placid kind, while Lully's are animated and full of energy.*

Notwithstanding the character of Lully's compositions, when unrestricted by the royal command and the bad taste of the court, he was one day reproached with having set nothing to music but languid verses. He flew to his harpsichord, and wildly running over the keys, sung, with great violence of gesture, the following terrific lines from Racine's tragedy of "*Iphigenie*."

* Biograph. Dictionary of Musicians.

" Un prêtre environne d'une foule cruelle
Portera sur ma fille, une maine criminelle
Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les
Dieux."

When cardinal d'Estrees was at Rome, he highly praised Corelli's sonatas to that eminent composer. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit it is because I have studied Lully." Handel has imitated Lully in many of his overtures.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42° 79.

March 23.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Shere Thursday.

These denominations have been sufficiently explained in vol. i. p. 400, with an account of the *Maundy* at the chapel royal St. James's. The Romish church this day institutes certain ceremonies to commemorate the washing of the disciples' feet.

Celebration of the day at Seville.

The particulars of these solemnities are recorded by the rev. Blanco White.

The ceremonies of the high mass, are especially intended as a remembrance of the last supper, and the service, as it proceeds, rapidly assumes the deepest hues of melancholy. The bells, in every steeple, from one loud and joyous peal, cease at once, and leave a peculiar heavy stillness, which none can conceive but those who have lived in a populous Spanish town long enough to lose the sense of that perpetual tinkling which agitates the ear during the day and great part of the night.

In every church a "host," consecrated at the mass, is carried with great solemnity to a temporary structure, called the *monument*, which is erected with more or less splendour, according to the wealth of the establishment. It is there deposited in a silver urn, generally shaped like a sepulchre, the key of which, hanging from a gold chain, is committed by the priest to the care of a chief inhabitant of the parish, who wears it round his neck as a badge of honour, till the next morn-

ing. The key of the cathedral monument is intrusted to the archbishop, if present, or to the dean in his absence.

The striking effect of the last-mentioned structure, the "monument" in the cathedral, is not easily conceived. It fills up the space between four arches of the nave, rising in five bodies to the roof of the temple. The columns of the two lower tiers, which, like the rest of the monument, imitate white marble filleted with gold, are hollow, allowing the numerous attendants who take care of the lights that cover it from the ground to the very top, to do their duty during four-and-twenty hours, without any disturbance or unseemly bustle. More than three thousand pounds of wax, besides one hundred and sixty silver lamps, are employed in the illumination.

The gold casket set with jewels, which contains the host, lies deposited in an elegant temple of massive silver, weighing five hundred and ten marks, which is seen through a blaze of light on the pediment of the monument. Two members of the chapter in their choral robes, and six inferior priests in surplices, attend on their knees before the shrine, till they are relieved by an equal number of the same classes at the end of every hour. This adoration is performed without interruption from the moment of depositing the host in the casket till that of taking it out the next morning. The cathedral, as well as many others of the wealthiest churches, are kept open and illuminated the whole night.

One of the public sights of the town, on this day, is the splendid cold dinner which the archbishop gives to twelve paupers, in commemoration of the apostles. The dinner is to be seen laid out on tables filling up two large rooms in the palace. The twelve guests are completely clothed at the expense of their host; and having partaken of a more homely dinner in the kitchen, they are furnished with large baskets to take away the splendid commons allotted to each in separate dishes, which they sell to the *gourmands* of the town. Each, besides, is allowed to dispose of his napkin, curiously made up into the figure of some bird or quadruped, which people buy as ornaments to their china cupboards, and as specimens of the perfection to which some of the poorer nuns have carried the art of plaiting.

At two in the afternoon, the archbishop,

* Seward

attended by his chapter, repairs to the cathedral, where he performs the ceremony, which, from the notion of its being literally enjoined by our saviour, is called the *mandatum*. The twelve paupers are seated on a platform erected before the high altar, and the prelate, stripped of his silk robes, and kneeling successively before each, washes their feet in a large silver basin.

About this time the processions, known by the name of *cofradías*, (confraternities) begin to move out of the different churches to which they are attached. The head of the police appoints the hour when each of these pageants is to appear in the square of the town hall, and the *audiencia* or court of justice. From thence their route to the cathedral, and out of it, to a certain point, is the same for all. These streets are lined by two rows of spectators of the lower classes, the windows being occupied by those of a higher rank. An order is previously published by the town-crier, directing the inhabitants to decorate their windows, which they do by hanging out the showy silk and chintz counterpanes of their beds. As to the processions themselves, except one which has the privilege of parading the town in the dead of night, they have little to attract the eye or affect the imagination. Their chief object is to convey groups of figures, as large as life, representing different scenes of our saviour's passion.

There is something remarkable in the established and characteristic marks of some figures. The Jews are distinguished by long aquiline noses. Saint Peter is completely bald. The dress of the apostle John is green, and that of Judas Iscariot yellow; and so intimately associated is this circumstance with the idea of the traitor, that it has brought that colour into universal discredit. It is probably from this circumstance, (though yellow may have been allotted to Judas from some more ancient prejudice,) that the inquisition has adopted it for the *sanbenito*, or coat of infamy, which persons convicted of heresy are compelled to wear. The red hair of Judas, like Peter's baldness, seems to be agreed upon by all the painters and sculptors in Europe. *Judas' hair* is a usual name in Spain; and a similar application, it should seem, was used in England in Shakspeare's time. "His hair," says Rosalind, in *As you like it*, "is of the

dissembling colour:" to which Celia answers — "Something browner than Judas's."

The midnight procession derives considerable effect from the stillness of the hour, and the dress of the attendants on the sacred image. None are admitted to this religious act but the members of that fraternity; generally young men of fashion. They all appear in a black tunic, with a broad belt so contrived as to give the idea of a long rope tied tight round the body; a method of penance commonly practised in former times. The face is covered with a long black veil, falling from a sugar-loaf cap three feet high. Thus arrayed, the nominal *penitents* advance, with silent and measured steps, in two lines, dragging a train six feet long, and holding aloft a wax-candle of twelve pounds, which they rest upon the hip-bone, holding it obliquely towards the vacant space between them. The veils, being of the same stuff with the cap and tunic, would absolutely impede the sight but for two small holes through which the eyes are seen to gleam, adding no small effect to the dismal appearance of such strange figures. The pleasure of appearing in a disguise, in a country where masquerades are not tolerated by the government, is a great inducement, to the young men for subscribing to this religious association. The disguise, it is true, does not in the least relax the rules of strict decorum which the ceremony requires; yet the mock penitents think themselves repaid for the fatigue and trouble of the night by the fresh impression which they expect to make on the already won hearts of their mistresses, who, by preconcerted signals, are enabled to distinguish their lovers, in spite of the veils and the uniformity of the dresses.

It is scarcely forty years since the disgusting exhibition of people streaming in their own blood, was discontinued by an order of the government. These *penitents* were generally from among the most debauched and abandoned of the lower classes. They appeared in white linen petticoats, pointed white caps and veils, and a jacket of the same colour, which exposed their naked shoulders to view. Having, previous to their joining the procession, been scarified on the back, they beat themselves with a cat-o'-nine-tails, making the blood run down to the skirts of their garment. It may be easily conceived that religion had no

share in these voluntary inflictions. There was a notion afloat, that this act of penance had an excellent effect on the constitution.*

They carry away what they cannot eat, and receive a small present in money besides.”*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 15

March 24.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The pope commemorates the washing of the disciples' feet by officiating in person. A modern traveller who was present at the ceremony says,—“There were *thirteen* instead of twelve; the one being the representative of the angel that once came to the table of twelve that St. Gregory was serving. The twelve were old priests, but the one who performed the part of the angel was very young. They were all dressed in loose white gowns, and white caps on their heads, and clean woollen stockings, and were seated in a row along the wall, under a canopy. When the pope entered and took his seat at the top of the room, the whole company of them knelt in their places, turning towards him; and on his hand being extended in benediction, they all rose again and resealed themselves. The splendid garments of the pope were then taken off; and clad in a white linen robe which he had on under the others, and wearing the bishop's mitre instead of the tiara, he approached the pilgrims, took from an attendant cardinal a silver bucket of water, knelt before the first of them, immersed one foot in the water, put water over it with his hand, and touched it with a square fringed cloth; kissed the leg, and gave the cloth, and a sort of white flower or feather, to the man; then went on to the next. The whole ceremony was over, I think, in less than two minutes, so rapidly was this act of humility gone through. From thence the pope returned to his throne, put on his robes of white and silver again, and proceeded to the Sala di Tavola: the thirteen priests were seated in a row at the table, which was spread with a variety of dishes, and adorned with a profusion of flowers. The pope gave the blessing, and walking along the side of the table opposite to them, handed each of them bread, then plates, and lastly, cups of wine. They regularly all rose up to receive what he presented; and the pope having gone through the forms of service, and given them his parting benediction, left them to finish their dinner in peace.

This annual commemoration is the only one observed in England, with the exception of Christmas, by the suspension of all business, and the closing of shops. The late bishop Porteus having particularly insisted on this method of keeping Good Friday, the reverend Robert Robinson of Cambridge wrote a remarkable pamphlet, entitled, “The History and Mystery of Good Friday,” wherein he urges various statements and arguments against the usage. This tract has been published from time to time by Mr. Benjamin Flower. The controversy is referred to, because the writings of the bishop and his opponent state the grounds on both sides. It is to be remarked likewise, that several dissenters openly engage in their usual avocations, contrary to the general practice, which does not appear to be enforced by the church of England, farther than by notices through the parochial beadle and other officers.

Hot-cross Buns.

On the popular cry of “hot-cross buns,” and the custom of eating them to-day, there are particulars in vol. i. p. 402; and in the illustration of the ancient name and use of the *bun*, a few interesting passages are added. “The offerings which people in ancient times used to present to the gods, were generally purchased at the entrance of the temple; especially every species of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread which used to be offered to the gods, was of great antiquity, and called *boun*. The Greeks, who changed the *nu* final into a *sigma*, expressed it in the nominative *Bous*, but in the accusative more truly *boun*, *Bovv*. Hesychius speaks of the *boun*, and describes it a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. Julius Pollux mentions it after the same manner, a sort of cake with horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering being made by Empeocles, de-

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

scribes the chief ingredients of which it was composed :—‘ he offered up one of the sacred libra, called a *boun*, which was made of fine flour and honey.’ It is said of Cecrops, he first offered up this sort of sweet bread. Hence we may judge of the antiquity of the custom, from the times to which Cecrops is referred. The prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering when he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros, in Egypt, and of their base idolatry ; in all which their husbands had encouraged them : the women, in their expostulation upon his rebuke, tell him, ‘ Did we make her cakes to worship her?’ &c. Jer. xlv. 18, 19. Ib. vii. 18.*”

Irish Custom.

In the midland districts of Ireland, viz. the province of Connaught, on Good Friday, it is a common practice with the lower orders of Irish catholics to prevent their young from having any sustenance, even to those at the breast, from twelve on the previous night to twelve on Friday night, and the fathers and mothers will only take a small piece of dry bread and a draught of water during the day. It is a common sight to see along the roads between the different market towns, numbers of women with their hair dishevelled, barefooted, and in their worst garments ; all this is in imitation of Christ’s passion.†

In Ireland, as a catholic country, excessive attention prevails to the remarkable instances in the passion of Christ, which terminated in the crucifixion ; and a revelation from Christ himself, to three nuns canonized by the Romish church, has been devised to heighten the fervour of the ignorant. The Irish journals of 1770, contain the copy of a singular paper said to have been sold to devotees at a high price, viz.

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HOLY ——— JUBILEE, 1770.

“ This revelation was made by themouth of our Lord Jesus Christ, to those three saints, viz. St. Elizabeth, St. Clare, and

St. Bridget, they being desirous to know something in particular of the blessed passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“ First, I received 30 cuffs ; 2dly, when I was apprehended in the garden, I received 40 blows : 3dly, I journeying to Annas’s house, got 7 falls : 4thly, they gave me 444 blows of whips upon my shoulders : 5thly, they raised me up from the ground, by the hair of the head, 330 times : 6thly, they gave me 30 blows against my teeth : 7thly, I have breathed 8888 sighs : 8thly, they drew me by my beard 35 times : 9thly, I received one mortal wound at the foot of the cross : 10th, 666 blows they gave me when I was bound to the pillar of stone : 11th, they set a crown of thorns upon my head : 12th, they have spitted at me 63 times : 13th, the soldiers gave me 88 blows of whips : 14th, they gave me gall and vinegar to drink : 15th, when I hanged on the cross I received five mortal wounds.

“ All men or women that will say seven paters, seven aves, and a creed daily, in honour of the blessed passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for the space of 15 years, they shall obtain five graces : first, they shall receive plenary indulgence and remission of their sins ; 2dly, they will not suffer the pains of purgatory ; 3dly, if it happen that they die before 15 years be ended, they shall obtain grace as well as if they had suffered martyrdom ; 4thly, in point of death, I will not come myself alone, to receive his own soul, but also his parents, if they be in purgatory ; finally, I will convert them into everlasting bliss.

“ This revelation hath those virtues, that whosoever shall carry it about him, shall be free from his enemies, neither will he die of any sudden death ; and if there be any woman with child, that carry this revelation about her, she shall feel no pain in child-birth ; and in whatsoever part of the house this revelation shall lye, it shall not be infected with any contagious diseases, or any other evil : and whosoever shall carry it about him, the glorious virgin Mary will show herself to him 46 days before his death.”

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* Bryant’s Analysis.
† Communicated by T. A.

The custom of preaching at St. Paul's cross on Good Friday and other holidays, and some account of the cross itself is communicated in the following letter of a correspondent, who will be recognised by his initials to have been a contributor of former interesting articles.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Kennington, March 10, 1826.

Sir,—The following account of a sermon, annually preached on Good Friday at St. Paul's cross, with a brief notice of that structure, will I hope be considered worthy preservation in your valuable miscellany.

It was, for a considerable period, a custom on Good Friday in the afternoon, for some learned man, by appointment of the bishop, to preach a sermon at Paul's cross, which was situated in the midst of the churchyard on the north side towards the east end. The sermon generally treated of Christ's passion; and upon the ensuing Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Easter week, other learned men used to preach in a similar pulpit, at the Spital, now the Old Artillery Ground, Spitalfields; the subject of their discourse was the articles of Christ's resurrection. Then, on Low Sunday, another divine was at Paul's cross, to make a rehearsal of the four former sermons, either commending or disproving them as in his judgment he thought fit; all this done, (which by the by was no easy task,) he was to make a sermon himself, which in all were five sermons in one. At these sermons, so severally preached, the mayor, with his brethren the aldermen, were accustomed to be present in their "violet," at St. Paul's on Good Friday, and in their "scarlets," both they and their ladies, at the Spital, in the holidays, except Wednesday in violet; and the mayor, with his brethren, on Low Sunday, in scarlet, at Paul's cross. Since the Restoration these sermons were continued, by the name of the Spital sermons, at St. Bride's, with the like solemnity, on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, every year.

Respecting the antiquity of this custom, I learn from Maitland, that, in the year 1398, king Richard having procured from Rome confirmation of such statutes and ordinances as were made in the parliament begun at Westminster and ended at Shrewsbury, he caused the same confirmation to be read and pronounced at Paul's cross, and at St. Mary, Spital, in the sermons before all the people. Philip Mal-

pas, one of the sheriffs, in the year 1439, the eighteenth of Henry VII., gave twenty shillings a year to the three preachers at the Spital. Stephen Foster, mayor, in the year 1454, gave forty shillings to the preachers of Paul's cross and Spital. Opposite the pulpit at the Spital, was a handsome house of two stories high, for the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and other persons of distinction, to sit in, to hear the sermons preached in the Easter holidays; in the part above, stood the bishop of London and other prelates.

In foul and rainy weather, these solemn sermons were preached in a place called *the shrowds*, which was by the side of the cathedral church under covering, but open in front.—*Ellis's St. Paul's Cathedral*, p. 52.

For the maintenance of these St. Paul's cross sermons, many of the citizens were liberal benefactors; as Aylmer, bishop of London, the countess dowager of Shrewsbury, Thomas Russell, George Bishop, who gave ten pounds a year, &c.; and for further encouragement of those preachers, in the year 1607, the lord mayor and court of aldermen then ordered, "that every one that should preach there, considering the journies some of them might take from the universities, or elsewhere, should at his pleasure be freely entertained, for five days space, with sweet and convenient lodging, fire, candle, and all other necessities, viz. from Thursday before their day of preaching, to Thursday morning following." This provision had a good effect, and the custom continued for some time, added to which the bishop of London, or his chaplain, when he sent to any one to preach, signified the place whither he might sojourn at his coming up, and be entertained freely. Towards this charge of the city, George Palin, a merchant of London, gave two hundred pounds to defray expenses.

At some future time a few observations on crosses will be introduced; at present I shall confine myself to the history of St Paul's cross, which was used, not only for the instruction of mankind by the doctrine of the preacher, but for every purpose, political or ecclesiastical; for giving force to oaths; for promulgating laws; or rather, the royal pleasure; for the emission of papal bulls; for anathematizing sinners; for benedictions; for exposing penitents under censure of the church; for recantations; for the private ends of the ambitious; and for defaming

those who had incurred the displeasure of the crown. *Pennant, 4to. 394.*

To enter minutely into all the events connected with the history of this cross would be a work of considerable labour

and difficulty, added to which, space could not be well spared in a work of the present nature. I shall therefore only notice some of the most remarkable that occur in history.



Sermon at St. Paul's Cross on Good Friday.

This cross was strongly built of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead. The earliest mention of it occurs in the year 1259, when king Henry III. commanded a general assembly to be made at the cross, where he in person commanded the mayor that on the morrow he should cause to be sworn before the alderman, every youth of twelve years of age or upward, to be true to the king and his heirs kings of England. In the same year Henry III. caused to be read at this cross a bull obtained from pope Urban IV. as an absolution for him and for all that were sworn to maintain the articles made in the parliament at Oxford. In the year 1299, the dean of

St. Paul's cursed at the cross all those which had searched in the church of St. Martin in the Fields for a hoard of gold, &c.

This pulpit cross was by tempest of lightning and thunder, much defaced Thomas Kempe, bishop of London, from 28 Hen. VI. to 5 Hen. VII., new built the pulpit and cross.

The following is curious:—

“On the 8th day of March, 1555, while a doctor preached at the cross, a man did penance for transgressing Lent, holding two pigs ready drest, whereof one was upon his head, having brought them to sell.”—[*Stryce's Ecclesiastical Memorials.*]

Before this cross, in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward IV., and after his death, of his favourite the unfortunate lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of the crook-backed tyrant Richard III. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was married to the bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made confession of her only fault. "In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and paise demure, so womanlike, that albeit, she were out of all praise, save her kirtle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comelie shadow in hir cheeks (of whiche she before had most misse), that hir great shame was hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie than curious of hir soule. And manie good folkes that hated hir living (and glad were to see sin corrected), yet pitied they more hir penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than of a virtuous affection."—[*Hardyng's Chron.* 4to. Lond. 1812. p. 499.] She lived to a great age, but in great distress and poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services.

In 1538, "The 24th of February being Sunday, the Rood of Boxeley, in Kent, called the 'Rood of Grace,' made with divers vices, to move the eyes and lips, was shewed at Pawle's Cross by the preacher, which was the bishop of Rochester, and there it was broken and blucked to pieces."—[*Stow's Annals*, p. 575.]

"On the 17th of November, 1595, a day of great triumph for the long and prosperous reign of her majesty (queen Elizabeth) at London, the pulpit crosse in Pawle's churchyard was new repayed, painted, and partly inclosed with a wall of bricke: Doctour Fletcher, bishop of London, preached there in prayse of the queene, and prayer for her majesty, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens."—Vol. II.—66.

zens, in their best liveries. Which sermon being ended, upon the church leade the trumpets sounded, the cornets winded, and the quisters sung an anthem. On the steeple many lights were burned: the Tower shot off her ordinance, the bells were rung, bonfires made," &c.—[*Stow's Annals*, p. 770.]

Pennant says, the last sermon which was preached at this place was before James I., who came in great state from Whitehall, on Midlent Sunday, 1620; but Mr. Ellis, the learned and indefatigable editor of the new edition of Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral," says, there is a sermon in print, entitled, "The White Wolfe, preached at Paul's Crosse, February 11, 1627;" and according to the continuator of "Stow's Annals," Charles I., on the 30th of May, 1630, having attended divine service in the cathedral, "went into a room, and heard the sermon at Paule's Crosse."—[*Stow's Annals*, p. 1045.]

Thus this cross stood till it was demolished, in 1643, by order of parliament, executed by the willing hands of Isaac Pennington, the fanatical lord mayor of London for that year, who died in the Tower a convicted regicide.

The engraving at the head of this article is from a drawing in the Pepysian library, and appears to have been the same that was erected *circa* 1450.

There is a large painting of this cross as it appeared on Sunday, 26th of March, 1620, when king James I., his queen, Charles, prince of Wales, the archbishop of Canterbury, &c. attended with their court. It has been engraved in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

T. A.

Good Friday at Lisbon.

To a protestant, the observance of this holiday in catholic countries is especially remarkable. In 1768, the late rev. George Whitefield published "An Account of some Lent and other Extraordinary Processions and Ecclesiastical Entertainments seen at Lisbon; in four Letters to an English Friend." Very early in the morning of Good Friday, he had gone on board a vessel at Bellem for the purpose of sailing, but the wind dying away he returned ashore. "But how was the scene changed! Before, all used to be noise and hurry; now all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound

silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street all the way to Lisbon. About two in the afternoon we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited: it was 'the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb images, and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. De Beato.' Several thousands crowded into it, some of which, as I was told, had been waiting there ever since six in the morning. I was admitted, and very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold, hung in the front with black baize, and behind with silk purple damask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus, at full length, crowned with thorns, and nailed on a cross, between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance on the right hand was placed an image of the virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow's weeds. The veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head. At the foot of the cross lay, in a mournful pensive posture, a living man dressed in woman's clothes, who personated Mary Magdalen; and not far off stood a young man, in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture and bob-wig. His eyes were fixed on the cross, and his two hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two sentinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front stood another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may suppose him to be the Roman centurion. To complete the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and having a crimson and gold cap on his head. At their entrance upon the stage, they gently bowed their heads to the spectators, then kneeled and made obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over against one another, on steps assigned for them on the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards' distance, stood a black friar in a

pulpit hung with mourning. For a while he paused, and then breaking silence, gradually raised his voice till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though I think scarcely high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the great front door; and turning my head, I saw four long-bearded men, two of whom carried a ladder on their shoulders; and after them followed two more, with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c.; these, as I imagined, were the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a signal given from the pulpit, they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold; but, upon their first attempting to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the observant soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this, a letter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons the sentinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend: and having paid their homage by kneeling first to the image on the cross and then to the virgin Mary, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather, as was said, explaining the mournful scene. Magdalen persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow; while John (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was nearly three o'clock, and the scene was drawing to a close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown of thorns taken off; long white rollers put round the arms of the image; and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalen looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunderstruck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers expressed their concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently let down; Magdalen eyes it, and gradually rising, receives the feet into her wide spread handkerchief; while John (who hitherto had stood motionless like a statue), as the body came nearer the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sym-

athizing friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And ere the play should end, was I not afraid that you would be angry with me if I did not give you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the corpse after it was taken down. Great preparations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices, &c. and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was carried round the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the virgin Mary was chief mourner; and John and Magdalen, with a whole troop of friars with wax tapers in their hands, followed. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return, and in about a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order, in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sang to, and kneeled before it. John and Magdalen attended the obsequies, but the image of the virgin Mary was carried away, and placed in the front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. And thus ends this Good Friday's tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous droll. I am well aware that the Romanists deny the charge of idolatry; but after having seen what I have seen this day, as well as at sundry other times since my arrival here, I cannot help thinking but a person must be capable of making more than metaphysical distinctions, and deal in very abstract ideas indeed, fairly to evade the charge."

Good Friday at Seville.

The rev. Blanco White relates the celebration of the day at Seville in the following terms:—

The altars, which, at the end of yesterday's mass, were publicly and solemnly stripped of their clothes and rich table-hangings by the hands of the priest, appear in the same state of distressed negligence. No musical sound is heard, except the deep-toned voices of the psalm, or plain chant singers. After a few preparatory prayers, and the dramatized history of the passion, already described, the officiating priest (the archbishop at the cathedral), in a plain albe or white tunic, takes up a wooden cross six or seven feet high, which, like all other

crosses, has for the last two weeks of Lent been covered with a purple veil, and standing towards the people, before the middle of the altar, gradually uncovers the sacred emblem, which both the clergy and laity worship upon their knees. The prelate is then unshod by the assistant ministers, and taking the cross upon his right shoulder, as our saviour is represented by painters on his way to Calvary, he walks alone from the altar to the entrance of the presbytery or chancel, and lays his burden upon two cushions. After this, he moves back some steps, and approaching the cross with three prostrations, kisses it, and drops an oblation of a piece of silver into a silver dish. The whole chapter, having gone through the same ceremony, form themselves in two lines, and repair to the monument, from whence the officiating priest conveys the deposited host to the altar, where he communicates upon it without consecrating any wine. Here the service terminates abruptly; all candles and lamps are extinguished; and the tabernacle, which throughout the year contains the sacred wafers, being left open, every object bespeaks the desolate and widowed state of the church from the death of the saviour to his resurrection.

The ceremonies of Good Friday being short, and performed at an early hour, both the gay and the devout would be at a loss how to spend the remainder of the day but for the grotesque *passion sermons* of the suburbs and neighbouring villages, and the more solemn performance known by the name of *Tres Horas*,—three hours.

The practice of continuing, in meditation from twelve to three o'clock of this day,—the time which our saviour is supposed to have hung on the cross,—was introduced by the Spanish Jesuits, and partakes of the impressive character which the members of that order had the art to impart to the religious practices by which they cherished the devotional spirit of the people. The church where the *three hours* are kept is generally hung in black, and made impervious to daylight. A large crucifix is seen on the high altar, under a black canopy, with six unbleached wax candles, which cast a sombre glimmering on the rest of the church. The females of all ranks occupy, as usual, the centre of the nave, squatting or kneeling on the matted ground, and adding to the dismal appearance of the scene by the colour of their veils and dresses.

Just as the clock strikes twelve, a priest in his cloak and cassock ascends the pulpit, and delivers a preparatory address of his own composition. He then reads the printed meditations on the *seven words*, or sentences, spoken by Jesus on the cross, allotting to each such a portion of time as that, with the interludes of music which follow each of the readings, the whole may not exceed three hours. The music is generally good and appropriate, and if a sufficient band can be collected, well repays to an amateur the inconvenience of a crowded church, where, from the want of seats, the male part of the congregation are obliged either to stand or kneel. It is, in fact, one of the best works of Haydn, composed a short time ago for some gentlemen of Cadiz, who showed both their taste and liberality in thus procuring this masterpiece of harmony for the use of their country. It has been lately published in Germany under the title of the "Sette Parole."

Every part of the performance is so managed, that the clock strikes three about the end of the meditation, on the words, *It is finished*. The picture of the expiring saviour, powerfully drawn by the original writer of the *Tres Horas*, can hardly fail to strike the imagination when listened to under the influence of such music and scenery; and when, at the first stroke of the clock, the priest rises from his seat, and in a loud and impassioned voice, announces the consummation of the awful and mysterious sacrifice, on whose painful and bloody progress the mind has been dwelling so long, few hearts can repel the impression, and still fewer eyes can conceal it. Tears bathe every cheek, and sobs heave every female bosom. After a parting address from the pulpit, the ceremony concludes with a piece of music, where the powers of the great composer are magnificently displayed in the imitation of the disorder and agitation of nature which the evangelists relate.

The *passion sermons* for the populace might be taken for a parody of the *three ours*. They are generally delivered in the open air, by friars of the Mendicant orders, in those parts of the city and suburbs which are chiefly, if not exclusively, inhabited by the lower classes. Such gay young men, however, as do not scruple to relieve the dulness of Good Friday with a ride, and feel no danger of

exposing themselves by any unseasonable laughter, indulge not unfrequently in the frolic of attending one of the most complete and perfect sermons of this kind at the neighbouring village of Castilleja.

A movable pulpit is placed before the church door, from which a friar, possessed of a stentorian voice, delivers an *improved* history of the passion, such as was revealed to St. Bridget, a Franciscan nun, who, from the dictation of the virgin Mary, has left us a most minute and circumstantial account of the life and death of Christ and his mother. This yearly narrative, however, would have lost most of its interest but for the scenic illustrations, which keep up the expectation and rivet the attention of the audience. It was formerly the custom to introduce a living saint Peter—a character which belonged by a natural and inalienable right to the baldest head in the village—who acted the apostle's denial, swearing by *Christ*, he did not know the man. This edifying part of the performance is omitted at Castilleja; though a practised performer crows with such a shrill and natural note as must be answered with challenge by every cock of spirit in the neighbourhood. The flourish of a trumpet announces, in the sequel, the publication of the sentence passed by the Roman governor; and the town crier delivers it with legal precision, in the manner it is practised in Spain before an execution. Hardly has the last word been uttered, when the preacher, in a frantic passion, gives the crier the *lie direct*, cursing the tongue that has uttered such blasphemies. He then invites an angel to contradict both Pilate and the Jews; when, obedient to the orator's desire, a boy gaudily dressed, and furnished with a pair of gilt pasteboard wings, appears at a window, and proclaims the *true verdict of heaven*. Sometimes, in the course of the preacher's narrative, an image of the virgin Mary is made to meet that of Christ, on his way to Calvary, both taking an affectionate leave in the street. The appearance, however, of the virgin bearing a handkerchief to collect a sum for her son's burial, is never omitted; both because it melts the whole female audience into tears, and because it produces a good collection for the convent. The whole is closed by the *descendimiento*, or unnauling a crucifix, as large as life, from the cross, an operation performed by two friars, who, in the character of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, are seen

with ladders and carpenters' tools letting down the jointed figure, to be placed on a bier and carried into the church in the form of a funeral.

I have carefully glided over such parts of this absurd performance as would shock many an English reader, even in narrative. Yet, such is the strange mixture of superstition and profaneness in the people for whose gratification these scenes are exhibited, that, though any attempt to expose the indecency of these shows would arouse their zeal "to the knife," I cannot venture to translate the jokes and sallies of wit that are frequently heard among the Spanish peasantry upon these sacred topics.*

Judas is a particular object of execration on Good Friday, in the Spanish and Portuguese navy. An eye-witness relates the following occurrences at Monte Video. The three last days had been kept as days of sorrow; all the ships in the harbour expressed it by having their colours hoisted only half-mast high, as a token of mourning, and the yards crossed as much as possible, to make them resemble a crucifix, while apparent solemnity prevailed both on shore and in the harbour; but immediately on a signal, when the minute arrived, all being in waiting, the yards were squared, the colours hoisted wholly up, and the guns fired from all the ships in the harbour, while the bells on shore were set ringing promiscuously, as fast as possible; and at the bowsprit, or yard-arm of the ships was suspended an effigy of Judas, which they began to dip in the river, acting with the greatest possible enthusiasm and ridiculous madness, beating on the shoulders, dipping it, and then renewing their former ridiculous conduct."†

Relics of the Crucifixion.

Sir Thomas More, in his "Dialogue concerninge Heresyes, 1528," says, "Ye might upon Good Friday, every yere this two hundred yere, till within this five yere that the turkes have taken the towne, have bene one of the thornes that was in Cristes crowne, bud and bring forth flowers in the service time, if ye would have gone to Rhodes." The printing press has done more mischief to miracles of this sort than the Turks.

Patience seems to have been wearied in supplying relics to meet the enormous

demand. Invention itself became exhausted; for the cravings of credulity are insatiable. If angels are said to weep at man's "fantastic tricks before high heaven," protestants may smile, while, perhaps, many catholics deplore the countless frauds devised by Romish priests of knavish minds, for cajoling the unwary and the ignorant. "The greater the miracle the greater the saint," has been assuredly a belief; and, according to that belief, the greater the relics, the greater the possessors must have appeared, in the eyes of the vulgar. In this view there is no difficulty in accounting for hordes of trumpery in shrines and reliquaries.

The instruments of the crucifixion—the very inscription on the cross—the crown of thorns—the nails—the lance—are shown to the present hour, as the *true* inscription, the *true* thorns, the *true* nails, and the *true* lance. So also there are exhibitions of the *true* blood, yet it is a printed truth, that what is exposed to worshippers in churches by ecclesiastics for *true* blood, is doubted of by the rev. Alban Butler. In a note to his article on "The Invention of the Holy Cross," he states a ground for his incredulity, quite as singular as that whereon holders of the *true* blood maintain their faith. His words are: "The *blood* of Christ, which is kept in some places, of which the most famous is that at Mantua, seems to be what has sometimes issued from the miraculous bleeding of some crucifix, when pierced in derision by Jews or Pagans, instances of which are recorded in authentic histories."* Though, as a catholic priest and biographer well acquainted with these "authentic histories," Mr. Butler might have set them forth, yet he abstains from the disclosure; and hence on their superior credibility in his eyes, to the credibility of the declarations and testimonials urged by the owners of the blood itself, we may choose between *their* requisition to believe that the blood is the *true* blood, and Mr. Butler's belief, that it is the blood of bleeding crucifixes. So stands the question of credibility.

Concerning the alleged implements of the crucifixion, it would be curious to examine particulars; but we are limited in room, and shall only recur to one —

"THE HOLY LANCE."

Respecting this weapon, reference should

* Doblado's Letters.

† Gregory's Journal of a captured Missionary.

* Butler's Lives of the Saints, (edit. 1795) vol. v. p. 47.

be first made to the great authority cited above. Mr. Butler, speaking of other instruments of Christ's crucifixion, which he maintains to be genuine, says :—

"The *holy lance* which opened his sacred side, is kept at Rome, but wants the point. Andrew of Crete says, that it was buried, together with the cross. At least, St. Gregory of Tours, and venerable Bede, testify, that, in their time, it was kept at Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens it was buried privately at Antioch; in which city it was found, in 1098, under ground, and wrought many miracles, as Robert the monk, and many eye-witnesses, testify. It was carried first to Jerusalem, and soon after to Constantinople. The emperor, Baldwin II., sent the point of it to Venice, by way of pledge for a loan of money. St. Lewis, king of France, redeemed this relick by paying off the sum it lay in pledge for, and caused it to be conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the holy chapel. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople, after the Turks had taken that city, till, in 1492, the sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador, in a rich and beautiful case, to pope Innocent VIII., adding, that the point was in the possession of the king of France."

This is Mr. Butler's account of the "*holy lance*," without the omission of a word, which should be recollected for reasons that will be obvious.

St. Longinus.

It is now necessary to observe, that there is not any account of this saint in Alban Butler's "*Lives of the Saints*," though (in the *Breviar Roman. Antiq.* 1543) the 15th of March is dedicated to him for his festival, and though the saint himself is declared, in the Romish breviary, to have been the Roman soldier who pierced the side of the saviour with the lance; and that, "being almost blind by the blood which fell, it is supposed on his eyes, he immediately recovered his sight and believed;" and that, furthermore, "forsaking his military profession he converted many to the faith," and under the president Octavius suffered martyrdom.*

Cardinal Vigerius.

This dignitary, who died in 1516, was bishop of Præneste, and arch-priest of the Vatican church. He wrote a book to prove that Christ's tunic ought to give place to

the eminence of Longinus's lance. The occasion of the work unfolds the history of the *holy lance*. In 1488, the sultan Bajazet II., being in fear of his brother who had become prisoner to the king of France, offered that sovereign, if he would keep his brother in France, all the reliques which his late father Mahomet had found in Constantinople when he took that city. Bajazet's letter came too late; the king of France had already promised to put his brother in the custody of Innocent VIII. "When the sultan knew this, he wrote to the pope, and endeavoured to gain him by presents, and amongst others by the iron of the lance that pierced our saviour's side, which he had before offered to the grand master, and assured him of the punctual payment of 40,000 ducats every year, on condition that he would not let his brother go upon any pretence whatsoever." It appears, however, that Bajazet retained the relic called the "*seamless coat*," and that this gave rise to a great dispute in Italy, as to whether the *holy lance* presented to the pope, or the *holy coat*, which Bajazet reserved for himself was the most estimable; and hence it was assigned to cardinal Vigerius to make it clear that the pope had the best relic. He executed the task to the satisfaction of those who contended for the precedence of the lance.*

THE TRUE LANCE.

Utrum horum?

Before speaking further on the lance itself, it must not be forgotten that Alban Butler has told us, "the holy lance kept at Rome *wants the point*," and that after various adversities, the point was "conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the holy chapel." But Richard Lassels, who in his "*Voyage of Italy, 1670*," visited the church of St. Peter's, Rome, says, "the cupola of that church rests upon 'vast square pillars a hundred and twenty feet in compass, and capable of stairs within them, and large sacristies above for the holy reliques that are kept in them to wit—the *top* of the lance wherewith our saviour's side was pierced—under the *top* of the lance the statue of Longinus." So that at Rome, where according to Mr. Butler, the "*holy lance*" itself is kept, he omits to mention that there is a *top* of the lance, besides the other *top* "in the holy chapel" at Paris. In that cathedral, too,

* Bishop Patrick's Reflections.

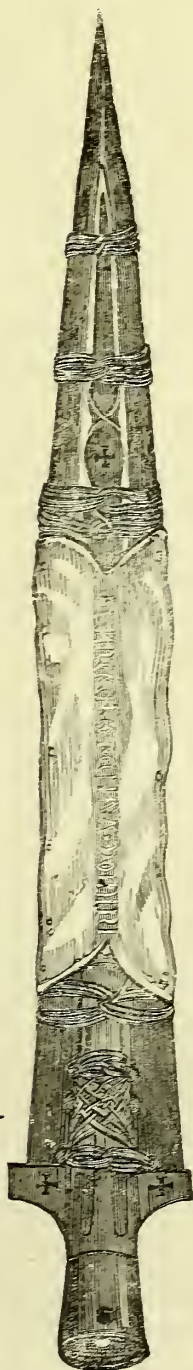
* Bayle.

we have the statue of St. Longinus, whom Mr. Bntler also, for good reasons no doubt, omits to mention in his twelve volumes of "Lives of the Saints."

But there is *another* "holy lance." It is kept in the church of the hospital of Nuremberg, with the crown and sceptre and other regalia of Charlemagne. Misson so particularly distinguishes it, that his account shall be given verbatim. After mentioning the sword of Charlemaigne, which its keepers pretend "was brought by an angel from heaven;" he says, "they also keep many relics in this church; and among others St. Longin's lance." There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that the ecclesiastics of Nuremberg deemed Longinus a saint, as well as the ecclesiastics of St. Peter's at Rome. Misson goes on to say, "They are not ignorant that this pretended lance is to be seen in above ten other places of the world; but, they say, theirs came from Antioch; it was St. Andrew who found it; one single man with it discomfited a whole army; it was the thing of the world which Charlemaigne loved most. The other lances are counterfeits, and this is the *true* one." It is requisite to observe Misson's *very next* words, which, though they do not seem connected with this "true lance" of Nuremberg, are yet connected with the issue. He proceeds to say, "They have also an extraordinary veneration for a piece of the cross, in the midst of which there is a hole that was made by one of the nails. They tell us, that heretofore, the emperors placed their greatest hopes of prosperity and success, both in peace and war, in the possession of this enlivening wood, with the nail and other relics that are kept at Nuremberg." Misson then adds, by way of note, the following

List of these Relics.

- The lance.
- The piece of the wood of the cross.
- One of the nails.
- Five thorns of the crown that was put on Christ's head.
- Part of the chains with which St. Peter and St. Paul were bound at Rome.
- A little piece of the manger.
- A tooth of St. John Baptist.
- One of St. Anne's arms.
- The towel with which Christ wiped the feet of his apostles.
- A piece of St. John the Evangelist's gown.



A piece from the table cloth which Christ used at his last supper with his disciples.

These relics, accompanying Misson's account of the "true lance" of Nuremberg, are here enumerated, because his statement as to the existence of the lance, in connection with those relics, is corroborated by a rare print, sixteen inches and a quarter wide, by thirteen inches high, published by the ecclesiastics of Nuremberg, in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*. It represents the whole of these relics at one view, except the five thorns. The true lance, being placed in the print angle-ways, measures nineteen inches and three quarters, from the point of the sheath to the rim of the iron shaft. The preceding column con-

tains a reduced fac-simile of this "true" relic. It is not denied that the "holy lance" at Paris, "where it is still kept in the holy chapel," is also "true"—they are without a shadow of doubt, *equally* "true." See Butler and Misson, and Misson and Butler.

By the by, it must be remembered, that the genuine lantern which Judas carried, was also "kept at Rome," when Misson was there; and that, at the same time, Judas's lantern was also at St. Denis in France—both genuine.*

The romance of "Spomydon," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, celebrates the exploits of Charlemagne, for the recovery of the relics of the passion in the following lines:—

Charles—wanne fro the hethen houndes
The spere and nayles of crystes woundes
And also the croune of thorne
And many a ryche relyke mo
Maugre of them he wanne also
And kylled them euen and morne.

Pilate.

There is a tradition at Vienne, that in the reign of the emperor Tiberius, Pontius Pilate was exiled to that city, where he died not long after, of grief and despair, for not having prevented the crucifixion of the saviour; and his body was thrown into the Rhone. There it remained, neither carried away by the force of the current, nor consumed by decay, for five hundred years; until the town being afflicted with the plague, it was revealed to the then archbishop, in a vision, that the calamity was occasioned by Pilate's body, which unknown to the good people of Vienne was lying at the foot of a certain tower. The place was accordingly searched and the body drawn up entire, but nothing could equal its intolerable odour. Wherefore, it was carried to a marsh two leagues from the town, and there interred; but for a long series of years after, strange noises were reported by certain people to issue from this place continually; these sounds were believed to be the groans of Pontius Pilate, and the cries of the devils tormenting him. They also imagined, the neighbourhood of his body to be the cause of violent storms of thunder and lightning which are frequent at Vienne; and as the

tower, where the body was found, has been several-times struck by lightning, it has acquired the name of the tower of *Mauconseil*.†

It will be seen from the subjoined letter of a correspondent, who communicates his name to the editor, that remains of the ancient disguises are still to be seen in the proceedings of those persons in this country, who, towards the termination of the fast of Lent, collect materials for good cheer to make an Easter festival.

PASTE EGGS.

*To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.
Liverpool, Good Friday, 1826.*

Sir,—Having been much entertained lately by your accounts of "festivals, and fairs, and plays," I am induced to contribute, in some small degree, to the store of amusement in your interesting every-day miscellany. The subject on which I am to treat, is a custom that prevails in the neighbourhood of West Derby, on this day; it is known by the denomination of "paste egging," and is practised by the humbler classes of the juvenile peasantry.

* Misson's Travels, 1714.

† Miss Plumtree's Residence.

The parties who are disposed to partake in the fun, disguise themselves in the most fantastic habiliments—such as clothes turned inside out, with strange patches on, some with masks, veils, ribbands, &c.; some with faces blacked, and (perhaps, our fair readers may not excuse me for telling them that,) even the females disguise their sex! Thus equipped, they betake themselves (in numbers of from about four to a dozen of both sexes) to the different farm-houses, and solicit contributions towards the “festival” of Easter Sunday. The beginning of my tale seems to indicate the sort of gifts that are expected; these gifts are generally made up of great numbers of eggs and oatmeal cakes. One of the party usually carries a basket for the cakes, another for the eggs, and as our best feasts can scarcely be got up without a portion of the *one* thing needed, a third is the bearer of a small box for pecuniary contributions.

Conscious of the *charms of music*, they generally exhilarate their benefactors with some animated songs, appropriate to the occasion, and sung in excellent taste; and by these means seldom fail to return homeward with a plentiful supply of their “paste egg,” and no trivial aid in money. With these materials, a festival is got up on Easter Sunday evening. The different parties meet at the village alehouse, where “Bacchus’s blisses and Venus’s kisses,” accompany the circling bowl, and associate the village host in a universal compact of mirth and merriment.

I cannot discover any reasonable account of the origin of this custom; and must, therefore, Mr. Editor, subscribe myself, your faithful servant,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 27.

March 25.

Annunciation, or Lady Day.

QUARTER DAY.

For the Every-Day Book.

Relentless, undelaying quarter-day!

Cold, though in Summer, cheerless, though in Spring,

In Winter, bleak; in Autumn, withering—

No *quarter* dost thou give, not for one day,

But rent and tax enforceth us to pay;

Or, with a *quarter-staff*, enters our dwelling,

Thy ruthless minion, our small chattels selling,

And empty-handed sending us away!—

Thee I abhor, although I lack not coin

To bribe thy “itching palm:” for I behold

The poor and needy whom sharp hunger gnawing

Compels to flit, on darksome night and cold,

Leaving dismantled walls to meet thy claim:—

Then scorn I thee, and hold them free from blame!

X.

The Last Day of Lent.

Lady Morgan describes the “sepulchres,” in the churches of Italy, to have been watched night and day by hundreds and in deep mourning from the dawn of Holy Thursday till Saturday at mid-day, when the body is supposed to rise from the grave, and the resurrection is announced by the firing of cannon, the blowing of trumpets, and the ringing of bells which from the preceding Thursday had been carefully tied up to protect them from the power of the devil. “On this

day, the whole foreign population of Rome rolls on, in endless succession, to the Vatican. The portico, colonnades, and vestibules, both of the church and palace, assume the air of the court of a military despot. Every epoch in the military costume is there gaudily exhibited. Halberdiers in coats of mail, and slate-coloured pantaloons, which pass upon the faithful for polished steel armour; the Swiss in their antique dresses of buff and scarlet, and lammerkeens; the regular troops in their modern uniforms; the *guardia nobile*,

the pope's *voltigeurs*, all feathers and febleness, gold and glitter; generals of the British army, colonels and subalterns of every possible yeomanry, with captains and admirals of the navy, and a host of nondescripts, laymen, and protestant clergymen, who 'for the nonce' take shelter under any thing resembling an uniform, that may serve as a *passee-partout*, where none are courteously received but such as wear the livery of church or state militant;—all move towards the portals of the Sistine chapel, which, with their double guards, resemble the mouth of a military pass, dangerous to approach, and difficult to storm. The ladies press with an imprudent impetuosity upon the guards, who, with bayonets fixed and elbows squared, repress them with a resistance, such as none but female assailants would dare to encounter a second time. Thousands of tickets of admission are shown aloft by upraised hands, and seconded by high-raised voices; while the officer of the guard, who can read and tear but one at a time, leaves the task of repulsion to the Swiss, who manfully second their '*allez vous en*' with a physical force, that in one or two instances incapacitated the eager candidates for further application. A few English favoured by the minister, and all the princes and diplomatists resident at Rome, pioneered by their guards of honour, make their way without let or molestation. One side of the space, separated from the choir by a screen, is fitted up for them apart; the other is for the whole female congregation, who are crushed in, like sheep in a fold. The men, if in uniform or full court dresses, are admitted to a tribune within the choir; while the inferior crowd, left to shift for themselves, rush in with an impetuosity none can resist; for though none are admitted at all to the chapel without tickets, yet the number of applicants (almost exclusively foreign) is much too great for the limited capacity of the place. A scene of indescribable confusion ensues. The guards get mingled with the multitude. English peers are overturned by Roman canons. Irish friars batter the old armour of the mailed halberdiers with fists more formidable than the iron they attack. Italian priests tumble over tight-laced dandies; and the '*Via via*' of the Roman guard, and the '*Fous ne restez pas issi*' of the Swiss mingle with screams, supplications and reproofs, long after the solemn service of

the church has begun. The procession of the sacrament to the Paoline chapel succeeds; its gates are thrown open, and its dusky walls appear illuminated with thousands of tapers, twinkling in the rays of the noonday sun, through an atmosphere of smoke. Few are able to enter the illuminated chapel, or to behold the deposition of the sacrament; and many who are informed of the programme of the day, by endeavouring to catch at all the ceremonies, scarcely attain to any."*

Easter Eve in Spain.

Mr. Blanco White says, that the service in the cathedral of Seville begins this morning without either the sound of bells or of musical instruments. The *paschal chandle* is seen by the north side of the altar. It is, in fact, a pillar of wax, nine yards in height, and thick in proportion, standing on a regular marble pedestal. It weighs eighty *arrobas*, or two thousand pounds, of twelve ounces. This candle is cast and painted new every year, the old one being broken into pieces on the Saturday preceding Whitsunday, the day when part of it is used for the consecration of the baptismal font. The sacred torch is lighted with the *new fire*, which this morning the priest strikes out of a flint, and it burns during service till Ascension-day. A chorister in his surplice climbs up a gilt-iron rod, furnished with steps like a flag-staff, and having the top railed in, so as to admit of a seat on a level with the end of the candle. From this *crow's nest*, the young man lights up and trims the wax pillar, drawing off the melted wax with a large iron ladle.

High mass begins this day behind the great veil, which for the two last weeks in Lent covers the altar. After some preparatory prayers, the priest strikes up the hymn *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. At this moment the veil flies off, the explosion of fireworks in the upper galleries reverberates in a thousand echoes from the vaults of the church, and the four-and-twenty large bells of its tower awake, with their discordant though gladdening sounds, those of the one hundred and forty-six steeples which this religious town boasts of. A brisk firing of musketry, accompanied by the howling of the innumerable dogs, which, unclaimed by any master, live and multiply in the streets, adds strength and variety to this universal din. The firing is directed against several stuffed

* Lady Morgan's Italy.

figures, not unlike Guy Fawkes of the fifth of November, which are seen hanging by the neck on a rope, extended across the least frequented streets. It is then that the pious rage of the people of Seville is vented against the arch-traitor Judas, whom they annually hang, shoot, draw, and quarter in effigy.

The church service ends in a procession about the aisles. The priest bears the host in his hands, visible through glass as a picture within a medallion. The sudden change from the gloomy appearance of the church and its ministers, to the simple and joyous character of this procession, the very name of *pasqua florida*, the flowery passover, and, more than the name, the flowers themselves, which well-dressed children, mixed with the censer-bearers, scatter on the ground, crowd the mind and heart with the ideas, hopes, and feelings of renovated life, and give to this ceremony, even for those who disbelieve the personal presence of a Deity triumphant over death, a character of inexpressible tenderness.*

Papal Conversion of the Jews.

The day before Easter Sunday at Rome, two or more Jews are procured to be baptized. An eye-witness of a couple of these converts, says, "The two devoted Israelites prepared for this occasion, attired in dirty yellow silk gowns, were seated on a bench within the marble front of the baptistery, which resembles a large bath, both in form and shape, conning their prayers out of a book, with most rueful visages. Fast to their sides stuck their destined godfathers, two black-robed doctors of divinity, as if to guard and secure their spiritual captives. The ancient vase at the bottom of the font, in which, according to an absurd legend, Constantine was healed of his leprosy by St. Sylvester, stood before them filled with water, and its margin adorned with flowers. The cardinal bishop, who had been employed ever since six o'clock in the benediction of fire, water, oil, wax, and flowers, now appeared, followed by a long procession of priests and crucifixes. He descended into the font, repeated a great many prayers in Latin over the water, occasionally dipping his hand into it. Then a huge flaming wax taper, about six feet high, and of proportionate thick-

ness, painted with images of the virgin and Christ, which had previously been blessed, was set upright in the vase; more Latin prayers were mumbled—one of the Jews was brought, the bishop cut the sign of the cross in the hair, at the crown of his head, then, with a silver ladle, poured some of the water upon the part, baptizing him in the usual forms, both the godfathers and he having agreed to all that was required of them. The second Jew was then brought, upon whom the same ceremonies were performed; this poor little fellow wore a wig, and, when the cold water was poured on his bare skull, he winced exceedingly, and made many wry faces. They were then conveyed to the altar of the neighbouring chapel, where they were confirmed, and repeated the creed. The bishop then made the sign of the cross upon their foreheads, with holy oil, over which white fillets were immediately tied to secure it; he then pronounced a long exhortation, in the course of which he frightened them so that the little Jew with a wig began to cry most bitterly, and would not be comforted. This being over, the Jews were conducted, with great ceremony, from the baptistery to the door of the church, where they stopped, and, after some chanting by the bishop, they were allowed to pass the threshold; they were then seated within the very pale of the altar, in order that they might witness a succession of various ceremonies."*

Greek Preparation for Easter.

The Rev. J. Conner describes the ceremonies of the Greek church at Jerusalem on Easter-eve. "I went to the church to spend the night there, that I might view all the different observances. It is a general belief among the Greeks and Armenians, that, on Easter-eve, a fire descends from heaven into the sepulchre. The eagerness of the Greeks, Armenians, and others, to light their candles at this holy fire, carried an immense crowd to the church, notwithstanding the sum which they were obliged to pay. About nine at night, I retired to rest in a small apartment in the church. A little before midnight, the servant roused me to see the Greek procession. I hastened to the gallery of

* Dollado's Letters.

*ome in the Nin

the church. The scene was striking and orrillant. The Greek chapel was splendidly illuminated. Five rows of lamps were suspended in the dome; and almost every individual of the immense multitude held a lighted candle in his hand." The ceremonies on Easter Sunday were very grand.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 42 85.

March 26.

EASTER SUNDAY.

There is little trace in England of the imposing effect of this festival in papal terms

It is affirmed, that at Queen's-college, Oxford, the first dish brought to the table on Easter-day, is a red herring, riding away on horseback, that is to say, a herring placed by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set on a corn salad.* This is the only vestige of the pageants which formerly were publicly exhibited by way of popular rejoicing for the departure of the forty days Lent fast, and the return to solid eating with the Easter festival.

The custom of eating a gainmon of bacon at Easter, still maintained in some parts of England, is founded on the abhorrence our forefathers thought proper to express, in that way, towards the Jews at the season of commemorating the resurrection.†

Lifting at Easter, and *pace* or *paste* eggs, with other usages derived from catholic customs, are described and traced in vol. i. p. 421.

Since these "Caps well fit; by Titus in Sandgate and Titus every where," a curious little duodecimo, printed at Newcastle in 1785, has come into the editor's hands, from whence is extracted the following—

Paste Egg ~

Once—yes once, upon a *Paste-Egg-Day*,
Some lords and ladies met to play;
For then such pastimes bore the bell.
Like old *Olympicks*—full as well;

And now, our gentry on the green,
Throng'd forth, to see, and to be seen,
Moment this, for assignation,
And all the courtesy of fashion.

A poor *old woman*, passing by,
Gaz'd at the *ring* with curious eye
Sometimes frowning, sometimes smiling.
In thought approving—or reviling.
Not yet quite froze, by want or age,
Her fancy could at times engage;
Her age might reckon eighty-five,
But curiosity alive,
She fix'd her barnacles to nose
The better to observe the shows.

Discover'd soon—some wags stept forth,
And ask'd her, what such sights were worth,
What did she think of genteel modes,
Where half believ'd themselves half-Gods
And t'other half, so wondrous wise,
Believe that bliss—in *trifling* lies?
They begg'd that she would frank declare
What she thought such people were?

The grey-hair'd matron rubb'd her eyes,
Then turn'd her glasses to the skies;
As if to catch some thought in cue,
To give them truth and laughter too.
Next, humbly heg'd for some *Paste Egg*,
With leave to sit,—to rest her legs.
Then down she squats, and round they throng,
Impatient for some *jokelike* song;

Of eggs they brought her number nine,
All nicely mark'd, and colour'd fine,
One, was blacker than the sloe,
Another, white as driven snow.
Red, crimson, purple, azure, blue,
Green, pink, and yellow, rose to view.
She closely *peel'd* them, one by one,
Broke this, and that, till all were done.
Then shrugg'd her shoulders,—wav'd her head
But not one syllable she said.

Amaz'd, at silence so profound;
The quality press closer round;
And gently urg'd her, more and more,
To answer what they ask'd before?
And how did one so ripe in years,
Estimate a life like theirs?
What semblance, worthy observation,
Suited the heirs of dissipation?
Whilst she, kept pressing up and down
As seeking how their wish to crown
What had she apropos to say
Of persons so superbly gay?

In throth—quo' she, I'm short and plain
Long speaking only gives me pain;
And faith I have ye, gentlefolks,
As clear in view, as whites or yokes,
So like those eggs—I can but smile.
In every cast of light and style.

* Antiquarian Repertory.

† Drake's Shakespeare and his Times.

Your transient colours, fleet as theirs,
 Your *fimsiness*, in spite of airs;
 In substance, scarce more rare or new,
 Some *parboil'd*—some *par-rotten too*:
 Of little worth, in wisdom's eye,
 And thrown, at last, like egg-shells by

They heard—they frown'd—but fled the
 green,
 As if a thunderbolt had been.

Lostwithiel Custom.

A very singular custom formerly prevailed at Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, on Easter Sunday. The freeholders of the town and manor having assembled together, either in person or by their deputies, one among them, each in his turn, gaily attired and gallantly mounted, with a sceptre in his hand, a crown on his head, and a sword borne before him, and respectfully attended by all the rest on horseback, rode through the principal street in solemn state to the church. At the churchyard stile, the curate, or other minister, approached to meet him in reverential poimp, and then conducted him to church to hear divine service. On leaving the church, he repaired, with the same pomp and retinue, to a house previously prepared for his reception. Here a feast, suited to the dignity he had assumed, awaited him and his suite; and, being placed at the head of the table, he was served, kneeling, with all the rites and ceremonies that a real prince might expect. This ceremony ended with the dinner; the prince being voluntarily disrobed, and descending from his momentary exaltation, to mix with common mortals. On the origin of this custom, but one opinion can be reasonably entertained, though it may be difficult to trace the precise period of its commencement. It seems to have originated in the actual appearance of the prince, who resided at Restormel castle in former ages; but on the removal of royalty, this mimic grandeur stepped forth as its shadowy representative, and continued for many generations as a memorial to posterity of the princely magnificence with which Lostwithiel had formerly been honoured.*

* Hitchins's Cornwall

THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.
Tenterden, February, 1826.

Sir,—I beg to enclose you a specimen of a *Biddenden cake*, and a printed account, which you may perhaps think worth insertion in the *Every-Day Book*.

The small town of Biddenden is about four miles from Tenterden, on the right of the road. It is at present populous, though the clothing manufacture, which first occasioned the increase of the population of this part of the county, in the reign of Edward III. when the Flemings first introduced it, has for many years failed here: several good houses, still remaining, discover the prosperity of the former inhabitants. The church is a handsome regular building, and its tower a structure of a considerable height and strength; a portion of the old part is still remaining. In this there is a free grammar school, endowed with a good house and garden, and a salary of 20*l.* per annum. Two maiden sisters left some land adjoining the glebe to the parish, of the rent of 20*l.* a year, which is held by the churchwardens, and distributed in bread to the poor on Easter-day. A representation of the donors is impressed on the leaves, and on the cakes, which were formerly thrown from the roof of the church.

In the high chancel against the north wall is a monument, with a bust in white marble, executed by Scheemaker, of sir John Norris, who died in 1749; admiral of the British fleets, and vice-admiral of England. I am, &c. J. J. A. F.

The "*Biddenden cake*," transmitted through this obliging correspondent, appears to have been made some years ago, and carefully preserved; the "*printed account*" accompanying it, is "*adorned*" by a wood cut figure of the founders of the endowment, improved by the engraver from the impressions on the cakes. But, altogether setting aside that wood cut, the annexed engraving is an exact representation of the baker's impress on the cake sent to the editor, and is of the exact size of the cake. A verbatim copy of the "*printed account*" on a half sheet of demy, circulated at this time, is subjoined to the present engraving.



The Biddenden Cake.

COPY OF THE PRINTED NARRATIVE BEFORE REFERRED TO.

A NEW AND ENLARGED ACCOUNT OF THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS IN KENT, BORN JOINED AT THE HIPS AND SHOULDERS :

With a well authenticated Account of a similar Phenomenon of Two Brothers.

ON EASTER SUNDAY in every year after Divine Service in the afternoon at the PARISH OF BIDDENDEN, in the County of Kent, there are by the Churchwardens, given to Strangers about 1000 Rolls, with an impression on them similar to the Plate. The origin of this Custom is thus related.

In the year 1100 at Biddenden, in Kent, were born ELIZABETH and MARY CHULKHURST, *Joined together by the Hips and Shoulders, and who lived in that state, Thirty Four Years !!* at the expiration of which time, one of them was taken ill and after a short period died ; the surviving one was advised to be separated from the corpse which she absolutely refused by saying these words, "*as we came together, we will also go together,*" and about six hours after her sister's decease, she was taken ill and

died also. *A Stone near the Rector's Pew marked with a diagonal line is shewn as the place of their interment.*

The moon on the east oriel shone, Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
The silver light, so pale and faint, Shewed the twin sisters and many a saint,
Whose images on the glass were dyed ; Mysterious maidens side by side.
The moon beam kissed the holy pane, And threw on the pavement a mystic stain.

It is further stated, that by their will, they bequeathed to the Churchwardens of the Parish of Biddenden, and their successors, Churchwardens for ever, certain pieces or parcels of Land in the Parish, containing about 20 Acres, which is hired at 40 Guineas per annum, and that in commemoration of this wonderful Phenomenon of Nature, the Rolls and about 300 Quartern Loaves and Cheese in proportion, should be given to the Poor Inhabitants of the Parish.

This account is entirely traditinary, the Learned Antiquarian HASTED, in his account of the Charities of the Parish, states the Land " was the gift of two Maidens, of the name of *Preston* : and that the print of the women on the cakes has only been used within these 80 years, and was made to represent two poor widows, as the general objects of a charitable benefaction." It is probable that the investigation of the learned Antiquary, brought to light some record of the name of the Ladies, for in the year 1656, the Rev. W. Horner, then Rector of the Parish, claimed the Land, as having been given to augment his glebe, but was non-suited in the court of Exchequer. In the pleadings preserved in the Church, the names of the Ladies are not stated, not being known. *There are also two other Places where such Phenomena are said to have occurred.*

If these statements weaken the credibility of the tradition, the following account of a *Lusus Naturæ*, compiled from the London Medical Repository, for 1821, page 138, will unquestionably confirm the opinion of many as to the probability of the Phenomenon of the Biddenden Maids,—Mr. Livingstone, the Surgeon of the British Factory at Canton, relates that there was shewn at Macao, *A-ke*, a boy about sixteen years of age, to whom was attached another Male Child, united at the pit of the stomach by the neck, as if his head was plunged into *A-ke's* breast. At the time of their birth they were nearly of an equal size, but the parasite has not much increased since that period. The skin of *A-ke* joins regularly and smoothly, the neck of the parasite, so that he can turn his brother on either of his sides upon himself, but the natural position is breast to breast ; on the whole the parasite is well formed being about two feet in length.—*A-ke* thinks that at one period their feelings were reciprocal, but for some time he has not perceived it except in one particular act, when his brother never fails to do the same, he however feels the slightest touch applied to his brother.

A-ke has generally a sickly appearance, but excepting the parasite, is well formed ; about 4 feet 10 inches high ; is easily fatigued in walking or ascending a flight of steps being obliged to support his brother with his hands. When fatigued he breathes with difficulty, and is only relieved by laying down.

CHAMBERS AND EXALL, Printers, (King's Arms Printing Office) TENTERDEN.

The preceding "account" is an enlargement of a preceding one of the same size, on a larger type, with this imprint, "BIDDENDEN : Printed and Sold by R. WESTON—1808. [Price Two-pence.]" R. Weston's paper does not contain the story of "*A-ke*," which is well calculated to make the legend of the "Biddenden Maids," pass current with the vulgar.

Our Tenterden correspondent adds, in a subsequent letter, that, on Easter Sunday,

Biddenden is completely thronged. The public houses are crowded with people attracted from the adjacent towns and villages by the usage, and the wonderful account of its origin, and the day is spent in rude festivity.

To elucidate this annual custom as fully as possible, all that Mr. Hasted says of the matter is here extracted :—

"Twenty acres of land, called the

Bread and Cheese Land, lying in five pieces, were given by persons unknown, the yearly rents to be distributed among the poor of this parish. This is yearly done on Easter Sunday in the afternoon, in six hundred cakes, each of which have the figures of two women impressed on them, and are given to all such as attend the church; and two hundred and seventy loaves, weighing three pounds and a half a piece, to which latter is added one pound and an half of cheese, are given, to the parishoners only, at the same time.

"There is a vulgar tradition in these parts, that the figures on the cakes represent the donors of this gift, being two women, twins, who were joined together in their bodies, and lived together so, till they were between twenty and thirty years of age. But this seems without foundation. The truth seems to be, that it was the gift of two maidens of the name of Preston, and that the print of the women on the cakes has taken place only within these fifty years, and was made to represent two poor widows as the general objects of a charitable benefaction. William Horner, rector of this parish in 1656 brought a suit in the exchequer for the recovery of these lands, as having been given for an augmentation of his glebe land, but he was nonsuited. The lands are bounded on the east by the glebe, on the south by the highway, and one piece on the north of the highway; they are altogether of the yearly value of about 31*l.* 10*s.*"*

Allusion is made by the rev. Mr. Fosbroke, to a custom in the thirteenth century of seizing all ecclesiastics who walked abroad between Easter and Pentecost, because the apostles were seized by the Jews after Christ's passion; and making them purchase their liberty by money.†

Mr. Brand relates, "that on Easter Sunday, is still retained at the city of Durham in the Easter holidays: on one day the men take off the women's shoes, or rather buckles, which are only to be redeemed by a present: on another day the women make reprisals, taking off the men's in like manner." The annexed letter shows that the practice in that city is not quite out of fashion, though buckles are.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Durham, March 3, 1826.

Sir,—To contribute towards the information you desire to convey concerning popular customs, &c. I will describe one, much practised in Durham, which I think you have not noticed in the former volume of your interesting work.

On Easter Sunday it is a common custom here, for a number of boys to assemble in the afternoon, and as soon as the clock strikes four, scour the streets in parties, and accost every female they may happen to meet, with "pay for your shoes if you please," at the same time, stooping to take them off; which, if they do, and do not immediately get a penny or two-pence, they will actually carry off by main force. I have known the boys have, at least, a dozen odd shoes; but generally, something is given, which in the evening they either spend in public houses, or divide. On Easter Monday, the women claim the same privilege towards the male sex. They begin much earlier in the day, and attack every man and boy they can lay hold of to make them *pay for their shoes*; if the men happen to wear boots, and will not pay any thing, the girls generally endeavour to seize their hats and run off. If a man catches the girl with the hat, it is usually thrown or handed about to the great amusement of the spectators, till the person is baffled out of a sixpence to redeem the right of wearing it again: but this, like all other old customs, has greatly fallen off lately, and is now chiefly practised by a few children.

I am, &c.

J. B.

A contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in August, 1790, says that, at Rippon, in Yorkshire, "on Easter Sunday, as soon as the service of the church is over, the boys run about the streets, and lay hold of every woman or girl they can, and take their buckles from their shoes. This farce is continued till the next day at noon, when the females begin, and return the compliment upon the men, which does not end till Tuesday evening; nay, I was told that, some years ago, no traveller could pass through the town without being stopped and having his spurs taken away, unless redeemed by a little money, which is the only way to have your buckles returned."

* Hasted's Kent, 1790

† Fosbroke's British Monachism.

Pressing in Church.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, 1596, during the reign of queen Elizabeth, the lord mayor and aldermen of London received the royal command to raise a thousand men with the utmost expedition; wherefore they repaired with their deputies, constables, and other officers, to the churches, and having caused the doors to be shut, took the people during divine service from their worship, till the number was completed, and having armed them, the men, so raised and equipped, were marched the same night for Dover, in order to their embarkation for France; but in the mean time, Elizabeth having received advice of the reduction of Calais by the Spaniards, they were countermanded, and returned to the city in about a week after their departure.*

EASTER DAY CUSTOMS

At Twickenham and Paddington.

According to Mr. Lysons, "There was an ancient custom at Twickenham, of dividing two great cakes in the church upon Easter-day among the young people; but it being looked upon as a superstitious relic, it was ordered by parliament, 1645, that the parishioners should forbear that custom, and, instead thereof, buy loaves of bread for the poor of the parish with the money that should have bought the cakes. It appears that the sum of £1. *per annum* is still charged upon the vicarage for the purpose of buying penny loaves for poor children on the Thursday after Easter. Within the memory of man they were thrown from the church-steeple to be scrambled for; a custom which prevailed also, some time ago, at Paddington, and is not yet totally abolished." A correspondent imagines that the Paddington custom of throwing bread from the church-steeple, which exists also in other parishes, was derived from largesses bestowed on the poor by the Romish clergy on occasion of the festival, and that it has been continued since the Reformation, and, therefore, since the institution of poor rates, without due regard to its original object.

Biddenden Custom.

Since the former sheet was printed, an article occurs to the editor in the "Gentleman's Magazine," which it seems proper to

notice. The writer there states, that "Biddenden is a parish of great extent, as most parishes in the *weald* of Kent are;" that this part of the country is called the *weald*, "from the growth of large timber, oak particularly;" that the town of Biddenden is about five miles equi-distant from three several market towns, Cranbrook, Smarden, and Tenterden; and is distant about fifteen miles from Maidstone. On the same authority, is now added that it does not furnish any antique inscriptions, nor does the *weald* in general yield the inquirer any thing antique or invaluable to repay his search. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, John Mayne, esq. endowed a good house and garden with 20*l.* per annum, for a free grammar school, which owing to the salary being fixed at that amount by the founder, is neither eligible to persons qualified under the regulations, nor is it capable of being increased. The visitation of the school, was formerly in the archbishop of Canterbury, but is so no longer, and the schoolmaster is appointed by the lord. The archbishop is patron of the rectory, which, in the reign of Henry VIII., was valued so high as 35*l.* The fair here is on the 8th of November. Mr. Urban's correspondent noticing "the two maided-sisters who grew together from the waist downwards," refers to accounts of similar wonders, and waggishly ends his list by directing to the "Memoirs of Scriblerus, by A Pope," as an authority corroborative of the apocryphal "Biddenden Maids."

PASTE EGGS.

A correspondent, T. A., mentions this custom in Cheshire: "Children go round the village and beg eggs for their Easter dinner; they accompany it by a short song, which I am sorry I am unable to present to you, but the burthen of it is addressed to the farmer's dame, and asking 'an egg, bacon, cheese, or an apple, or any good thing that will make us merry,' ends with

'And I pray you, good dame, an Easter egg.'"

In Cumberland and Westmorland, and other parts of the north of England, boys beg, on Easter eve, eggs to play with, and beggars ask for them to eat. These eggs are hardened by boiling, and tinged with the juice of herbs, broom-flowers, &c. The eggs being thus prepared, the boys go out and play with them in the fields;

* Maitland.

rolling them up and down, like bowls, upon the ground, or throwing them up, like balls, into the air.*

SUGAR CUPPING

In the Peak of Derbyshire.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Tideswell, Derbyshire, March 31, 1826.

Sir,—The pleasure and instruction I have derived from the perusal of your interesting miscellany, induce me to offer to your notice a custom in this neighbourhood denominated *Sugar-cupping*, which, like similar remnants of the "olden time," is gradually running into disuse.

Last Sunday, being Easter-day, I walked to the "Dropping Tor," the rendezvous of the "sugar-cuppers," but, owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, no one was there, nor was it, I believe, once visited during the day. From frequent inquiry of the oldest persons in the neighbourhood, I can learn nothing but that, on Easter Sunday, they were used, when children, to go to the "Dropping Tor," with a cup in one pocket and a quarter of a pound of sugar in the other, and having caught in their cups as much water as was desired from the droppings of the spring, they dissolved the sugar in it, and drank it. The natural consequences resulting from the congregation of a quantity of "young men and maidens" followed, and they returned home. I was anxious to discover some jargon repeated by the youthful pilgrims, as an invocation to the saint of the spring, or otherwise; but I could not collect any thing of the kind. I conjecture this custom to be peculiar to this part. If you, or any of your correspondents, can furnish more satisfactory information respecting it, some of your readers will not regret I have troubled you with the hint.

With respect, I am,

Your obedient servant,

A PEAKRIL.

Further notice of this usage at "the Peak," will be acceptable to the editor, who is neither acquainted with the practice nor its origin. At some *wells* it is customary, on certain days, for persons to strew flowers, or hang garlands on the brink. Accounts of this nature, especially if accompanied by a drawing of the place, are very desirable. We have hitherto had

* Brand.

no water customs, yet springs were very early objects of veneration. These remains of ancient respect will be duly respected when communicated.

EASTER DAY AT ROME.

On this day the pope himself goes in grand procession to the cathedral of St. Peter, and assists at the high mass. The church is lined with the *guarda nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet, and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards, with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle is kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which is proclaimed by the sound of trumpet from the farther end of the church. Priests advance, loaded with still augmenting magnificence, as they ascend to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals, dazzle the eye, and fill the whole length of St. Peter's. Lastly, comes the pope, in his crimson chair of state, borne on the shoulders of twenty *palfrenieri*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head; preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers, mounted on long gilded wands. He stops to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half-way up; and this duty, which he never omits, being performed, he is slowly borne past the high altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passes.

He is then set down upon a magnificent stool, in front of the altar, on which he kneels, and his crown being taken off, and the cardinals taking off their little red caps, and all kneeling in a row, he assumes the attitude of praying. Having remained a few minutes, he is taken to a chair prepared for him, to the right of the throne. There he reads from a book, and is again taken to the altar, on which his tiara has been placed; and, bare-headed, he repeats—or as, by courtesy, it is called, sings—a small part of the ser-

vice, throws up clouds of incense, and is removed to the crimson-canopied throne. High mass is celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assists. During the service, the Italians seem to consider it quite as much of a pageant as foreigners, but neither a new nor an interesting one; they either walk about, and talk, or interchange pinches of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement, until the tinkling of a little bell, which announces the elevation of the host, changes the scene. Every knee is now bent to the earth, and every voice hushed; the reversed arms of the military ring with an instantaneous clang on the marble pavement, as they sink on the ground, and all is still as death. This does not last above two minutes till the host is swallowed. Thus begins and ends the only part that bears even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now pour out of St. Peter's, and form an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards are drawn up, and an immense number of carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, are assembled. Yet the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity collect sufficient numbers to fill it. The tops of the colonnades all round, however, are thronged with spectators; and it is a curious sight to see a mixture of all ranks and nations,—from the coronetted heads of kings, to the poor cripple who crawls along the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessing of their fellow mortal. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng are the *contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, flock in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessing of the holy father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, turn to the balcony where the pope is to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, are seen; and he is borne forward on his throne, above the shoulders of the cardinals and bishops, who fill the balcony. After an audible prayer he arises, and, elevating his hands to heaven, invokes a solemn benediction upon the multitude, and the people committed to his charge. Every head uncovers; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, kneel on the pavement to receive the blessing. It is given with im-

pressive solemnity, but with little of gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo, and the peal of bells from St. Peter's, proclaim the joyful tidings to the skies. The pope is borne out, and the people rise from their knees.*

GREEK EASTER.

The "Picture of Greece in 1825," by Messrs. Emerson and Humphreys, and count Pecchio, contains some particulars of the celebration of the Greek church. They say,

"To-day being the festival of Easter, Napoli presented a novel appearance, viz. a clean one. This feast as the most important in the Greek church, is observed with particular rejoicings and respect. Lent having ceased, the ovens were crowded with the preparations for banquetting. Yesterday every street was reeking with the blood of lambs and goats; and to-day, every house was fragrant with odours of pies and baked meats; all the inhabitants, in festival array, were hurrying along to pay their visits and receive their congratulations; every one, as he met his friend, saluted him with a kiss on each side of his face, and repeated the words *Χριστος ανεστη*—'Christ is risen.' The day was spent in rejoicings in every quarter; the guns were fired from the batteries, and every moment the echoes of the Palamede were replying to the incessant reports of the pistols and trophaics of the soldiery. On these occasions, the Greeks (whether from laziness to extract the ball, or for the purpose of making a louder report, I know not,) always discharge their arms with a bullet: frequent accidents are the consequence. To-day, one poor fellow was shot dead in his window, and a second severely wounded by one of these random shots. In the evening, a grand ceremony took place in the square: all the members of the government, after attending divine service in the church of St. George, met opposite the residence of the executive body; the legislative being the most numerous, took their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing commenced with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection. Amongst such an intriguing

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

factions senate as the Greek legislation, it requires little calculation to discern that the greater portion of these salutations were Judas's kisses."

TURKISH EASTER.

The journals of 1824, contain the following extract, from a private letter, dated Tangiers, in Africa:—"The day after my arrival I was present at the celebration of this country's Easter, a religious ceremony which greatly resembles our Easter, and is so called.—At break of day, twenty salutes of cannon announce the festival. At this signal, the pacha proceeds to a great plain ranged outside the city, where he is received by all the troops of the garrison, ranged under arms. An unfortunate ram is laid upon an altar there; the pacha approaches it, and plunges a knife into its throat; a Jew then seizes the bleeding animal, hoists it on his shoulders, and runs off with it to the mosque. If the animal still lives at the moment he arrives there, which very seldom fails to occur, the year will be a good one: if the contrary happens, great lamentations and groanings are made—the year will be bad. As soon as the victim is dead, a great carnage begins. Every Moor sacrifices, according to his means, one or more sheep, and this in the open street; the blood streams down on all sides; men and women imbrue themselves in it as much as they please; they cry, sing, dance, and endeavour to manifest the joy that animates them in a thousand forms. As soon as night appears, the town resounds with discharges of musketry, and it is not till the end of eight days that this charming festival concludes."

PROPHECY CONCERNING EASTER.

For the Every-Day Book.

Notwithstanding the flood of information which has been poured over the country during the last half century, superstition, at once the child and mother of ignorance, still holds no inconsiderable sway over the minds of men. It is true, that the days of ghosts and apparitions are nearly over, but futurity is as tempting as ever, and the seventh son of a seventh son is still potent enough to charm away the money and bewilder the senses of the credulous, and Nixon's and Mother Shipton's prophecies still find believers.

The coincidences by which these legendary predictions are sometimes fulfilled, are often curious. The present year may be said to witness the accomplishment of one. It has been said—

When *my Lord* falls in *my Lady's* lap,
England beware of some mishap.

Meaning thereby, that when the festival of *Easter* falls near to *Lady-day*, (the 25th of March,) this country is threatened with some calamity. In the year 1818, Easter-day happened on the 22d of March, and in the November of that year, queen Charlotte died. In 1826, Easter-day happening on the 26th of March, distress in the commercial world may be regarded as a fulfilment of the prediction. Spanish history affords a curious instance of this kind. It is related, that Peter and John de Carvajal, who were condemned for murder, (A. D. 1312,) on circumstantial evidence, and that very frivolous, to be thrown from the summit of a rock, Ferdinand IV., then king of Spain, could by no means be prevailed upon to grant their pardon. As they were leading to execution, they invoked God to witness their innocence, and appealed to his tribunal, to which they summoned the king to appear in thirty days' time. He laughed at the summons; nevertheless, some days after, he fell sick, and went to a place called Alcaudet to divert himself and recover his health, and shake off the remembrance of the summons if he could. Accordingly, the thirtieth day being come, he found himself much better, and after showing a great deal of mirth and cheerfulness on that occasion with his courtiers, and ridiculing the illusion, retired to rest, but was found dead in his bed the next morning. (See Turquet's general History of Spain 1612, p. 458, cited in Dr. Grey's notes to Hudibras, part iii. canto 1. lines 209, 210.)

The same author (Dr. Grey,) quotes from Dr. James Young, (Sidrophel vapulans, p. 29,) that Cardan, a celebrated astrologer lost his life to save his credit; for having predicted the time of his own death, he starved himself to verify it: or else being sure of his art, he took this to be his fatal day, and by those apprehensions made it so. The prophecy of George Wishart, the Scottish martyr, respecting the death of cardinal Beaton, is a striking feature in a catalogue of coincidences. In such light may be

cited the stories of the predicted death of the duke of Buckingham, in the time of Charles I., that of lord Lyttleton in later days, and many others.

Lord Bacon, who, on many points illuminated the sixteenth with the light of the nineteenth century, after referring in his chapter on prophecies (see his *Essays*) to the fulfilment of many remarkable fulfilments, delivers his opinion on that point in the following words:—"My judgment is, that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside. Though when I say despised, I mean for belief.—That that hath given them grace, and some credit consisteth in these things. 1st. that men mark when they hit, and never when they miss; as they do, also of dreams. 2d. that probable conjectures and obscure traditions many times turn themselves into prophecies: while the nature of man which coveteth divination, thinks it no peril to foretell that, which indeed they do but collect.—The 3d. and last (which is the great one) is, that almost all them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains, merely contrived and feigned after the event passed."

J. W. H.

EASTER DAY.

The editor is favoured with a hint, which, from respect to the authority whence it proceeds, is communicated below in its own language.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Harley-street, March 22, 1826.

Sir,—Before I slip from town for the holidays, let me observe that it may be useful, and more useful perhaps than you imagine, to many of your readers, if you were to mention the *earliest* day whereon Easter can occur: for, as not only movable feasts, but law terms, and circuits of judges, and the Easter recess of parliament, depend on this festival, it influences a vast portion of public business, and of the *every-day* concerns of a great number of individuals in the early season of the year.

The *earliest possible* day whereon Easter can happen, in any year, is the 22d of March. It fell on that day in 1818, and cannot happen on that day till the year 2285.

The *latest possible* day whereon Easter can happen, is the 25th of April.

We can have no squabble this year concerning the *true time* of Easter. The result of the papers on that subject in the first volume of your excellent publication, vindicated the time fixed for its celebration, in this country, upon those principles which infallibly regulate the period.

In common with all I am acquainted with, who have the pleasure of being acquainted with your *Every-Day Book*, I wish you and your work the largest possible success. I am, &c.

ALPHA.

P.S. It occurs to me that you may not be immediately able to authenticate my statement; and, therefore, I subscribe my name for your *private* satisfaction.

Easter King.

As the emperor, Charles V., was passing through a small village in Arragon, on Easter-day, he was met by a peasant, who had been chosen the paschal, or Easter king of his neighbourhood, according to the custom of his country, and who said to him very gravely, "Sir, it is I that am king." "Much good may it do you, my friend," replied the emperor, "you have chosen an exceedingly troublesome employment."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 43° 95.

March 27.

EASTER MONDAY.

This is the day for choosing churchwardens in the different parishes, and for merry-making afterwards.

From the "Mirror of the Months."

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it,—setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday should lose his *casta* and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics, wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places; Jobson is as good as sir John; the "rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys" from the summit of Greenwich-hill, and when he thinks fit to say "it is our royal pleasure to be drunk!" who shall dispute

the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they *have* no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it; for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement, which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend; for of all callings, the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor.

During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him, but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home, where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret, that he is heartily sick of doing nothing; but is ashamed to confess it; and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for throwing away the greatest part of his quarter's savings without having any thing to show for it, and gets gloriously drunk with the rest to prove his words; passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watchhouse. And on Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination, that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics! So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to

Easter Monday which is not confined to the lower classes, and which fun forbid that I should pass over silently. If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping-forest—following the hounds all day long at a respectful distance—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse, not to mention a portion of his nether person—and finishing the day by joining the lady mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house; if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh wound from the fight of Waterloo; for there is not a pin to choose between them.

EPHING HUNT.

In 1226, king Henry III. confirmed to the citizens of London, *free warren*, or liberty to hunt a circuit about their city, in the warren of Staines, &c.; and in ancient times the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of this right of chace "in solemn guise." From newspaper reports, it appears that the office of "common hunt," attached to the mayoralty, is in danger of desuetude. The Epping hunt seems to have lost the lord mayor and his brethren in their corporate capacity, and the annual sport to have become a farcical show.

A description of the Epping hunt of Easter Monday, 1826, by one "Simon Youngbuck," in the *Morning Herald*, is the latest report, if it be not the truest; but of that the editor of the *Every-Day Book* cannot judge, for he was not there to see: he contents himself with picking out the points; should anyone be dissatisfied with the "hunting of that day," as it will be here presented, he has only to sit down, in good earnest, to a plain matter-of-fact detail of all the circumstances from his own knowledge, accompanied by such citations as will show the origin and former state of the usage, and such a detail, so accompanied, will be inserted—

"For want of a better *this* must do."

On the authority aforesaid, and that without the introduction of any term not in the *Herald*, be it known then, that before, and at the commencement of the hunt aforesaid, it was a cold, dry, and

usty morning, and that the huntsmen of the east were all abroad by nine o'clock, trotting, fair and softly, down the road, on great nine-hand skyscrapers, nimble daisy-trotting nags, flowing-tailed chargers, and ponies no bigger than the learned one at St. Asbury's; some were in job-coaches, at two guineas a-day; some in three-bodied non-suscripts, some in gigs, some in cabs, some in drags, some in short stages, and some in long stages; while some on no stages at all, footed the road, smothered in dust driven by a black, bleak north-easter full in the teeth. Every gentleman was arrayed after his own particular taste, in blue, brown, or black—in dress-coats, frock coats, short coats, frock coats, great coats, and no-coats;—in drab-slacks and top-pers;—in gray-tights, and black-curtained Wellingtons;—in nankeen bomb-puffs;—in city-white cotton-cord un-mentionables, with jockey toppers, and in Russian-drill down-below, as a *memento* to the late czar. The ladies all wore a *rose-skin* under-dress, in compliment to the north-easter.

At that far-famed spot, the brow above Fairmead bottom, by twelve o'clock, there were not less than three thousand merry faces then and there assembled. It was beautiful set-out. Fair dames "in purple and in pall," reposed in vehicles of all sorts, sizes, and conditions, whilst seven or eight hundred mounted members of the hunt wound in and out "in restless ease," chatting and laughing with the car, sometimes rising in their stirrups to look out for the long-coming cart of the stag, "whilst, with off heel assiduously aside," they "provoked the caper which they seemed to hide." The green-sward was covered with ever-moving crowds on foot, and the pollard oaks which skirt the bottom on either side were filled with men and boys.

But where the deuce is the stag all this while? One o'clock, and no stag. *Two* o'clock, and no stag!—a circumstance easily accounted for by those who are in the secret, and the secret is this. There were buttocks of boiled beef and fat hams, and beer and brandy in abundance, at the public-house low down in the forest; and ditto at the Baldfaced Stag, on the top of the hill; and ditto at the Coach and Horses, at Woodford Wells; and ditto at the Castle, at Woodford; and ditto at the Eagle, at Snaresbrook; and the stag had been brought out before the beef, beer, bacon, and brandy, were

eaten and drank, where would have been the use of providing so many good things? So they carted the stag from public-house to public-house, and showed him at three pence a head to those ladies and gentlemen who never saw such a thing before, and the showing and carting induced a consumption of eatables and drinkables, an achievement which was helped by a band of music in every house, playing hungry tunes to help the appetite; and then, when the eatables and drinkables were gone, and paid for, they turned out the stag.

Precisely at half-past two o'clock, the stag-cart was seen coming over the hill by the Baldfaced Stag, and hundreds of horsemen and gig-men rushed gallantly forward to meet and escort it to the top of Fairmead bottom, amidst such whooping and hallooing, as made all the forest echo again; and would have done Carl Maria Von Weber's heart good to hear. And then, when the cart stopped and was turned tail about, the horsemen drew up in long lines, forming an avenue wide enough for the stag to run down. For a moment, all was deep, silent, breathless anxiety; and the doors of the cart were thrown open, and out popped a strapping four-year-old red buck, fat as a porker, with a chaplet of flowers round his neck, a girth of divers coloured ribbons, and a long blue and pink streamer depending from the summit of his branching horns. He was received, on his alighting, with a shout that seemed to shake heaven's concave, and took it very graciously, looking round him with great dignity as he stalked slowly and delicately forward, down the avenue prepared for him; and occasionally shrinking from side to side, as some super-valorous cockney made a cut at him with his whip. Presently, he caught a glimpse of the hounds and the huntsmen, waiting for him at the bottom, and in an instant off he bounded, sideways, through the rank, knocking down and trampling all who crowded the path he chose to take; and dashing at once into the cover, he was out of sight before a man could say "Jack Robinson!" Then might be seen, gentlemen running about without their horses, and horses galloping about without their gentlemen; and hats out of number brushed off their owners' heads by the rude branches of the trees; and every body asking which way the stag was gone, and nobody knowing any thing about him; and ladies beseeching gentlemen not to

be too venturesome; and gentlemen gasping for breath at the thoughts of what they were determined to venture; and myriads of people on foot running hither and thither in search of little eminences to look from; and yet nothing at all to be seen, though more than enough to be heard; for every man, and every woman too, made as loud a noise as possible. Meanwhile the stag, followed by the keepers and about six couple of hounds,

took away through the covers towards Woodford. Finding himself too near the haunts of his enemy, man, he there turned back, sweeping down the bottom for a mile or two, and away up the enclosures towards Chingford; where he was caught nobody knows how, for every body returned to town, except those who stopped to regale afresh, and recount the glorious perils of the day. Thus ended the *Easter Hunt* of 1826.



Minerva.

From a Chrysolite possessed by Lord Montague.

The Minervalia was a Roman festival in March, commencing on the 19th of the month, and lasting for five days. The first day was spent in devotions to the goddess; the rest in offering sacrifices, seeing the gladiators fight, acting tragedies, and reciting witticisms for prizes. It conferred a vacation on scholars who now, carried schooling money, or presents, called Minerval, to their masters.

According to Cicero there were five Minervas.

1. Minerva, the mother of Apollo.

2. Minerva, the offspring of the Nile, of whom there was a statue with this inscription:—"I am all that was, is, and is to come; and my veil no mortal hath yet removed."

3. Minerva, who sprung armed from Jupiter's brain

4. Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter and Corypha, whose father Oceanus invented four-wheeled chariots.

5. Minerva, the daughter of Pallantis, who fled from her father, and is, therefore, represented with wings on her feet, in the same manner as Mercury.

The second Minerva, of Egypt, is imagined to have been the most ancient. The Phœnicians also had a Minerva, the daughter of Saturn, and the inventress of arts and arms. From one of these two, the Greeks derived their Minerva.

Minerva was worshipped by the Athenians before the age of Cecrops, in whose time Athens was founded, and its name taken from Minerva, whom the Greek called Ἀθήνη. It was proposed to call the city either by her name or that of Neptune, and as each had partizans, and the women had votes equal to the men,

Cecrops called all the citizens together both men and women; the suffrages were collected; and it was found that all the women had voted for Minerva, and all the men for Neptune; but the

women exceeding the men by one voice, Athens was called after Minerva. A temple was dedicated to her in the city, with her statue in gold and ivory, thirty-nine feet high, executed by Pheidias.



“Life is darken'd o'er with woe.”—*Der Freischütz*.

Mr. Matthews at Home, 1826.

It would be as difficult for most persons, who think Mr. Matthews acts easily, to act as he does, as it would be difficult to make such persons comprehend, that his ease is the result of labour, and that his present performance is the result of greater labour than his exhibitions of former years. An examination of the process by which he has attained the extraordinary ability to “command success,” would be a fatiguing inquiry to most readers, though a very curious one to some. He has been called a “mimic;” this is derogation from his real powers, which not only can represent the face, but penetrate the intellect. An expert swimmer is not always a successful diver: Mr. Matthews is both. His faculty of observation “surpasses show.”

He leaves the features he contemplates, enters into the mind, becomes joint tenant of its hereditaments and appurtenances with the owner, and describes its secret chambers and closets. This faculty obtained lord Chesterfield his fame, and enabled him to persuade the judgment; but he never succeeded by his voice or pen in raising the passions, like Mr. Matthews, who, in that respect, is above the nobleman. The cause of this superiority is, that Mr. Matthews is the creature of feeling—of excitation and depression. This assertion is made without the slightest personal knowledge or even sight of him off the stage; it is grounded on a generalized view of some points in human nature. If Mr. Matthews were not the slave

of temperament, he never could have pictured the Frenchman at the Post Office, nor the gaming Yorkshireman. These are prominences seized by his whole audience, on whom, however, his most delicate touches of character are lost. His high finish of the Irish beggar woman with her "poor child," was never detected by the laughers at their trading duett of "Sweet Home!" The exquisite pathos of the *crathur's* story was lost. To please a large assemblage the points must be broad. Mr. Matthews's countenance of his host drawing the cork is an excellence that discovers itself, and the entire affair of the dinner is "pleasure made easy" to the meanest capacity. The spouting child who sings the "Bacchanal Song" in "Der Freischütz" from whence the engraving is taken, is another "palpable hit," but amazingly increased in force to some of the many who heard it sung by Phillips. The "tipsy toss" of that actor's head, his rollocking look, his stamps in its chorus, and the altogetherhness of his style in that single song, were worth the entirety of the drama—yet he was seldom encored. To conclude with Mr. Matthews, it is merely requisite to affirm that his "At Home" in the year 1826, evinces rarer talent than the merit of a higher order which he unquestionably possesses. He is an adept at adaptation beyond compare.

COLESHILL CUSTOM.

They have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calve's head, and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a groat in money.*

RIDING THE BLACK LAD.

An account of an ancient usage still maintained under this name at Ashton-under-Lyne, will be found in the annexed letter.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Ash'on-under-Lyne, March, 1826.

Sir,

A singular custom prevails at this town on Easter Monday. Every year on that day a rude figure of a man made of an old suit of clothes stuffed with rags, hay, &c. is carried on a horse through all the streets.

The people who attend it call an every public-house, for the purpose of begging liquor for its thirsty attendants, who are always numerous. During its progress the figure is shot at from all parts. When the journey is finished, it is tied to the market cross, and the shooting is continued till it is set on fire, and falls to the ground. The populace then commence tearing the effigy in pieces, trampling it in mud and water, and throwing it in every direction. This riot and confusion are increased by help of a reservoir of water being let off, which runs down the streets, and not unfrequently persons obtain large quantities of hay, rags, &c. independent of that which falls from the effigy. The greatest heroes at this time are of the coarsest nature.

The origin of this custom is of so ancient a nature that it admits of no real explanation: some assert that it is intended as a mark of respect to an ancient family—others deem it a disrespect. Dr. Hibbert considers it to have the same meaning as the gool-riding in Scotland, established for the purpose of exterminating weed from corn, on pain of forfeiting a wether sheep for every stock of gool found growing in a farmer's corn. Gool is the yellow flower called the corn Marygold.

It is further supposed, that this custom originated with one of the Assheton's, who possessed a considerable landed property in this part of Lancashire. He was vice-chancellor to Henry VI., who exercised great severity on his own lands, and established the gool or guld riding. He is said to have made his appearance on Easter Monday, clad in black armour, and on horseback, followed by a numerous train for the purpose of claiming the penalties arising from the neglect of farmers clearing their corn of the "carr gulds." The tenants looked upon this visit with horror, and tradition has still perpetuated the prayer that was offered for a deliverance from his power:—

"Sweet Jesu, for thy mercy's sake,
And for thy bitter passion;
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Assheton.

It is alleged that, on one of his visits on Easter Monday, he was shot as he was riding down the principal street, and that the tenants took no trouble to find out the murderer, but entered into a subscription, the interest of which was to make an effigy of disgrace to his memory. At the present day, however, the origin is never

* Blount.

thought of. The money is now derived from publicans whose interest it is to keep up the custom. An old steel helmet was used some years ago, but it is now no more; a tin one is used instead.

This custom is applied to another purpose. The occupation of the last couple married in the old year are represented on the effigy. If a tailor, the shears hang dangling by his side; if a draper, the cloth yard, and so on. The effigy then at the usual time visits the happy couple's door, and unless the bearers are fed in a handsome manner, the dividing gentlemen are not easily got rid of. Some authors state that it is the first couple in the new year; but this is incorrect, as there is always great pressing for marrying on new year's day, in order to be sufficiently early in the year.

Such is the custom of *Blake Lad Monday*—or *Riding the Black Lad*, a custom which thousands annually witness, and numbers come from great distances to see. It is the most thronged, and the most foolish, day the Ashtonians can boast of.

C. C.——G. M. R. C. S. E.

It is observed by the historian of "Manchester and Salford," that the most prevalent of several traditions, as to the origin of this custom, is, that it is kept up to perpetuate the disgraceful actions of sir Ralph Ashton, who in the year 1483, as vice-constable of the kingdom, exercised great severity in this part of the country. From a sum issued out of the court to defray the expense of the effigy, and from a suit of armour, which till of late it usually rode in, together with other traditional particulars, there is another account of the custom. According to this, in the reign of Edward III., at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, his queen, with the earl of Northumberland as general, gained a complete victory over the Scots, under David, king of Scotland, and in this battle one Thomas Ashton of Ashton-under-Lyne, of whom no other particulars are known, served in the queen's army, rode through the ranks of the enemy, and bore away the royal standard from the Scottish king's tent. For this act of heroism, Edward III. knighted him; he became sir Thomas Ashton, of Ashton-under-Lyne; and to commemorate his valour, he instituted the custom above described, and left ten shillings yearly (since reduced to five) to support it, with his own suit of black

velvet, and a coat of mail, the remnant of which yet remains.* It will be observed in our correspondent's account, that the helmet has at last disappeared.

"OLD VINEGAR,"

and

"*Hard Metal Spoons.*"

William Conway, who cried "hard metal spoons to sell or change," is mentioned by Mr. J. T. Smith, as "a man whose cry is well-known to the inhabitants of London and its environs;" but since Mr. Smith wrote, the "cry" of Conway has ceased from the metropolis, and from the remembrance of all, save a few surviving observers of the manners in humble life that give character to the times. He is noticed here because he introduces another individual connected with the history of the season. Adopting Mr. Smith's language, we must speak of Conway as though his "cry" were still with us. "This industrious man, who has eleven walks in and about London, never had a day's illness, nor has once slept out of his own bed; and let the weather be what it may, he trudges on, and only takes his rest on Sundays. He walks, on an average, twenty-five miles a day; and this he has done for nearly forty-four years. His shoes are made from old boots, and a pair will last him about six weeks. In his walks he has frequently found small pieces of money, but never more than a one pound note. He recollects a windmill standing near Moorfields, and well remembers *Old Vinegar*."† Without this notice of Conway, we should not have known "Old Vinegar," who made the rings for the boxers in Moorfields, beating the shins of the spectators, and who, after he had arranged the circle, would cry out "mind your pockets all round." He provided sticks for the cudgel players, whose sports commenced on Easter Monday. At that time the "Bridewell boys" joined in the pastime, and enlivened the day by their skill in athletic exercises.

WETTING THE BLOCK.

For the Every-Day Book.

The first Monday in March being the time when shoemakers in the country cease from working by candlelight, it

* Aikin's Manchester.

† Smith's *Ancient Topography of London*, 815, 4to.

used to be customary for them to meet together in the evening for the purpose of *wetting the block*. On these occasions the master either provided a supper for his men, or made them a present of money or drink; the rest of the expense was defrayed by subscriptions among themselves, and sometimes by donations from customers. After the supper was ended, the block candlestick was placed in the midst, the shop candle was lighted, and all the glasses being filled, the oldest hand in the shop poured the contents of his glass over the candle to extinguish it: the rest then drank the contents of theirs standing, and gave three cheers. The meeting was usually kept to a late hour.

This account of the custom is from personal observation, made many years ago, in various parts of Hampshire, Berkshire, and the adjoining counties. It is now growing into disuse, which I think is not to be regretted; for, as it is mostly a very drunken usage, the sooner it is sobered, or becomes altogether obsolete the better.

A SHOEMAKER.

N.B. In some places this custom took place on Easter Monday.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 45 · 32.

March 28.

EASTER TUESDAY.

Formerly, "in the Easter holidays, was the *Clarke's-ale* for his private benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood."* Our ancestors were abundant drinkers; they had their "bride-ales," church-ales," and other sort of ales, and their feats of potation were so great as to be surprising to their posterity; the remainder of whom, in good time, shall be more generally informed of these regular drinking bouts. "Easter-ale" was not always over with Easter week. Excessive fasting begat excessive feasting, and there was no feast in old times without excessive drinking. A morning head-ache from the contents of the tankard was cured by "a hair of the same dog,"—a phrase well understood by hard-drinkers, signifying that madness from drinking was to be cured by the madness of drinking again. It is in common use with drinkers of punch.

* Aubrey.

Some of the days in this month seem "For talking age and youthful lovers made."

The genial breezes animate declining life, and waft "visions of glory" to those who are about to travel the journey of existence on their own account. In the following lines, which, from the "Lady's Scrap Book," whence they were extracted, appear to have been communicated to her on this day, by a worthy old gentleman "of the old school," there is a touch of satirical good humour, that may heighten cheerfulness.

NO FLATTERY

From J. M—— Esq.

To Miss H—— W——.

March 28, 1825.

I never said thy face was fair,
Thy cheeks with beauty glowing;
Nor whispered that thy woodland air
With grace was overflowing.

I never said thy teeth were white,
In hue were snow excelling;
Nor called thine eye, so blue, so bright,
Young Love's celestial dwelling.

I never said thy voice so soft,
Soft heart but ill concealing;
Nor praised thy sparkling glances oft,
So well thy thoughts revealing.

I never said thy taper form
Was, *Hannah*, more than handsome;
Nor said thy heart, so young, so warm,
Was worth a monarch's ransom.

I never said to young or old
I felt no joy without thee:
No, Hannah, no, I never told
A single lie about thee.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 45 · 70.

March 29.

MARCH MORNINGS.

For the Every-Day Book.

There are frequently mornings in March, when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken:—mornings, which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its recurrence out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a

cool; gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear, the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendour, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness,—the buds are swelling in the hedges,—the banks are displaying amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves, and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

“The first gilt thing,
Which wears the trembling pearls of spring;”

and many another fresh and early burst of greenery. All unexpectedly too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets—those sweetest of Flora's children, which have ‘‘burnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted; they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thickly clustering leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection. There are windows thrown open, and doors standing a-jar. The inhabitants are in their gardens, some cleaning away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snowdrops and rows of glowing yellow crocuses, which every where abound; and the children, ten to one, are busy peeping into the first bird's-nest of the season—the hedge-sparrow's, with its four blue eggs, snugly, but unwisely, built in the pile of old pea-rods.

In the fields the labourers are plashing and trimming the hedges, and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and we may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful as you pass along deep hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tinkling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads

calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the willow. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on. They seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear and glossy lead colour, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet, the springing mercury, and green blades of the blue-bells—and perhaps, above you, the early nest of the missel-thrush perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer.

These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of nature; and if not neglected, then, not to be forgotten, for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again times and seasons, in which we cannot, for the pleasure and the purity of our spirits, live too much.

Nottingham.

W. H.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 45 · 12.

March 30.

KITTY FISHER.

On the 30th of March, 1759, this celebrated female issued a singular advertisement through the “*Public Advertiser*,” which shows her sensitiveness to public opinion. She afterwards became duchess of Bolton.

TO ERR is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretion seldom or never escapes without censure, the more heavy, as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled, by the world, if that character is marked by success: then malice shoots against it all her stings, and the snakes of envy are let loose. To the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honour. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers, and scurvy malevolence. She has been abused

in public papers, exposed in print shops, and, to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant, and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to publish her memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavours, by declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth.

C. FISHER.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 44 · 67.

March 31.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

This celebrated man wrote a letter to sir John Elliott, on this day, in the year 1631, which is deposited in the British

Museum.* At its date, which was long before "the troubles of England," wherein he bore a distinguished part, it appears that he was absorbed by constant avocation, and attention to the business of others. The letter has been obligingly transcribed and communicated by our kind correspondent, T. A. It is curious from its style and sentiments, and is here printed, because it has not before been published. The commencing and concluding words are given *fac-simile*, from the original. It is addressed thus,

*To my honoured and
deare friend Sr.
JOHN ELLIOTT at
his lodging in
the Tower.*

* Addit. MSS. 5016.

Noble Sr

Tis well for mee that letters cannot blush, else you would easily reade mee guilty. I am ashamed of so long a silence and know not how to excuse it, for as nothing but businesse can speake for mee, of we^h kinde I have many advocates, so can I not tell how to call any businesse greater than holding an affectionate correspondence with so excellent a friend. My only confidence is I pleade at a barr of loue, where absolutions are much more frequent then censures. Sure I ame that conscience of neglect doth not accuse mee; though evidence of fact doth. I would add more but y^e entertainment of a straunger friend calls upon mee, and one other unsuitable occasion hold mee excused: therefore, deare friend, and if you vouchsafe mee a letter, lett mee begg of you to teach mee some thrift of time; that I may employ more in yo^r service who will ever bee

*Yours faithfully forward
& affectionate friend
J^o Hampden*

Hampd.
March 31,
1631.

Command my service to
y^e souldier if not gone
to his colours.

THE SUN IN MARCH.
We may now see the great luminary

at half-past five in the morning if "we
shake off" dull sloth," and set our faces

to be greeted by his, at his rising, in the open air. Lying a bed is a sad destroyer of health, and getting up early a vast improver of time. It is an old and a *true* saying, that "an hour in the morning before breakfast, is worth two all the rest of the day."

In "The Examiner" of the 31st of March, 1822, there is the following pleasant little story.

THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN.

One morning at daybreak a father came into his son's bedchamber, and told him that a wonderful stranger was to be seen. "You are sick," said he, "and fond of great shows. Here are no quack-doctors now, nor keeping of beds. A remarkable being is announced all over the town, who not only heals the sick, but makes the very grass grow; and what is more, he is to rise out of the sea." The boy, though he was of a lazy habit, and did not like to be waked, jumped up at hearing of such an extraordinary exhibition, and hastened with his father to the door of the house, which stood upon the sea-shore. "There," said the father, pointing to the sun, which at that moment sprung out of the ocean like a golden world, "there, foolish boy, you who get me so many expenses with your lazy diseases, and yourself into so many troubles, behold at last a remedy, cheap, certain, and delightful. Behold at last a physician, who has only to look in your face every morning at this same hour, and you will be surely well."

PROVINCIAL MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Country people who are unusually plain in notion, and straight forward in conduct, frequently commit the care of their health to very odd sort of practitioners.

A late celebrated empiric, in York-shire, called the *Whitworth Doctor*, was of so great fame as to have the honour of attending the brother of lord Thurlow. The name of this *doctor* was Taylor: he and his brother were *farriers* by profession, and to the last, if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the *doctor* always preferred the four-legged one. Their *practice* was immense, as may be well imagined from the orders they gave the druggist; they dealt principally with

Ewbank and Wallis, of York, and a *ton* of Glauber's salt, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order. On Sunday morning the *doctors* used to bleed gratis. The patients, often to the number of an hundred, were seated on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood. One of the *doctors* then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other who opened the vein. Such a scene is easier conceived than described. From their medical practice, the nice formality of scales and weights was banished; all was "*rule of thumb*." An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity: being sent for to a patient who was in the last stage of a consumption, the learned doctor prescribed *a leg of mutton* to be boiled *secundum artem*, into very strong broth, a *quart* of which was to be taken at proper intervals: what might have been its success is not to be related, as the patient died before the first dose was got down. As *bone-setters* they were remarkably skilful, and, perhaps, to their *real merit* in this, and the *cheapness* of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame.

The "Public Ledger" of the 31st of March, 1825, contains

A crooked Coincidence.

A pamphlet published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"The deformity of sin cured, a sermon, preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, before the Prince of Orange; by the Rev. James Crookshanks. Sold by Matthew Dowton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate, and by all other Booksellers." The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight." The Prince before whom it was preached was deformed in his person.

A SEASONABLE EPITAPH on the late

J. C. MARCH, Esq.

Death seemed so envious of my clay,
He bade me march and marched away;
Now underneath the vaulted arch,
My corpse must change to dust and *March*,
J. R. P.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 44° 22.



APRIL.

On April, in old kalendars, is drawn
 A gallant hawker, pacing on a lawn,
 Holding a bell'd and hooded fowl of prey,
 Ready to loose him in the airy way.
 For daily, now, descends the solar beam,
 And the warm earth seems in a waking dream;
 Insects creep out, leaves buist, and flowers rise,
 And birds enchant the woods, and wing the skies;
 Each sentient being a new sense receives,
 And eloquently looks, to each, it lives.

The name of this month is before observed to have been derived from the verb *aperire*,* which signifies to open, because

seeds germinate, and at this season flowers begin to blow; yet Macrobius affirms that it is derived from a Greek word signifying *aphrilis*, or descended

* Vol. i. p. 407.

from Venus, or, born of the scum of the sea, because Romulus dedicated the month to Venus. This may be the real derivation; the former is the most natural.

“April,” says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, “is spring—the only spring month that we possess—the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is, to May and June, what ‘sweet fifteen,’ in the age of a woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harpinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious autumn.’ It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

‘It bears a glass which shows us many more.’

Its life is one sweet alternation of smiles and sighs and tears, and tears and sighs and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May.”

By the same hand we are directed to observe, “what a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! And the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky, powdered with snowy stars. In making our way to yonder hedgerow, which divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath; for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon; and the young lambs themselves, while they go cropping its crisp points, let the sweet daisies alone, as if they loved to look upon a sight as pretty and as innocent as themselves.” It is further remarked that “the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite green which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may, as it lasts but a little while,—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to

as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world, after its long winter death, that in fact constitutes the spring; and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones; but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things.—This is the principal charm of spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is, the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over and almost hides every thing else in the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences and distinctions and resemblances there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details! The almond-blossom, which comes first of all, and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head, instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now full blown, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell shape, the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most promising in its general appearance is that of the cherry, clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or a bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The other blossoms, of the pears, and (loveliest of all) the apples, do not come in perfection till next month.”

SPRING.

The beauties of the seasons are a constant theme with their discoverers—the poets. Spring, as the reproductive source of “light and life and love,” has the pre-eminence with these children of nature. The authors of “*The Forest Minstrel* and other poems,” William and Mary Howitt, have high claims upon reflective and imaginative minds, in return for the truth and beauty contained in an elegant volume, which cultivates the moral sense, and infuses a devotional spirit, through exqui-

site description and just application. The writers have traversed “woods and wilds, and fields, and lanes, with a curious and delighted eye,” and “written not for the sake of writing,” but for the indulgence of their overflowing feelings. They are “members of the Society of Friends,” and those who are accustomed to regard individuals of that community as necessarily incapable of poetical impression, will be pleased by reading from Mr. Howitt’s “*Epistle Dedicatory*” what he says of his own verses, and of his helpmate in the work:—

And now 'tis spring, and bards are gathering flowers ;
 So I have cul'd you these, and with them sent
 The gleanings of a nymph whom some few hours
 Ago I met with—some few years I meant—
 Gathering “true-love” amongst the wild-wood bowers ;
 You'll find some buds all with this posy blent,
 If that ye know them, which some lady fair
 Viewing, may haply prize, for they are wond'rous rare.

Artists have seldom represented friends —“of the Society of Friends,”—with poetical feeling. Mr. Howitt’s sketch of himself, and her whom he found gathering “true-love,” though they were not clad perhaps “as worldlings are,” would inspire a painter, whose art could be roused by the pen, to a charming picture of youthful affection. The habit of some of the young men, in the peaceable community, maintains its character, without that extremity of the fashion of being out of

fashion, which marks the wearer as remarkably formal ; while the young female: of the society, still preserving the distinction prescribed by discipline, dress more attractively, to the cultivated eye, than a multitude of the sex who study variety of costume. Such lovers, pictured as they are imagined from Mr. Howitt’s lines would grace a landscape, enfolded from other stanzas in the same poem, which raise the fondest recollections of the pleasures of boyhood in spring.

Then did I gather, with a keen delight,
 All changes of the seasons, and their signs :
 Then did I speed forth, at the first glad sight
 Of the coy spring—of spring that archly shines
 Out for a day—then goes—and then more bright
 Comes laughing forth, like a gay lass that lines
 A dark lash with a ray that beams and burns,
 And scatters hopes and doubts, and smiles and frowns, by turns.

On a sweet, shining morning thus sent out,
 It seem'd what man was made for, to look round
 And trace the full brook, that, with clamorous route,
 O'er fallen trees, and roots black curling, wound
 Through glens, with wild brakes scatter'd all about ;
 Where not a leaf or green blade yet was found
 Springing to hide the red fern of last year,
 And hemlock's broken stems, and rustling rank grass sere.

But hazel catkins, and the bursting buds
 Of the fresh willow, whisper'd “spring is coming ;”
 And bullfinches forth flitting from the woods,
 With their rich silver voices ; and the humming

Of a new waken'd bee that pass'd; and the broods
 Of ever dancing gnats, again consuming,
 In pleasant sun-light, their re-given time;
 And the germs swelling in the red shoots of the lime.

All these were tell-tales of far brighter hours,
 That had been, and again were on their way;
 The breaking forth of green things, and of flowers,
 From the earth's breast; from bank and quickening spray
 Dews, buds, and blossoms; and in woodland bowers,
 Fragrant and fresh, full many a sweet bird's lay,
 Sending abroad, from the exultant spring,
 To every living heart a gladsome welcoming.

Howitt.

April 1.

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

(p. 409,) there is an account of the singular usage of fool-making to-day, which may be further illustrated by a few lines from an almanac of 1760:—

In the first volume of the present work,

The first of April, some do say,
 Is set apart for All Fool's-day;
 But why the people call it so,
 Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.
 But on this day are people sent
 On purpose for pure merriment;
 And though the day is known before,
 Yet frequently there is great store
 Of these forgetfuls to be found,
 Who're sent to flance Moll Dixon's round;
 And having tried each shop and stall,
 And disappointed at them all,
 At last some tell them of the cheat,
 And then they hurry from the street,
 And straightway home with shame they run,
 And others laugh at what is done.
 But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
 Which is the greatest fool reputed,
 The man that innocently went,
 Or he that him designedly sent.

Poor Robin.

The custom of making April fools prevails all over the continent. A lady relates that the day is further marked in Provence by every body, both rich and poor, having dinner, under some form or other, a sort of peas peculiar to the country, called *pois chiches*. While the convent of the Chartreux was standing, it was one of the great jokes of the day to send novices thither to ask for these peas, telling them that the fathers were obliged to give them away to any body who would come for them. So many applications were in consequence made in the course of the day for the promised bounty, that the patience of the monks was at last usually exhausted, and it was well if the

vessel carried to receive the peas was not thrown at the head of the bearer.

There is an amusing anecdote connected with the church of the convent of the Chartreux, at Provence. It was dedicated to St. John, and over the portico were colossal statues of the four evangelists, which have been thrown down and broken to pieces, and the fragments lie scattered about. The first time Miss Plumptre with her party visited this spot, they found an old woman upon her knees before a block of stone, muttering something to herself:—when she arose up, curiosity led them to inquire, whether there was any thing particular in that

“tone; to which she replied with a deep sigh, *Ah oui, c'est un morceau de Saint Jean*, “Ah yes, ’tis a piece of Saint John.” The old lady seemed to think that the saint’s intercession in her behalf, mutilated as he was, might still be of some avail.

In Xylander’s Plutarch there is a passage in Greek, relative to the “Feast of Fools,” celebrated by the Romans, to this effect, “Why do they call the Quirinalia the Feast of Fools? Either, because they allowed this day (as Juba tells us) to those who could not ascertain their own tribes, or because they permitted those who had missed the celebration of the Fornacalia in their proper tribes, along with the rest of the people, either out of negligence, absence, or ignorance, to hold their festival apart on this day.”

The Romans on the first day of April abstained from pleading causes, and the Roman ladies performed ablutions under myrtle trees, crowned themselves with its leaves, and offered sacrifices to Venus. This custom originated in a mythological story, that as Venus was drying her wetted hair by a river side, she was perceived by satyrs, whose gaze confused her:—

But soon with myrtles she her beauties
veiled,
From whence this annual custom was en-
tail’d.

Ovid.

NEWCASTLE.

Extract from the Common Council Book.

“April 1, 1695. All-Saints’ parish humbly request the metal of the statue, towards the repair of their bells.”

This refers to a statue of James II. pulled down from the Exchange in consequence of lord Lumley having entered the town and declared for a free parliament. It was an equestrian figure in copper, of the size of Charles I. at Charing-cross. The mob demolished the statue, dragged it to the quay, and cast it into the river. As the parish of All-Saints desired to turn the deposit to some account, the parish of St. Andrews petitioned for a share of the spoil, and it appears by the subjoined extract from the council books, that each was accommodated.

“Ordered that All-Saints have the metal belonging to the horse of the said statue, except a leg thereof, which must go towards the casting of a new bell for St. Andrew’s parish.”

A print of the statue was published “on two large sheets of Genoa paper,” price 5s. by Joseph Barber of Newcastle. There is an engraving from it in “Local Records, by John Sykes, bookseller, Newcastle, 1824,” a book which consists of a chronological arrangement of curious and interesting facts, and events, that have occurred exclusively in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Berwick, with an obituary and anecdotes of remarkable persons. The present notice is taken from Mr. Sykes’s work.

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 44° 17.

April 2.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 2d of April 1755, Severndroog castle, on the coast of Malabar, belonging to Angria, a celebrated pirate, was taken by commodore James. His relict, to commemorate her husband’s heroism, and to testify her affectionate respect to his memory, erected a tower of the same name on Shooters-hill, near Blackheath, where it is a distinguished land-mark at an immense distance to the circumjacent country.

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 44° 37.

April 3.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

It is noticed on this day in the “Perennial Calendar,” that the birds are now arriving daily, and forming arrangement for the hatching and nurture of their future young. The different sorts of nests of each species, adapted to the wants of each, and springing out of their respective instincts, combined with their propensity to construct, would form curious subject of research for the natural historian. Every part of the world furnishes materials for the aerial architects leaves and small twigs, roots and dried grass, mixed with clay, serve for the en-

ernal; whilst moss, wool, fine hair, and form the warm internal part of these
the softest animal and vegetable downs, commodious dwellings:—

Of vernal songsters—some to the holly hedge,
Nestling, repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build the hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

Thomson

The cavern-loving wren sequestered seeks
The verdant shelter of the hollow stump,
And with congenial moss, harmless deceit,
Constructs a safe abode. On topmost boughs
The glossy raven, and the hoarsevoiced crow,
Rocked by the storm, erect their airy nests.
The ousel, lone frequenter of the grove
Of fragrant pines, in solemn depth of shade
Finds rest; or 'mid the holly's shining leaves,
A simple bush the piping thrush contents,
Though in the woodland concert he aloft
Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humbler quire. The lark too asks
A lowly dwelling, hid beneath a turf,
Or hollow, trodden by the sinking hoof;
Songster of heaven! who to the sun such lays
Pours forth, as earth ne'er owns. Within the hedge
The sparrow lays her skystained eggs. The barn,
With eaves o'erpendant, holds the chattering tribe:
Secret the linnet seeks the tangled copse:
The white owl seeks some antique ruined wall,
Fearless of rapine; or in hollow trees,
Which age has caverned, safely courts repose:
The thievish pie, in twofold colours clad,
Roofs o'er her curious nest with firmwreathed twigs,
And sidelong forms her cautious door; she dreads
The taloned kite, or pouncing hawk; savage
Herself, with craft suspicion ever dwells.

Bidlake.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 87.

April 4.

CHEAP WEATHER GUIDE.

*To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.**Cornhill, March, 1826.*

Sir,—The following observations on the leechworm were made by a gentleman who kept one several years for the purpose of a weather-glass :

A phial of water, containing a leech, I kept on the frame of my lower sash window, so that when I looked in the morning I could know what would be the weather of the following day. If the weather proves serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form.

If it rains, either before or after noon, it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limped habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard.

If a storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before it lodges, almost continually, without the water, and discovers very great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsions.

In the frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial.

What reasons may be assigned for these circumstances I must leave philosophers to determine, though one thing is evident to every body, that it must be affected in the same way as that of the mercury and spirits in the weather-glass. It has, doubtless, a very surprising sensation; for the change of weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration upon its manner of living.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to note, that the leech was kept in a common eight-ounce phial glass, about three-quarters filled with water, and covered on the mouth with a piece of linen rag. In the summer the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight. This is a weather-glass which may be purchased at a very trifling expense, and which will last I do not know how many years.

I am, &c

J. F.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 44 · 82.

April 5.

SWALLOWS IN 1826.

Our friend J. H. H. whose letter on wild-fowl shooting, from Abbeville, is in vol. i. p. 1575, with another on lark shooting in France in the present volume, p. 91, writes from Southover, near Lewes, in Sussex, on this day, 1826, "How delightful the country looks! I shall leave you to imagine two swallows, the first I have seen, now preening themselves on the barn opposite, heartily glad that their long journey is at an end." The birds come to us this year very early.

Pump with two Spouts.

In a letter of the 5th of April, 1808, to Dr. Aikin, inserted in his "Athenæum," Mr. Roots says,—“In the year 1801, being on a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, I visited the beautiful city of Glasgow, and in passing one of the principal streets in the neighbourhood of the Tron church, I observed about five-and-twenty or thirty people, chiefly females, assembled round a large public pump, waiting their separate turns for water; and although the pump had two spouts for the evacuation of the water behind and before, I took notice that one of the spouts was carefully plugged up, no one attempting to fill his vessel from that source, whilst each was waiting till the rest were served, sooner than draw the water from the spout in question. On inquiry into the cause of this proceeding, I was informed by an intelligent gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, that though one and the same handle produced the same water from the same well through either of the spouts, yet the populace, and even better informed people, had for a number of years conceived an idea, which had been handed down from father to son, that the water when drawn from the hindermost spout would be of an *unlucky* and *poisonous* nature; and this vulgar prejudice is from time to time kept afloat, inasmuch, as by its being never used, a kind of dusty fur at length collects, and the water, when suffered from curiosity to pass through, at first runs foul; and this tends to carry conviction still further to these ignorant people, who with the most solemn assurances

ruined me, it was certain death to
 e of the water so drawn, and no argu-
 t could divest them of their supersti-
 s conceit, though the well had been
 tedly cleaned out, before ~~them~~, by
 er of the magistrates, and the internal
 hanism of the pump expla ed. We
 E not be surprised at the bigotted
 rance of the rude age, either in
 country or in less civilized regions,
 n we witness facts so grossly supersti-
 s obtaining in our own time."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 45 · 67.

April 6.

SPRING.

This period of the year is so awakening
 to intellectual powers, that for a few days
 some matters of fact are occasionally
 deferred in favour of imaginative and
 descriptive effusions occasioned by the
 season.

THE POET'S PEN.

(From the Greek of Menecrates.)

I was an useless reed; no cluster hung
 My brow with purple grapes, no blossom flung
 The coronet of crimson on my stem;
 No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
 Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
 Around my feet, nor Jessamine's sweet wreath
 Robed me in silver: day and night I pined
 On the lone moor, and shiver'd in the wind.
 At length a poet found me. From my side
 He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed
 My lips in *Helicon*. From that high hour
 I SPOKE! My words were flame and living power,
 All the wide wonders of the earth were mine,
 Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;
 Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
 High as the hills with thunder clouds are pall'd.
 And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
 Had never wet so sweet on violet's blue.
 To me the mighty sceptre was a wand,
 The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
 To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
 I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;
 Or tow'ring o'er them all, without a plume,
 I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
 Till blaz'd th' Olympian glories on my eye,
 Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 46 · 84.

April 7.

SAINTS.

Our old acquaintance with the saints is
 broken: but they are sad intruders on
 beauties of the world, and we part
 n them, for a little while, after the an-
 ed communication of an attempt to
 our them

SERMON AT ST. ANDREW'S.

For the Every-Day Book.

The following anecdote, under the ar-
 ticle "Black Friars," in Brand's "History
 of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," as a specimen
 of the extreme perversion of mind in the
 Romish clergy of former times, is curious,
 and may amuse your readers as much as
 it has me.

Richard Marshall, who had been one of the brethren, and also prior of the house, in the year 1521, at St. Andrew's, Scotland, informed his audience there, that *Pater noster* should be addressed to God and not to the saints. The doctors of St. Andrew's, in their great wisdom, or rather craftiness, appointed a preacher to oppose this tenet, which he did in a sermon from Matt. v. 3. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." "Seeing," says he, "we say good day, *father*, to any old man in the street, we may call a saint, *pater*, who is older than any alive: and seeing they are in *heaven*, we may say to any of them, '*hallowed* be thy name;' and since they are in the *kingdom* of heaven, we may say to any of them '*thy kingdom* come:' and seeing their will is *God's will*, we may say, '*thy will* be done,'" &c. When the friar was proceeding further, he was hissed and even obliged to leave the city. Yet we are told, the dispute continued among the doctors about the *pater*. Some would have it said to God *formaliter*, to the saints *materialiter*; others, to God *principaliter*, to the saints *minus principaliter*; or *primario* to God, *secundario* to the saints; or to God *strictè*, and to the saints *latè*. With all these distinctions they could not agree. It is said, that Tom, who was servant to the sub-prior of St. Andrew's, one day perceiving his master in trouble, said to him, "Sir, what is the cause of your trouble?" The master answered, "We cannot agree about the saying of the *pater*." The fellow replied, "To whom should it be said but to God alone?" The master asks,

"What then shall we do with the *saints*?" To which Tom rejoined, "Give them *ave's* and *crede's* enough, that may suffice them, and too well too." The readers of the *Every-Day Book* will probably think that Tom was wiser or honester than his master. J. F.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47° 10.

April 8.

FLOWERS.

On this day in the "Perennial Calendar," Dr. Forster observes, that it may be proper to notice the general appearance of the wild and less cultivated parts of nature at this time. In the fields, the bulbous crowfoot, *ranunculus bulbosus*, begins to blow. Daisies become pretty common, and dandelions are seen here and there by road sides, and in fields, on a warm soil, are pretty abundant. The pilewort, *ficaria verna*, still decorates the thickets and shady green banks with its bright yellow stars of gold. It may be observed generally, that the flowers found at this time belong to the primaverai Flora; those of the vernal being as yet undeveloped. By the sides of rivers, streams, and ponds, along the wet margins of ditches, and in moist meadows, and marshes, grows the marsh marigold, *caltha palustris*, whose golden yellow flowers have a brilliant effect at a small distance.

Prolific gales

Warm the soft air, and animate the vales.
Woven with flowers and shrubs, and freshest green,
Thrown with wild boldness o'er the lovely scene
A brilliant carpet, of unnumbered dyes,
With sweet variety enchants the eyes.
Thick are the trees with leaves; in every grove
The feathered minstrels tune their throats to love.

DOMESTIC ANTIQUITIES,
and a

LETTER OF LORD THURLOW'S.

A gentleman indulges the editor with the following account of a singular household utensil, and a drawing of it, from whence a correct engraving has been made; together with a letter from the late lord chancellor Thurlow, which from his distinguished hand on a singular occurrence, merits preservation.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*
April 3, 1826.

Sir,—I shall be happy to communicate any thing in my power, connected with antiquities to the *Every-Day Book*, which I have taken from the beginning and been highly pleased with; and, first, I send you a drawing for insertion, if you think it worthy, of a carving, in my possession, on an ancient oak board, two feet in diameter.

Kleist.



Ancient Carving.

It represents the letters **J. h. c.** in the centre, surrounded by this legend, viz.

*"An harte that is wyse wyll obstine from
synnes and increas in the workes of God."*

As this legend reads backward, and all the carving is incuse, it was evidently intended to give impression to something; imagine pastry.

An original letter is now before me, from lord chancellor Thurlow, to a Norfolk farmer, who had sent him a hare, and two and a half brace of partridges, enclosed in a large turnip of his own growth. The farmer had not any personal knowledge of his lordship, but, being aware he was a Norfolk man, he mightly conceived that his present would be looked upon with more interest on that account. The following is a copy of the chancellor's letter:—

Bath, Dec. 31, 1778.

Sir,—I beg you will accept of my best thanks for your agreeable present. It gave me additional satisfaction to be so remembered in my native country; to which I, in particular, owe every sort of respect, and all the world agrees to admire for superiority in husbandry.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

And obedient servant,

THURLOW.

Having transcribed his lordship's answer, you are at liberty to do with that, and the drawing of my carving, as you please: with this "special observance."

that you do not insert my name, which, nevertheless, for your satisfaction, I subscribe, with my abode.

Believe me, Sir, &c.

ETA.

* * The editor is gratified by the confidence reposed in him by the gentleman who wrote the preceding letter. He takes this opportunity of acknowledging similar marks of confidence, and reiterates the assurance, that such wishes will be always scrupulously observed.

It is respectfully observed to possessors of curiosities of any kind, whether ancient or modern, that if correct drawings of them be sent they shall be faithfully engraven and inserted, with the descriptive accounts.

The gradual disappearance of many singular traces of our ancestors, renders it necessary to call attention to the subject. "Apostle Spoons," of which there is an engraving in vol. i. p. 178, have been dropping for the last thirty years into the refiner's melting-pot, till sets of them are not to be purchased, or even seen, except in cabinets. Any thing of interest respecting domestic manners, habits, or customs, of old times, is coveted by the editor for the purpose of recording and handing them down to posterity.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 46° 72.

April 9.

AN APRIL DAY.

Some verses in the "Widow's Tale," are beautifully descriptive of the season.

All day the lowhung clouds have dropt

Their garnered fulness down;

All day that soft grey mist hath wrapt

Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day

To break the calm of nature;

Nor motion, I might almost say,

Of life or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,

Or cattle faintly lowing;

I could have half believed I heard

The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well,

The rain's continuous sound,

Small drops, but thick and fast, they fell,

Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet

Earth's naked breast to screen,

Though every dripping branch is set

With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,

Those honeysuckle buds

Have swelled to double growth; that thorn

Hath put forth larger studs;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,

The milkwhite flowers revealing;

Even now, upon my senses first

Metlinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air.

Is all with fragrance rife;

And grace and beauty every where

Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!

Those earth-rejoicing drops!

A momentary deluge pours,

Then thins, decreases, stops;

And ere the dimples on the stream

Have circled out of sight,

Lo! from the west, a parting gleam

Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,

Comes down the glittering rain;

The farewell of a passing cloud,

The fringes of her train.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 47° 17.

April 10.

THE SEASON.

Art, as well as nature, is busily occupied in providing for real wants or natural desires. To gratify the ears and eyes of the young, we have more street organs and shows in spring than in the autumn, and the adventures of that merry fellow "Punch in the Puppet-show," are represented to successive crowds in every street, whence his exhibitors conceive they can extract funds for the increase of their treasury.

A kind hand communicates an article of curious import, peculiarly seasonable.

PUNCH IN THE PUPPET SHOW.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,—I do not know, whether in the absence of more interesting matter, a few remarks on an old favourite may be allowed. The character I am about to mention, has I am sure at one time or another delighted most of your readers, and I confess to be still amused with his vagaries—I mean "that celebrated wooden Roscius, *Mister Punch*." It is very difficult to trace accurately the origin and variation of any character of this description; and I shall, therefore, only offer some unconnected notices.

In some of the old mysteries, wherein you are so well read, "the devil" was the *buffoon* of the piece, and used to ir-

dulge himself most freely in the gross indecencies tolerated in the earlier ages. When those mysteries began to be refined into moralities, the *vice* gradually superseded the former clown, if he may be so designated; and at the commencement of such change, frequently shared the comic part of the performance with him. The *vice* was armed with a dagger of lath, with which he was to belabour the devil, who, sometimes, however, at the conclusion of the piece, carried off the *vice* with him. Here we have something like the club wielded by Punch, and the wand of harlequin, at the present time, and a similar finish of the devil and Punch, may be seen daily in our streets.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century the drama began to assume a more regular form, and the vice, in his turn, had to make way for the clown or fool, who served to fill up the space between the acts, by supposed extemporaneous witticisms; holding, occasionally, trials of wit with any of the spectators who were bold enough to venture with him. The last play, perhaps, in which the regular fool was introduced, was "The Woman Captain" of Shadwell, in the year 1680. Tarleton, in the time of Shakspeare, was a celebrated performer of this description. The fool was frequently dressed in a motley or party-coloured coat, and each leg clad in different coloured hose. A sort of hood covered his head, resembling a monk's cowl: this was afterwards changed for a cap, each being usually surmounted with the neck and head of a cock, or sometimes only the crest, or comb; hence the term *cockscomb*. In his hand he carried the bauble, a short stick, having at one end a fool's head, and at the other, frequently a bladder with peas or sand, to punish those who offended him. His dress was often adorned with morris-bells, or large knobs. We may observe much similarity to this dress, in the present costume of Punch. He degenerated into a wooden performer, about the time that the regular tragedy and comedy were introduced, i. e. in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Strolling players were prohibited a few years afterwards, and some of those performers who had not skill or interest enough to get a situation in any established company, went about the country with puppet shows, or "motions," as they were then called wherein Punch was a pro-

minent character, though not by that name, which was a subsequent importation, originally Policinello, or Punchinello; and when this name was introduced from the continent, some modifications were made also in the character to whom the name was attached. The civil wars, and subsequent triumph of puritanism, depressed theatrical proceedings, and Punch with other performers was obliged to hide himself, or act by stealth; but in the jovial reign of Charles II., he, and his brother actors, broke out with renewed splendour, and until the time of George I. he maintained his rank manfully, being mentioned with considerable *respect* even by the "Spectator." About this time, however, harlequinades were introduced, and have been so successfully continued, that poor Punch is contented to walk the streets like a snail, with his house on his back, though still possessing as much fun as ever.

Pantomime, in its more extended sense, was known to the Greek and Roman stages, being introduced on the latter by Pylades and Bathyllus, in the time of Augustus Cæsar. From that time to the present, different modifications of this representation have taken place on the continent, and the lofty scenes of ancient pantomime, are degenerated to the *bizarre* adventures of harlequin, pantaloon, zany, pierrot, scaramouch, &c.

The first pantomime performed by grotesque characters in this country, was at Drury-lane theatre, in the year 1702. It was composed by Mr. Weaver, and called "The Tavern Bilkers." The next was performed at Drury-lane in 1716, and it was also composed by Mr. Weaver, in imitation of the ancient pantomime, and called "The Loves of Mars and Venus."

In 1717, the first harlequinade, composed by Mr. Rich, was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called, "Harlequin Executed." This performer, who acted under the name of Lun, was so celebrated for his taste in composing these entertainments, and for his skill, as a harlequin, that they soon became established in the public favour. He flourished until the year 1761, and all his productions succeeded.

The harlequin on the French stage differed from ours, for he had considerable license of speech, somewhat similar to the theatric fools of the sixteenth century. Many of the witticisms of Dominique; a

celebrated harlequin in the time of Louis XIV. are still on record; it is said, indeed, that before his time, harlequin was but a grotesque ignorant character, but that he being a man of wit, infused it into his representation, and invented the character of Pierrot as a foolish servant, to fill up the piece. The old character of zany was similar to our modern clown, who now is generally the possessor of all the wit in the performance. The name of pantaloons is said to have been derived from the watch-word of the Venetians, *pianta leone*; if so, (which is doubtful) it must have been applied in derision of their fallen state, as compared with their former splendour. A more doubtful origin has been given of the name of harlequin; a young Italian actor of eminence in this style of character, came to Paris in the time of Henry III. of France, and having been received into the house of the president, Achilles de Harlai, his brother actors, are said to have called him harlequino, from the name of his master. There was a knight called Harlequin, an extravagant dissipated man, who spent his substance in the wars of Charles Martel, against the Saracens, and afterwards lived by pillage. Tradition says he was saved from perdition in consequence of his services against the infidels, but condemned for a certain time to appear nightly upon earth, with those of his lineage.

But, as to derivations, some have derived the term merry-andrew, from the time of the Druids, *an Driew*, i. e. Arch-Druid,—others, from the celebrated Andrew Borde, the writer and empiric. The merry-andrew used at fairs to wear a patched coat like the modern harlequin, and sometimes a hunch on his back. It has been remarked that the common people are apt to give to some well-known facetious personage, the name of a favourite dish; hence, the jack-pudding of the English; the *jean-potage* of the French; the *macaroni* of the Italians, &c.

A word or two more about Punch, and I have done. There are some hand-bills in the British Museum, of the time of queen Ann, from whence I made a few extracts some time ago. They principally relate to the shows at Bartlemy fair, and I observe at "Heatly's booth," that "the performances will be compleated with the merry humors of sir John Spendall and Punchinello;" and James Miles, at "the Gun-Musick booth," among other dances

&c., exhibited "a new entertainment between a scaramouch, a harlequin, and a punchinello, in imitation of bilking a reckoning,—and a new dance by four scaramouches, after the Italian manner," &c.

The famous comedian Edwin, (the Liston of his day) acted the part of Punch, in a piece called "The Mirror," at Covent-garden theatre: in this he introduced a burlesque song by C. Dibdin, which obtained some celebrity; evidently through the merit of the actor, rather than the song, as it has nothing particular to commend it.

Can't you see by my hunch, sir,

Faddeldy daddeldy dino,

I am master Punch, sir,

Riberi biberi bino,

Fiddeldy, diddeldy, faddeldy, daddeldy,

Robbery, bobbery, ribery, bibery,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino,

Ribery, bibery, bino.

That merry fellow

Punchinello,

Dancing here, you see, sir,

Whose mirth not hell

Itself can quell

He's ever in such glee, sir,

Niddlety, noddlety, niddlety, noddlety,
niddlety, noddlety, nino.

Then let me pass, old Grecian,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino.

To the fields Elysian,

Bibery, bibery, bino.

Fiddeldy, diddeldy, faddeldy, daddeldy,

Robbery, bobbery, ribery, bibery,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino,

Ribery, bibery, bino.

My ranting, roaring Pluto,

Faddeldy, daddeldy, dino,

Just to a hair will suit oh,

Bibery, bibery, bino.

Faddeldy, daddeldy, &c.

Each jovial fellow,

At Punchinello,

Will, laughing o'er his cup roar,

I'll rant and revel,

And play the devil,

And set all hell in an uproar,

Niddlety, noddlety, nino.

Then let me pass, &c.

I therewith conclude this hasty communication, begging you to shorten it if you think proper.

I am, &c.

W. S. ———.

Edwin's song in the character of Punch is far less offensive than many of the songs and scenes in "Don Juan," which

is still represented. This drama which is of Italian origin, the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, in his volume on "Ancient Mysteries," has ventured to conjecture, may have been derived from the adventures of the street Punch. The supposition

is somewhat heightened by Edwin's song as the Punch of Covent-garden.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48 · 32.

April 11.



St. Mary Islington Old Church

"Merry Islington."

ISLINGTON PARISH DINNER.

In March, an anonymous correspondent obligingly enclosed, and begged my acceptance of a ticket, for a parish dinner at Islington, on the 11th of April, 1738. It would have been rudeness to decline the civility, and as the editor was not prepared to join the guests at the great dinner, "not where they eat, but where they are eaten," he appropriates the ticket to the use for which it was intended by the donor, T. H. of St. John-street.

It would do 'he reader's heart good to

see this ticket—"printed from a copper plate," ten inches high, by seven inches wide—as large as a lord mayor's ticket, and looking much better, because engraved by Toms, a fine firm artist of "the good old school," which taught truth as an essential, and prohibited refinements, not existing in nature or sensible objects, as detraction of character.

It would do the reader's heart good, I say, to see the dinner ticket I am now looking at. First, above the invitation—which is all that the lover of a dinner first sees—and therefore, because nothing

precedes it, "above *all*,"—is a capital view of the *old* parish church, and the churchyard, wherein "lie the remains" of most of the company who attended the parish dinner—it being as certain that the remains of the rest of the company, occupy other tenements, of "the house appointed for all living," as that they all lived, and ate and drank, and were merry.

This is not a melancholy, but a natural view. It may be said, there is "a time for all things," but if there be any time, wherein we fear to entertain death, we are not fully prepared to receive him as we ought. It is true, that with "the cup of kindness" at our lips, we do not expect his friendly "shake," before we finish the draught, yet the liquor will not be the worse for our remembering that his is a previous engagement; and, as we do not know the hour of appointment, we ought to be ready at *all* hours. The business of life is to die.

I am not a member of a parish club, but I have sometimes thought, if I could "do as others do," and "go to club," I should elect to belong to an old one, which preserved the minutes of its proceedings, and its muniments, from the commencement. My first, and perhaps last, serious motion, would be, "That each anniversary dinner ticket of the club, from the first ticket to the last issued, should be framed and glazed, and hung on the walls of the club room, in chronological order." Such a series would be a never-failing source of interest and amusement. If the parish club of Islington exists, a collection of its tickets so disposed, might be regarded as annals of peculiar worth, especially if many of its predecessors in the annual office of "stewards for the dinner," maintained the consequence of the club in the eyes of the parish, by respectability of execution and magnitude in the anniversary ticket, commensurate with that of the year 1738, with Toms's view of the old parish church and churchyard. I regret that these cannot be here given in the same size as on the ticket; the best that can be effected, is a reduced facsimile of the original, which is accomplished in the accompanying engraving. Let any one who knows the new church of Islington, compare it with the present view of the old church, and say which church he prefers. At this time, however, the present church may be

more suitable to Islington, grown, or grown up to, as it is, until it is a part of London; but who would not wish it still a village, with the old edifice for its parish church. That Islington is now more opulent and more respectable, may be very true; but opulence monopolizes, and respectability is often a vain show in the stead of happiness, and a mere flaunt on the ruins of comfort. The remark is, of course, general, and not of Islington in particular, all of whose opulent or respectable residents, may really be so, for aught I know to the contrary. Be it known to them, however, on the authority of the old dinner ticket, that their predecessors, who succeeded the inhabitants from whose doings the village was called "merry Islington," appear to have dined at a reasonable hour, enjoyed a cheerful glass, and lived in good fellowship.

Immediately beneath the view of the old church on the ticket, follows the stewards' invitation to the dinner, here copied and subjoined verbatim.

St. Mary, Islington.

SIR,

YOU are desir'd to meet many others, NATIVES of this place, on TUESDAY, y^e 11th Day of April, 1738, at Mrs. ELIZ. GRIMSTEAD'S, y^e ANGEL & CROWN, in y^e upper Street, about y^e Hour of ONE; Then, & there wth. FULL DISHES, GOOD WINE, & GOOD HUMOUR, to improve & make lasting that HARMONY, and FRIENDSHIP which have so long reigned among us.

Walter Sebbon
John Booth
Bourchier Durell
James Sebbon
STEWARDS.

N.B.—THE DINNER will be on the Table peremptorily at Two.

Pray Pay the Bearer Five Shillings.

"Merry Islington!"—We may almost fancy we see the "jolly companions, every one," in their best wigs, ample coats, and embroidered waistcoats, at their dinner; that we hear the bells ringing out from the square tower of the old church, and the people and boys outside the door of the "Angel and Crown, in y^e Upper Street," huzzaing and rejoicing, that their betters were dining "for the good of the

ash"—for so they did: read the
et again.

England is proverbially called "the
ging island," which is not the worst
g to say of it; and our forefathers
e great eaters and hard drinkers, and
t is not the worst thing to say of *them*;
of our country we can also tell better
gs, and keep our bells to cheer our
ies; and from our countrymen we
select names among the living and
dead that would dignify any spot of
h. Let us then be proud of our
ient virtue, and keep it alive, and
to it. If each will do what he can
ake care that the world is not the
se for his existence, posterity will
te that their ancestors did well in it.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 46° 60.

April 12.

SIGN OF RAIN.

One of the "Hundred Mery Tales"
eth that, ere travellers depart their
es, they should know natural signs;
omuch that they provide right array,
make sure that they be safely housed
inst tempest. Our Shakspeare read
said book of tales, which is there-
e called "Shakspeare's Jest Book;"
ertain it is, that though he were not
led in learning of the schoolmen, by
son that he did not know their lan-
ges, yet was he well skilled in English,
a right wise observer of things;
erein, if we be like diligent, we, also,
y attain unto his knowledge. Where-
e, learn to take heed against rain, by the
ensuing.

*the herdsman that said, "Ride apace,
ye shall have rain."*

A certain scholar of Oxford, which had

studied the judicials of astronomy, upon
a time as he was riding by the way, there
came by a herdman, and he asked this
herdman how far it was to the next town;
"Sir," quoth the herdman, "it is rather
past a mile and an half;" but, sir," quoth
he, "ye need to ride apace, for ye shall
have a shower of rain ere ye come
thither." "What," quoth the scholar,
"maketh ye say so? there is no token of
rain, for the clouds be both fair and clear."
"By my troth," quoth the herdsman,
"but ye shall find it so."

The scholar then rode forth, and it
chanced ere he had ridden half a mile fur-
ther, there fell a good shower of rain, that
the scholar was well washed, and wet to
the skin. The scholar then turned him back
and rode to the herdman, and desired him
to teach him that cunning. "Nay," quoth
the herdman, "I will not teach you my
cunning for naught." Then the scholar
proffered him eleven shillings to teach
him that cunning. The herdman, after
he had received his money, said thus:—
"Sir, see you not yonder black ewe with
the white face?" "Yes," quoth the
scholar. "Surely," quoth the herdman,
"when she danceth and holdeth up her
tail, ye shall have a shower of rain within
half an hour after."

By this ye may see, that the cunning
of herdmen and shepherds, as touching
alterations of weathers, is more sure than
the judicials of astronomy.

Upon this story it seemeth right to
conclude, that to stay at home, when
rain be foreboded by signs natural, is
altogether wise; for though thy lodging
be poor, it were better to be in it, and so
keep thy health, than to travel in the wet
through a rich country and get rheums
thereby.

Home.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thine head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that pride allots thee for thy board,
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river's brink or mountain's brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

Leonidas of Tarentum

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 46° 75.

April 13.

BIRDS.

About this time, according to Dr. Forster, whose observations on the migrations and habits of birds, are familiar to most persons acquainted with the natural history of our island, the bittern, *ardea stellata*, begins to make a booming noise in marshy places at eventide. The deep and peculiar hollow tone of this bird in the breeding season, can hardly be mistaken for that of any other: it differs essentially from the note of the same bird when on the wing.

The bittern booms along the sounding marsh,

Mixt with the cries of heron and mallard harsh.

The bittern sits all day hid among the reeds and rushes with its head erect; at night it rises on the wing, and soars to a

vast height in a spiral direction. Those who desire to see it must pursue a swampy route, through watery fens, quagmires, bogs, and marshes. The heron, *ardea major*, has now a nest, and is seen sailing about slowly in the air in search of its fishy prey, travelling from one fish pond to another, over a large tract of country. It is a bird of slow and heavy flight, though it floats on large and expansive wings.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 46.° 57.

April 14.

SPRING.

Genial weather at the commencement of the year, dresses the meadows with the common and beautiful flowers that delight childhood.

The Cowslip.

Cowslip, of all beloved, of all admired !
 Thee let me sing, the homely shepherd's pride ;
 Fit emblem of the maid I love, a form
 Gladdening the sight of man ; a sweet perfume,
 Sending its balmy fragrance to the soul
 Daughter of Spring and messenger of May,
 Which shall I first declare, which most extol,
 Thy sovereign beauties, or thy sovereign use ?
 With thee the rural dame a draught prepares,
 A nectarous draught, more luscious to my taste
 Than all thy boasted wine, besotted Bacchus !
 Maidens with thee their auburn tresses braid ;
 Or, with the daisy and the primrose pale,
 Thy flowers entwining, weave a chaplet fair,
 To grace that pole round which the village train
 Lead on their dance to greet the jocund May ;
 Jocund I'll call it, for it lends a smile
 To thee, who never smil'st but once a year.
 I name thee not, thou poor unpitied wretch !
 Of all despised, save him whose liberal heart
 Taught him to feel your wrongs, and plead your cause.
 Departed Hanway ! Peace be to his soul !
 Great is that man, who quits the path of fame,
 Who, wealth forsaking, stoops his towering mind
 From learning's heights, and stretches out his arm
 To raise from dust the meanest of his kind.
 Now that the muse to thee her debt has paid,
 Friend of the poor and guardian of the wronged,
 Back let her pleased return, to view those sports,
 Whose rude simplicity has charms for me
 Beyond the ball or midnight masquerade.
 Oft on that merry morn I've joined their throng,
 A glad spectator ; oft their uncouth dance
 Eyed most attentive ; when, with tawdry show,
 Illsorted ribbons decked each maiden's cap,
 And cowslip garlands every rustic hat.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 47° 44.

April 15.

SEASONABLE.

To the Reader.

On Saturday, the 15th of April, 1826, No. 68, and Part XVII., of the *Every-day Book*, forming No. 16, and Part IV. of the second volume, were published by Messrs. HUNT and CLARKE, of Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. As the removal of the office from Ludgate-hill may be an event of as much interest to the friends of the work as any other belonging to the day it is recorded here with the following explanation which was printed on the wrapper of the part :—


“This step relieves me from cares and anxieties which so embarrassed my progress, in conducting and writing the work, as to become overwhelming; and Messrs. Hunt and Clarke will publish it much earlier than hitherto.

“To subscribers the present arrangement will be every way beneficial.

“They will have the *Every-Day Book* punctually at a proper hour; and, as I shall be enabled to give it the time and attention essential to a thorough fulfilment of its plan, my exertions will, henceforth, be incessantly directed to that end. I, therefore, respectfully and earnestly solicit the friends of the work to aid me by their contributions. At the present moment they will be *most* acceptable.

“CORRESPONDENTS will, from this day, be pleased to address letters and parcels to me, at Messrs. Hunt and Clarke's, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

W. HONE.”

 SIX INDEXES, with a Preface, title-page, and Frontispiece to the first volume, will be ready for delivery before the appearance of the next sheet; and I hope the labour by which I have endeavoured to facilitate reference to every general and particular subject, may be received as somewhat of atonement for the delay in these essentials. To guard against a similar accident, I have already commenced the index to the second volume.

W. HONE.

April 15, 1826.

VOL. II.—69.

* * * VOLUME I. contains 868 octavo pages, or 1736 columns, illustrated by One Hundred and Seventy engravings: Price 14s. in boards.

PROGRESS OF THE SEASON.

Song Birds.

If we happen to be wandering forth on a warm still evening during the last week in this month, and passing near a roadside orchard, or skirting a little copse in returning from our twilight ramble, or sitting listlessly on a lawn near some thick plantation, waiting for bed time, we may chance to be startled from our meditations (of whatever kind they may be) by a sound issuing from among the distant leaves, that scares away the silence in a moment, and seems to put to flight even the darkness itself;—stirring the spirit, and quickening the blood, as no other mere sound can, unless it be that of a trumpet calling to battle. That is the nightingale's voice. The cold spells of winter, that had kept him so long tongue-tied, and frozen the deep fountains of his heart, yield before the mild breath of spring, and he is voluble once more. It is as if the flood of song had been swelling within his breast ever since it last ceased to flow; and was now gushing forth uncontrollably, and as if he had no will to controul it: for when it does stop for a space, it is suddenly, as if for want of breath. In our climate the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks; beginning usually the last week in April. I mention this because many, who would be delighted to hear him, do not think of going to listen for his song till after it has ceased. I believe it is never to be heard after the young are hatched.—Now, too, the pretty, pert-looking blackcap first appears, and pours forth his tender and touching love-song, scarcely inferior, in a certain plaintive inwardness, to the autumn song of the robin. The mysterious little grasshopper lark also runs whispering within the hedgerows; the redstart pipes prettily upon the apple trees; the golden-crowned wren chirps in the kitchen-garden, as she watches for the new sown seeds; and lastly, the thrush, who has hitherto given out but a desultory note at intervals, to let us know that he was not away, now haunts the same tree, and frequently the same branch of it, day after day, and sings an “English Melody” that even Mr. Moore himself could not write appropriate words to.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 48·16.

April 16.

C. L., whose papers under these initials on "Captain Starkey,"* "The Ass, No. 2,†" and "Squirrels,"‡ besides other communications, are in the first volume, drops the following pleasant article "in an hour of need."

THE MONTHS.

For the Every-Day Book.

Rummaging over the contents of an old stall at a half *book*, half *old iron shop*, in an alley leading from Wardour-street to Soho-square yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy, and which I had lost sight of for more than forty years:—the "QUEEN-LIKE CLOSET, or RICH CABINET:" written by Hannah Woolly, and printed for R. C. & T. S. 1681; being an abstract of receipts in cookery, confectionary, cosmetics, needlework, morality, and all such branches of what were then considered as female accomplishments. The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo of a character himself) enforced with the assurance that his "own mother should not have it for a farthing less." On my demurring at this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vendor reinforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded: "and now (said he) I have put my soul to it." Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his dearest relations; and depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph. I remembered a gorgeous description of the twelve months of the year, which I thought would be a fine substitute for those poetical descriptions of them which your *Every-Day Book* had nearly exhausted out of Spenser. This will be a treat, thought I, for friend HONE. To memory they seemed no less fantastic and splendid than the other. But, what are the mistakes of childhood!—on reviewing them, they turned out to be only a set of common-place receipts for working the seasons, months, heathen gods and goddesses, &c. in *samplers*! Yet as an instance of the homely oc-

cupations of our great-grandmothers, they may be amusing to some readers: "I have seen," says the notable Hannah Woolly, "such Ridiculous things done in work, as it is an abomination to any Artist to behold. As for example: You may find in some Pieces, *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and many other Persons of Old time, Cloathed, as they go now a-daies, and truly sometimes worse; for they most resemble the Pictures on Ballads. Let all Ingenious Women have regard, that when they work any Image, to represent it aright. First, let it be Drawn well, and then observe the Directions which are given by Knowing Men. I do assure you, I never durst work any Scripture-Story without informing my self from the Ground of it; nor any other Story, or single Person, without informing my self both of the Visage and Habit; As followeth.

"If you work *Jupiter, the Imperial feigned God*, He must have long Black-Curled-hair, a Purple Garment trimmed with Gold, and sitting upon a Golden Throne, with bright yellow Clouds about him."

The Twelve Months of the Year.

March.

Is drawn in Tawny, with a fierce aspect, a Helmet upon his head, and leaning on a Spade, and a Basket of Garden Seeds in his Left hand, and in his Right hand the Sign of *Aries*: and Winged.

April.

A Young Man in Green, with a Garland of Mirtle, and Hawthorn-buds; Winged; in one hand Primroses and Violets, in the other the Sign *Taurus*.

May.

With a Sweet and lovely Countenance, clad in a Robe of White and Green, embroidered with several Flowres, upon his Head a garland of all manner of Roses; on the one hand a Nightingale, in the other a Lute. His sign must be *Gemini*.

June.

In a Mantle of dark Grass green, upon his Head a garland of Bents, Kings-Cups, and Maiden-hair; in his Left hand an Angle, with a box of Cantharides, in his Right the Sign *Cancer*, and upon his arms a Basket of seasonable Fruits.

July.

In a Jacket of light Yellow, eating Cherries; with his Face and Bosom Sun-

* Vol. i 965. † Ibid. 1359. ‡ Ibid. 1336.

rant; on his Head a wreath of Centaury and wild Tyme; a Scythe on his shoulder, and a bottle at his girdle: carrying the Sign *Leo*.

August.

A Young Man of fierce and Cholerick aspect, in a Flame-coloured Garment; on his Head a garland of Wheat and Rye, upon his Arm a Basket of all manner of ripe Fruits, at his Belt a Sickle, the Sign *Virgo*.

September.

A merry and chereful Countenance, in a Purple Robe, upon his Head a wreath of red and white Grapes, in his left hand a handful of Oats, withall carrying a Horn of Plenty, full of all manner of ripe Fruits, in his Right hand the Sign *Libra*.

October.

In a Garment of Yellow and Carnation, upon his head a garland of Oak-leaves with Akorns, in his Right hand the Sign *Scorpio*, in his Left hand a Basket of Medlars, Services, and Chestnuts; and any other Fruits then in season.

November.

In a Garment of Changeable Green and Black upon his Head, a garland of leaves with the Fruit in his Left hand, bunches of Parsnips and Turnips in his right. His Sign *Sagittarius*.

December.

A horrid and fearful aspect, clad in sh-Rags, or course Freez girt unto him, on his Head three or four Night-Caps, laid over them a Turkish Turbant; his face red, his Mouth and Beard clog'd with Isicles, at his back a bundle of Holly, Ivy or Mistletoe, holding in furdittens the Sign of *Cupricornus*.

January.

Clad all in White, as the Earth looks through the Snow, blowing his nails; in his right Arm a Bilet, the Sign *Aquarius* standing by his side.

February.

Clothed in a dark Skie-colour, carrying in his Right hand the Sign *Pisces*.

The following receipt, "*To dress up a chimney very fine for the Summer season, as I have done many, and they have been liked very well,*" may not be unprofitable to the housewives of the century.

"First, take a pack-thred and fasten it even to the inner part of the Chimney, so high as that you can see no higher as you walk up and down the House; you must drive in several Nails to hold up all your work; then get good store of old green Moss from Trees, and melt an equal proportion of Bees-wax and Rosin together and while it is hot, dip the wrong ends of the Moss in it, and presently clap it upon your pack-thred, and press it down hard with your hand; you must make hast, else it will cool before you can fasten it, and then it will fall down; do so all round where the pack-thred goes, and the next row you must joyn to that, so that it may seem all in one; thus do till you have finished it down to the bottom: then take some other kind of Moss, of a whitish-colour and stiff, and of several sorts or kinds, and place that upon the other, here and there carelessly, and in some places put a good deal, and some a little; then any kind of fine Snail-shells, in which the Snails are dead, and little Toad-stools, which are very old, and look like Velvet, or *any other thing that was old and pretty*; place it here and there as your fancy serves, and fasten all with Wax and Rosin. Then for the Hearth of your Chimney, you may lay some Orpan-Sprigs in order all over, and it will grow as it lies; and according to the Season, get what flowers you can, and stick in as if they grew, and a few sprigs of Sweet-Bryer: the Flowers you must renew every Week; but the Moss will last all the Summer, till it will be time to make a fire; and the Orpan will last near two Months. A Chimney thus done doth grace a Room exceedingly."

One phrase in the above should particularly recommend it to such of your female readers, as, in the nice language of the day, have done growing some time: "*little toad stools, &c. and any thing that is old and pretty.*" Was ever antiquity so smoothed over? The culinary recipes have nothing remarkable in them, besides the costliness of them. Every thing (to the meanest meats) is sopped in claret, steeped in claret, basted with claret, as if claret were as cheap as ditch water. I remember Bacon recommends opening a turf or two in your garden walks, and pouring into each a bottle of claret, to recreate the sense of smelling, being no less grateful than beneficial. We hope the chancellor of the exchequer will attend to

his in his next reduction of French wines, that we may once more water our gardens with right Bourdeaux. The medical recipes are as whimsical as they are cruel. Our ancestors were not at all effeminate on this head. Modern sentimentalists would shrink at a cock plucked and bruised in a mortar alive, to make a cullis; or a live mole baked in an oven (*be sure it be alive*) to make a powder for consumption.—But the whimsicallest of all are the directions to servants—for this little book is a compendium of all duties,—the footman is seriously admonished not to stand lolling against his master's chair, while he waits at table; for “to lean on a chair, when they wait, is a particular favour shown to any superior servant, as the chief gentleman, or the waiting woman when she rises from the table.” Also he must not “hold the plates before his mouth to be defiled with his breath, nor touch them on the right [inner] side.” Surely Swift must have seen this little treatise.

C. L.

Hannah concludes with the following address, by which the self-estimate which she formed of her usefulness, may be calculated:—

“*Ladies*, I hope you're pleas'd and so shall I
If what I've writ, you may be gainers by :
If not ; it is your fault, it is not mine,
Your benefit in this I do design.
Much labour and much time it hath me cost,
Therefore I beg, let none of it be lost.
The money you shall pay for this my book,
You'll not repent of, when in it you look.
No more at present to you I shall say,
But wish you all the happiness I may.”

H. W.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 16th of April, 1788, died, at the age of eighty-one, the far-famed count de Buffon, a man of uncommon genius and surprising eloquence, and often styled the “French Pliny,” because, like that philosopher, he studied natural history. Buffon was, perhaps, the most astonishing interpreter of nature that ever existed.* His descriptions are luminous and accurate, and every where display a spirit of philosophical observation; but the grand defect of his work is want of method, and he rejects the received principles of classification, and throws his subjects into groups from general points of resemblance.

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

It may be more strongly objected, that many of his allusions are reprehensible and, as regards himself, though he pretended to respect the ties of society, he constantly violated private morals. As an instance of his vanity, it is reported that he said, “the works of eminent geniuses are few; they are only those of Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *my own*.” He was ennobled by patent; and no less distinguished by academical honours, than by his own talents. He left a son, who, in 1793, was guillotined under Robespierre.*

BUBBLES.

Worthless speculations, in recent times, have distressed and ruined thousands by their explosion; and yet this has happened with the experience of former sufferers before us as matter of history. In the reign of James I., speculators preyed on public credulity under the authority or the great seal, till the government interposed by annulling the patents. In the reigns of Anne and George I., another race of swindlers deluded the unthinking with private lotteries and schemes of all sorts. The consequences of the South Sea bubble, at a later period, afflicted every family in the nation, from the throne to the labourer's hut. So recently as the year 1809, there were similar attempts on a less scale, with similar results. The projects of 1824-5, which lingered till 1826, were mining companies.

In the reign of George I., a Mr. Fallowfield issued “proposals for making iron,” wherein he introduces some reflections on the miscarriages of Mr. Wood's project of “making iron with *pulverised ore*.” Fallowfield had obtained a patent for making iron with *peat*, but delayed some time his putting it in practice, because of the mighty bustle made by Mr. Wood and his party. The proceedings of the latter projector furnish a fact under the present day.

It appears from the following statement, that Mr. Wood persisted till his scheme was blown into air by his own experiments.

April 16, 1731. “The proprietors assert that the iron so *proposed* to be made, and which they actually *did make* at Chelsea, on Monday, the 16th instant, is not brittle,

* General Biog. Dict.

but tough, and fit for all uses, and is to be manufactured with as little waste of metal, labour, and expense, as any other iron; and that it may and can be made for less than 10*l.* a ton, which they will make apparent to any curious inquirer."

Whether this "call" upon the "curious inquirer" was designed to introduce "another call" upon the shareholders is not certain, but the call was answered by those to whom it was ostensibly addressed; for there is a notice of "Mr. Wood's operators failing in their last trial at Chelsea, the 11th instant (May;) their iron breaking to pieces when it came under the great hammer."* They excused it by saying the inspectors had purposely *poisoned* the iron! Had the assertion been true, Wood's project might have survived the injury; but it died of the poison on the 3d of May, 1731, notwithstanding the affirmations of the proprietors, that "they actually did make iron at Chelsea, on Monday the 16th of April."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47° 95.

April 17.

CHRONOLOGY.

Sir William Davenant, the reviver of the drama after the restoration of Charles II., and patentee of the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, died on the 17th of April, 1668. He was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford, where he was born in 1605; and after studying at Lincoln-college, became a page to Greville, lord Brooke, a literary nobleman, who encouraged his attainments. He cultivated acquaintance with the poetic muse, and the eminent wits of his time. His imagination, depraved by sensuality, was unequal to extensive flights in pure regions. He wrote chiefly to the taste of the court, prepared masques for its entertainment, and, on the death of Ben Jonson, had the honour of the laureateship. He served in the army of Charles I. against the parliament; was made lieutenant-general of the ordnance, knighted by the king at the siege of Gloucester, and, on the decline of the royal cause, retired to France, where he became a Roman catholic. In attempting to conduct a French colony to Virginia, he was captured by a parliament cruiser, and

imprisoned in Cowes Castle, where he employed himself on "Gondibert," a heroic poem, which he never finished. On this occasion his life was saved by Milton; and, when public affairs were reversed, Davenant repaid the service by protecting Milton.*

Davenant's face was deformed by the consequences of vicious indulgence. The deficiency of feature exemplified in his portrait, is referred to by a note on a celebrated line in lord Byron's "Curse of Minerva."

Davenant and Shakspeare.

Pope is said to have placed Davenant, as a poet, above Donne;† but, notwithstanding the authority, it is questionable whether Pope's judgment could have so erred. He is further said to have observed, that Davenant "seemed fond of having it taken for truth," that he was "more than a poetical child of Shakspeare;" that he was Shakspeare's godson; and that Shakspeare in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at Davenant's, the Crown, in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. Davenant; and her son, afterwards sir William, was supposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godson only. One day when Shakspeare had just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a head of one of the colleges (who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family) met the child running home, and asked him, whither he was going in so much haste? The boy said, "To my godfather, Shakspeare." "Fie, child," says the old gentleman, "why are you so superfluous? have you not learned yet that you should not use the name of God *in vain*?" The imputation is very doubtful.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47° 00.

April 18.

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day, in the year 17 , there was a solemn mock procession, according to the fashion of the times, in ridicule of freemasonry, by an assemblage of hu-

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* General Biog. Dict.

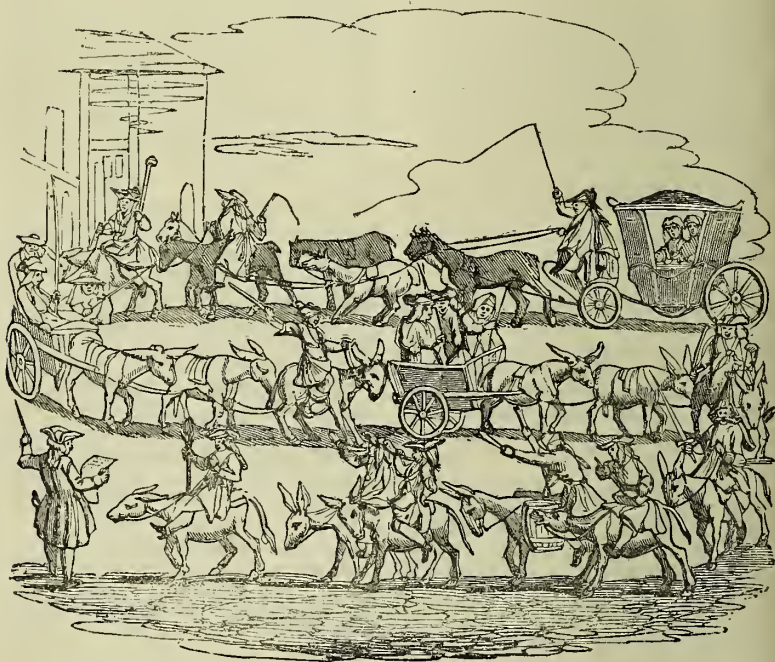
† Spence.

mourists and rabble, which strongly characterises the manners of the period. Without further preface, a large broadside publication, published at the time, is introduced to the reader's attention, as an article of great rarity and singular curiosity.

The year wherein this procession took place, is not ascertainable from the broadside; but, from the mode of printing and other appearances, it seems to have been some years before that which is represented in a large two-sheet "Geometrical View of the Grand Procession of Scald Miserable Masons, designed as they were drawn up over against Somers-

set-house, in the Strand on the 27th of April, 1742. Invented, and engraved, by A. Benoist."

It should be further observed, that the editor of the *Every-Day Book* is not a mason; but he disclaims any intention to discredit an order which appears to him to be founded on principles of goodwill and kind affection. The broadside is simply introduced on account of its scarcity, and to exemplify the rudeness of former manners. It is headed by a spirited engraving on wood, of which a reduced copy is placed below, with the title that precedes the original print subjoined.



The Solemn and Stately Procession

OF THE SCALD MISERABLE MASONS,

As it was martial'd, on Thursday, the 18th of this Instant, April.

The engraving is succeeded by a serio-comic Address, commencing thus:—

THE REMONSTRANCE of the Right Worshipful the GRAND MASTER, &c. of the SCALD MISERABLE MASONS.

W^HEREAS by our Manifesto some

time past, dated from our Lodge in Brick-street, We did, in the most explicit manner, vindicate the ancient rights and privileges of this society, and by incontestable arguments evince our superior dignity and seniority to all other

institutions, whether Grand-Volgi, Gregorians, Hurlothrumbians, Ubiquarians, Hiccubites, Lumber-Troopers, or Free-Masons; yet, nevertheless, a few persons under the last denomination, still arrogate to themselves the usurped titles of Most Ancient and Honourable, in open violations of truth and justice; still endeavour to impose their false mysteries (for a premium) on the credulous and unwary, under pretence of being part of our brotherhood; and still are determin'd with drums, trumpets, gilt chariots, and other unconstitutional finery, to cast a reflection on the primitive simplicity and decent economy of our ancient and annual peregrination: WE therefore think proper, in justification of Ourselves, publicly to disclaim all relation or alliance whatsoever, with the said society of Free-Masons, as the same must manifestly tend to the sacrifice of our dignity, the impeachment of our understanding, and the disgrace of our solemn mysteries: AND FURTHER, to convince the public of the candour and openness of our proceedings, WE here present them with a key to our procession; and that the rather, as it consists of many things emblematical, mystical, hieroglyphical, comical, satirical, political, &c.

AND WHEREAS many, persuaded by the purity of our constitution, the nice morality of our brethren, and peculiar decency of our rites and ceremonies, have lately forsook the gross errors and follies of the Free-Masonry, are now become true *Scald Miserables*: It cannot but afford a most pleasing satisfaction to all who have any regard to truth and decency, to see our procession increased with such a number of proselytes; and behold those whose vanity, but the last year, exalted them into a borrowed equipage, now condescend to become the humble cargo of a sand-cart.

[Then follows the following:]

A KEY OR EXPLANATION of the *Solemn and Stately Procession of the SCALD MISERABLE MASONS.*

Two Tylers, or Guards,

In yellow Cockades and Liveries, being the Colour ordained for the Sword Bearer of State. They, as youngest enter'd 'Prentices, are to guard the Lodge, with a drawn Sword, from all Cowens and Eve-droppers, that is Listeners,

lest they should discover the incomprehensible Mysteries of Masonry.

A Grand Chorus of Instruments,

To wit. Four Sackbutts, or Cow's Horns; six Hottentot Hautboys; four tinkling Cymbals, or Tea Canisters, with broken Glass in them; four Shovels and Brushes; two Double Bass Dripping-pans; a Tenor Frying-pan; a Salt-box in Delasol; and a Pair of Tubs.

Ragged enter'd 'Prentices,

Properly clothed, giving the above Token, and the Word, which is Jachin.

The Funeral of Hiram,

Six stately unfledg'd Horses with Funeral Habillaments and Caparisons, carrying Escutcheons of the arms of *Hiram Abiff*, viz. a Master's lodge, drawing, in a limping halting posture, with Solemn Pomp, a superb open hearse, nine Foot long, four Foot wide, and having a clouded Canopy, Inches and Feet innumerable in perpendicular Height, very nearly resembling a Brick Waggon: In the midst, upon a Throne of Tubs raised for that Purpose, lays the Corps in a Coffin cut out of one entire Ruby; but, for Decency's sake, is covered with a Chimney-sweeper's Stop-cloth, at the head of a memorable Sprig of Cassia.

Around in mournful Order placed, the loving, weeping, drunken Brethren sit with their Aprons, their Gloves they have put in their Pockets; at Top and at Bottom, on every side and every where, all round about, this open hearse is bestuck with Escutcheons and Streamers, some bearing the Arms, some his Crest, being the Sprig of Cassia, and some his Motto, viz. Macbenah.

Grand band of Musick as before.

Two Trophies

Of arms or achievements, properly quarter'd and emblazon'd, as allow'd by the college of arms, showing the family descents, with some particular marks of distinction, showing in what part of the administration that family has excelled. That on the right, the achievement of the right worshipful *Poney*, being *Parte Perpale*, Glim, and Leather-dresser, viz. the Utensils of a Link and Black-shoe-Boy: That on the left the trophy of his excellency, — — Jack, Grand-master elect, and Chimney-sweeper.

The Equipage

Of the Grand-master, being neatly nasty, delicately squaled, and magnificently ridiculous, beyond all human bounds and conceivings. On the right the Grand-master *Poney*, with the Compasses for his Jewel, appendant to a blue Riband round his neck: On the left his excellency — — Jack, with a Square hanging to a white Riband, as Grand-master elect: The Honourable Nic. Baboon, Esq.; senior grand Warden, with his Jewel, being the Level, all of solid gold, and blue Riband: Mr. Balaam van Assinman, Junior Warden, his Jewel the Plumb-Rule.

Attendants of Honour.

The Grand Sword Bearer, carrying the Sword of State. It is worth observing, This Sword was sent as a Present by *Ishmael Abiff* (a relation in direct Descent to poor old *Hiram*) King of the Saracens, to his grace of *Wattin*, Grand-Master of the Holy-Lodge of St. John of Jerusalem in Clerkenwell, who stands upon our list of Grand-masters for the very same year

*The Grand Secretary, with his
Insignia, &c.*

Probationists and Candidates close the whole Procession.

Tickets to be had, for three Megs a Carcass to scan their Pannum-Boxes, at the Lodge in Brick-Street, near Hide-Park Corner; at the Barley-Broth Womens at St. Paul's Church-Yard, and the Hospital-Gate in Smithfield; at Nan Duck's in Black-Boy-Alley, Chick-Lane; &c. &c. &c.

NOTE. No Gentlemen's Coaches, or whole Garments, are admitted in our Procession, or at the Feast.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47 · 22.

April 19.

SPRING.

This open day may be devoted to the contemplation of appearances and products of the season, presented to us by ministering bards: the first to be ushered in, is an offering from a hand whence nothing can be proffered that will not be especially acceptable

For the Every-Day Book

THE BLACKTHORN.

The April air is shrewd and keen;
No leaf has dared unfold,
Yet thy white blossom's radiant sheen,
Spring's banner, I behold.
Though all beside be dead and drear,
Undauntedly thy flowers appear.

Thou com'st the herald of a host
Of blooms which will not fail,
When summer from some southern coast
Shall call the nightingale.
Yet early, fair, rejoicing tree,
Sad are the thoughts inspired by thee.

All other trees are wont to wear,
First leaves, then flowers, and last,
Their burden of rich fruit to bear
When summer's pride is past:
But thou,—so prompt thy flowers to show,
Bear'st but the harsh, unwelcome sloe.

So oft young genius, at its birth,
In confidence untried,
Spreads its bright blossoms o'er the earth,
And revels in its pride;
But when we look its fruit to see,
It stands a fair, but barren tree.

So oft, in stern and barbarous lands,
The bard is heard to sing,
Ere the uncultured soul expands,
In the poetic spring;
Then, sad and bootless are his pains,
And linked with woe his name remains.

Therefore, thou tree whose early bough
All blossomed meets the gale,
Thou stirrest in my memory now
Full many a tearful tale:
And early, fair, rejoicing tree,
Sad are the thoughts inspired by thee.

W. HOWITT.

Passing the eye from the hedge-row to the earth, it lights on the "wee-tipp'd" emblem of "modesty" sung by poets of every clime wherein it blows:—

The Daisy.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, the golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forests, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Lights o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—in every place
In every season fresh and fair
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

Montgomery.

The flower aptly described by Mr. Montgomery as "companion of the sun," is not forgotten by a contemporary "child of song," from whom, until now, no illustration has graced these pages: the absence may be apologized for, by opening one of his views of nature immediately.

Whence is it —

————— Winter is so quite forced hence
And lock'd up under ground, that ev'ry sense
Hath several objects; trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats; that now the shining meads
Do boast the pause, lily, and the rose;
And every flower doth laugh as zephyr blows?
The seas are now more even than the land;
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand;
Only their heads are crisped by his stroke.
How plays the yearling, with his brow scarce broke,
Now in the open grass; and frisking lambs
Make wanton 'saults about their dry suck'd dams?
Who, to repair their bags, do rob the fields?
How is't each bough a several musick yields?
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, tho' vary in their tale;
The chirping swallow, call'd forth by the sun,
And crested lark doth his division run:
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,
The finches carol, and the turtles bill.

Day Break in the Country.

Awake! awake! the flowers unfold
And tremble bright in the sun,
And the river shines a lake of gold,—
For the young day has begun.
The air is blythe, the sky is blue,
And the lark, on lightsome wings,
From bushes that sparkle rich with dew,
To heaven her matin sings.
Then awake, awake, while music's note,
Now bids thee sleep to shun,
Light zephyrs of fragrance round thee float
For the young day has begun.
I've wandered o'er yon field of light,
Where daisies wildly spring,
And traced the spot where fays of night
Flew round on elfin wing:
And I've watch'd the sudden darting beam
Make gold the field of grain,
Until clouds obscur'd the passing gleam
And all frown'd dark again.
Then awake, awake, each warbling bird,
Now hails the dawning sun,
Labour's enlivening song is heard,—
For the young day has begun.

Is there to contemplation given
An hour like this one,
When twilight's starless mantle's riven
By the uprising sun?
When feather'd warblers fleet awake,
His breaking beams to see,
And hill and grove, and bush and brake,
Are fill'd with melody.
Then awake, awake, all seem to chide
Thy sleep, as round they run,
The glories of heaven lie far and wide,—
For the young day has begun.

R. Ryan

Our elder poets are rife in description of the spring; but passing their abundant stores to "Rare Ben," one extract more, and "the day is done."

Johnson.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48° 52.

April 20.

DUCHESS OF EXETER'S WILL.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—A notice of St. Katherine's church, near the tower, having already appeared in your first volume, induces me to subjoin, from "Testamenta Vetusta," by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq.,* the will of the duchess of Exeter, who was buried at the east end of the church now no longer existing.

I am, Sir, &c.

I. E.—TT.

"Ann Holland, Dutchess of Exeter, April 20, 1457. My Body to be buried in the Chapel of the Chancel of the Church of St. Katharine's, beside the Tower of London, where the Corpe of my Lord and husband is buried, and I forbid my executors to make any great feast, or to have a solemn hearse, or any costly lights, or largess of liveries, according to the glory or vain pomp of the world, at my funeral, but only to the worship of God, after the discretion of Mr. John Pynchebeke, Doctor in Divinity, one of my Executors. To the Master of St. Katharines, if he be present at the dirige and mass on my burial day, vis. viiid.; to every brother of that College being then present, iiis. ivd.; to every priest of the same College then present, xxd.; to every Clerk then present, xiid.; to every Chorister, vid.; to every Sister then present, xxd.; to every bedeman of the said place, viiid.; I will that my executors find an honest priest to say mass and pray for my soul, my lords soul, and all Christian souls, in the Chapel where my Body be buried, for the space of seven years next after my decease; and that for so doing he receive every year xii marks, and daily to say Placebo, Dirige, and Mass, when so disposed." The duchess's will was proved on the 15th of May, 1458.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 49° 10.

April 21.

A SPRING DIVERSION

Of the Recorder of London.

Leaving "hill and valley, dale and field," we turn for "a passing time" to scenes where, according to the authority subjoined by a worthy correspondent, we find "disorder—order."

ANCIENT PICKPOCKETS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

April 15, 1826.

Sir,—The following notice of an ancient school for learning how to pick pockets is, I conceive, worthy notice in the *Every-Day Book*.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. A.

Kennington.

In the spring of 1585, Fleetwood, the recorder of London, with some of his brother magistrates, spent a day searching about after sundry persons who were receivers of felons. A considerable number were found in London, Westminster, Southwark, and the suburbs, with the names of forty-five "masterless men and cutpurses," whose practice was to rob gentlemen's chambers and artificers' shops in and about London. They also discovered seven houses of entertainment for such in London; six in Westminster, three in the suburbs, and two in Southwark. Among the rest they found out one Watton, a gentleman born, and formerly a merchant of respectability but fallen into decay. This person kept an alehouse at Smart's quay, near Billingsgate; but for some disorderly conduct it was put down. On this he began a new business, and opened his house for the reception of all the cutpurses in and about the city. In this house was a room to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up; one was a pocket, and another was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung round with hawks' bells, and over them hung a little sacking bell.* The purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a public *foyster*;† and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells, was adjudged a

* A small bell used in the ceremony of the mass, and rung on the elevation of the consecrated host.

† A pickpocket.

* Nichols and Son, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

clever *nipper*.* These places gave great encouragement to evil doers in these times, but were soon after suppressed.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 48 · 77.

April 22.

A JEW IS A THIEF!

"So runs the proverb; so believes the world."

At least so say a great many who call themselves Christians, and who are willing to believe all evil of the Jews, who, in compliment to their own questionable goodness, they "religiously" hate, with all the soul of "irreligion." The following account of an individual of the Jewish persuasion, well known to many observers of London characters, may disturb their position: it is communicated by a gentleman who gives his name to the editor with the article.

THE JEW NEAR JEWIN-STREET.

For the Every-Day Book.

They who are in the habit of observing the remarkable beings that perambulate the streets of this metropolis, either for profit or pleasure, must have observed "J. Levy," not, to use a common phrase, "an *every-day* character," but one who, for singularity of personal appearance, oddity of dress, simplicity of manner, and constant industry, deserves a place in your *Every-Day Book*.

For the last eighty years has Levy trod the streets of "London and its environs,"—followed, latterly, by a dirty lame Jew boy, carrying a huge mahogany closed-up box, containing watches manufactured by makers of all degrees, from Tomkin to Levy of Liverpool—with jewellery of the most costly kind, to trinkets of Birmingham manufacture; and, strange to say, though his dealings have been extensive to a degree beyond imagination, he has hitherto given universal satisfaction.

A few evenings since, as I was smoking my accustomed "*every-day* cigar," at a respectable house in Jewin-street, and looking quietly at the different sorts of persons forming the company assembled,

a violent tramping upon the floor of the passage leading to the parlour, which was continued at an interval of every third second, announced the approach of some one who clearly imagined himself of no little importance, and thoroughly disturbed the quaker-like serenity of appearance which then prevailed in the room. "How is my deargood lady, and all her little ones? and her respectable husband?" inquired the stranger on the outside. Without waiting for a reply to the two questions, the door was suddenly thrown wide open, and in came a tall thin figure of a man, with a face plainly denoting that it had seen at least ninety winters, and bearing a beard of a dirty gray colour, some inches in length, and divided in the centre, but coming from under and above the ears, over which was tied a gaudy red and yellow silk handkerchief, and a huge pair of heavy costly-looking silver spectacles, which "ever and anon" he raised from his nose. He wore a coat which had once been blue, the skirts whereof almost hung to the ground, and were greatly in the fashion of a Greenwich pensioner's; a velvet waistcoat with a double row of pearl buttons, to which was appended, through one of the button-holes, a blue spotted handkerchief, reaching down to his knees, a pair of tight pantaloons, which evidently had been intended for another, as they scarcely gained the calf of his leg, and from the fobs whereof were suspended two watch-chains with a profusion of seals; and, on his head, was a hat projecting almost to points in the centre and back, but narrow in the sides. In his right hand a huge but well-made stick, wielded and pushed forward upon the ground by a powerful effort, had been the noisy herald of his approach.

On entering the room, he cast an inquiring look upon his astonished and quiet auditors, and stood for a moment to see the effect of his appearance: then, after an awful pause, lifting his spectacles to his nose, and almost thrusting his old but piercing eyes over the cases, with a tiger-like step he advanced to the full front of a quiet, inoffensive, Jack-Robinson-sort-of-a-man who was smoking his pipe, and, throwing his stick under his left arm, he took off his huge hat, thereby discovering a small velvet cap on the top of his head, and holding out his right hand he exclaimed, "Well, my good friend, how are you? my eyes are weak, but I can always, yes, always, discern a good friend: how

* A pickpurse, or cutpurse, so called from persons having their purses hanging in front from their girdle.

† *See* Jand.

are you? how is your good lady? I hope she is in good health, and all the little ones." The astonished "Christian" looked as if he could have swallowed the pipe from which he was smoking, on being thus addressed by the bearded descendant of Moses, and being absolutely deprived of speech, cast an inquiring look of dismay around on his neighbours, who so far from commiserating his feelings, actually expressed by smiling countenances, the pleasure they took in the rencontre. This was adding oil to the fire, when suddenly turning full in the face of the Jew, who still held out his hand for a friendly shrug, he exclaimed with a voice of phrenzy, "My wife knows thee not! I know thee not! My children know thee not! Leave me! go!" The Jew's hand was quickly withdrawn, while his alarmed countenance expressed the terror of his poor soul. The humiliated Jew said not a word, but quietly took his seat in the further corner of the room, and thence cast his eyes on a clock which was affixed to the wall, as if afraid of looking on a living object. He remained some minutes in this pitiable situation. At last, he took from his pocket, three or four watches, which he regularly applied to his ear, and afterwards wound up; then laying them upon the table, he triumphantly looked at the company, and — by his eyes — boldly challenged them to produce a wealth, equal to that he exposed to their view. Apparently satisfied, in his own mind, of his superiority as to wealth, over the man who had so cruelly denied all knowledge of him, he called in a kind, but a suppressed voice to the servant in attendance,—"Well, my dear! bring me a glass of good gin and water, sweet with sugar, mind little girl, and I will gratefully thank you; it will comfort my poor old heart." "You shall have it, sir," said the admiring girl, directing her attention to the exposed jewellery. They were the first kind words heard in that room by poor Levy, and they seemed to draw tears from his eyes; for, from his pocket, he brought forth as many handkerchiefs, of the most opposite and glowing colours, as the grave digger in Hamlet casts off waistcoats, all of which he successively applied to his eyes. The girl quickly returned with the required gin and water, and, after repeated stirring and tasting, casting an eager look at her, he, with the most marked humility, begged "one little, little bit more sugar, and it would

be beautifuls," which was of course granted, and the girl at parting was more liberally rewarded by the poor despised Jew, than by any other person in the room. Commiserating the feelings of a seemingly poor, and ancient man, whose religion and singularity of manner were his only crime, I spoke to him, and was highly delighted to find him infinitely superior to any about him; that is to say, so far as I could judge, for the greater number plainly showed, that they considered silence a sign of wisdom; probably it was so—with them.

Upon Levy leaving the room, I found he had lived in one house, in the neighbourhood, for upwards of sixty years, and borne an irreproachable character; that no man has ever called on him a second time for money due; that from goodness of heart, he has often gave away the fruits of his industry, and deprived himself of personal luxuries, to add to the comforts of others, without considering whether they were Jew or Gentile; that in his own house, he is liberal of his wine, and of attention to his guests; and that he does not deny, though he is far from publishing, that he has acquired wealth. And, yet, this honourable and venerable man, after having reached his ninety-third year, because of his eccentric costume and appearance, was deprived of the comforts of passing a happy hour, after the fatigues of the day. This I trust for the credit of christianity, and for his sake, is not a circumstance of "*every-day*."

E. W. W.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48 · 67.

April 23.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

1826. *King's birth-day kept.*

For an account of St. George the patron saint of England, and how he fought and conquered a cruel dragon, and thereby saved the princess of Sylene from being devoured, see vol. i. p. 496—502.

On St. George's day, people of fashion were accustomed, even to the beginning of the nineteenth century, to wear coats of cloth of blue, being the national colour in honour of the national saint. This, however, seems to be a reasonable con-

ecture for the custom. Mr. Archdeacon Nares, and other antiquaries, are at a loss for the real origin of the usage, which is ancient. In old times there were splendid pageants on this festival.

At Leicester, the "riding of the George" was one of the principal solemnities of the town. The inhabitants were bound to attend the mayor, or to "ride against the king," as it is expressed, or for "riding the George," or for any other thing to the pleasure of the mayor and worship of the town. St. George's horse, harnessed, used to stand at the end of St. George's chapel, in St. Martin's church, Leicester.*

At Dublin, there are orders in the chain book of the city, for the maintenance of the pageant of St. George to the following effect:—

1. The mayor of the preceding year was to provide the emperor and empress with their horses and followers for the pageant; that is to say, the emperor with two doctors, and the empress with two knights and two maidens, richly apparelled, to bear up the train of her gown.

2. The mayor for the time being was to find St. George a horse, and the wardens to pay 3s. 4d. for his wages that day; and the bailiffs for the time being were to find four horses with men mounted on them well apparelled, to bear the pole axe, the standard, and the several swords of the emperor and St. George.

3. The elder master of the guild was to find a maiden well attired to lead the dragon, and the clerk of the market was to find a golden line for the dragon.

4. The elder warden was to find four trumpets for St. George, but St. George himself was to pay their wages.

5. The younger warden was obliged to find the king of Dele, (Sylene,) and the queen of Dele, (Sylene,) as also two knights, to lead the queen, and two maidens in black apparel to bear the train of her gown. He was also to cause St. George's chapel to be well hung with black, and completely apparelled to every purpose, and to provide it with cushions, rushes, and other requisites, for the festivities of the day.†

These provisions and preparations refer to the narrative of the adventures of St. George already given in vol. i. p. 497.

St. George's day at the court of St. James's is a grand day, and, therefore, a collar day, and observed accordingly by the knights of the different orders.

Collar of S. S.

This is an opportunity for mentioning the origin of the collar worn by the judges.

This collar is derived from St. Simplicius and Faustinus, two Roman senators, who suffered martyrdom under Dioclesian. The religious society or confraternity of St. Simplicius wore silver collars of double S. S.; between which the collar contained twelve small pieces of silver, in which were engraven the twelve articles of the creed, together with a single trefoil. The image of St. Simplicius hung at the collar, and from it seven plates, representing the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. This chain was worn because these two brethren were martyred by a stone with a chain about their necks, and thus thrown into the Tiber. Sir John Fenn says, that collars were in the fifteenth century ensigns of rank, of which the fashions ascertained the degrees. They were usually formed of S. S. having in the front centre a rose, or other device, and were made of gold or silver, according to the bearer. He says, that knights only wore a collar of S. S.; but this is a mistake.

At the marriage of prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., in 1507, "Sir Nicholas Vaux wore a collar of Esses, which weyed, as the goldsmiths that made it reported, 800 pound of nobles." The collar worn by the judges is still a collar of S. S. divested of certain appendages.*

The mint mark in 1630, under Charles I., was St. George; in the reign of James I. it was a cross of St. George, surmounting a St. Andrew's cross.†

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

The origin of this air has exercised the researches of numberless individuals; whether it has been thoroughly ascertained seems doubtful; but it may be suitable to introduce a translation of the words into the Welsh language, by a celebrated antiquary of the principality, Dr. Owen Pugh. It is printed, verbatim, from a private copy which the editor was favoured

* Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities.

† Ibid.

* Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities

† Ibid.

with by Dr. Pugh in the course of the last summer.

CORONI SIOR IV.

Duw cadwa erom ni,
Mewn fyniant, clod, a bri,
Ein Brenin Sior ;

Hir yna o lesaad
Teyrnasa ar ei wlad,
Ein gobaihl da, ein tad,
Ein haelav bor.

Ei syn elynion o
Bob mân gân warth ar fo
Aent hwy i lawr ;

Dilëa di môr iawn
Amcanion brad sy lawn,
Ac yna deua dawn
Dainoni mawr.

Mâl haul o dirion des
Trôs Brydain taena les
Hir oes ein ior ;

Ein breintiau, er ein mael,
Areilied ev yn hael,
A delo ini gael
Oes hir i Sior !

IDRISON.

Myhevin, 5, 1820.

St. George's day was selected at a very early period for the establishment of horse-races. An obliging correspondent communicates some interesting particulars of their institution.

EARLY HORSE RACING.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Kennington, April 16, 1826.

Sir,—The following notice of an ancient race, formerly held near Chester, is, I conceive, worthy preservation in your interesting work, which, I hope, in course of time, will treasure up records of every custom, game, or ancient observance, formerly so common in "merry England."

Mr. Lysons, in his "Magna Britannia," says, there are some old articles of a race for two bells among the corporation records, the earliest date of which was in 1512

CHESTER RACES.

In 1609 or 10, Mr. William Lester, mercer, being mayor of Chester, and Mr. Robert Ambrye or Amory, ironmonger, sheriff of the city, at his, the last mentioned person's, own cost, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value, which bells he appointed to be run for with horses "upon St. George's Day,

upon the Roode Dee from the new tower to the netes, there tarning to run up to the watergate, that horse which come first there to have the beste bell; the second to have the seconde bell for that year putting in money, and for to—and shuerties to deliver in the bells that day twelvemonth." The other bell was run for the same day upon the like conditions. This gave rise to the adage of "bearing the bell." The bells and a bowl seem to have been brought down to the course with great pomp, as the following copy shows, carefully transcribed from the original among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.*

"The maner of the showe, that is, if God spare life and healthe, shall be seene by all the behoulders upon St George's day next, being the 23d of Aprill 1610, and the same with more addytion, to continew, being for the kyng's crowne and dignitey, and the homage to the kynge and pryncce, with that noble victor St. George, to be continued for ever, God save the Kynge.

It. ij men in greene evies,† set with worke upon their other habet, with black heare and black beards, very awgly to behould, and garlands upon their heads, with great clubbs in their hands, with firr† works to scatter abroad, to maintain way for the rest of the showe.

It. one on horseback with the buckler and head-peece of St. George, and iij men to guide him, with a drum before him, for the hon. of England.

It. one on horsebacke called Fame, with a trumpet in his hand, and iij to guide him, and he to make an oration with his habit, in pompe.

It. one called Mercury, to descend from above in a cloude, his winges and all other matters in pompe, and heavenly musicke with him, and after his oration spoken, to ryde on horsebacke with the musicke before him.

It. j called Chester, with an oration and drums before him, his habit in pompe.

It. j on horseback, with the kynge's armes upon a shield in pompe.

It. j on horseback, concerninge the kyng's crowne and dignity, with an oration in pompe.

It. j on horseback with a bell dedicated to the kinge, being double gilt, with the kyng's armes upon, carried upon a septer in pompe, and before him a noise of trumpets in pompe.

* Harl. MSS. 2150. f. 356. † Ivy. ‡ Fire.

- It. one on horseback, with the Prince's armes upon a shield in pompe.
- It. one on horseback, with an oration from the prync in pompe.
- It. j on horseback, with the bell dedicated to the princes. Armes upon it, in pompe, and to be carried on a septer, and before the bell, a wayte of trumpetts.
- It. j on horseback, with a cup for Saint George, caried upon a septer in pompe.
- It. j on horseback, with an oracyon for St. George, in pompe.
- It. St. George himselfe on horseback, in complete armour, with his flag and buckler in pompe, and before him a noyse of drums.
- It. one on horseback called Peace, with an oration in pompe.
- It. one on horseback called Plentye, with an oration in pompe.
- It. one on horseback called Envy, with an oration, whom Love will comfort, in pompe.
- It. one on horseback called Love, with an oration, to maintain all in pompe.
- It. The maior and his brethren, at the Pentis of this Cittye, with their best apparell, and in skarlet, and all the orations to be made before him, and seene at the high crosse, as they passe to the roodeye, whereby grent shall be runne for by their horses, for the ij bells on a double staffe, and the cuppe to be runne for by the ryng in the same place by gennt, and with a great mater of shewe by armes, and thatt, and with more than I can recyte, with a banket after in the Pentis to make welcome the gennt: and when all is done, then judge what you have seene, and soe speake on your mynd, as you fynde. The actor for the p'sent.

ROBERT AMORY.

Amor is love and Amory is his name that did begin this pomp and princelye game, the charge is great to him that all begun, let him be satisfied now all is done.

Notwithstanding Mr. Amory exerted himself and entertained the citizens so well in 1610, it was ordered in 1612, "that the sports and recreations used on St. George's day, should in future be done by the direction of the mayor and citizens, and not of any private person.*" No authority has occurred in my researches on this subject, for tracing the gradual alterations by which the bell and the bowl of these ancient races, have been

converted to the ordinary prizes at similar meetings. They are now held the first entire week in May, which comes as near the original time (old St. George's day) as possible. They generally attract a vast assemblage of the fashionable world, and the city subscribes liberally to keep up the respectability of the races.

I am, Sir, &c.

A.

OLD GUILDFORD CHURCH.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Mr. Editor,—In "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," 4 vols. 12mo., there is the following notice of an accident on St. George's day, which you will oblige a constant reader by inserting in the *Every-Day Book*. J. H.

On Wednesday the 23d of April, 1740, the upper church at Guildford, in Surrey, fell down. It was an ancient building, and not long before, seven hundred and fifty pounds were expended upon it in repairs. There was preaching in it on the Sunday before, and workmen were employed in taking down the bells, who, providentially, had quitted the spot about a quarter of an hour before the accident happened, so that not one person received any hurt, though numbers were spectators. Three bells had been taken down, and the other three fell with the steeple, which broke the body of the church to pieces, though the steeple received but little damage by the fall

SPRING IN THE CITY, and

JEMMY WHITTLE.

At Laurie and Whittle's print-shop, "nearly opposite St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street," or rather at Jemmy Whittle's, for he was the manager of the concern—I cannot help calling him "Jemmy," for I knew him afterwards, in a passing way, when every body called him Jemmy; and after his recollection failed, and he dared no longer to flash his merriment at the "Cock," at Temple-bar, and the "Black Jack," in Portugal-street, but stood, like a sign of himself, at his own door, unable to remember the names of his old friends, they called him "*poor Jemmy!*"—I say, I remember at Jemmy Whittle's there was always a change of prints in spring-time. Jemmy liked, as he said, to "give the public something alive, fresh and clever, classical and correct!" One

* Corporation Records.

print, however, was never changed; this was "St. Dunstan and the Devil." To any who inquired why he always had "that *old thing*" in the window, and thought it would be better out, Jemmy answered, "No, no, my boy! that's *my sign*—no change—church and state, you know!—no politics, you know!—I hate politics! there's the church, you know, [pointing to St. Dunstan's,] and here am I, my boy!—it's *my sign*, you know!—

no change, my boy!" Alas, how changed I desired to give a copy of the print of St. Dunstan's day in the first volume of the *Every-Day Book*, and it could not be found at "the old shop," nor at any printsellers I resorted to. Another print of Jemmy Whittle's was a favourite with me, as well as himself; for, through every mutation of "dressing out" his window it maintained its place with St. Dunstan. It was a mezzotinto, called



The Laughing Boy.

"In summer's heat, and winter's cold."

During all seasons this print was exhibited, "fresh, and fresh." At that time prints from the Flemish and Dutch masters, and humorous matters of all kinds, were public favourites. From my early liking to the "Laughing Boy," and because, with the merit of good design, it is

a superior specimen of popular taste at the time I speak of, a copy is at the service of that reader, who may perhaps think with "poor Jemmy Whittle," that an agreeable subject is always in season, and that as a worse might have been presented, this speaking relatively, is really very pretty

I am now speaking of five and thirty years ago, when shop windows, especially printsellers', were set out according to the season. I remember that in spring-time "Jemmy Whittle," and "Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's Church-yard," used to decorate their panes with twelve prints of flowers of "the months," engraved after Baptiste, and "coloured after nature,"—a show almost, at that time, as gorgeous as "Solomon's Temple, in all its glory, all over nothing but gold and jewels," which a man exhibited to my wondering eyes for a halfpenny.

Spring arrives in London—and even east of Temple-bar—as early as in the country. For—though there are neither hawthorns to blossom, nor daisies to blow—there is scarcely a house "in the city," without a few flower pots inside or outside; and when "the seeds come up," the Londoner knows that the spring is "come to town." The almanac, also, tells him, that the sun rises earlier every day, and he makes his apprentices rise earlier; and the shop begins to be watered and swept before breakfast; and perchance as the good man stands at his door to look up, and "wonder what sort of a day it will be," he sees a basket with primroses or cowslips, and from thence he hazards to assert, at "the house he uses" in the evening, that the spring is very forward; which is confirmed, to his credit, by some neighbour, who usually sleeps at Bow or Brompton, or Pentonville or Kennington, or some other adjacent part of "the country."

To the east of Temple-bar, the flower-girl is "the herald of spring." She cries "cowslips! sweet cowslips!" till she screams "bow-pots! sweet, and pretty bow-pots!" which is the sure and certain token of full spring in London. When I was a child, I got "a bow-pot" of as many wall-flowers and harebells as I could then hold in my hand, with a sprig of sweet briar at the back of the bunch, for a halfpenny—*such* a handful; but, now, "they can't make a ha'penny bow-pot—there's nothing under a penny;" and the penny bow-pot is not half so big as the ha'penny one, and somehow or other the flowers don't smell, to me, as they used to do.—

It will not do however to run on thus, for something remains to be said concerning the patron of the day; and, to be plain with the reader, the recollections of for-

mer times are not always the most cheering to the writer.

ST. GEORGE.

There are some circumstances in the history of Russia which abate our pretensions to our celebrated saint. In that country he is much revered. His figure occurs in all the churches, represented as usual, riding on a horse, and piercing a dragon with his lance. This device also forms part of the arms of the Russian sovereign, and is on several of the coins. Certain English historians have conjectured, that Ivan Vassilievitch II., being presented with the garter by queen Elizabeth, assumed the George and the dragon for his arms, and ordered it to be stamped upon the current money. But it does not appear that the tzar was created a knight of the garter; and it is certain that the sovereigns of Moscow bore this device before they had the least connection with England. In Hackluyt, vol. i. p. 255, Chancellor, the first Englishman who discovered Russia, speaks of a despatch sent in 1554, from Ivan Vassilievitch to queen Mary:—"This letter was written in the Moscovian tongue, in letter much like to the Greeke letters, very faire written in paper, with a broad seale hanging at the same, sealed in paper upon waxe. This seale was much like the broad seale of England, having on the one side the *image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon.*"

Russian coins of a very early date represent the figure of a horseman spearing a dragon; one particularly, of Michael Androvitz appears to have been struck in 1305, forty years before the institution of the order of the garter in England. From this period, numerous Russian coins are successively distinguished by the same emblem. Various notions have been put forth concerning the origin of the figure; but it seems probable that the Russians received the image of St. George and the dragon either from the Greeks or from the Tartars, by both of whom he was much revered; by the former as a christian saint and martyr, and by the latter as a prophet or a deity. We know from history, that in the fourth or fifth century he was much worshipped amongst the Greeks; and that afterwards the crusaders, during their first expedition into the Holy Land, found many temples erected to his honour. The Russians, therefore, who

were converted to christianity by the Greeks, certainly must have received at the same time a large catalogue of saints, which made an essential part of the Greek worship, and there can be no reason to imagine that St. George was omitted.

In a villa of prince Dolgorucki, near Moscow, is an old basso-relievo of St. George and the dragon, found in a ruined church at Intermen, in the Crimea; it had a Greek inscription almost erased, but the words ΑΙΟΟ ΓΕΟΡΓΙΟΟ, or St. George, and the date 1330, were still legible. As it appears from this basso-relievo that he was worshipped in the Crimea so near the court of Russia when the great dukes resided at Kiof, his introduction into that country is easily accounted for.

Still, it is very likely that the Russians received from the Tartars the image of a horseman spearing a serpent, as represented upon their most ancient coins, and which formed a part of the great duke's arms, towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Russians had none before they were conquered by the Tartars; and soon after they were brought under the Tartar yoke, they struck money. The first Russian coins bear a Tartar inscription, afterwards, with Tartar letters on one side, and Russian characters on the other; and there is still preserved in the cabinet of St. Petersburg, a piece of money, exhibiting a horseman piercing a dragon, with the name of the great duke in Russian, and on the reverse a Tartar inscription.

The story of a saint or a deity spearing a dragon, was known all over the east; among the Mahometans, a person called Gergis or George, under a similar figure, was much revered as a prophet; and similar emblems have been discovered among many barbarous nations of the east. Whether these nations took it from the Greeks, or the latter from them, cannot be ascertained; for of the real existence of such a person as St. George, no positive proofs have ever been advanced.

But whether the Russians derived St. George from the Greeks or the Tartars, it is certain that his figure was adopted as the arms of the grand dukes, and that the emblem of the saint and the dragon, has been uniformly represented on the reverse of the Russian coins.

With respect to the arms, Herberstein, in his account of his embassy to Moscow in 1518, under Vassili Ivanovitch, has

given a wooden print of that prince, at the bottom of which are engraved his arms, representing thus—



a naked man on horseback, piercing a serpent with his lance. The equestrian figure in this device has a Tartar-like appearance, and is so coarse and rude, that it seems to have been derived from a people in a far more uncivilized state of society than the Greeks: add to this, that the Greeks always represented St. George clad in armour.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48 · 27.

April 24.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

JOE BROWN—THE CHURCH WATCH.

Sir,—As you solicit communications of local usages or customs, I send you some account of the "Watching the church" on St. Mark's E'en, in Yorkshire. According to the superstitions of some other counties, the eve of St. John's day is the privileged night for unquiet spirits to revisit the upper world, and flit over the scenes of their mortal existence. But, in Yorkshire, it was believed by the superstitious and the peasantry within these twenty years, and is so still perhaps, that if a person have the hardihood to place himself within the porch of the church, or in a position which commands the church door, on the ghostly e'en of St. Mark, (it must be St. Mark, O. S.,) he will see the souls of those whose bodies are to be buried at that church the following year, approach the church in the dead waste and middle of the night. The doors are flung open by some invisible hand just at twelve o'clock, and the spirits

enter in the rotation their mortal bodies are to die in. This hour is an epitome of the year; those who are to die soon, enter the first—and those who will almost survive the year, do not approach until nearly one o'clock, at which time the doors are carefully closed and secured as they were in the day. Another remarkable feature in the shadowy pageant is this; those that come to an untimely end, are represented by their ghostly proxies, in the very article of dissolution. If a person is to be hanged, or to hang himself, as Burns says in his "Tam O'Shanter,"

"Wi' his last gasp his gab will gape."

If the person is to be drowned, his representative will come as if struggling and splashing in water, and so on in other cases of premature death. I must likewise mention, that the "church-watcher" pretends he is fixed in a state of impotence to his seat, during the ghostly hour, and only receives the use of his powers of locomotion when the clock strikes one. Another peculiarity attends this nocturnal scene: the souls of those who are to be seriously indisposed, likewise join the procession; they peep into the church, take about, and return to their wonted residences in their slumbering mortal habitations. But the souls of the *condemned* enter the church, and are not observed to return.

When a boy at home, I recollect a man who was said to watch the church; his name was "Joe Brown." This man used to inspire my youthful fancy with great awe. I was not the only one who regarded him with fear: he contrived by a certain mysterious behaviour, to impress weak and youthful minds with feelings which bordered upon terror. His person is vividly imprinted on my memory; his face was broad, his features coarse, and he had what is called a hare-lip, which caused him to speak through the nose, or to *snaffle*, as they term it in Yorkshire. He never would directly acknowledge that he watched the church; but a mysterious shrug or nod tended to convey the assertion. Two circumstances which took place in my remembrance, served to stamp his fame as a ghost-seer. At the fair-tide, he quarreled with a young man, who put him out of the room in which they were drinking; he told his antagonist that he would be under the sod before that day twelve months, which happened to be the case. The other circumstance

was this; he reported a young man would be drowned, who lived in the same street in which my father's house was situated. I well recollect the report being current early in the year. On Easter Sunday, a fine young man, a bricklayer's apprentice went to bathe in the river Ouse, (which runs by C——d, my native town,) and was drowned; this fulfilled his prediction, and made him be regarded with wonder. Whether excited by the celebrity such casual forebodings acquired him, or whether a knavish propensity lurked at the bottom of his affected visionary abstractedness, this last of the "church-watchers" turned out an arrant rogue; the latter years of his execrable existence were marked with rapine and murder. For a time he assumed the mask of religion, but the discipline of the sect he joined was too strict to suit his dishonest views. He was expelled the society for mal-practices, quickly joined himself to another, and afterwards associated with a loose young man, who, if alive, is in New South Wales, whither he was transported for life. They commenced a system of petty plunder, which soon increased to more daring acts of robbery and burglary. They withdrew to a distance from C——d for a time; a warrant was out against them for a burglary, of which they were the suspected perpetrators. They went to a small town where they were not known, and assumed the disguise of fortune-tellers. "Old Joe" was the "wise man," and affected to be dumb, whilst his younger confederate, like a flamen of old, interpreted his mystic signs. They lodged at a house kept by two aged sisters, spinsters. They found that these females were possessed of a little money, and kept it in a box. One night they gave their hostesses sweetened ale, in which they had infused a quantity of laudanum. One of the poor women never woke again, but the other lived. These men were taken up and examined, but liberated for want of proof. They afterwards were suspected of having shot the Leeds and Selby carrier in the night; at length they were taken for stealing some hams, and in consequence of their bad character, sentenced to transportation for life. The termination of Joe's life was remarkable; Sampson like, he drew destruction on his own head. When about to be embarked for Botany Bay, Joe, either touched by conscience, or through reluctance to leave England, made

a confession of his crimes. He and his companion were removed from the Isle of Wight to York castle. Joe alone was put on his trial, and, though not convicted on his own confession, corroborating circumstances of his guilt were produced, and the sister of the poisoned female appeared against him. He was found guilty of the murder, and executed at York, at the Lent assizes of 1809. Sir Simon Le Blanc was the judge.

I have dwelt longer, perhaps, on the vile actions of this last of the "church-watchers" than will be amusing to the reader; but he seemed completely identified with the local superstitious of the county. In some degree he made them subservient to further his roguish designs, by assuming the goblin appearance of the "Barguest," and, with his auxiliary, turned it to no bad account. This preternatural appearance alarmed the superstitious, who fled, pursued by the supposed demon. In their panic haste they would leave their doors or gates open, and the rogues never failed to turn these oversights to good account, plundering the house or robbing the premises. This statement is strictly true, they robbed several people in this novel and ingenious manner. By the by, it may be observed, that the "Barguest" is an out-of-door goblin, believed by the vulgar to haunt the streets and lanes of country towns and villages. Its alleged appearance indicates death, or some great calamity.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. P.

On Monday, April 24, 1825, the late Henry Fuseli, Esq., R. A. was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, and a circumstance occurred at his funeral which ought to be known. A gentleman, whose intimacy with Mr. Fuseli seems to have been overlooked by the managers of the funeral, was desirous of paying the last sad tribute of respect to the remains of his friend. He waited the arrival of the body at the cathedral gate, and, after the authorized mourners had alighted, joined with others in following the procession. At the instant that the train from the mourning coaches had entered the great west doors, they were slammed to from within against all who bore not the undertaker's habiliments of woe, and it was announced that the rest were to go round to the north door. At that door admittance was re-

fused to all who would not pay "two-pence a piece." Those who "paid two-pence" were thus permitted to hasten and rejoin the train. The corpse on being borne down the stairs of the vault was then followed as before. Here the door of the vault was suddenly thrust against all who were not mourners, *ex officio*, and a shilling demanded from each of the sympathizing attendants who had not on the funeral garments. Compliance with this further exaction qualified them to see the "funeral performed." This was personally communicated to the editor by the gentleman referred to.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48° 97°.

April 25.

ST. MARK.*

St. Mark's day was anciently kept a fast through all the country, and no flesh eaten upon it. Also upon this, and the three first days of Cross, or the Rogation week, there were processions by the prior and monks of Durlham to one of the parish churches, and a sermon preached at each. Upon Holy Thursday was a procession with two crosses, borne before the monks, and each in rich copes; the prior in one of cloth of gold, so massy that his train was supported. Shrines and relics were also carried. Of the two litanies performed twice in the year, the greater and the less, the first, on St. Mark's day, was instituted by Gregory on account of a pestilence, called also the *black cross*, from the black clothes worn from weeping and penance; or "peraventure, because they covered the crosse and auters with blessed hayres." The smaller litany was sung three days before the Ascension, and was called the rogations, processions, &c., because then a general procession was made, the cross borne, and bells rung. In the procession of some churches there was a dragon with a great tail filled full of chaff, which was emptied on the third day, to show that the devil after prevailing the first and second day, before and under the law, was on "the thyrd day of grace, by the passion of Jhesu criste, put out of his reame."†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 49° 57°.

* See vol. i. p. 512, 521, &c.

† Fosbroke's British Monachs. m.

April 26.

A LAND STORM.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Permit me to call your attention to the following description of a storm, which may be acceptable to the readers of the *Every-Day Book*.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. W.

COLONEL BEAUFAY'S ACCOUNT of a Remarkable Storm.

On Sunday, the 26th of April, 1818, about half-past twelve o'clock, the neighbourhood of Stanmore was visited by a tremendous storm of hail, rain, and wind, accompanied by some unusual phenomena. The elevated situation of Bushey heath afforded me peculiar facilities for viewing its progress and effects, which occupied in space about five miles in a direct line, and in time about twenty minutes. The morning had been close and sultry, the heavens sufficiently clear to enable me to observe the transit of the sun over the meridian, the wind variable, the barometer 29.000 inches, the thermometer 61°, the hygrometer 52°, and the variation of the needle 24° 41' 46" west. I shortly observed the heavens in the south-east quarter much overcast, and some dense black clouds forming in that direction, which immediately discharged rain in torrents, followed by tremendous hail, lightning, and thunder. In about half an hour the fury of the storm had somewhat abated, when my attention was attracted to the south-east by an amazing commotion among the clouds, which appeared to roll over and into each other with considerable rapidity. Beneath these dark clouds there appeared a small white one, moving with surprising velocity towards the north-west; at the same time whirling round in a horizontal direction with prodigious quickness, accompanied with a horrid noise, which I can only compare to a stunning and most discordant whistle. The form of this white cloud was, in the first instance, that of a very obtuse cone with its apex downwards, which, during its rotary motion, occasionally approached and retired from the earth; the tail of the cone elongating continually as it receded, but on approaching the surface of the ground expanding like the lower part of an hour-glass; when it appeared to collect all the surrounding air into its

immediate vortex, as it rebounded with such violence as to root up trees, unroot houses and hayricks, throw down walls and in short every thing that impeded its progress. The effects were, however, exceedingly partial and irregular, depending apparently on the distance of the mouth of the funnel from such objects as chanced to come in the course of direction; as also on the area included within the vortex, at the times it exerted its powers of destruction. This whirlwind appears to have commenced near Mrs. Dickson's farm, situated about one mile to the west of the village of Kenton, in Middlesex; and from thence proceeded in a north by west direction, by compass, over Bellemont, through the orchard adjoining the widow Woodbridge's cottage, over Mr. Roberts's field, Mr. Riddock's nursery, Mr. Martin's pleasure-grounds, Mr. Uttersson's plantations, and the marquis of Abercorn's to Mr. Blackwell's premises, where it changed its direction from north by west, to north by east, passing over Bushey village, through Mr. Bellas's farm and orchard, and finally exhausting its fury about a mile and a half further. At Mr. Dickson's farm it removed some ridge tiles, and part of the thatch of outhouses and hayricks; and on reaching widow Woodbridge's orchard it had obtained much greater force, as it levelled the fruit trees and tore away a greater part of the tiling of the cottage, against which it carried a wooden building several feet with great violence. In passing through Mr. Roberts's field it blew down eleven large elms, the breadth of the tornado at this place not exceeding one hundred yards, as was evident from the trifling injury sustained by the other trees to the right and left. Crossing the road leading to Stanmore, it entered Mr. Riddock's nursery, where it did considerable injury to the young trees, and almost entirely stripped one side of the house, carrying away the thatch of the hayricks, and unroofing some of the outhouses. A large may-bush that stood in front of the greenhouse of Mr. Martin was rooted up, but neither the building nor glass received the smallest injury; while a shed at the back of the house, and likewise the cow-house which almost adjoined, had many tiles carried away. It next entered Mr. Uttersson's plantations, and destroyed fifty trees, appearing to have selected particular ones to wreak its fury; for while one was torn up by the roots, those around

it were untouched, and some were broken in two places as though they had been twice subjected to the action of the vortex. On approaching Mr. Utterson's cottage the storm divided into two parts, one proceeded to the right, the other to the left, as was shown by the thatch remaining undisturbed, while trees standing both in front and behind the house were thrown down. At the extremity of the house the storm seems to have again united, as it tore away some wooden paling though completely sheltered by the building, stripping the tiles of lower out-houses, and throwing down a considerable part of the garden wall. At the marquis of Abercorn's it passed close by an elm, one of whose branches it carried away, the remainder being untouched; and it then threw down about seventy-five yards of garden wall, and leaving an interval of the same extent uninjured, destroyed thirty more; this seems to imply that the storm had here a second time divided. Near this spot one of the marquis's workmen was thrown down by the violence of the wind, and after being rolled over repeatedly, was at length compelled to hold by the grass to prevent his being carried further. In passing over the dovehouse the pigeons were whirled to the ground, and a quantity of paling was torn up and blown to a great distance. The current of wind now proceeded across the road to Mr. Blackwell's brick-kiln, tearing from its hinges and tumbling into a ditch a fieldgate; levelling sixty-five feet of the garden wall in one direction, and also the upper part of another wall running in right angles, in the opposite. The out-houses at this place were much damaged, but the dwelling-house was not touched. After leaving the garden it assailed a large beech, which measured at the base eighteen feet in circumference. My eye happened to be fixed on this tree at the moment; the wind commenced by giving its large head a considerable twist, and in an instant tore it up by the roots. After passing over the grave-pits at Harrow Weald, and a part of the village of Bushey, where it nearly unroofed a house, it continued its course without doing any further mischief until it reached Mr. Bellas's farm. At this place its effects were very destructive among the fruit-trees and large elms, besides tearing away the tiles and thatch of the house, buildings, and ricks; for here the storm appears to have contracted to a width of sixty

yards, and its impetuosity to have increased in proportion as its breadth diminished. After passing in a north by east direction about a mile and a half further than Mr. Bellas's farm, its fury most probably subsided, as the only further mischief I have been able to trace was the destruction of two small elms in a hedgerow, and whose support had been weakened by digging away the earth from their roots. I observed when the clouds or vapour from which all this storm proceeded, enveloped the upper part of the cone in which Mr. Blackwell burns his bricks, the cone appeared to be surrounded with a thick mist, and most violently agitated. I also observed that in its passage over the gravel pits, it tore up the earth and gravel, not in a uniform manner, but, as it were, by jumps, leaving intervals between the various points of contact of sometimes one hundred yards and upwards; and the dreadful whistling noise continued unabated until the cessation of the storm. This phenomena was at one time within less than a quarter of a mile of my house; but the trees in the garden were not much affected by it, though I have reason to believe, from the testimony of several persons, on whose veracity I can rely, that the violence of the storm was such as to force them to lay hold of hedges to prevent their being thrown down. Mr. Blackwell, in particular, mentioned that in returning from church with one of his children, in order to secure himself and boy from being carried away, he was obliged to hold by a stake. It is further stated on the most respectable authority, that cattle were seen lifted, or rather driven, from one end of the field to the other. There is reason to believe that one or more meteoric stones fell during the storm; for one of the late marquis of Abercorn's gardeners told me he had observed "a large stone about the size of his fist, descend in nearly a perpendicular direction, after a very dazzling flash of lightning, not followed by thunder." At my request he readily showed the spot on which it apparently fell; but the place being full of holes the search was unsuccessful; or it might have fallen into a pond situated near the place. I, as well as others, after a flash of lightning, heard a noise similar to the firing of a large rocket, or resembling a number of hard substances shot out of a cart.*

* Thomson's Annals.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 49 . 35.

April 27.

A SPRING WALK

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Having, like I'alstaff, "babbled o' green fields," I resolved to visit them; and a few mornings ago, taking with me a certain talisman with his majesty's head thereon, I bent my steps through the now populous town of Walworth, famous, like London, for its "Sir William," and in whose history are many things well worthy your notice. Proceeding thence through Camberwell, I ascended the hill at whose foot quickly stands the Sunday resort of many town immured beings, the public-house yclept "the Fox-under-the-Hill." Here the works of man are intruding on the country in villas of various shapes and dimensions, the sight of which would make the former possessors of the land, if they loved their fields, and could look around them, feel as did the American chief, who dining one day with some British officers at a house which commanded a view of the vast lakes and forests formerly the inheritance of his fathers, was observed to eye the scene before him with melancholy scrutiny.—"Chieftain," remarked General ———, "you are sad!" "I am;" was his answer, "and how can I be otherwise, when I think of the time when all I look on was the property of my nation; but 'tis gone; the white men have got it, and we are a houseless and a homeless people. The white man came in his bark, and asked leave to tie it to a tree; it was given him—he then asked to build him a hut; it was granted—but how was our kindness repaid? his hut became a fort, his bark brought in her womb the children of the thunder to our shores—they drove us from forest to forest, from mountain to mountain, they destroyed our habitations and our people, they rooted up our trees, and have left us but the desert—I *am* sad; and how can I be otherwise?" I return from this digression to ascend Herne Hill, the Elysium of many of our merchants and traders, whose dwellings look the abodes of happy mortals,—beings, seeking, in retirement from the busy world, to repay

themselves for the anxieties and fatigues of life with peace and competence.

O, how blest is he who here
Can calmly end life's wild career;
He who in the torrid zone,
Hath the spirit's wasting known,
Or pin'd where winter 'neath the pole,
Through the body wrings the soul,
Losing in this peaceful spot
Memory of his former lot.
And O, how happy were it mine,
To build me here, ere life decline,
A cot, 'mid these sequestered grounds,
With every year three hundred pounds.

Gentlemen of Herne Hill I envy you—but I am not a money-getting man, so it is useless to wish for such a treasure. Proceeding onward, I wind down the southern declivity of this lovely Olympus—it *has* been, ere now, to me, a Parnassus, but that is past, and the hoofs of Lancefield's steeds have superseded those of Pegasus.—On the left a quiet green lane, such as Byron would have loved, leads to Dulwich, famous for its college, and the well paid and well fed inhabitants thereof, and its gallery of pictures. On the right is an opening as yet unprofaned by brick and mortar—the only place now left, from whence a traveller can view the soft scenery around. I go down this vista, and am rewarded with a beauteous prospect of variegated hills, vallies, meadows, &c. &c. I again approach the steep, retracing my path; and descending further, green fields and still greener hedges are on each side of me, studded with various wild flowers. At every step I hear the rich music of nature; the sky-lark is above me singing, heedless if the gled* be in the blue cloud; and at least a score of robins with their full bright eyes, and red bosoms, hopping about me, singing as stout as if it was winter, and looking quite as bold. There is a mixture of cheerfulness and melancholy in their song, which to me is pleasing; now loud and shrill, and now a long rolling sound like the rising of the wind. Advancing, I come in sight of the New Church of Norwood with its unsightly steeple Ichabod! the glory of the church has departed. I never observe the new churches on the Surrey side of the river, without imagining their long bodies and short steeples look, from a distance, like the rudders of so many sailing barges. Where

* Hawk

is the grand oriel—the square tower? what have we in their stead? a common granary casement, and a shapeless spire. I again move onward rather tired, and turning to the left, after a short up-hill journey with a charming view on all sides, arrive at “the Woodman,” where the talisman I spoke of showed its power, by instantly procuring me good eating and other refreshing solace. Here a man might sit for an hour unwearied, better in head and heart from the loveliness of the scenery beneath him; and here I repose,—

Inhaling as the news I read
The fragrance of the Indian weed.

You are, I have heard, no smoker; yet there is “a something” in a pipe which produces that tranquillity of mind you so much need; if alone it is a companion, bringing quiet thoughts and pleasing visions; it is a good friend if not abused, and is, above all, a promoter of digestion—no bad quality. Below me, yet wearing its livery of brown, lies the wood, the shadowy haunt of the gypsy tribe ere magisterial authority drove them away. Many a pleasant hour have I spent in my younger days with its Cassandras, listening to their prophetic voices, and looking at their dark eyes.

O, the dusky hands are ne’er forgot,

That my palm trac’d.

Of her I clasp’d, in that calm spot,

Around the waist;

I feel the thrill

Of her fingers still,

Her dark eyes on me beam,

O, what joyous thoughts my bosom fill

Of that sweet dream.

But—as the song says—

“Farewell to Glenowen

For I must be going.”

I proceed; Sydenham lies before me, beyond it in softened distance, Beckenham and Bromley meet the eye, with Dulwich below—and half hidden, and afar off, is smoky London, with the Abbey towers and St. Paul’s dome looking gloomily grand. In the foreground lies a rich variety of upland and dale, studded with snow white dwellings. Leaving the wood on my left, I reach the reservoir of the canal, and read no less than three boards threatening with the severest penalties all intruders. Again I am surrounded with sky-larks; I watch one leave the grass, he is up nearly a quarter of an hour, and here I meet a man with a dozen or more nests of young

birds, blackbirds, thrushes, and robins, which is very early for the latter. Pacing slowly up a quiet lane to the left of the canal, I arrive at a few delightful cottages on the brow of the hill; below them to the south—

A lovely prospect opens wide,
Wave-like hills on every side,
By human hands diversified.

Somewhere near the canal, at a brick-maker’s hut, poor Dermody, the Irish poet, retired sick, and in poverty. Turning to the left I view Forest Hill, the sweetest haunt of my poetic hours, but here, as at every other desirable spot for meditation, frowns the warning board, placed by the hand of envious monopoly—

“The law will punish all who enter here.”

Nun Head Hill, the favourite resort of smoke-dried artisans, and other Londoners, is taken from them, and a narrow path is all that remains for their Sunday promenade. Ruminating on the change I move on, and espying a gap in the hedge, enter a field, where, reclining on the long grass, I muse, till, like the shadowy kings in Macbeth, my cares and sorrows pass before me. I listen! it is the music of heaven—numerous sky-larks tower aloft, the best I have yet heard; ye that wish for good ones catch them here—which advice, if they heard, would doubtless bring them down on me with beak and claw. Hark! it is the tit-lark, the harbinger of the nightingale; he is just come over, and the other will quickly follow: he drops from the tallest tree, and sings till earth receives him. His song is short, but very sweet; nothing can equal his rising “Weet—weet—weet—weet—weet—weet,” and dying “Feer—feer—feer—feer—feer—feer,” and his lengthened “Snee—jug—jug—jug.” It is from him that the best notes of your canaries are obtained; he will sing till July. About the fifteenth, the fowler will go out, and the nightingale will sell his freedom for a meal-worm—how many of us mortals do the same to gratify our appetites! The bird now caught will be a good one, which is more than I can say of the mortal. He will not yet have paired with the hen, she not having made her appearance. The males arrive first, at least so say the catchers, but I doubt if they emigrate at all. The tame ones in cages when they leave off song get

extremely fat, and are half stupid till the season returns; perhaps the wild ones do the same, and retire into secrecy during the winter. I merely surmise that such may be the case.

Evening drawing on, and the wind edging round to the northward, I bend my course through Peckham, and again enter the busy haunts of man, where, reaching my home, I sit down and write this for your columns, hoping it may be acceptable.

I am, Sir, &c. J.

Kent Road,
April 14, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 . 20 .

April 28.

CHRONOLOGY.

In 1658, during this month, the accomplished colonel Richard Lovelace died in the Gatehouse at Westminster, whither he had been committed for his devotion to the interests and fortunes of the Stuart family. His celebrity is preserved by some elegant poems; one is especially remarkable for natural imagery, and beautiful expression of noble thought:—

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fettered with her eye;
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tittle in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minutes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 . 21

April 29.

THE APRIL OF 1826.

This month is remarkable for the endurance of great suffering by many thousands of English artisans.

In a "Statement to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, by the Hand-loom Weavers of Blackburn," they say—

"Our dwellings are totally destitute of every comfort.

"Every article of value has disappeared, either to satisfy the cravings of hunger, or to appease the clamour of relentless creditors.

"Thousands who were once possessed of an honest independence gained by laborious industry, are now sunk in the lowest depths of poverty.

"Were the humane man to visit the dwellings of four-fifths of the weavers, and see the miserable pittance which sixteen hours' hard labour can procure, even of those who are fully employed, divided between the wretched parents and their starving little ones, he would sicken at the sight.

"When we look upon our starving wives and children, and have no bread to give them, we should consider ourselves still more degraded than we are, as undeserving the name of Englishmen, were we to withhold our complaint from his majesty's government, or to abstain from speaking in proper terms of what we consider the present unparalleled distress which exists among the weavers; and we implore you, sir, by all the ties which bind the patriot to his country, by that anxiety for the welfare of England which you have frequently evinced, to use that influence which you possess with his majesty's government towards procuring an amelioration of the condition of the most injured and oppressed class of his majesty's subjects."

The rev. Joseph Fletcher of Mile-end corroborates these statements by local acquaintance with the districts, and affirms of his own knowledge, that "the recent causes of commercial distress have produced unparalleled misery."

"In the town of Blackburn and its vicinity, it has reached its highest point of aggravation. At the present crisis, upwards of seven thousand looms are unemployed in Blackburn, and nearly fourteen thousand persons have been compelled to depend on the bounty of the inhabitants; and as, according to the late census, Blackburn contains about twenty-one thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of the population are in a state of utter destitution.

"The remaining number of the middle and higher classes of society, bears a far less proportion to the population than in any part of the kingdom, while the same disproportion exists amidst a teeming and immense population in the villages and hamlets of the district.

"Thus, the accessible sources of relief are diminished, and the means of alleviation are not in the power of those whose very dependence for their own supply rests on the destitute themselves."

The pleasure of the very poor man, while he endures the privations of his ordinary condition, is the mere absence of bodily disease; and he patiently awaits the time when his life shall depart, and his body shall be buried at the parish expense, and his family shall walk from his funeral into the workhouse. This is his state in the best of times; but, in a season of general calamity to his class, when the barely sufficient sources of existence fail, his death is no provision for his wife and children; then the poor are rated for the maintenance of the poor; whole parishes become paupers; and the district must necessarily be supported by voluntary contributions throughout the country.

The dwelling of the very poor man is always cheerless; but the abode of indigence, reduced to starvation, is a cave of despair. Thousands of families are perishing for lack of food at the moment when this is written. From him who has a little, a little is required—and from him who has much, much is required—that the plague of famine be stayed. The case is beyond the reach of legislation, but clearly within the power of associated benevolence to mitigate. A cry or hunger is gone forth—is the ear deaf, that it cannot hear?—are the hands that have been often effectually stretched forth, shortened that they cannot save?

THE POOR MAN'S HOME.

"*Home is home, though it is never so homely.*" Exceptions to this position are taken by ELIA, who, as regards the poor man, deems it a "fallacy," to which "crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of alehouses, if they could speak, would bear mournful testimony."—"To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the depth of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man can ask no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At home there are no politics stirring but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him with a sympathy to general existence, are crushed in the absorbing consideration of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humble cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their good man to the door of the public-house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by

want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery,—is that a face to stay at home with? is it more a woman, or a wild cat? alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burdens can it lighten? Oh, it is a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together. But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they *drag* them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said, that a babe is fed with milk and praise. But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense, (best sense to it,) the wise impertinencies, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to, no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of real life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for good with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the

casual street-talk, between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear starching, of the price of coals or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers. It haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the very poor is no home?*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 49 · 02.

April 30.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 30th of April, 1745, the battle of Fontenoy was fought between the allied armies of England, Holland, and Austria, under the command of the duke of Cumberland, and a superior French army, under marshal count De Saxe. Here the advantage of the day was to the French; the duke of Cumberland left his sick and wounded to the humanity of the victors, and Louis XV. obtained the mastery of the Netherlands.

The battle was commenced with the formal politeness of a court minuet. Captain Lord Charles Hay, of the English guards, advanced from the ranks with his hat off; at the same moment, lieutenant count D'Auteroche, of the French guards, advanced also, uncovered, to meet him. Lord Charles bowed:—"Gentleman of the French guards," said he, "fire!" The count bowed to lord Charles. "No my lord," he answered, "we never fire first!" They again bowed; each resumed his place in his own ranks; and after these testimonies of "high consideration," the bloody conflict commenced, and there was a carnage of twelve thousand men on each side.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 · 57



MAY.

Also, in calendars, the month of May
Is marked the month of Love—two lovers stray,
In the old wood-cuts, in a forest green,
Looking their love into each other's eyes
And dreaming happiness that never dies ;
And there they talk unheard, and walk unseen,
Save by the birds, who chant a louder lay
To welcome such true lovers with the May.

The month of May was deemed by the Romans to be under the protection of Apollo ; and it being the month wherein they made several expiations, they prohibited marrying in May. On the first day of May the Roman ladies sacrificed to

Bona Dea, the Good Goddess, or the Earth, represented in the *Frontispiece* to the first volume of the *Every-Day Book*, with the zodiacal signs of the celestial system, which influences our sphere to produce its fruits in due order.

It is in May that "Spring is with us once more pacing the earth in all the primal pomp of her beauty, with flowers and soft airs and the song of birds every where about her, and the blue sky and the bright clouds above. But there is one thing wanting, to give that happy completeness to her advent, which belonged to it in the elder times; and without which it is like a beautiful melody without words, or a beautiful flower without scent, or a beautiful face without a soul. The voice of man is no longer heard, hailing her approach as she hastens to bless him; and his choral symphonies no longer meet and bless *her* in return—bless *her* by letting her behold and hear the happiness that she comes to create. The soft songs of women are no longer blended with her breath as it whispers among the new leaves; their slender feet no longer trace *her* footsteps in the fields and woods and wayside copses, or dance delighted measures round the flowery offerings that she prompted their lovers to place before them on the village green. Even the little children themselves, that have an instinct for the spring, and feel it to the very tips of their fingers, are permitted to let May come upon them, without knowing from whence the impulse of happiness that they feel proceeds, or whither it tends. In short,

'All the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.'

while man, man alone, lets the season come without glorying in it; and when it goes he lets it go without regret; as if 'all seasons and their change' were alike to him; or rather, as if he were the lord of all seasons, and they were to do homage and honour to him, instead of he to them! How is this? Is it that we have 'sold our birthright for a mess of pottage'?—that we have bartered 'our being's end and aim' for a purse of gold? Alas! thus it is:

'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon!

—But be this as it may, we are still able to *feel* what nature is, though we have in a great measure ceased to *know* it; though we have chosen to neglect her ordinances, and absent ourselves from her presence, we still retain some instinctive reminiscences of her beauty and her power; and every now and then the sordid walls of those mud hovels which we have built for ourselves, and choose to dwell in, fall down before the magic touch of our involuntary fancies, and give us glimpses into "that imperial palace whence we came," and make us yearn to return thither, though it be but in thought.

'Then sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the MAY!' *"

May 1.

St. Philip and St. James.†

MAY DAY.

As we had some agreeable intimacies to-day last year, we will seek our country friends in other rural parts, this "May morning," and see "how they *do*."

To illustrate the custom of going "a Maying," described in volume i., a song still used on that occasion is subjoined:—

THE MAYER'S CALL.

Come, lads, with your bills,
To the wood we'll away,
We'll gather the boughs,
And we'll celebrate May.

We'll bring our load home,
As we've oft done before,
And leave a green bough,
At each good master's
good neighbour's
pretty maid's } *door.

* Mirror of the Month.
† See vol. i. p. 541.

To-morrow, when work's done,
I hold it no wrong,
If we go round in ri'ands,
And sing them a song.

Come, lads, bring your bills,
To the wood we'll away,
We'll gather the boughs,
And we'll celebrate May.

There is a rural ditty chanted in vil-
lages and country towns, preparatory to
gathering the May :—

THE MAY EVE SONG.

If we should wake you from your
sleep,
Good people listen now,
Our yearly festival we keep,
And bring a Maythorn bough.

An emblem of the world it grows,
The flowers its pleasures are,
But many a thorn bespeaks its woes,
Its sorrow and its care.

Oh! sleep you then, and take your
rest,
And, when the day shall dawn,
May you awake in all things blest—
A May without a thorn.

And when, to-morrow we shall come
Oh! treat us not with scorn;
From out your bounty give us some—
Be May without a thorn.

May He, who makes the May to
blow,
On earth his riches sheds,
Protect thee against every woe,
Shower blessings on thy heads.

After "bringing home the May,"
here is another lay :—

THE MAYER'S SONG.

On the Mayers deign to smile,
Master, mistress, hear our song,
Listen but a little while,
We will not detain you long.

Life with us is in its spring,
We enjoy a blooming May,
Summer will its labour bring,
Winter has its pinching day.

Yet the blessing we would use
Wisely—it is reason's part—
Those who youth and health abuse,
Fail not in the end to smart.

Mirth we love—the proverb says,
Be ye merry but be wise,
We will walk in wisdom's way.
There alone true pleasure lies.

May, that now is in its bloom,
Ail so fragrant and so fair,
When autumn and when winter
come,
Shall its useful berries bear.

We would taste your home-brew'd
beer,—
Give not, if we've had enough,—
May it strengthen, may it cheer,
Waste not e'er the precious stuff.

We of money something crave,
For ourselves we ask no share,
John and Jane the whole shall have,
They're the last new married pair.

May it comfort to them prove,
And a blessing bring to you;
Blessings of connubial love,
Light on all like inorning dew.

So shall May, with blessings crown'd,
Welcom'd be by old and young,
Often as the year comes round,
Shall the May-day song be sung.

Fare ye well, good people all,
Sweet to night may be your rest,
Every blessing you befall,
Blessing others you are blest.

As the day advances, a ballad suitable
to the "village sports" is sung by him
who has the honour to crown his lass as
the "May-day queen."—

THE WREATH OF MAY.

This slender rod of leaves and
flowers,
So fragrant and so gay,
Produce of spring's serener hours,
Peculiarly is May.

This slender rod, the hawthorn bears,
And when its bloom is o'er,
Its ruby berries then it wears,
The songster's winter store.

Then, though it charm the sight and
smell,
In spring's delicious hours,
The feather'd choir its praise shall
tell,
'Gainst winter round us lovers.

O then, my love, from me receive,
This beauteous hawthorn spray,
A garland for thy head I'll weave,
Be thou my queen of May.

Love and fragrant as these flowers,
Live pure as thou wert born,
And ne'er may sin's destructive
powers,
Assail thee with its thorn.

One more ditty, a favourite in many parts of England, is homely, but there is a prettiness in its description that may reconcile it to the admirers of a "country life:"—

THE MAY DAY HERD.

Now at length 'tis May-day morn,
And the herdsman blows his horn;
Green with grass the common now,
Herbage bears for many a cow.

Too long in the straw yard fed,
Have the cattle hung their head,
And the milk did well nigh fail,
The milk-maid in her ashen pail.

Well the men have done their job,
Every horn has got its knob;
Nor shall they each other gore,
Not a bag, or hide, be tore.

Yet they first a fight maintain,
Till one cow the mastery gain;
They, like man, for mastery strive,
They by others' weakness thrive.

Drive them gently o'er the lawn,
Keep them from the growing corn;
When the common they shall gain,
Let them spread wide o'er the plain.

Show them to the reedy pool,
There at noon their sides they'll cool,
And with a wide whisking tail,
Thrash the flies as with a flail.

Bring them gently home at eve,
That their bags they may relieve,
And themselves of care divest,
Chew the cud and take their rest.

Now the dairy maid will please,
To churn her butter, set her cheese;
We shall have the clotted cream,
The tea-table's delightful theme.

Raise the song, then, let us now,
Sing the healthful, useful cow,
England well the blessing knows,
A land with milk that richly flows.

May-day is a *Spring* day.

Spring—"the *innocent* spring," is the firstling of revolving nature; and in the first volume, is symbolized by an infant. In that engraving there is a sort of appeal to parental feeling; yet an address more touching to the heart is in the following little poem:—

A Mother to her First-born.

'Tis sweet to watch thee in thy sleep,
When thou, my boy, art dreaming;
'Tis sweet, o'er thee a watch to keep,
To mark the smile that seems to creep
O'er thee like daylight gleaming.

'Tis sweet to mark thy tranquil breast,
Heave like a small wave flowing;
To see thee take thy gentle rest,
With nothing save fatigue oppress,
And health on thy cheek glowing.

To see thee now, or when awake,
Sad thoughts, alas! steal o'er me—
For thou, in time, a part must take,
That may thy fortunes mar or make,
In the wide world before thee.

But I, my child, have hopes of thee,
And may they ne'er be blighted!—
That I, years hence, may live to see
Thy name as dear to all as me,
Thy virtues well requited.

I'll watch thy dawn of joys, and mould
Thy little mind to duty—
I'll teach thee words, as I behold
Thy faculties like flowers unfold,
In intellectual beauty.

And then, perhaps, when I am dead,
And friends around me weeping—
Thou'lt see me to my grave, and shed
A tear upon my narrow bed,
Where I shall then be sleeping!

BARTON WILFORD.

The Maypole nearest to the metropolis, that stood the longest within the recollection of the editor, was near Kennington-green, at the back of the houses, at the south corner of the Workhouse-lane, leading from the Vauxhall-road to Elizabeth-place. The site was then nearly vacant, and the Maypole was in the field on the south side of the Workhouse-lane, and nearly opposite to the Black Prince public house. It remained till about the year 1795, and was much frequented, particularly by milk maids.

A delightfully pretty print of a merry-making "round about the *Maypole*," supplies an engraving on the next page illustrative of the prevailing tendency of this work, and the simplicity of rural manners. It is not so sportive as the dancings about the Maypoles near London formerly; there is nothing of the boisterous rudeness which must be well remembered by many old Londoners on May day.



The Country Maypole.

It is a pleasant sight, to see
 A little village company
 Drawn out upon the first of May
 To have their annual holiday :—
 The pole hung round with garlands gay ;
 The young ones footing it away ;
 The aged cheering their old souls
 With recollections and their bowls ;
 Or, on the mirth and dancing failing,
 Their oft-times-told old tales re-taleing.

The innocent and the unaspiring may always be happy. Their pleasures like their knitting needles, and hedging gloves, are easily purchased, and when bestowed are estimated as distinctions. The late Dr. Parr, the fascinating converser, the skilful controvertor, the first Greek scholar, and one of the greatest and most influential men of the age, was a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage-house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish Maypole, which on the annual

festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the Maypole in a closet of his house, from whence it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers preparatory to its elevation, and to the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to amuse, and advantage

to his neighbours. He was deemed eccentric, and so he was; for he was never proud to the humble, nor humble to the proud. His eloquence and wit elevated humility, and crushed insolence; he was the champion of the oppressed, a foe to the oppressor, a friend to the friendless, and a brother to him who was ready to perish. Though a prebend of the church with university honours, he could afford to make his parishoners happy without derogating from his ecclesiastical dignities, or abatement of self-respect, or lowering himself in the eyes of any who were not inferior in judgment, to the most inferior of the villagers of Hatton.

Formerly a pleasant character dressed out with ribands and flowers, figured in village May-games under the name of



JACK-O'-THE-GREEN.

The Jack-o'-the-Greens would sometimes come into the suburbs of London, and amuse the residents by rustic dancing. The last of them, that I remember, were at the Paddington May-dance, near the "Yorkshire Stingo," about twenty years ago, from whence, as I heard, they diverged to Bayswater, Kentish-town, and adjoining neighbourhoods. A Jack-o'-the-Green always carried a long walking stick with floral wreaths; he whisked it about in the dance, and afterwards walked with it in high estate like a lord mayor's footman.

On this first of the month we cannot pass the poets without listening to their carols, as we do, in our walks, to the songs of the spring birds in their thickets

TO MAY.

Welcome! dawn of summer's day,
Youthful, verdant, balmy May!
Sunny fields and shady bowers,
Spangled meads and blooming flowers,
Crystal fountain—limpid streams,
Where the sun of nature beams,
As the sigh of morn reposes,
Sweetly on its bed of roses!
Welcome! scenes of fond delight,
Welcome! eyes with rapture bright—
Maidens' sighs—and lovers' vows—
Fluttering hearts—and open brows!
And welcome all that's bright and gay,
To hail the balmy dawn of May!

J. I. Stevens.

The most ancient of our bards makes noble melody in this glorious month. Mr. Leigh Hunt selects a delightful passage from Chaucer, and compares it with Dryden's paraphrase:—

It is sparkling with young manhood and a gentle freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire;" and what a native and happy case in the conclusion!

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluweth* in her song the morrow gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
And with his stremes drieth in the greves†
The silver droppes hanging in the leaves;
And Arcite, that is in the court real‡
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
And for to do his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on the courser, starting as the fire;
Is risen to the fieldès him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway.
And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,
And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, fairè freshè May:
I hope that I some green here gotten may."
And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
Into the grove full hastily he start,
And in a path he roamed up and down.

Dryden falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face.

* Saluweth.

† Groves.

‡ Royal.

Here they are. The word morning in second, we are bound to consider as the first line, as it is repeated in the slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turned only to the grove his horses' reins,
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair
Then turned his face against the rising day,
And raised his voice to welcome in the May
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering steps to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

"How poor," says Mr. Hunt, "is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser 'with a lusty heart.' How inferior the commonplace of the 'fiery steed,' which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the courser 'starting as the fire;'—how inferior the turning his face to 'the rising day,' and 'raising his voice,' to the singing 'loud against the sunny shewn;' and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his 'wandering steps' and 'so may thy tender blossoms' &c. to the call upon the fair fresh May, ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get 'some green here;' a touch in the happiest taste of the Italian vivacity. Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes

at St. James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May morning. All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth in glad companies to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with 'the flowery spoil;' no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly-poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
O aure o arboscelli, o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette, o colli o monti,
O valli o fiumi o fonti o verde rivi,
Palme lauri ed olive, edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spirti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi o chiare linfe,
O faretrate ninfe o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Driadi,
Naiadi ed Amadriadi, o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.

Sannazzaro

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Vallies, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;

O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvens all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be ; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are aloue.

“This time two hundred years ago, our ancestors were all anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away ; then debauchery, and identified all pleasure with the town ; then avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.—Fortunately, it does not follow, that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition,—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least, (to speak more philosophically,) a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement, as a fundholder or a partizan ; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on ; must do so, from necessity ; and should do so, for the ends we speak of : but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus ; and ‘the wisest heart of Solomon,’ who found every thing vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the spring and ‘the voice of the turtle,’ because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.”*

Aubrey remarks, that he never remembers to have seen a Maypole in France ; but he says, “in Holland, they have their May-booms, which are straight young trees, set up ; and at Woodstock, in Oxon, they every May-eve goe into the parke,

and fetch away a number of hawthorne-trees, which they set before their dores : ’tis pity that they make such a destruction of so fine a tree.”

As the old antiquary takes us to Woodstock, and a novel by the “Great Unknown,” bears that title, we will “inn” there awhile, agreeably to an invitation of a correspondent who signs *Ωνωφλιτατος*, and who promises entertainment to the readers of the *Every-Day Book*, from an account of some out-of-the-way doings at that place, when there were out-of-the-way doings every where. Our friend with the Greek name is critical ; for as regards the “new novel,” he says, that “*Woodstock* would have been much better if the author had placed the incidents before the battle of Worcester, and supposed that Charles had been drawn over to England to engage in some plot of Dr. Rochecliffes, which had proved unsuccessful. This might have spared him one great anachronism, (placing the pranks of the merry devil of Woodstock in 1651, instead of 1649,) at the same time that it would throw a greater air of probability over the story ; for the reader who is at all acquainted with English history, continually feels his pleasure destroyed by the recollection that in Charles’s escapes after the battle of Worcester, he never once visited Woodstock. Nor does the merry devil of Woodstock excite half the interest, or give us half the amusement he would have done, if the author had lately read the narrative I am now about to copy. He seems to have perused it at some distance of time, and then to have written the novel with imperfect recollection of the circumstances.—But let me begin my story ; to wit, an article in the ‘British Magazine’ for April, 1747, which will I suppose excite some curiosity, and is in the following words :—

“THE GENUINE HISTORY
of the

“GOOD DEVIL OF WOODSTOCK,
“Famous in the world in the year 1649
and never accounted for, or at all understood to this time.”

The teller of this “Genuine History” proceeds as hereafter verbatim.

Some original papers having lately fallen into my hands under the name of "Authentic Memoirs of the Memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford, commonly known by the name of Funny Joe, and now intended for the press," I was extremely delighted to find in them a circumstantial and unquestionable account of the most famous of all invisible agents, so well known in the year 1649, under the name of the good devil of Woodstock, and even adored by the people of that place for the vexation and distress it occasioned some people they were not much pleased with. As this famous story, though related by a thousand people, and attested in all its circumstances beyond all possibility of doubt by people of rank, learning, and reputation, of Oxford and the adjacent towns, has never yet been accounted for or at all understood, and is perfectly explained in a manner that can admit of no doubt in these papers, I could not refuse my readers their share of the pleasure it gave me in reading.

As the facts themselves were at that time so well known that it would have been tedious to enumerate them, they are not mentioned in these papers; but that our readers may have a perfect account of the whole transaction, as well as the secret history of it, I shall prefix a written account of it, drawn up and signed by the commissioners themselves, who were the people concerned, and which I believe never was published, though it agrees very well with the accounts Dr. Plot and other authors of credit give of the whole affair. This I found affixed to the author's memorial, with this title:—

"A particular account of the strange and surprising apparitions and works of spirits, which happened at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, in the months of October and November, in the year of our Lord Christ 1649, when the honourable the commissioners for surveying the said manor-house, park, woods, and other demesnes belonging to that manor, sat and remained there. Collected and attested by themselves.

"The honourable the commissioners arrived at Woodstock manor-house, October 13th, and took up their residence in the king's own rooms. His majesty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council hall their pantry, and the presence chamber was the place where they sat for despatch of business. His majesty's dining-

room they made their wood yard, and stowed it with no other wood but that of the famous royal oak* from the high park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of the king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and bundled up into faggots for their firing.

"October 16. This day they first sat for the despatch of business. In the midst of their first debate there entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a terrible howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and doing some other damage, went under the bed, and there gnawed the cords. The door this while continued constantly shut, when after some two or three hours, Giles Sharp, their secretary, looking under the bed, perceived that the creature was vanished, and that a plate of meat which one of the servants had hid there was untouched, and showing them to their honours, they were all convinced there could be no real dog concerned in the case; the said Giles also deposed on oath that to his certain knowledge there was not.

"October 17. As they were this day sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be none there; presently after they heard also all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence chamber, as also the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room, their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this had some time ceased, the said Giles proposed to enter first into these rooms, and in presence of the commissioners of whom he received the key, he opened the door, and entering with their honours following him, he there found the wood strewed about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, and the ink-glass broken over them, all as they had heard, yet no footsteps appeared of any person whatever being there, nor had the doors ever been opened to admit or let out any persons since their honours were last there. It was therefore

* This is not king Charles the Second's celebrated "Royal Oak," but the "King's Oak" so often mentioned in the novel. To make it standing in 1651 is another anachronism by the by. *Ὁ βασιλεὺς.*

voted *nem. con.* that the person who did this mischief could have entered no other way than at the keyhole of the said doors.

"In the night following this same day, the said Giles and two other of the commissioners' servants, as they were in bed at the same room with their honours, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with such violence as shook them up from the bed to a good distance; and this was repeated many times, their honours being amazed spectators of it. In the morning the bedsteads were found cracked and broken, and the said Giles, and his fellows, declared they were sore to the bones with the tossing and jolting of the beds.

"October 19. As they were all in bed together, the candles were blown out with a sulphurous smell, and instantly many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, and one of them putting his head above the clothes, had not less than six forcibly thrown at him, which wounded him very grievously. In the morning the trenchers were all found lying about the room, and were observed to be the same they had eaten on the day before, none being found remaining in the pantry.

"October 20. This night the candles were put out as before, the curtains of the bed in which their honours lay, were drawn to and fro many times with great violence; their honours received many cruel blows, and were much bruised beside with eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen wooden trenchers which were thrown on the bed, and afterwards heard rolling about the room.

"Many times also this night they heard the forcible falling of many faggots by their bed side, but in the morning no faggots were found there, no dishes or trenchers were there seen neither, and the aforesaid Giles attests that by their different arranging in the pantry, they had assuredly been taken thence and after put there again.

"October 21. The keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay with them; this night they had no disturbance.

"October 22. Candles put out as before. They had the said bitch with them again, but were not by that protected; the bitch set up a very piteous cry, the clothes of their beds were all pulled off, and the bricks, without any wind, were thrown off the chimney tops into the midst.

"October 24. The candles put out as before. They thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bedsides; they counted sixty-four faggots that fell with great violence, and some hit and shook the bed, but in the morning none were found there, nor the door of the room opened in which the said faggots were.

"October 25. The candles put out as before. The curtains of the bed in the drawing-room were forcibly drawn many times; the wood thrown out as before; a terrible crack like thunder was heard, and one of the servants running to see if his masters were not killed, found at his return three dozen of trenchers laid smoothly upon his bed under the quilt.

"October 26. The beds were shaken as before, the windows seemed all broken to pieces, and the glass fell in vast quantities all about the room. In the morning they found the windows all whole, but the floor strewed with broken glass, which they gathered and laid by.

"October 29.* At midnight, candles went out as before; something walked majestically through the room and opened and shut the window; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some whereof fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours' room gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, many of them like common pebbles and boulders, and laid them by where they are to be seen to this day at a corner of the adjoining field. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard throughout the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both the commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost and cried out for help, and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword had well nigh killed one of their honours, taking him for the spirit as he came in his shirt into the room. While they were together the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it.

* *Sic in orig.* Why the other two days are passed over so silently I know not.—*Πνεφίλτατος.*

"October 30. At midnight, something walked into the chamber treading like a bear: it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently on the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones thrown in; these were all found in the morning, and the floor, beds, and walls, were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

"November 1. Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds, that had not their honours called in Giles and his fellows, the house had been assuredly burnt; an hour after the candles went out as usual, the crack of many cannon was heard, and many pails full of green stinking water were thrown on their honours in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed curtains and bedsteads torn and broken: the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them.

"One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was and why it disturbed them so. No answer was given to this, but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and as they all agreed brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed, and as he watched it he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of a broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more

such; these shook the house so violently that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this were all alarmed, and running to the house, they all joined in prayers and psalm-singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon without though no one was there."

Dr. Plot concludes his relation of this memorable event with observing, that though tricks have been often played in affairs of this kind, many of these things are not reconcilable to juggling; such as—1. The loud noises beyond the power of man to make without such instruments as were not there. 2. The tearing and breaking the beds. 3. The throwing about the fire. 4. The hoof treading out the candle; and, 5. The striving for the sword, and the blow the man received from the pummel of it.

To see, however, how great men are sometimes deceived, we may recur to this one tract, where among other things there is one entitled "*The secret history of the good devil of Woodstock*," in which we find it under the author's own hand, that he, Joseph Collins, commonly called funny Joe, was himself this very devil; that he hired himself as a servant to the commissioners under the feigned name of Giles Sharp, and by the help of two friends, an unknown trap-door in the ceiling of the bedchamber, and a pound of common gunpowder, played all these amazing tricks by himself, and his fellow servants, whom he had introduced on purpose to assist him, had lifted up their own beds.

The candles were contrived by a common trick of gunpowder put in them, to put themselves out by a certain time.

The dog who began the farce was, as he swore, no dog, but truly a bitch who had the day before whelped in that room and made all this disturbance in seeking for her puppies; and which when she had served his purpose, he let out and then looked for. The story of the hoof and sword himself alone was witness to, and was never suspected as to the truth of them though mere fictions. By the trap-door his friends let down stones, faggots, glass, water, &c. which they either left there or drew up again as best suited with him; and by this way let themselves in and out without opening the doors and going through the key-holes; and all the noises he declares he made by placing quantities of white gunpowder over pieces of

burning charcoal on plates of tin, which as they melted went off with that violent explosion.

One thing there was beyond all these he tells us, which was also what drove them from the house in reality, though they never owned it. This was they had formed a reserve of part of the premises to themselves, and hid their mutual agreement, which they had drawn up in writing, under the earth in a pot in a corner of the room in which they usually dined, in which an orange tree grew: when in the midst of their dinner one day this earth of itself took fire and burned violently with a blue flame, filling the room with a strong sulphurous stench; and this he also professes was his own doing, by a secret mixture he had placed there the day before.

I am very happy in having an opportunity of setting history right about these remarkable events; and would not have the reader disbelieve my author's account of them, from his naming either white gunpowder going off when melted, or his making the earth about the pot take fire of its own accord; since, however improbable these accounts may appear to some

readers, and whatever secrets they might be in Joe's time, they are well known now in chemistry. As to the last, there needs only to mix an equal quantity of iron filings, finely powered, and powder of pure brimstone, and make them into a paste with fair water. This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will of itself take fire, and burn all the sulphur away, with a blue flame and great stink. For the others, what he calls white gunpowder, is plainly the thundering powder called *pulvis fulminans* by our chemists. It is made only of three parts of saltpetre, two parts of pearl-ashes, or salt of tartar, and one part of flower of brimstone, mixed together and beat to a fine powder; a small quantity of this held on the point of a knife over a candle will not go off till it melts, and then give a report like a pistol; and this he might easily dispose of in larger quantities, so as to make it go off of itself, while he was with his masters.

From this diversion at Woodstock, wherein if we have exceeded be it remembered that Aubrey carried us thither, we return to the diversions of the month.

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
 Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,
 Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,
 And deftly lead the dance along the glade;
 (O may no showers your merry makes affray!)
 Hail at the opening, at the closing day,
 All hail, ye Bonnybels, to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd swains,
 But lead to dance and song the liberal May,
 And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
 Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
 Frisking in glee. To May your garlands bring,
 And ever and anon her praises sing:
 The woods shall echo May,—with May the vallies ring.

MAY DAY IN LONDON.

The traunt schoolboy now at eve we meet,
 Fatigued and sweating thro' the crowded street,
 His shoe embrown'd at once with dust and clay,
 With whitethorn loaded, which he takes for May.
 Round his flapp'd hat in rings the crowslips twine,
 Or in cleft osiers form a golden line.
 On milk-pail rear'd the borrow'd salvers glare,
 Topp'd with a tankard, which two porters bear,
 Reeking they slowly toil o'er rugged stones,
 And joyless milkmaids dance with aching bones



The Milkmaids' Dance.

A pageant quite as gay, of less estate,
 With flowers made and solid silver plate—
 A lesser garland—on a damask bed,
 Was carried on a skilful porter's head ;
 It stopp'd at every customer's street-door,
 And all the milkmaids ranged themselves before ;
 The fiddler's quick'ning elbow quicker flew,
 And then he stamp'd, and then the galliard grew.

Then cows the meadows ranged and fed on grass,
 And milk was sometimes water'd—now, alas !
 In huge first floors each cow, a prison'd guest,
 Eats rancid oil-cake in unnat'ral rest,
 Bids from her udder unconcocted flow
 A stream a few short hours will turn to—foh !

Milk manufactories usurp the place
 Of wholesome dairies, and the milkmaid's face,
 And garlands go no more, and milkmaids cease—
 Yet tell me one thing, and I'll be at peace ;
 May I, ye milk companions, hope to see
 Old " milk *mi-eau* " once more dilute my tea ?



Planting the Village Maypole.

Profitons enfans des beaux jour
 Cette verdure passagère
 Nous apprend qu'une loy sévère
 En doit bientost finir le cours.

In this way the setting up of the Maypole is represented by one of the old French prints of the customs of the seasons, published "à Paris chez I. Mariette," with the preceding lines subjoined. It is wholly a rustic affair. In an English village such an event would have been celebrated to the simple sounds from a

pipe and tabor, or at most a fiddle; but our neighbours of the continent perform the ceremony by beat of drum and sound of trumpet. Their merriments are showy as themselves; ours are of a more sober character, and in the country seem nearer to a state of pastoral simplicity.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
 That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd,
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
 And my cur, Tray, play deffest feats around;

But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Gay.

Also, on May-day we have the superstitions of innocence, or ignorance if the reader please—no matter which, it is the same thing. In the same poet's budget of country charms and divinations be-

longing to different seasons, he represents a young girl divining respecting her sweetheart, with as much certainty as the Pythian dame concerning the fate of nations.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal:
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound:
I seiz'd the vermine; home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Luberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Gay.

MAY DAY IN DUBLIN.

For the Every-Day Book.

On the first day of May, in Dublin and its vicinity, it is customary for young men and boys to go a few miles out of town in the morning, for the purpose of cutting a *May-bush*. This is generally a white thorn, of about four or five feet high, and they carry it to the street or place of their residence, in the centre of which they dig a hole, and having planted the bush, they go round to every house and collect money. They then buy a pound or more of candles, and fasten them to various parts of the tree or bush, in such a manner so as to avoid burning it. Another portion of "the collection" is expended in the purchase of a heap of turf, sufficient for a large fire, and, if the funds will allow, an old tar barrel. Formerly it was not considered complete without having a horse's skull and other bones to burn in the fire. The depots for these bones were the tanners' yards in a part of the suburbs, called Kilmainham; and on May morning, groups of boys drag loads of bones to their several destinations. This practice gave rise to a threat, yet made use of:—"I will drag you like a horse's head to the bone-fire." About dusk when no more money can be collected, the bush is trimmed, the turf and bones are made ready to set on fire, the candles are all lighted, the bush fully illuminated, and the boys giving three nuzzas, begin to dance and jump round

it. If their money will afford the expenditure, they have a pot of porter to drink round. After an hour or so, the heap of turf and bones are set fire to, and when the candles are burnt out, the bush is taken up and thrown into the flames. They continue playing about until the fire is burnt out; each then returns to his home; and so ends their May-day.

About two or three miles from Dublin, on the great northern road, is a village called Finglass; it is prettily situated, and is the only place I know of in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where May-day is kept up in the old style. A high pole is decorated with garlands, and visitors come in from different parts of the country, and dance round it to whatever music chance may have conducted there. The best male and female dancer are chosen king and queen, and placed on chairs.

When the dancing is over, they are carried by some of the party to an adjacent public-house, where they regale themselves with ham, beef, whiskey-punch, ale, cakes, and porter, after which they generally have a dance in-doors, and then disperse.

There is an old song relating to the above custom, beginning—

Ye lads and lasses all to-day,
To Finglass let us haste away;
With hearts so light and dresses gay
To dance around the Maypole.—

A. O. B.

It is communicated by T. A. that it was formerly a custom in Cheshire for young men to place *birchen boughs* on May-day over the doors of their mistresses, and make the residence of a scold by an *alder bough*. There is an old rhyme which mentions peculiar boughs for various tempers, an *owler* (alder) for a scolder, a *nut* for a slut, &c. Mr. Ormerode, the county historian, presumes the practice is disused; but he mentions that in the main street of Weverham, in Cheshire, are two Maypoles, which are decorated on this day with all due attention to the ancient solemnity: the sides are hung with garlands, and the top terminat-

ed by a birch, or other tall slender tree with its leaves on; the bark being peeled, and the stem spliced to the pole, so as to give the appearance of one tree from the summit.

ORIGIN OF MAY DAY.

Our usages on this day retain the character of their ancient origin.

The Romans commenced the festival of Flora on the 28th of April, and continued it through several days in May. Ovid records the mythological attributes and dedication of the season to that goddess:—

Fair Flora! now attend thy sportful feast,
Of which some days I with design have past;—
A part in April and a part in May
Thou claims't, and both command my tuneful lay;
And as the confines of two months are thine
To sing of both the double task be mine.
Circus and stage are open now and free—
Goddess! again thy feast my theme must be.
Since new opinions oft delusive are
Do thou, O Flora, who thou art declare;
Why should thy poet on conjectures dwell?
Thy name and attributes thou best can'st tell.
Thus I.—to which she ready answer made,
And rosy sweets attended what she said;
Though, now corrupted, Flora be my name,
From the Greek Chloris that corruption came:—
In fields where happy mortals whilome stray'd
Chloris my name, I was a rural maid;
To praise herself a modest nymph will shun,
But yet a god was by my beauty won.

Flora then relates, that Zephyr became enamoured of her as Boreas had been, that "by just marriage to his bed," she was united to Zephyr, who assigned

her the dominion over Spring, and that she strews the earth with flowers and presides over gardens. She further says, as the deity of flowers,—

I also rule the plains.
When the crops flourish in the golden field;
The harvest will undoubted plenty yield;
If purple clusters flourish on the vine,
The presses will abound with racy wine;
The *flowering* olive makes a beauteous year,
And how can *bloomless* trees ripe apples bear?
The *flower* destroyed of vetches, beans, and peas,
You must expect but small or no increase;
The gift of honey's mine, the painful bees,
That gather sweets from *flowers* or *blooming* trees,
To scented shrubs and violets I invite,
In which I know they take the most delight;
A *flower* an emblem of young years is seen,
With all its leaves around it fresh and green;
So youth appears, when health the body sways,
And gladness in the mind luxuriant plays.

From these allegorical ascriptions, the Roman people worshipped Flora, and

celebrated her festivals by ceremonies and rejoicings, and offerings of spring flowers

and the branches of trees in bloom, which through the accommodation of the Romish church to the pagan usages, remain to us at the present day.

WELLINGTON, UNDER THE WREKIN.

For the Every-Day Book.

It has been usual for the people in this neighbourhood to assemble on the Wrekin-hill, on the Sunday after May-day, and the three successive Sundays, to drink a health "to all friends round the Wrekin;" but as on this annual festival, various scenes of drunkenness and other licentiousness were frequently exhibited, its celebration has, of late, been very properly discouraged by the magistracy, and is going deservedly to decay.

February, 1826.

W. P.

MAY DAY STORY-TELLING.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

April 25, 1826.

Sir,—At a village in Westmoreland called Temple Sowerby, perhaps if not the *most*, at least *one* of the most beautiful in the north of England, there has been, "from time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary," and still is, a custom on the first day of May for a number of individuals to assemble on the green, and there propose a certain number as candidates for contesting the various prizes then produced, which consist of a grindstone as the head prize; a hone or whetstone, for a razor, as the second; and whetstones of an inferior description, for those who can only reach a state of mediocrity in "the noble art of lying."

The *people* are the judges: each candidate in rotation commences a *story*, such as his fertile genius at the moment prompts; and the more marvellous or improbable his story happens to be, so much the greater chance is there of his success.

After being *amused* in this manner for a considerable length of time, and awarding the prizes to the most deserving, the host of candidates, judges, and other attendants, adjourn to the inns, where the sports of the day very often end in a few splendid battles.

There is an anecdote, very current in

the place, of a late bishop of Carlisle passing through in his carriage on this particular day, when his attention being attracted by the group of persons assembled together, very naturally inquired the cause. His question was readily answered by a full statement of facts which brought from his lordship a severe lecture on the iniquity of such a proceeding; and at the conclusion, he said, "For my part I never told a lie in my life." This was immediately reported to the judges, upon which, without any dissent, the hone was awarded to his lordship as most deserving of it; and, as is reported, it was actually thrown into his carriage.

For the truth of the anecdote I cannot venture to assert; but the existence of the custom is a well-known fact to many of your readers in the metropolis.

I am, Sir, &c.

C. T.

FLORAL GAMES OF TOULOUSE.

Over a door in the consistory of the Hôtel de Ville at Toulouse, is a small marble figure of Clemence Isaure. In this consistory, the meetings were held for distributing the prizes in the floral games; the figure had flowers in her hand, but they are broken off. Below on a tablet of brass, is a Latin inscription, in Roman capitals, but with so many abbreviations, and some of these of a nature so unintelligible, that the meaning is scarcely to be deciphered. Thus much, however, is to be collected from it, that Clemence Isaure is represented to have been the daughter of L. Isaurus, of the ancient and illustrious family of the Isaureæ of Toulouse; that the institution of the "floral games" is ascribed to her; that she is said to have built the Hôtel de Ville at her own expense; that she have bequeathed to the city the market for corn, wine, fish, and vegetables; and that she have left the remainder of her property in perpetuity to the city for the support of the floral games; yet, it does not mention her age, or at what period she lived, or whether she was maiden, wife, or widow.

"*Le Roman de Clemence Isaure*," an old ballad story, represents her to have been a fair lady of Toulouse, with whom the handsome Lautrec was deeply enamoured, and that she returned his love with equal passion. Alphonso, her fa-

ner, having chosen another husband for Clemence, she resisted the union, declaring that her life was at his disposal, but that as long as she should live, her heart must be wholly Lautrec's. Then Alphonso caused her to be chained, and put her up in a strong tower, and threatened Lautrec's life if he could get him into his power; and Lautrec, having found the place of his mistress's imprisonment, like a true lover despised her cruel father's threats, and went to the tower and repeated his vows and sorrows to the fair Clemence, who came to the grate and told him of his danger, and prayed him to enter into the service of the French king, and follow military glory, and chase the recollection of their loves and their misfortunes; and as a pledge, she presented him with three flowers, a violet, an eglantine, and a marigold. The first she gave him as her colour, that he might appear as her knight; the second was her favourite flower; and the third an emblem of the chagrin and sorrow by which her heart was consumed. Then Clemence kissed the flowers, and let her tears fall on them, and threw them to her lover, and her father appeared, and Lautrec gathered up the flowers, and hastily withdrew. In obedience to the injunctions of his mistress, he departed from Toulouse for the French king's court; but before he had proceeded far on his journey, he heard that the English were marching against the city; and he returned when the inhabitants were flying before the enemy, and abandoning the ramparts, and leaving them defenceless: and only one old man resisted and valiantly maintained his ground. Then Lautrec fled to his assistance, and discovered him to be Alphonso, the father of Clemence: and at the moment when a fatal stroke was aimed at the old man, he rushed forward and received the mortal wound himself, and died in Alphonso's arms, and gave him the flowers he received from Clemence, and conjured him to deliver them to his daughter, and to console her under the distress his fate would bring upon her. And Alphonso relented, and in great sorrow carried the flowers to Clemence, and related the untimely death of Lautrec; and her afflictions were too heavy for her to bear, and she fell a victim to despair and anguish, and followed her lover to the grave. But in remembrance of their sad story, she

bequeathed her whole property to the city of Toulouse for the celebration of annual games, at which, prizes of golden flowers, like those she had given to Lautrec, were to be distributed to the skilful troubadours who should compose the best poem, upon the occasion. This is the history of the gallant Lautrec and the fair Clemence, in the poetical romance.

But according to Pierre Caseneuve, the author of an "Inquiry into the Origin of the Floral Games at Toulouse," there is strong reason to doubt whether such a person as Clemence ever existed. Among the archives of the Hôtel de Ville are several chronicles of the floral games, the oldest of which states, that in the year 1324, seven of the principal inhabitants of Toulouse, desirous to promote the fame and prosperity of the city, resolved to establish an annual festival there, for the cultivation of the Provençal poetry, a spirit of piety, and suavity of manners. They therefore proposed that all persons skilled in Provençal poetry, should be invited to assemble at Toulouse every year in the beginning of May, to recite their compositions, and that a violet of gold should be given to him whose verses the judges should determine the most worthy; and a circular letter in the Provençal poetry was dispersed over the province of Languedoc, inviting competitors to assemble in the beginning of May the following year, to celebrate this festival.

The poetical compositions were not to be confined to the lays of lovers reciting their passion, and the fame of their mistresses; but the honour of God, and glorifying his name, was to be their first object. It was wished that poetry should conduce to the happiness of mankind, and by furnishing them a source of innocent and laudable amusement, make time pass pleasantly, repress the unjust sallies of anger, and dissipate the dark vapours of sadness. For these reasons it was termed, by the institutors, the "Gay Science."

In consequence of this invitation, a large concourse of competitors resorted to Toulouse; and in May, 1325, the first festival of the floral games was celebrated. Verses were recited by the candidates before a numerous assembly. The seven persons with whom the meeting originated, presided under the title of the chancellor of the "Gay Science.

and his six assessors, and there also sat with them, the capitouls or chief magistrates of the town as judges; and there was a great assemblage of knights, of gentlemen, and of ladies. The prize was given to the candidate whose verses were determined by the majority of the judges to be the most worthy.

The "floral games" of Toulouse continued to be celebrated in like manner, at the sole expense of the institutors, till the magistrates seeing the advantage they were of to the town, by the vast concourse of people brought thither, and considering that their continuance must be precarious while they depended upon the ability and disposition of a few individuals for their support, resolved to convert the institution into a public concern; and, with the concurrence of the principal inhabitants, it was determined that the expense should in future be defrayed by the city, that to the original prize two others should be added, a silver eglantine, and a silver marigold; and that occasional ones might be distributed at the option of the judges to very young poets, as stimulants to them to aim at obtaining the principal prizes.

After about thirty years it was judged expedient to appoint a committee, who should draw up such a code of statutes as might include every possible case that could occur, and these statutes were laid before the judges for their approbation.

Among these decrees the principal were, that no prize could be given to a heretic, a schismatic, or an excommunicated person; that whoever was a candidate for any of the prizes should take a solemn oath that the poetry was his own composition, without the least assistance from any other person; that no woman should be admitted to the competition, unless her talents in composing verses were so celebrated as to leave no doubt of her being capable of writing the poetry offered:—that no one who gained a prize was allowed to be a candidate again till after a lapse of three years, though he was expected in the intervening years to compose verses for the games, and recite them; and that if any or all the prizes remained undisposed of, from no verses being produced that were judged worthy of them, the prizes were to remain over to the next year, then to be given away in addition to the regular prizes of the year.

Under these and other regulations the "floral games" became celebrated throughout Europe; and within fifty years from their first institution they were the resort of all persons of distinction. In 1388, the reigning king of Arragon sent ambassadors to Charles the Sixth of France, with great pomp and solemnity, requesting that some of the poets of the "floral games" at Toulouse might be permitted to come to the court, and assist in establishing similar games there; promising that, when they had fulfilled their mission, they should receive rewards equal to their merits, and consistent with his royal munificence.

This account of the institution of the "floral games" is from the oldest registers relative to them; wherein there is no mention made of the lady Clemence Isaure till 1513, nearly two hundred years after their institution; and it is well known that the statue of the lady Clemence in the consistory, was not put up till the year 1557. In that year it had been proposed in the college of the Gay Science to erect a monument to her memory in the church of La Dorade, where she was reputed to have been buried; but this idea was afterwards changed for putting up her statue in the room where the "floral games" were held. From that time the statue was always crowned with flowers at the time of the celebration of the games, and a Latin oration pronounced in honour of her. A satirical sonnet in the Provençal language upon the idea of erecting either a monument or a statue to a lady who never had any existence in the world, is preserved in Pierre Caseneuve's "Inquiry into the Origin of the Floral Games."

But by whomsoever the "floral games" of Toulouse were instituted, it is remarkable, that the festival was constantly observed for more than four centuries and a half without interruption. It did not cease to be celebrated till the revolution. It was not, however, continued entirely according to the original institution, since for a considerable time the use of the Provençal language, in the poetry for the prizes, had been abandoned, and the French substituted for it. At what period this change took place does not seem to be well ascertained. The number of prizes; too, was increased to five, the principal of which was still the golden violet; but instead of one

glantine, and one marigold of silver, of each were given. The violet was appropriated to the best ode; the others were for a piece in heroic poetry, for one in pastoral poetry, for a satirical piece, and for a sonnet, a madrigal, a song, or some other minor effusion.

Three of the deputies to the parliament had for some time presided at these games, instead of the chancellor of the Faculty of Science with his six assessors; and with them were associated the capitouls, the chief magistrates of the town. All the other magistrates, and the whole body of the parliament, attended in their robes of office, with the principal gentlemen of the town, and a brilliant assemblage of ladies in full dress. These were ranged round the room in seats raised like an amphitheatre, and the students of the university sat on benches in the centre. The room was ornamented with festoons of flowers and laurel, and the statue of Clemence Isaure was crowned with them. After the oration in honour of her was pronounced, the judges, having previously consulted together in private, and assigned the prizes to the pieces which they thought most worthy of them, stood up, and, naming the poem to which one was given, pronounced with an audible voice, "Let the author come forward." The author then presented himself; when his name was declared, it was followed by a grand flourish of music. The same ceremony was repeated as each piece was pronounced. The whole concluded with each author publicly reading his poem.

Many of these prize poems are to be found in different collections. Several prizes were in latter times adjudged to females, without any strict investigation having been previously made into the possibility of the pieces to which they were decreed being female compositions. It was owing to having gained a silver eglantine at one of these festivals that the celebrated Fabre d'Eglantine assumed the latter part of his name. He was a Languedocian by birth, a native of Limoux, a small town about four leagues from Toulouse.*

Without such encouragements to be poetical, as were annually offered by the conductors of the "floral games" at

Toulouse, our kind feelings have been cultivated, and our literature is enriched by a race of poets, whom we may venture to array against the united armies of continental bards. It may be doubted whether a May prize of Toulouse was ever awarded for sweeter verses, than Matt. Prior's on Chloe's May flowers.

THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odour lost, their colours past,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

The eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sighed; she smil'd; and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours
See yonder, what a change is made!"

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one,
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed,
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw and kissed her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

Prior.

A beautiful ode by another of our poets graces the loveliness of the season,

* Plumptre.

and finally "points a moral" of sovereign virtue to all who need the application, and will take it to heart.

SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expected flowers,
And wake the purple year !
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring :
While whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade ;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of care ;
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some slow, their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day
In fortune's varying colours drest .
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance ;
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

But hark ! the bagpipe summons on the green,
The jocund bagpipe, that awaketh sport ;
The blithsome lasses, as the morning sheen,
Around the flower-crown'd Maypole quick resort ;
The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply ;
" Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No live hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown .
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May."

Gay.

Then, too, a bard of the preceding centuries introduces "the Shepherd's Holiday," the day we now memorialize, with nymphs singing his own sweet verses in "floral games."

Nymph 1.

Thus, thus begin, the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights ,
His morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights :
All envious, and profane away,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

Nymph 2.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground,
With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright daisies, and the lips-of-cows,
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holiday.

Nymph 3.

Drop drop your violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death go out as well
As when you lived unto the smell :
That from your odour all may say, .
This is the shepherd's holiday.

Jonson.

It is to be observed as a remarkable fact, that among the poets, the warmest advocates and admirers of the popular sports and pastimes in village retreats, uniformly invigorate and give keeping to their pictures, by sparkling lights and harmonizing shadows of moral truth.

GATHERING OF MAY DEW.

This engraving represents certain lads and lasses of "auld Reekie," who are early gatherers of "May-dew," in the act of dancing to the piper's "skirl." From

a slight sketch accompanying the communication, Mr. George Cruikshank's pencil depicts the "action," which it should be observed takes place on a hill.



May-dew Dancers at Arthur's-seat. Edinburgh.

Strathspeys and reels,
Put life and metal in their heels.

Burns.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Edinburgh, April 20, 1836.

My Dear Sir,—Allow me, without preface, to acquaint you with a custom of gathering the May-dew here on the first of May.

About four o'clock in the morning there is an unusual stir; a great opening of area gates, and ringing of bells, and a "gathering" of folk of all clans, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow; and a

hurrying of gay throngs of both sexes through the King's-park to Arthur's-seat.

In the course of half an hour the entire hill is a moving mass of all sorts and sizes. At the summit may be seen a company of bakers, and other craftsmen, dressed in kilts, dancing round a Maypole. On the more level part "next door," is usually an itinerant vender of whiskey, or mountain (not May) dew, your approach to whom is always indicated by a number of "bodies" carelessly lying across your

path, not dead, but drunk. In another place you may descry two parties of Irishmen, who, not content with gathering the superficial dew, have gone "deeper and deeper yet," and fired by a liberal desire to communicate the fruits of their industry, actively pelt each other with clods.

These proceedings commence with the daybreak. The strong lights thrown upon the various groups by the rising sun, give a singularly picturesque effect to a scene, wherein the ever-varying and unceasing sounds of the bagpipes, and tabours and fifes, *et hoc genus omne*, almost stun the ear. About six o'clock, the appearance of the gentry, toiling and *pechin* up the ascent, becomes the signal for serving men and women to march to the right-about; for they well know that they must have the house clean, and every thing in order earlier than usual on May-morning.

About eight o'clock the "fun" is all over; and by nine or ten, were it not for the drunkards who are staggering towards the "gude town," no one would know that any thing particular had taken place.

Such, my dear sir, is the gathering of May-dew. I subjoin a sketch of a group of dancers, and

I am, &c.

P. P., Jun.

It is noticed in the "Morning Post" of the second of May, 1791, that the day before, "being the first of May, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful."

May-dew was held of singular virtue in former times. Pepys on a certain day in May makes this entry in his diary:—

"My wife away, down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there to night, and so to gather *May-dew to-morrow morning*, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and" Pepys adds, "I am contented with it." His "reasons for contentment" seem to appear in the same line; for he says, "I (went) by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden;" and there he notices "a great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: and it is very pleasant

and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing—all as one: but to hear the nightingale and other birds; and here a fiddler, and there a harp; and here a jew's-trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking. is mighty diverting," says Mr. Pepys, while his wife is gone to lie at Woolwich. "in order to a little ayre, and to gather *May-dew*."

GERARD'S HALL MAYPOLE

Basing Lane.

Whence this lane derived its name of *Basing*, Stow cannot tell. It runs out of Bread-street, and was called the Bake-house, but, "whether meant for the king's bakehouse, or bakers dwelling there, and baking bread to serve the market in Bread-street, where the bread was sold, I know not," says Stow; "but sure I am, I have not read of Basing or of Gerard, the gyant, to have any thing there to doe."

It seems that this Maypole was fabled to have been "the justing staff of Gerard, a gyant." Stow's particulars concerning it, and his account of Gerard's-hall, which at this time is an inn for Bath and West of England coaches and other conveyances, are very interesting. He says, "On the south side of this (Basing) lane is one great house, of old time builded upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Cane in Normandie; the same is now a common ostrey for receipt of travelers, commonly and corruptly called Gerard's-hall, of a gyant said to have dwelled there. In the high roofed hall of this house, sometime stood a large Firre-Pole, which reached to the rooff thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerard the gyant used in the warres, to runne withall. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which (as they said) served to ascend to the top of the staffe. Of later yeeres this hall is altered in building, and divers roomes are made in it. Notwithstanding, the pole is removed to one corner of the hall, and the ladder hanged broken upon a wall in the yard. The hosteler of that house said to mee, the pole lacked half a foote of forty in length. I measured the compasse thereof, and found it fiftene inches. Reason of the pole could the master of the hostery give me none, but bade mee reade the Chronicles, for there

he heard of it. Which answer," says Stow, "seemed to me insufficient: for he meant the description of Britaine, for the most part drawne out of John Leyland, his commentaries (borrowed of myselfe) and placed before Reynes Wolfe's Chronicle, as the labours of another." It seems that this chronicle has "a chapter of gyants or monstrous men—of a man with his mouth sixteene foote wide, and so to Gerard the gyant and his staffe," which Stow speaks of as "these fables," and then he derives the house called Gerard's-hall, from the owner thereof, "John Gisors, maior of London, in the yeere 1245," and says, "The pole in the hall might bee used of old time (as then the custome was in every parish) to bee set up in the summer, a Maypole, before the principall house in the parish or streete, and to stand in the hall before the scrine, decked with hollie and ivie at the feast of Christmas. The ladder served for the decking of the Maypole, and reached to the roof of the hall."

To this is added, that "every man's house of old time was decked with holly and ivie in the winter, especially at Christmas;" whereof, gentle reader, be pleased to take notice, and do "as they did in the old time."

We think we remember something about milkmaids and their garlands in our boyish days; but even this lingering piece of professional rejoicing is gone; and instead of intellectual pleasures at courts, manly games among the gentry, the vernal appearance every where of boughs and flowers, and the harmonious accompaniment of ladies' looks, all the idea that a Londoner now has of May-day, is the dreary gambols and tinsel-fluttering squalidness of the poor chimney-sweepers! What a personification of the times;—paper-gilded dirt, slavery, and melancholy, bustling for another penny!

Something like celebrations of May-day still loiter in more remote parts of the country, such as Cornwall, Devonshire, and Westmoreland; and it is observable, that most of the cleverest men of the time come from such quarters, or have otherwise chanced upon some kind of insulation from its more sophisticated common-places.—Should the subject come before the consideration of any persons who have not had occasion to look at it with reference to the general character of the age,

they will do a great good, and perhaps help eventually to alter it, by fanning the little sparks that are left them of a brighter period. Our business is to do what we can, to remind the others of what they may do, to pay honours to the season ourselves, and to wait for that alteration in the times, which the necessity of things must produce, and which we must endeavour to influence as genially as possible in its approach.*

From Mr. Leslie's pencil, there is a picture of May-day, "in the old time"—the "golden days of good queen Bess"—whereon a lady, whose muse delights in agreeable subjects, has written the following descriptive lines:—

ON MAY DAY.

By Leslie.

Beautiful and radiant May,
Is not this thy festal day?
Is not this spring revelry
Held in honour, queen, of thee?
'Tis a fair: the booths are gay,
With green boughs and quaint display.
Glasses, where the maiden's eye
May her own sweet face espy;
Ribands for her braided hair,
Beads to grace her bosom fair;
From yon stand the juggler plays
With the rustic crowd's amaze;
There the morris-dancers stand,
Glad bells ringing on each hand;
Here the Maypole rears its crest,
With the rose and hawthorn drest;
And beside are painted bands
Of strange beasts from other lands.
In the midst, like the young queen,
Flower-crowned, of the rural green,
Is a bright-cheeked girl, her eye
Blue, like April's morning sky,
With a blush, like what the rose
To her moonlight minstrel shows;
Laughing at her love the while,—
Yet such softness in the smile,
As the sweet coquette would hide
Woman's love by woman's pride.
Farewell, cities! who could bear
All their smoke and all their care,
All their pomp, when wooed away
By the azure hours of May?
Give me woodbine, scented bowers
Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,
Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,
Sights and sounds, and scenes like these!

L. E. L.

* The Examiner.



Northampton May Garland.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Northampton, April, 1826.

Sir,—Having received much information from your *Every-Day Book*, I shall be very happy to afford any that I may be able to glean; but my means are extremely limited. I however mention a custom at Northampton on the first of May, with some hope that I am not troubling you with a “twice-told tale.”

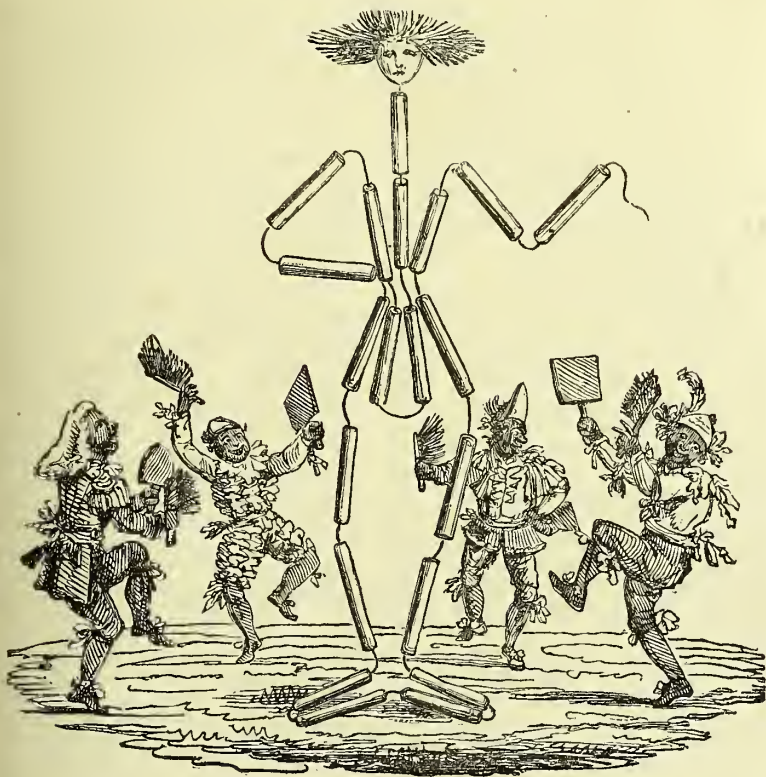
The girls from the neighbouring villages of Kingsthorpe, &c. on the morning of May-day, come into the town with May garlands, which they exhibit from house to house, (to show, as the inhabitants say, what flowers are in season,) and usually receive a trifle from each house. The garland is composed of two hoops cross-

ing each other vertically, and covered with flowers and streamers of various coloured ribands; these are affixed to a staff about five feet long by which it is carried, and in each of the apertures between the hoops is placed a smartly dressed doll.

The accompanying sketch will convey some idea of the garland. There are numerous streamers attached to it, of all the colours of the rainbow. Should you think this notice worth inserting, I shall feel obliged by your substituting any signature you please for my name, which, agreeable to your request to correspondents who communicate accounts of customs, &c., I subjoin.

I am, &c.

B S G. S



The last Chimney Sweeper.

A large brush made of a number of small whalebone sticks, fastened into a round ball of wood, and extending in most cases to a diameter of two feet, is thrust up the chimney by means of hollow cylinders or tubes, fitting into one another like the joints of a fishing rod, with a long cord running through them; it is worked up and down, as each fresh joint is added, until it reaches the chimney pot; it is then shortened joint by joint, and on each joint being removed, is in like manner worked up and down in its descent; and thus you have your chimney swept perfectly clean by this machine, which is called a Scandiscope.

Some wooden tubes, a brush, and rope,
Are all you need employ;
Pray order, maids, the Scandiscope,
And not the climbing boy.

Copy of a printed hand-bill, distributed before May-day, 1826.

No May Day Sweeps.

CAUTION.

The inhabitants of this parish are most respectfully informed, that the UNITED SOCIETY OF MASTER CHIMNEY SWEEPERS intend giving their apprentices a dinner, at the Eyre Arms

St. John's Wood, on the first of May, instead of suffering them to collect money as heretofore; the public are therefore cautioned against encouraging in any way such collections, as they are too frequently obtained by persons of the worst descriptions, or for the sinister purposes of their employers.

N. B. The procession will start from the Bedford Arms, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, at eleven o'clock.

On Monday, the first of May, 1826, (pursuant to the above notice,) the first anniversary dinner of the "United Society of Master Chimney Sweepers," took place at the Eyre tavern, St. John's-wood, Marylebone.

About eleven o'clock, two hundred of their apprentices proceeded in great regularity through the principal streets and squares at the west end of the town, accompanied by an excellent band of music. The clean and wholesome appearance of the lads, certainly, reflected much credit on their masters, and attracted crowds of persons to the above tavern, where the boys were regaled with a substantial repast of roast beef and plum-pudding; after which the masters themselves sat down to a very excellent dinner provided for the occasion.

On the cloth being removed, and the usual routine of loyal toasts drank, the chairman addressed his brother tradesmen, congratulating them on the formation of a society that was calculated to do such essential service to the trade in general. It would be the means of promoting the welfare of their apprentices,—which was a feeling he was convinced every one of them had at heart,—who, instead of being permitted to loiter and dance about the streets on the first of May, dressed up in tawdry apparel, and soliciting money, should in future be regaled with substantial fare on each forthcoming day of the anniversary of the society, in order to put an end to the degrading practice which had for such a length of time stigmatized the trade. (Applause.)

"Success to the United Society of Chimney Sweepers," having been drank with thunders of applause,

Mr. BENNETT, of Welbeck-street, addressed the company on the subject of cleansing chimnies with the machine, the introduction of which he was confident would never answer the intended purposes. He urged the absolute necessity of employing climbing boys in their trade; and instanced several cases in which the machines were rendered perfectly useless: most of the chimnies in the great houses at the west end of the

town were constructed in such a manner that it was utterly impossible to cleanse them of soot, unless a human being was sent up for that purpose. He admitted that some houses had chimnies which were built perpendicular; but even in those were frequently to be met with what the trade called "cores," which were large pieces of mortar that projected out from the brick-work, and that collected vast quantities of soot on their surface, so that no machine could get over the difficulty. When the subject of the climbing boy was before the house of lords, he (Mr. Bennett) was sent for by the earl of Hardwicke, who was desirous of personally ascertaining whether the practice of allowing boys to ascend chimnies could be dispensed with entirely. He (Mr. Bennett) had attended at his lordship's residence with the machine, which was tried in most of the chimnies in the house, but the experiment failed; one of his apprentices having been ultimately obliged to ascend for the purpose of extricating the machine from impediments which were only to be surmounted by the activity of climbing boys. The result was that his lordship subsequently expressed his opinion that the machines could never answer the purposes for which they were originally intended, and therefore had his chimnies swept by the old method. Mr. Bennett concluded by making some observations on the harsh manner in which the trade had been asspersed. He said it had been insinuated that their apprentices, in consequence of being permitted to ascend chimnies, were often rendered objects for the remainder of their lives. There were, he admitted, a few solitary instances of accidents happening in their trade as well as in every other. He now only wished that their opponents might have an opportunity of witnessing the healthy and cheerful state in which their apprentices were.

A master chimney-sweeper, with great vehemence of action and manner, said, "I am convinced, Mr. Chairman, that it is a thing impossible to do away with our climbing boys. For instance, look at the duke of York's fifty-one new chimnies

Let me ask any one of you in company, is it possible a machine could be poked up any one of them? I say, no; and for this reason—that most of them run in a horizontal line, and then abruptly turn up, so that you see a machine would be of no more use than if you were to thrust up an old broomstick; and I mean to stick to it, that our opponents may as well try to put down chimney-sweepers in the old way, as the Equitable Loan Bank Company endeavoured to cut up the business of the pawnbrokers. (Applause.) When I look round the table, (said the speaker,) and see such respectable gentlemen on my right and on my left, and in front of me, who dares to say that the United Society of Master Chimney Sweepers are not as respectable a body of tradesmen as any in London? and although, if I may be excused the expression, there is not a gentleman now present that has not made his way in the ‘profession,’ by climbing up chimnies. (There was a universal nod of assent at this allusion.) Therefore, continued the speaker, the more praise is due to us, and I now conclude by wishing every success to our new society.” The above animated address was received with the loudest plaudits.

Several other master chimney-sweepers addressed the company, after which the ladies were introduced into the room, and dancing commenced, which was kept up to a late hour.*

On the first of May, 1807, the slave trade in the West Indies was proscribed by the British parliament, and we see by the proceedings at the Eyre tavern, St John's-wood, that on the first of May, 1826, an effort was made to continue the more cruel black slavery of white infants. Some remarks reported to have been made by these gentlemen in behalf of their “black art,” require a word or two.

We are told that after the usual routine of loyal toasts, the chairman congratulated his “brother tradesmen” on the formation of a society that was calculated to do “essential service to the trade in general.” There can be no doubt that “the king” was the first name on their list of toasts, yet it happens that his majesty is at the head of an association for *abolishing* their “trade.” The first names on the roll of “The Society for suspending Climbing

Boys by the use of the Scandiscope,” are those of the “patron,” and the president, vice-presidents, committee, and treasurer. These are chiefly prelates, peers, and members of the house of commons; but the “patron” of the society is “the king,” in opposition to whom, in the capacity of “patron,” Mr. Bennett, the master-sweep, of Welbeck-street, urges the “absolute necessity” of employing climbing boys. One of his reasons is, that in some chimnies the bricklayers have “cores” of mortar whereon the soot accumulates so that no machine can get over the difficulty; but this only shows the “absolute necessity” of causing the “cores” to be removed from chimnies already so deformed, and of making surveyors of future houses responsible for the expenses of alteration, if they suffer them to be so improperly constructed. Mr. Bennett says, that lord Hardwicke was convinced “the machines could never answer the purposes for which they were originally intended, and therefore had his chimnies swept by the old method.” If his lordship *did* express that opinion, it is in opposition to the opinion of the king, as “patron,” the late bishop of Durham, the present bishop of Oxford, the duke of Bedford, the lords Grosvenor, Morley, Harrowby, Gwydir, Auckland, and other distinguished individuals, who as president and vice-presidents of the society, had better opportunities of determining correctly, than Mr. Bennett probably afforded to earl Hardwicke.

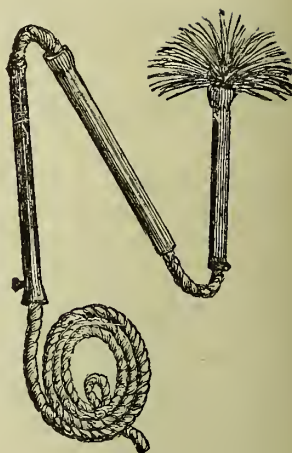
Another “master chimney-sweeper” is reported to have said, “look at the duke of York’s fifty-one new chimnies:—most of them run in a horizontal line, and then abruptly turn up, so that, you see, a machine would be of no more use than if you were to thrust up an old broomstick:” and then he asks, “who dares to say that the United Society of Master Chimney Sweepers are not as respectable a body of tradesmen as any in London?” and triumphantly adds, that “there is not a gentleman now present that has not made his way in the *profession* by climbing up chimnies.” To this “there was a universal nod of assent.” But a universal admission by all “the gentlemen present” that they had climbed to respectability by climbing up chimnies, is of very little weight with those who observe and know that willing slaves become the greatest and most effective oppressors; and as to the duke of York’s new chimnies, it is not credible his royal highness can be informed that the present

* The Times, May 3, 1826.

construction of his chimnies necessarily dooms unborn infants to the certain fate of having the flesh torn from their joints before they can sweep such chimnies. The scandalous default of a surveyor has subjected the duke of York to the odium of being quoted as an authority in opposition to a society for abolishing a cruel and useless trade, wherein servitude is misery, and independence cannot be attained but by the continual infliction of blows and torture on helpless children. Yet as an act of parliament abated the frequency of conflagrations, by empowering district surveyors to cause the erection of party walls, so a few clauses added to the building act would authorize the surveyors to enforce the building of future chimnies without "cores," and of a form to be swept by the "Scandiscope." Master chimney-sweepers would have no reason to complain of such enactment, inasmuch as they would continue to find employment, till the old chimnies and the prejudices in favour of cruelty to children, disappeared by effluxion of time.

The engraving at the head of this article is altered from a lithographic print representing a "Scandiscope." Perhaps the machine may be better understood from the annexed diagram. It simply consists of a whalebone brush, and wooden cylinders strung on rope, and put into action by the method described beneath the larger engraving.

Mr. George Smart obtained two gold medals from the Society of Arts for this invention. The names of the machine chimney-sweepers in different parts of



London may be obtained from Mr. Wilt, secretary of the "Society for superseding Climbing Boys," No. 125, Leadenhall-street; the treasurer of the institution is W. Tooke, esq., F.R.S. Any person may become a member, and acquaint himself with the easy methods by which the machine is adopted to almost any chimney. As the climbing chimney-sweepers are combining to oppose it, all humane individuals will feel it a duty to inquire whether they should continue willing instruments in the hands of the "profession" for the extension of the present cruel practice.

The late Mrs. Montagu gave an annual dinner to the poor climbing boys which ceased with her death.

And is all pity for the poor sweeps fled,
 Since Montagu is numbered with the dead?
 She who did once the many sorrows weep,
 That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep!
 Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,
 On May's sweet morn would doubly cheer his heart!
 Washed was his little form, his shirt was clean,
 On that *one* day his real face was seen,
 His shoeless feet, *now* boasted pumps—and new.
 The brush and shovel gaily held to view!
 The table spread, his every sense was charmed,
 And every savoury smell his bosom warmed;
 His light heart joyed to see such goodly cheer,
 And much he longed to taste the mantling beer:
 His hunger o'er—the scene was little heaven—
 If riches thus can bless, what blessings might be given

But, she is gone ! none left to soothe their grief,
 Or, once a year, bestow their meed of beef !
 Now forth he's dragged to join the beggar's dance ;
 With heavy heart, he makes a slow advance,
 Loudly to clamour for that tyrant's good,
 Who gives with scanty hand his daily food !

It is the *interest* of the "United Society of Master Chimney Sweepers" to appear liberal to the wretched beings who are the creatures of their mercy ; of the variation and degrees of that mercy, there is evidence before the committee of the house of commons. Sympathy for the oppressed in the breast of their oppressors is reasonably to be suspected. On the minutes of the "Society for superseding Climbing Boys," there are cases that make humanity shudder ; against their recurrence there is no security but the general adoption of machines in chimnies—instead of children.

Mr. Montgomery's "Chimney Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing Boys' Album," is a volume of affecting appeal, dedicated to the king, "in honour of his majesty's condescending and exemplary concern for the effectual deliverance of the meanest, the poorest, and weakest of British born subjects, from unnatural, unnecessary, and unjustifiable personal slavery and moral degradation." It contains a variety of beautiful compositions in prose and verse : one of them is—

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Communicated by Mr. Charles Lamb, from a very rare and curious little work, Mr. Blake's "Songs of Innocence"

When my mother died I was very young,
 And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry, "Weep ! weep ! weep !"
 So your chimnies I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Toddy, who cried when his head,
 That was curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved, so I said,
 "Hush, Tom, never mind it for when your head's bare,
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night
 As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight,
 That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
 Were all of them locked up in coffins so black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
 And he opened the coffins, and set them all free ;
 Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine in the sun,

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
 And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy
 He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
 And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;
 Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
 So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

Dining with Duke Humphrey,

MAY DAY HONOURS TO HIM.

In old St. Paul's cathedral "within a proper chappel purposely made for him."

and in a proper tomb, sir John Beauchamp, constable of Dover, and warden of the cinque ports, was buried in the year 1358. "This deceased nobleman," says Stow, "by ignorant people hath been erroneously misnamed and said to be

duke Humfrey, the good duke of Gloucester, who lyeth honourably buried at Saint Albans in Hartfordshire, twenty miles from London; in idle and frivolous opinion of whom, some men, of late times, have made a solemne meeting at his tombe upon Saint Andrew's day in the morning (before Christmasse) and concluded on a breakfast or dinner, as assuring themselves to be servants, and to hold diversity of offices under the good duke Humfrey."

Stow's continuator says, "Likewise, on *May-day*, tankard bearers, watermen, and some other of like quality beside, would use to come to the same tombe early in the morning, and, according as the other, deliver serviceable presentation at the same monument, by strewing herbes, and sprinkling faire water on it, as in the duty of servants, and according to their degrees and charges in office: but (as Master Stow hath discreetly advised such as are so merrily disposed, or simply profess themselves to serve duke Humfrey in Pauls) if punishment of *losing their dinners* daily, there, be not sufficient for them, they should be sent to St. Albans, to answer there for their disobedience, and long absence from their so highly well deserving lord and master, as in their merry disposition they please so to call him."

There can be no doubt that this mock solemnity on *May-day*, and the feast of St. Andrew, on pretence of attending a festival in Paul's, on the invitation of a dead nobleman in another place, gave rise to the saying concerning "dining with duke Humfrey." It is still used respecting persons who inquire "where shall I dine?" or who have lost, or are afraid of "losing their dinners."

PRINTERS' MAY FESTIVAL

The following particulars of a very curious celebration is remarkable, as being a description of the old mode of festivoous enjoyment, "according to order," and the wearing of garlands by the stewards, with "whiffers" in the procession.* It is extracted from Randle Holme's "Storehouse of Armory, 1688."

Stationers' Hall May Feast.

The Printers, Journeymen, with the Founders and Ink-makers have every

year a general Feast, which is kept in the Stationers Hall on or about *May Day*. It is made by 4 Stewards, 2 Masters, and 2 Journeymen; and with the Collection of half a Crown a piece of every Guest, the charges of the whole Feast is defrayed.

About 10 of the Clock in the Morning on the Feast day, the Company invited meet at the place appointed, and from thence go to some Church thereabouts in this following Order. First, 4 Whiffers (as Servitures) by two and two, walking before with white Staves in their Hands, and red and blew Ribbons hung Belt-wise upon their Shoulders; these make way for the Company.

Then walks the Beadle of the Company of Stationers, with the Companies Staff in his Hand, and Ribbons as afore.

Then the Minister, whom the Stewards have engaged to Preach the Sermon, and his Reader or Clerk.

Then the Stewards walk, by two and two, with long white wands in their Hands, and all the rest of the Company follow in like order, till they enter the Church, &c. Service ended, and a Sermon suitable for the occasion finished, they all return to their Hall in the same order, where upon their entrance each Guest delivers his Ticket to a Person appointed, which gives him admittance; where every one Feasts himself with what he likes best, being delighted all the while with Musicks and Songs, &c.

After Dinner the Ceremony of Electing new Stewards for the next Year begins: then the Stewards withdraw into another Room, and put Garlands of Laurel or Box on their Heads, and white wands in their Hands, and are Ushered out of the withdrawing Room thus;—

First, the Companies Beadle with his Staff in his Hand, and Musick sounding before him;

Then one of the Whiffers with a great Bowl of White wine and Sugar in his right Hand, and his Staff in the left: after him follows the eldest Steward.

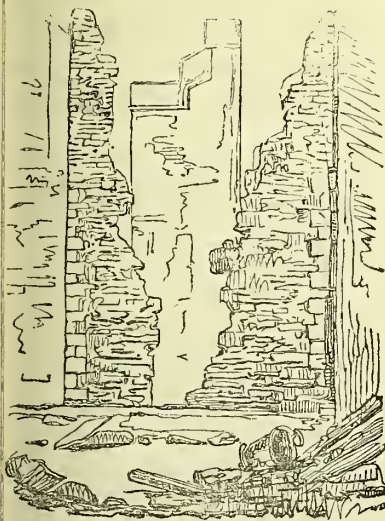
Then another Whiffler as aforesaid, before the second Steward; in like manner another Whiffler before the third; and another before the fourth Steward.

And thus they walk, with Musick sounding before them, three times round the Hall; and, in the fourth round, the first Steward takes the Bowl from his Whiffler, and Drinks to one (whom before he resolved on) by the Title of *Mr*

* *Whiffers*, see vol. i. p. 1444, note, and 1483.

Steward Elect; and taking the Garland off his own Head, puts it on the Steward Elect's Head, at which all the Company clap their Hands in token of Joy.

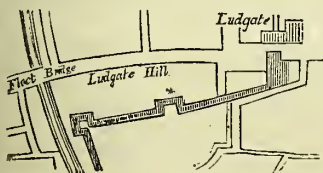
Then the present Steward takes out the Steward elect, and Walks with him, hand in hand, (giving him the right Hand,) behind the three other Stewards, another round the Hall; and in the next round as aforesaid, the second Steward drinks to another with the same Ceremony as the first did; and so the third, and so the fourth. And then all walk one round more, hand in hand, about the Hall, that the Company may take Notice of the Stewards Elect: and so ends the Ceremony of the Day.



Old Watch Tower

OF THE CITY WALL.

This is a front view of a watch tower, or one of the barbicans, on the city wall, which was discovered near Ludgate-hill on the first of May, 1792. Below is a section of Ludgate-hill from a plan of London by Hollar, wherein this tower is described.



They are both represented in an engraving published by the late Mr. Nathaniel Smith, of Great May's buildings, from whence the preceding views are copied for the purpose of more especially marking the discovery of the old tower on this festival day.

Opera Arm Chairs.

A rare tract, connected with the history of the opera in England, records a *jeu d'esprit*, which, together with the tract, are attributed to the author of the "Pursuits of Literature:" it will be seen to relate to the present day from the following extracts from the pamphlet.

THE EDITOR

TO

THE READER.

May 5, 1800.

Piu non si turbi all' anima

La sua tranquillità:

Pensiamo solo a ridere;

SARA QUEL CHE SARA'.

Aria; Gli Zingari in Fiera. A. 2.

THE following poetical Composition appeared in the Morning Herald of May 1, 1800; and it is reprinted at the very particular request of several persons, votaries of the Opera, Fashion, Wit, and Poetry, who were desirous that it should be preserved in a less perishable form than that of a Newspaper.

The occasion of THE ARM-CHAIRS being placed in the Pit at the Opera House was this. Before the opening of the Opera House this season, it was generally understood, that HIS MAJESTY had graciously signified to Lord Salisbury his concern, that any of the Subscribers should be deprived of their Boxes on the nights when HIS MAJESTY honoured the Theatre with his presence. This being communicated to Mr. Taylor, he observed that the ROYAL objection might easily be obviated, by detaching the last Row from the Pit, on these occasions, for the reception of the Subscribers. This was done accordingly, and a Row of ARM-CHAIRS, with Locks and Keys to the bottoms of them, were placed there, which on every

other night were to be free for general accommodation. But about two months after, the Arm-Chairs were removed, and a long bench was substituted.

On this great event, the Editor has no *Intercepted Letters* to lay before the public *by authority*, and therefore he has not applied to Mr. Canning for a Preface, nor for Notes to Mr. Gifford. There is no Egyptian *Fast* to be solemnized, nor *Festival* to be celebrated. He can assure them also, that neither the Mustapha Raschid Effendi and Mustapha Ressichi Effendi for the Grand Vizir; nor General Dessaix and Citizen Poussielgue for General Kleber, were Commissioners on signing this Convention. But the EVACUATION OF THE ARM-ED CHAIRS was effected without bloodshed or loss on either side, by LORD GALLOWAY and Mr. BELL, Commissioners on the part of the Amateurs and Conoscenti, and by Signor LORENZO DA PONTE, Poet to the Opera House, and Mr. SOLOMON, Leader of the Band, Commissioners on the part of General Taylor and the Dramatic Field Marshal the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. *The Arm-ed Chairs* were surrendered three days after the signing of the Capitulation, without the intervention of any gallant *Knight** from Sweden or from Malta.

Thus far is from the preface, and after a few remarks and a "*Scena*" in Italian, the poem alluded to, and here reprinted verbatim, is introduced in the following manner:—

March 19, 18CO.

THE ARGUMENT.

A month or two ago, Lord Galloway came to the Opera, and on the Pit-door near the Orchestra being opened, he perceived, to his confusion and astonishment, that a long Bench was substituted in the place of the Row of ARM-CHAIRS at the bottom of the Pit, the principal or central of which he had filled for so many nights with discernment and dignity, and to the general satisfaction of every person present. His Lordship

* This differs a little from THE ARGUMENT prefixed to the Poem, but the impartial Historian of a future age will weigh the authorities on either side, and record the truth according to the evidence.

THE EDITOR.

conceiving, rather hastily, that the measure was intended as a personal slight to himself, retired disconcerted without taking his seat; and, as he is a votary of the Muses, penned the following Lamentation, which he sent to Lord Salisbury the next day, and received his wonted good humour cheerfulness, and gayety.

PANDOLFO ATTONITO!

OR,

LORD GALLOWAY'S

POETICAL LAMENTATION

ON THE

REMOVAL OF THE ARM-CHAIRS

FROM THE

PIT AT THE OPERA HOUSE

WHAT!—the proud honours of the chair
Must I no more, with CECIL (a), share?—

Still be my soul serene

Virtù, or virtue's but a name,

Brutus and Galloway exclaim,

And sighing quit the scene.

Too sure I heard a warning knell,

And told my Critic Brother BELL (b)

The fall of seats (c) and stocks;

Yet fondly sooth'd by BOLLA's airs,

Thought TAYLOR's *bottom*, and his chairs

Secure with keys and locks. (d)

But ah! how Fortune loves to joke!

Expell'd am I, who sung and spoke

As loud as at the Fair: (e)

While yearly, with six thousand pound,

The Commons ADDINGTON have bound

Their Servant to THE CHAIR.

My purer taste, my classic eye,

Unzon'd Thalia could descry,

Who stepp'd beyond her place:

(a) "Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor"
Plays." Dunciad.

(b) Mr. BELL, an ingenious Gentleman, very conversant in the Stocks and Funds, Grand Amateur, and Connoisseur of the Lower Bench.

(c) It is feared that the Noble Lord alludes to the value of seats in a certain House, after the Union. EDITOR.

(d) The bottoms of these lamented Chairs were kept under lock and key.

(e) i. e. As loud as the very Gypsies themselves on the Stage at the Fair. This is poetry, but no fiction. EDITOR.

low oft I warn'd, in either house,
 hat charms *too plain* at last would rouse
 The *Mitre* and the *Mace* !

with Pandolfo watch'd the sphere,
 When Mars on Venus shone so clear,
 That Saturn (*f*) felt the shock :
 grave SHUTE and HENRY shrunk at Love,
 and at the loose flesh-colour'd glove,
 That blush'd at *twelve o'clock*.

said, some folks would thunder Greek
 HILLIGSBURG's *Morale lubrique*,
 And PARISOT's *costume* ! (*g*)
 Where shall Paullinia, tight and round, (*h*)
 a vest appropriate now be found,
 With India's palm and plume ?

ld Q—NSB—RY feels his dotard qualm,
 erpsichorè can pour no balm
 O'er *half* his visual ray ;
 for WILLIAM (*i*) can console the Sag,
 for Elisée (*k*) his pain assuage,
 Nor Yarmouth smooth his way.

When MARINARI's (*l*) magic hand
 raced the bold view in fabled land,
 For Fawns and Wood-nymphs meet
 h, soon, I cried, may SAL'SB'RY think,
 'tis just, that they who dance should drink,
 And they who sing, should eat. (*ll*)

(*f*) "Quel Saturno briceon ti guarda trino."

Gli Zingari in Fiera, A. 1.

(*g*) *Contecta levi velatum pectus amictu,
 Et tereti strophio luctantes vincta pa-
 pillas.* Catullus.

(*h*) Alluding to the fascinating Ballet of *Paul et Virginie*. BACCHUS and ARIADNE too are now constrained to appear in patch-work dresses. The Costume is lost, and the Graces mourn. Jacet semisepulta Venus. So says the D. of Q. and many others of the ton hold the same doctrine.

If *Propertius* were Ballet Master he would cast the parts of the HILLISBERG *toujours gaie et intéressante*, of the PARISOT *au geste amuré et sublime*, and of the LABORIE *à sourire doux et enchanteur*, with exquisite and appropriate taste.

Hæc hederas legat in thyros, Hæc carmina nervis

Aptet, et illa manu textat utraque rosam !

(*i*) Lord William Gordon.

(*k*) PERE ELISE'E, *Conoscente e Medico di camera al Serenissimo Duca.*

"Corpo dotato di Sanità."

Gli Zingari in Fiera.

(*l*) The painter of various exquisite scenes at the Opera House

(*ll*) Les Chanteurs et les Danseurs, des deux Sexes, a Monsieur T. si tendre et si cruel ;
 "Il faut que nous vivions."—REPOSE de Monsiur R. "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité."

For this, in arbitrating state,
 In presence of the wise and great,
 I sung the Sovereign's air : (*m*)
 Firm was my voice, for TAYLOR smil'd ;
 Nor deem'd I then, (too well beguil'd,)
 How slippery was the *Chair*.

Nor G—rd—n's coarse and brawny Grace,
 The last new Woman IN THE PLACE (*n*)
 With more contempt could blast ;
 Not Marlborough's damp on Blandford's
 purse
 To me could prove a heavier curse ;
 My fame, my glory past.

Fall'n though I am, I ne'er shall mourn,
 Like the dark Peer on STORER's urn, (*m*)
 Reflecting on his seat !
 In vain that mean *mysterious Sirè*
 In embers would conceal the fire ;
 While Honour's pulse can beat.

For me shall droop th' Assyrian Queen, (
 With softest train and tragic mien,
 The SIDDONS in her art ;
 E'en BOLLA (*p*) shall forget to please,
 With sparkling eye and playful ease,
 And Didelot shall start.

LE TABLEAU,
 Présenté à Monseigneur le Chambellan POLO-
 NIUS !

"Chanteurs, Danseurs, assaillants, assaillis,
 Battans, battus, dans ce grand chamailis :
 Ciel, que de cris, et que de hurlemens !
 PERE ELISE'E reprit un peu ses sens ;
 Il se tenoit les deux côtés de rire,
 Et reconnut que ce fatal empire
 De l'Opera, des Jeux, et du grand Ton,
 Etoit sans doute une œuvre du Démon."
 THE EDITOR.

(*m*) The Air of Midas in the Burletta, beginning thus :

"I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here,
 Disputing whether, &c."

(*n*) An expression used, with a curious felicity, by her Grace for "the Manufactured Ladies of Fashion" imported from Yorkshire and other Counties into Portland Place, &c. whose houses she condescended to enter. But once she was most unfortunately mistaken. Car Madame M—LLS, ouvrant un large bec, (*Ayant en un Palais changée sa chaumière, Son air de drap devint démarche fière*) Disoit tout haut, que G—RD—N parloit Grec. Les Grands surpris admirent sa hauteur, Et les Petits l'appellèrent Dame d'honneur.

LEÇON à deux tranchans, tant à la Bourgeoisie, qu'à la Noblesse.

THE EDITOR.

(*nn*) ANTONY STORER, Esq. formerly Member for Merpeth, (as some persons may possibly recollect,) a gentleman well known in the circles of fashion and polite literature.

(*o*) BANTI la Sovrana.

(*p*) BOLLA la Vezzosa.

Leo enthron'd bade Querno sit ;
 And GIANNI's (*q*) versc and *regal* wit
 THE CONSUL loves to share :
 Pye has the laurel and the sack,
 And C—mbe the foolscot on his back,
 But Galloway, *no Chair*.

Yet though, reduc'd by Taylor's pranks,
 I sit confounded *in the ranks*,
 Good Humour's still my own ;
 Still shall I breathe in rapt'rous trance,
 " Eternal be the Song, the Dance,
 THE OPERA AND THE THRONE !"

(*q*) GIANNI, the Italian Poet Laureat to Buonaparte, as Camillo Querno was to Pope Leo X. For a specimen of Gianni's Poetry, see THE TIMES of Dec. 31, 1800.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature. . . 52 • 75.

May 2.

DEMONSTRATIVE PROOF.

It is noticed in the journals of May, 1817, that in the preceding summer, Mr. J. Welner, a German chemist, retired to his house in the country, there to devote himself, without being disturbed, to the study and examination of poisonous substances for the purpose of producing a complete "*Toxicology*," established by undeniable proof. He tried his poisons upon himself, and appeared insensible to the great alterations which such dangerous trials produced upon his health. At the latter end of the month of October, he invented some unknown poisonous mixture; and wished to be assured of its effect. The following is the account which he gives of it in the last page of his manuscript:—"A potion composed of—(here the substances are named, and the doses indicated)—is mortal; and the proof of it is—that *I am dying!*"

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 52 • 55.

May 3.

INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

For the origin of this church of England holiday, see vol. i. p. 611.

"A PIE SAT ON A PEAR TREE."

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

May 3, 1826.

Sir,—There is a custom at Yarmouth dinners, which in my opinion would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." After the cloth has been removed, and the ladies have retired, some one in the company, who is an adept in the game, sings the following lines,—

"A pie sat on a pear tree,
 A pie sat on a pear tree,
 A pie sat on a pear tree,
 Heigh oh! heigh oh! heigh oh!"

At the conclusion, the person sitting next to the singer continues the strain thus,—

"And once so merrily hopp'd she ;"

during which the first singer is obliged to drink a bumper, and should he be unable to empty his glass before the last line is sung, he must begin again until he succeeds.

The difficulty consists in swallowing the liquor fast enough, many getting tipsy before they are able to accomplish it. This of course goes round the party, until the whole are either completely "knocked up," save a few who from the capacity of their throats are so fortunate as to escape. Your inserting the above in the *Every-Day Book* will much oblige, Sir, &c.

J. F.

The preceding is from a valued correspondent, on whose veracity full reliance is placed by the editor; he will nevertheless be happy to hear that *this* usage is on the decline.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 52 • 67.

May 4.

1826. HOLY THURSDAY,
 Or Ascension Day.

For this movable feast see vol. i. p. 651, 641.

TISSINGTON WELL DRESSING.

For the *Every-Day Book*.

Unless the historians of Derbyshire have been very negligent in their inquiries, the peak differs exceedingly from mountainous tracts in general, where the customs, manners, and language of antiquity are preserved with peculiar care.

he language, indeed, has retained its olden character, but of peculiar customs little is known. In Lysons' "Magna Britannia," the practices of rush-bearing, hanging up white gloves and garlands of roses in the churches, at the funerals of young maidens,—of foot-ball plays, now confined to Derby, and this well-dressing of Tissington are the sum total of those notices under the head of "Country Customs." A correspondent communicated to the *Every-Day Book* in March, a custom existing near Tideswell; and I have seen it stated in a provincial paper, that a right is claimed in the Peak Forest of marrying after the fashion of Gretna Green, and that such a wedding actually took place not very long ago. Something more of this should be known.

Tissington well-dressing is a festivity, which not only claims a high antiquity, but is one of the few country fêtes which

are kept up with any thing like the ancient spirit. It is one which is heartily loved and earnestly anticipated. One which draws the hearts of those who were brought up there, but whom fortune has cast into distant places, homewards with an irresistible charm. I have not had the pleasure of witnessing it, but I have had that of seeing the joy which sparkled in the eyes of the Tissingtonians as they talked of its approach, and of their projected attendance. Long before the time arrives, they have canvassed the neighbourhoods where they reside, for flowers to take with them: and these flowers, in all the instances which have come under my notice have been *red daisies*, and none else. If, however, John Edwards, in his poem, "The Tour of the Dove," be correct, others must be used, and those wild flowers:—

"Still Dovedale yield thy flowers to deck the fountains
Of Tissington, upon its holyday;
The customs long preserved among the mountains
Should not be lightly left to pass away.
They have their moral; and we often may
Learn from them how our wise forefathers wrought,
When they upon the public mind would lay
Some weighty principle, some maxim brought
Home to their hearts, the healthful product of deep thought."

In a note he adds;—"The custom of decorating wells with flowers, and attending them with religious services and festive rejoicings on Holy Thursday, is not peculiar to Tissington. Many other wells have been committed to the patronage of the saints, and treated with reverence; some on account of the purity, and others for the medicinal virtues of their waters. Alkmund's well at Derby, is an instance of the former class, where the custom has been continued long after the superstition which gave it has passed away. In the dark ages of popery, this veneration for holy wells was carried to an idolatrous excess, insomuch, that in the reigns of Edgar and Canute, it was deemed necessary to issue edicts prohibiting well-worship. But the principle of veneration for waters, if restricted within its proper bounds, is amiable: indeed, it seems to have been implanted in the breast of man in all ages. A fountain is the emblem of purity and benevolence. From the days when the patriarchs journeyed in the wilderness, down to the

present period—whether bursting from the arid sands of the African desert, or swelling out its genial waters amid the Greenland snows—its soft melody, its refreshing virtues, and its transparency, have ever been a subject of delight and interest to the human race. Who could have approached the Bethesda of the Jews with a callous heart? Who could have listened to the song of Israel with indifference, when her princes had digged the well, and her nobles and lawgiver stood around it?"

Rhodes, who has traversed almost every part of the peak with indefatigable zeal, gives the following account in his "Peak Scenery." "An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington, to which indeed it appears to be confined, for I have not met with any thing of a similar description in any other part of Derbyshire. It is denominated *well-flowering*, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. This day is regarded as a festival; and all the wells in the place, five in num-

ber, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted to preserve their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design, and vivid in colouring: the boards, thus adorned, are so placed in the spring, that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached: afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn which is sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.

The custom of well-flowering as it exists at Tissington, is said to be a popish relic; but in whatever way it originated, one would regret to see it discontinued. That it is of great antiquity cannot be disputed; it seems to have existed at different periods of time, in countries far remote from each other. In the earliest ages of poetry and romance, wherever fountains and wells were situated, the common people were

accustomed to honour them with the tit of saints. In our own country innumerable instances occur of wells being denominated." "Where a spring rises a river flows," says Seneca, "there should we build altars, and offer sacrifices." At the fountain of Arethusa in Syracuse, which every reader of poetry and history has often heard, great festivals were celebrated every year. In Roman antiquity the *fontinalia* were religious feasts, held in honour of the nymphs of wells and fountains; the ceremony consisted in throwing nosegays into fountains, and putting crowns of flowers upon wells. Many authorities might be quoted in support of the antiquity of this elegant custom, which had its origin anterior to the introduction of christianity. It was mingled with the rites and ceremonies of the heathens, who were accustomed to worship streams and fountains, and to suppose that the nymphs, whom they imagined the goddesses of the waters, presided over them. Shaw in his "History of the Province of Morray," says, that "heathen customs were much practised amongst the people there;" and he cites as an instance, "that they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels to fountains."

From this ancient usage, which has been continued through a long succession of ages, and is still in existence at Tissington, arose the practice of sprinkling the Severn and the rivers of Wales with flowers, as alluded to by Dyer in his poem of the *Fleece* and by Milton in his *Comus*.—

With light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets and pinks,
Mixed with the green of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:
Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to archy Dolvoryn.

Dyer

The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Milton

I hope some of your correspondents will contribute to our information by accounts of well-dressings in other parts of the kingdom.

SHAFTESBURY "BYZANT."

The town of Shaftesbury from its situation on the top of a high hill, is entirely destitute of springs; except at the foot of the hills in St. James's parish, where are two wells, in the possession of private persons. At the foot of Castle-hill were formerly some water-works, to supply the town, their reservoir was on the top of the Butter cross; but the inhabitants have from time immemorial been supplied with water brought on horse's backs, or on people's heads, from three or four large wells, a quarter of a mile below the town in the hamlet of Motcomb, and parish of Gillingham; on which account there is this particular custom yearly observed by ancient agreement, dated 1662, between the lord of the manor of Gillingham, and the mayor and burgesses of Shaftesbury. The mayor is obliged the Monday before Holy Thursday to dress up a prize besom, or *byzant*, as they call it, somewhat like a May garland in form, with gold and peacock's feathers, and carry it to Enmore Green, half a mile below the town, in Motcomb, as an acknowledgment for the water; together with a raw calf's head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of beer, or ale, and two penny loaves of white wheaten bread, which the steward receives, and carries away to his own use. The ceremony being over, the "byzant" is restored to the mayor, and brought back by one of his officers with great solemnity. This "byzant" is generally so richly adorned with plate and jewels, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, as to be worth not less than 1500*l*.*

PROCESSION OF THE CAMEL.

Holy Thursday was formerly a day of great festivity at Beziers, in France, and was celebrated with a variety of little sports.

"The Procession of the Camel" constituted one part of them. A figure representing that animal, with a man in the inside, was made to perform ridiculous tricks. The municipal officers, attended by the companies of the different trades and manufactures, preceded the camel. It was followed by a cart, over which were branches of trees twined into an arbour, filled with people:

the cart was drawn by mules ornamented with bunches of flowers and ribands; a number of people stuck over with flowers and little twigs of trees, who were called the "wild men," followed the cart and closed the procession. After parading about the town all day, towards evening the whole company repaired to the chapel of the Blue Penitents, where it was met by the chapter of the cathedral, who had previously also gone in procession round the town, and then a large quantity of bread was given away by the chapter among the poor.

Another part of the ceremonies of the day was, that the peasants from the country assembled in the streets with crooks in their hands, and ranging themselves in long files on each side, made mock skirmishes with their crooks, aiming strokes at each other, and parrying them with great dexterity. Each of these skirmishes ended with a dance to the fife and tabourine. The inhabitants threw sugar-plums and dried fruits at each other from their windows, or as they passed in the streets.

The day usually concluded by a favourite dance among the young men and women, called *la danse des treilles*. Every dancer carried a *cerceau*, as it is called, that is a half hoop, twined with vine branches; and ranging themselves in long files on each side of the street, formed different groups. The young men were all dressed in white jackets and trowsers, and the young women in white jackets with short petticoats, and ornaments of flowers and ribands. These sports of Beziers were suspended during the revolution.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 52 . 77.

May 5.

"A PARTICULAR FACT."

THE INDEXES, &c. to the EVERY-DAY BOOK, VOL. I. were published on the 5th of May, 1826.

The new preface to the volume is particularly addressed to the notice of *correspondents*, and I shall be particularly obliged if *every reader* of the work will favour it with attentive perusal.

* Hutchins's Dorset.

* Miss Plumpton.

CHRONOLOGY.

It should be observed of Joseph Baretti, who died on this day in the year 1789, that he was the friend and associate of Johnson, who introduced him to the Thrale family, and whom he assisted in the compilation of his "Dictionary of the English Language."

Baretti was a native of Turin; he had received a good education, and inherited paternal property, which in his youth he soon gambled away, and resorted to a livelihood by teaching Italian to some English gentlemen at Venice; whence he repaired to England, and distinguished himself as a teacher of Italian. By his employment under Dr. Johnson, he acquired such a knowledge of our language as to be enabled to compile the "Italian and English Dictionary," which is still in use. He then revisited his native country, and after an absence of six years returned through Spain and Portugal, and in 1768 published "An Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy," in reply to some querulous strictures on that country in the "Letters from Italy" by surgeon Sharp, which Baretti's book effectually put down, with no small portion both of humour and argument. Not long afterwards, he was accosted in the Haymarket by a woman, whom he repulsed with a degree of roughness which was resented by her male confederates, and in the scuffle, he struck one of them with a French pocket desert knife. On this, the man pursued and collared him; when Baretti, still more alarmed, stabbed him repeatedly with the knife, of which wounds he died on the following day. He was immediately taken into custody, and tried for murder at the Old Bailey, when Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, and Beauclerk gave testimony to his good character; and although he did not escape censure for his too ready resort to a knife, he was acquitted. Domesticated in the Thrale family, he accompanied them and Dr. Johnson to Paris, but in a fit of unreasonable disgust, quitted them the next year; and in the latter part of his life was harassed with pecuniary difficulties, which were very little alleviated by his honorary post of foreign secretary to the Royal Academy, and an ill-paid pension of eighty pounds per annum under the North administration. Among other works he published one with the singular title of "Tolondron: Speeches to John Bowles about his edition of Don Quixote,

together with some account of Spanish Literature." This was his last production; his constitution was broken by uneasiness of mind and frequent attacks of the gout, and he died in May, 1789.

Baretti was rough and cynical in appearance, yet a pleasant companion; and of his powers in conversation Johnson thought very highly.

He communicated several of Dr. Johnson's letters to the "European Magazine," and intended to publish several more; but on his decease his papers fell into the hands of ignorant executors, who barbarously committed them to the flames.*

It is remarkable that with Johnson's scrupulous attachment to the doctrines and ceremonies of the church of England, he was sincerely attached to Baretti, whose notions on religious matters widely differed from the opinions of "the great lexicographer." Johnson seems to have been won by his friend's love of literature and independence of character. Baretti often refused pecuniary aid when it was greatly needed by his circumstances: his morals were pure, and his conduct, except in the unhappy instance which placed his life in jeopardy, was uniformly correct. He died with the reputation of an honest man.

There is an engraving representing Diogenes at noon-day with his lantern in one hand, and in the other a circular picture frame, which is left vacant, that a purchaser of the print may insert the portrait of the man he delights to honour as the most honest. Hence the vacancy is sometimes supplied by the celebrated John Wilkes, the prophetic Richard Brothers, the polite lord Chesterfield, Churchill, the satirist, Sam House, or Joseph Baretti, or any other. "Cornelius May," of whose existence, however, there is reason to doubt, would scarcely find a head to grace the frame.

"POETRY."

"*The Knaverie of the Worlde, sette forth in homelic verse, by Cornelius May,*" from "*The Seven Starrs of Witte,*" 1647.

Ah me throughoute the worlde
Doth wickednesse abounde
And well I wot on neither hande
Can honestie be founde.

The wisest man in Athens
 Aboute the citie ran
 With a lanthorne in the light of daie
 To find an honeste man ;

And when at night he sate him downe
 To reckon on his gaines,
 He onely founde—alack poore man !
 His labour for his paines.

And soe thou now shalt finde
 Alle men of alle degree
 Striving, as if their onely trade
 Were that of cheating thee.

Thy friend will bid thee welcome,
 His servantes at thy calle—
 The dearest friend he has on earth
 Till he has wonne thy alle ;

He will play with thee at dice
 Till thy golde is in his hande,
 He will meete thee at the tennis court
 Till he winne alle thy lande.

The brother of thy youth
 When ye shared booke and bedde
 Would eat himself the sugar plums
 And leave thee barley bread :

But growing up to manhode
 His hart is colder grown,
 Aske in thy neede for barley bread
 And he'll give thee a stone.

The wife whom thou dost blesse
 Alack, she is thy curse—
 A bachelor's an evil state,
 But a married man's is worse.

The lawyer at his deske
 Good lawe will promise thee
 Untill thy very last groat
 Is given for his fee.

Thy baker, and thy brewer
 Doe wronge thee night and morne ;
 And thy miller, he doth grinde thee
 In grinding of thy corne.

Thy goldsmith and thy jeweller
 Are leagu'd in knavish sorte,
 And the elwande of thy tailor
 It is an inche too shorte.

Thy cooke hath made thy dish
 From the offals on the shelve,
 While fishc and fowle and savourie herbes
 Are served to himselfe.

The valet thou dost trust,
 Smooth-tongued and placid-faced,
 Dothe weare thy brilliautes in his cappe
 And thou wear'st his of paste.

Alack ! thou canst not finde
 Of high or lowe degree
 In cott or courte or cabinett
 A man of honestie.

There is not in the worlde,
 Northe, southe, or east, or weste,
 Who would maintaine a righteous cause
 Against his intereste.

Ah me ! it grieves me sore,
 And I sorrowe nighte and daie,
 To see how man's arch enemy
 Doth leade his soule astraie.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53 · 22.

May 6.

BIRDS.

The bird-catchers are now peering about the fields and thickets in search of different species of song-birds, for the purpose of netting and training them for sale.

Old bird-fanciers treat the younger ones with disdain, as having corrupted the rich melodies of the birds, by battling them against each other, in singing matches, for strength of pipe.

For the Every-Day Book.

SONNET,

Written on hearing my Blackbird, while confined to my Bed by Illness.

Bird of the golden beak, thy pensive song
 Floats visions of the country to my mind ;
 And sweet sounds heard the pleasant woods among,
 I hear again, while on my bed reclined.
 Weaken'd in frame, and harass'd by my kind,
 I long for fair-green fields and shady groves,
 Where dark-eyed maids their brows with wild flowers bind,
 And rosy health with meditation roves.

Sing on, my bird—as in thy native trec,
 Sing on—and I will close my burning eyes,
 Till in my fav'rite haunts again I be,
 And sweetest music on my ears arise;
 And waving woods their shades around me close,
 And sounds of waters lull me to repose.

April 16, 1826.

S. R. J.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR
 Mean Temperature . . . 54° 57°.

May 7.

THE SEASON.

Thunny Fishing.

The Mediterranean produces many sorts of fish unknown to us, the thunny among others. The manner in which these fish are caught is somewhat curious; it is a sort of hunting at sea. The nets are extended in the water so as to close upon the fish when they come within reach of them, and then the boats chase them to that part where they are taken: they have great force in their tails, so that much caution is required in getting them aboard. Vernet among his other sea-pieces has a very good one of this fishery. There are four principal places near Marseilles where it is carried on, called the *madragues*, which are rented out to the fishers, by the town, at a considerable advantage. When Louis XIII. visited Marseilles in 1662, he was invited to a thunny fishing at the principal *madrague* of Morgion, and found the diversion so much to his taste, that he often said it was the pleasantest day he had spent in his whole progress through the south.

The thunnies come in such shoals, that in the height of the season, that is, in the months of May and June, from five to six hundred are sometimes taken in a day at one *madrague* only: they commonly weigh from about ten to twenty or twenty-five pounds each, but they have been known to weigh even as much as fifty pounds. They are very delicious food, but the flesh is so solid that it seems something between fish and meat; it is as firm as sturgeon, but beyond all comparison finer flavoured. They dress this fish in France in a great variety of ways, and always excellent: it makes capital soup, or it is served as a ragout, or plain fried or broiled; pies are made of it, which are so celebrated as to be sent

all over France; they will keep good to six weeks or two months. There is also a way of preserving it to keep the whole year round with salt and oil, called *thon mariné*: this is eaten cold, as we eat pickled salmon, and is delicious. Besides the great season in May and June, they are caught in considerable numbers in the autumn, about November, which is the great season for making the pies. A large quantity of them were sent to Paris against Buonaparte's coronation. Stragglers of these fish are occasionally taken the whole year round. They are an ugly fish to the eye.

The palamede, though much smaller than the thunny, seems so much of the same nature that some persons have supposed it only the young thunny; but naturalists say that it is a distinct species of fish. It is mentioned by Gibbon in his description of Constantinople, as, at the time of the foundation of that city, the most celebrated among the variety of excellent fish taken in the Propontis.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 54° 70°.

May 8.

"THE FURY."

For the Every-Day Book.

On the eighth of May, at Helston, in Cornwall, is held what is called "the Fury." The word is supposed by Mr. Polwhele to have been derived from the old Cornish word *fer*, a fair or jubilee. The morning is ushered in by the music of drums and kettles, and other accompaniments of a song, a great part of which is inserted in Mr. Polwhele's history, where this circumstance is noticed. So strict is the observance of this day as a general holiday, that should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astrid on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders

* Miss Plumptre.

to the river, where he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he of course fails in attempting, and leaps into the water. A small contribution towards the good cheer of the day easily compounds for the leap. About nine o'clock the revellers appear before the grammar-school, and demand a holiday for the schoolboys. After which they collect contributions from house to house. They then *fude* into the country, (*fude* being an old English word for *go*;) and, about the middle of the day, return with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps. From this time they dance hand in hand through the streets, to the sound of the fiddle, playing a particular tune, running to every house they pass without opposition. In the afternoon, a select party of the ladies and gentlemen make a progress through the street, and very late in the evening repair to the ball-room. A stranger visiting the town on the eighth of May, would really think the people mad; so apparently wild and thoughtless is the ferment of the day.

There is no doubt of "the Furry" originating from the "Floralia," anciently observed by the Romans on the fourth of the calends of May.*

"Every pot has two handles." This means "that one story's good, till another story's told;" or, "there is no evil without its advantages."

If it is generally "good" to anticipate festival days in the *Every-Day Book*, it is an "evil" to be "behind-hand;" and yet "advantages" have sometimes resulted from it. For instance, the day of "the Furry" at Helston, elapsed before this sheet was sent to press; but a correspondent who was present at the festival on that day in the present year, 1826, sends an account of the manner wherein it is conducted at present; and though the former "story's good," his particular description of the last *Furry*, is a lively picture of the pleasant manner, wherein it continues to be celebrated: thus is illustrated the ancient saying, that "every pot has two handles."

It would be ill acknowledgment of the annexed letter to abridge it, by omitting its brief notice of the origin of the Furry, already adverted to, and therefore the whole is inserted verbatim.

HELSTON "FURRY, or FLORA DAY."

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Having for several years past resided in Cornwall, (from whence I have lately returned,) I beg to inform you of *one* of their gayest days of amusement, which is regularly kept up in the borough of Helston on the eighth day of May.

It originated from the Roman custom of paying an early tribute of respect to the goddess Flora; the garlands of flowers worn on the occasion confirms this opinion. This festival commences at an early hour: the morning is enlivened by the sound of "drum and fife;" and music, harmony, and dance are the sports of "high and low"—"from morn to night." Some of the oldest townsmen chant some *ancient ditties*—not very comprehensible, "nor is the melody thereof enchanting."

The hilarity of the day precludes the possibility of doing business; every consideration but mirth, music, and feasting is set at naught. Should any persons be found at work, they are instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and jolted away on men's shoulders, amidst thousands of huzzas, &c., and at last sentenced to leap over the river, (which by the by is none of the narrowest,) the result which therefore frequently happens is—they jump *into it*. The payment of a certain fine towards the expenses of the day saves them from this cooling.

At nine in the morning the mob gathers round the various seminaries, and countless voices demand a holiday for all in them, which is acceded to: a collection from the housekeepers is then commenced towards the general fund. While this is going on, the young folks of both sexes go to the gardens of the neighbourhood, and return at twelve with their heads dressed out with gay flowers, oak branches, &c. On entering the town they are joined by a band of music; they dance through the streets to the "Flora Tune." In their progress they go through every house and garden they please without distinction; all doors are opened, and, in fact, it is thought much of by the householders to be thus favoured.

The *older* branch of the population dance in the same manner, for it is to be noticed they have select parties, and at different hours; no two sets dance together, or at the same time. Then follows the gentry, which is really a very pleasing sight on a fine day from the noted respect-

* Guide to Mount's Bay.

ability of this rich borough. In this set the sons and daughters of some of the first and noblest families of Cornwall join. The appearance of the ladies is enchanting. Added to their personal charms, in ball-room attire, each tastefully adorned with beautiful spring flowers, in herself appears to the gazer's eye a *Flora*, and leads us to conceive the whole a scene from fairy land. The next set is, the soldiers and their lasses; then come the tradesmen and their wives; journeymen and their sweethearts; and, "though last not least," the male and female servants in splendid livery; best bibs and tuckers are in request, and many pretty brunettes are to be found in their Sunday finery, with healthy smiling looks, which on such a day as this are sure to make sad havoc with the hearts of the young men.

In the evening a grand ball is always held at the assembly rooms; to which, this year, were added the performance of the "Honey Moon" at the theatre, by Dawson's company of comedians. Powell's celebrated troop of horse at the Circus, and Mr. Ingleby's sleight of hand at the rooms. The borough was thronged with visitors from all parts of the country. It is a pleasing task to conclude by being able to state, that Aurora rose on the ninth without any account of accident or disappointment being experienced by any of its numerous attendants. I have many other anecdotes of Cornwall, which I shall forward you in case you deem them worthy a place in your *Every-Day Book*, to which I wish the success it really deserves.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

SAM SAM'S SON.

London, May 16, 1826.

* * This communication was almost past the time; yet, as we set out with a proverb, we may end with "better late than never;" and, "not to ride a free horse to death," but merely to "drive the nail that will go," thanks are offered to "Sam Sam's Son," with the hope of early receiving his "future agreeable favours."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 55° 07.

May 9.

A MATCH.

A New York paper of the ninth of May, 317, announces that in Montgomery

county, Mr. Jesse Johnson, being eighteen or nineteen years of age, and four feet one inch high, and weighing about seventy-five pounds, was married to Miss Nancy Fowler about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, six feet two inches high, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. "Sure such a pair were never seen"

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 54° 20

May 10.

JUSTICE.

In May, 1736, Henry Justice, of the Middle Temple, Esq., was tried at the Old Bailey, for stealing books out of Trinity-college library in Cambridge. He attempted to defeat the prosecution by pleading, that in the year 1734, he was admitted fellow-commoner of the said college, whereby he became a member of that corporation, and had a property in the books, and therefore could not be guilty of felony, and read several clauses of their charter and statutes to prove it. But after several hours' debate, it appeared he was only a boarder or lodger, by the words of the charter granted by Henry VIII. and queen Elizabeth. He was found guilty.

On the tenth of the month, having been put to the bar to receive sentence, he moved, that as the court had a discretionary power, he might be burnt in the hand and not sent abroad; first, for the sake of his family, as it would be an injury to his children and to his clients, with several of whom he had great concerns, which could not be settled in that time; secondly, for the sake of the university, for he had numbers of books belonging to them, some in friends' hands, and some sent to Holland, and if he was transported he could not make restitution. As to himself, considering his circumstances, he had rather go abroad, having lived in credit till this unhappy mistake, as he called it, and hoped the university would intercede for him. The deputy-recorder commiserated his case, told him how greatly his crime was aggravated by his education and profession, and then sentenced him to be transported to some of his majesty's plantations in America for seven years.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53° 37.

May 11

LONDON GYMNASTIC SOCIETY.

The establishment of this institution is of so great importance to the health and manners of the metropolis, that to pass it unregarded would be inexcusable. Much of mental infirmity proceeds from bodily infirmity. Without activity, the entire human being is diseased. A disposition to inactivity generates imbecility of character; diligence ceases, indolence prevails, unnatural feelings generate unnatural desires, and the individual not only neglects positive duties, but becomes sensual and vicious. The "London Gymnastic Society," therefore, in a national point of view is of the highest regard. A letter, subjoined, will be found to represent some of its exercises and advantages in an agreeable and interesting manner.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—On the twenty-second of March, not less than fifteen hundred persons assembled at the Mechanics' Institute for the purpose of forming a "London Gymnastic Society." This event is likely to have very important and useful results to the community, and, therefore, within the plan of the *Every-Day Book* to record. I have no intention to describe what passed on the occasion, any further than by stating that a series of resolutions in support of the proposed object were unanimously adopted; and as great misconception prevails as to the nature of gymnastic exercises, some light on the subject, beyond that conveyed in your first volume, may be interesting.

The grounds on which the use of exercise generally are recommended, are precisely those from which the benefits of this particular class are to be inferred; with this advantage in favour of gymnastics, that they combine the advantages of almost every other species. If it be desirable that the body should be strengthened, the limbs acquire flexibility, the muscles be brought into full play, and the spirits be invigorated, gymnastics must be allowed to be salutary for such are their ordinary effects. Moreover, if it be desirable that a man should become acquainted with his physical capabilities, in order that he may be encouraged to exert them

on suitable occasions, within the compass of safety, and be aware when he is in danger of trespassing beyond the proper limit, gymnastics must be beneficial, for they instruct him where that limit lies, and give him entire confidence within it. And so gradual are the steps by which the pupil is led on towards proficiency. now mastering a small difficulty, then advancing to one a little greater, then to another, and another, that at last he accomplishes the evolution which at one time appeared to him of greatest difficulty with more facility than he at first accomplished the first lesson; while all the time he has been acquiring in the process increased capability, strength, confidence, and presence of mind. For the utility of these exercises does not end in the gymnasium; it only begins there. The performances of the evolutions are *means* by which great ends are attained; the vigour acquired in performing them, being afterwards useful wherever vigour may be required.

In the *preliminary exercises*, the pupil is taught to accustom himself to extend his arms and legs in various natural positions, in quick succession; sometimes exerting the arms only, the legs resting passive, sometimes the reverse; and sometimes exerting both legs and arms together. These exercises are not so strictly preliminary as to require the pupil to become perfect in them before he engages in others. On the contrary, he may with advantage, at a very early stage, combine them with those of greater difficulty; and also at an advanced stage, find it useful occasionally to recur to them. But let us proceed to the bars.

The *bars* consist of two pieces of wood placed parallel, in a horizontal position, on supporters, extending breast-high from the ground. The pupil having raised himself erect between the bars (they are something less than two feet apart, and about five feet in length) passes from one end to the other by the help of his hands only, moving one hand forward at a time, as the feet are moved in walking. He next places himself in the centre between the bars, and keeping his legs straight and close together projects them over the right hand bar, and so arrives on the ground. He then does the same on the left side, then on the right side backwards, either with or without previously swinging, then on the left side backwards in the same way. He next resumes his position

at the end of the bars ; but instead of walking or treading along the bars with his hands, as in the first exercise, he this time lifts both hands together, and passes to the other end by short jumps. He then returns to the centre of the bars, and retaining hold of them, projects his body over the left hand bar, from which position, by slightly springing, he projects himself over that on his right. This evolution he performs also on both sides, and later in his progress backwards also. Then there is the half moon, or semi-circle, which is performed by projecting the legs over one of the bars in front, and then bringing them back, and swinging them over the same bar behind. As the pupil advances, he is enabled to project himself over the bars unassisted by the lower part of his arms ; also to rest the lower part of his arms on the bars, and from that position to raise himself erect by the hands only, repeating the evolution several times in succession, to pass from one side of the bar to the other, without touching the ground, and many other evolutions all conducing in one way or another to the strength and elasticity of his frame.

The *horizontal* poles are placed at various heights from the ground, according to the height of the pupil, and the exercises to be performed on them. Those chiefly used are a few inches above the head. One of the first lessons on the pole is analogous to the first on the parallel bars, the pupil passing from one end of the pole to the other, by the help of his hands only, first by moving one hand at a time as in walking, afterwards by moving both hands together. Grasping the pole with both hands, the pupil is taught to raise himself in various ways above it—to pass over it—to pass from one side of the pole to the other, &c. &c. The exercises on the pole are equal in diversity to those on the bars, perhaps on the whole more arduous, and certainly equally beneficial. I believe the arms and back are particularly strengthened by this diversion of the exercises.

Leaving the pole, let us attend a moment to the *masts*, the *ropes*, and the *ladders*. These are of various heights and dimensions. The pupil first learns to climb the rope and mast by the assistance of his hands and feet, afterwards by his hands only, and by degrees he learns to ascend the latter without the assistance of his feet or legs. The leaping with and

without a pole, jumping, running, throwing the javelin, the use of the broad sword, &c., do not require description as they are more or less familiar to every one. I therefore confine myself to naming them, and observing that familiar as some of them are, the regulations under which they are practised tend greatly to increase their utility.*

There is still a division of these exercises which I have not mentioned, and which deserves a full description, and that is, the exercises on the horse—a wooden horse—without head or tail—but, as I feel myself quite unable to bear anything like adequate testimony to the merits of this very useful and quiet quadruped, I must reluctantly leave his eulogium to others more competent. It is a subject I cannot well get upon, being but a very indifferent equestrian.

remain, Sir, &c.

A PARALLEL BARRISTER.

To all individuals of sedentary occupations, in great towns and cities, gymnastic exercises are of immense benefit. It is difficult to convince, but it is a duty to attempt persuading them, that their usual habits waste the spirits, destroy health, and shorten life. Hundreds of Londoners die every year for want of exercise.

It is not necessary that we should cultivate gymnastics “after the manner of the ancients,” but only so much as may be requisite to maintain the even tenour of existence. The state of society in towns, continually imposes obstructions to health, and offers inducements to the slothful, in the shape of palliatives, which ultimately increase “the miseries of human life.” Exercise is both a prevention and a remedy ; but, we must not mistake—diligence is not, therefore, exercise.

Our present pastimes are almost all within doors ; the old ones were in the open air. Our ancestors danced “on the green” in the day time ; we, if we dance at all, move about in warm rooms at night : and then there are the

* The information relative to the exercise so crudely conveyed throughout this hasty letter, is derived from observation of the gymnasium in the New Road, under the excellent management of professor Voelker.

“late hours;” the “making a toil of a pleasure;” the lying in bed late the next morning; the incapacity to perform duties in consequence of “recreation!” The difference to health is immense—if it be doubted, inquire of physicians. The difference to morals is not less—if re-

flection be troublesome, read the proceedings in courts of justice, and then reflect. We have much to unlearn.

It is a real amusement to go to a theatre, and see an indolent audience sitting to witness feats of agility



From a rare Engraving, by an unknown Artist.

Here we see that some of the tricks and dexterities of Mazurier and Gouffe were performed centuries ago; and here, too, we have an illustration that the horizontal bars of our correspondent, the “Parallel Barrister,” though novelties now, were known before our grandfathers

were grandchildren. The print from whence this is copied, is from sir Mark Sykes’s collection: it is produced here as a curiosity.

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 54° 74°.

May 12.

THE MONTH.

Hail, May! lovely May! how replenished my pails!

The young dawn o’erspreads the broad east, streaked with gold!

My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,

And Colin’s voice rings through the wood from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,

Whose blue misty summit first glows with the sun!

See! thence a gay train by the wild rill descends

To join the mixed sports:—Hark! the tumult’s begun.

Be cloudless, ye skies!—And be Colin but there;

Not dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,

Nor morning’s first smile can more lovely appear

Than his looks, since my wishes I cannot conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts to move,

We’ll court joys to come, and exchange vows of truth:

And haply, when age cools the transports of love,

Decry, like good folks, the vain follies of youth.

Bloomfield.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 54 · 22.

May 13.

1826. Oxford Term ends.

OLD MAY DAY.
Scottish Beltein.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—I confess I was not a little astonished a few days ago, on becoming acquainted with a custom evidently heathenish in its origin, which exists in the united kingdom, where, it must be admitted, great advances have been made in morals and religion, as well as in science and general knowledge.

The fact I allude to is in Dr. Jamieson's "Dictionary of the Scottish Language." He mentions a festival called *Beltane*, or *Beltein*, annually held in Scotland on old May-day. A town in Perthshire is called "*Tillee Beltein*;" i. e. the eminence (or high place) of the fire of Baal. Near this are two druidical temples of upright stones with a well, adjacent to one of them, still held in great veneration for its sanctity, and on that account visited by vast numbers of superstitious people. In the parish of Callander (same county) upon "*Beltein day*," they cut a circular trench in the ground, sufficient to enclose the whole company assembled. "They kindle a fire and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard; they knead a cake of oatmeal, which is roasted at the embers against a stone." After the custard is eaten, they divide the cake into as many equal parts as there are persons present, and one part is made perfectly black with charcoal.

The bits of cake are put into a bonnet and are drawn blindfold, and he who draws the black bit is considered as "*devoted to be sacrificed to Baal*, and is obliged to leap three times through the flame."

Mr. Pennant in his "*Tour in Scotland*, 1769," gives a similar account with varying ceremonies.

"In Ireland," says Mr. Macpherson, "*Beltein* is celebrated on the twenty-first of June at the time of the solstice. There they make fires on the tops of the hills, and every member of the family is made to pass through the fire, as they reckon this ceremony to ensure good fortune during the

succeeding year. This resembles the rite used by the Romans in Palilia."—"Beltein (adds Mr. M.) is also observed in Lancashire."

This "custom" being entirely new to me, and appearing so much to illustrate many passages in the Bible which refer to the idolatry of the ancients, I forward it to you agreeably to your printed invitation.

I am, &c.
J. K. S.

STRAND MAYPOLE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—In your account of the Maypole which stood in the Strand, you have stated that the said Maypole upon its decay was obtained of the parish by sir I. Newton and placed at Wanstead for support of his telescope; but in the preface to the ninth edition of Derham's "*Astro-Theology*," published 1750, he says, "And now for a close I shall take this opportunity of publicly owning, with all honour and thankfulness, the generous offer made me by some of my friends, eminent in the stations, as well as skill and abilities in the laws, who would have made me present of the Maypole in the Strand (which was to be taken down,) or another pole I thought convenient for the management of Mr. Huygens's glass; but as my incapacity of accepting the favour of those noble Mecænates hath been the occasion of that glass being put into better hands, so I assure myself their expectations are abundantly answered by the number and goodness of the observation that have been and will be made there with."

As you will perceive by the expression "which was to be taken down," it must have been standing at the time of publication of his book, and as sir I. Newton died in 1726, the "compilation" from which you extracted your account must be erroneous. The name of the philosopher to whom the glass belonged, you will also perceive to be misspelled. I should not have troubled you with these trifling corrections, but as I am sure your admirable work will pass through many editions, you may not in the future ones refuse to make the alteration.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. S.

May 17, 1826.

I am obliged to J. S. for his endeavour to rectify what he deems an error ; but it rather corroborates than invalidates the fact stated in vol. i. p. 560, on the authority of the work there referred to.

J. S. quotes " the *ninth* edition of Derham's 'Astro-Theology,' published 1750," and infers that the Strand Maypole " must have been standing at the time of publishing his book;" and so it was; but it was no more in being when the "ninth edition" of his book was published, than Derham himself was, who died in 1735. The first edition of "his book" was published in 1714, and Derham *then* wrote of it as *then* standing, and the citation of J. S. shows that it was *then* contemplated to present Derham with the Maypole for Huygens's glass, which from "incapacity" he could not accept, and was there-

fore the occasion of the glass "being put into better hands." These "better hands" were sir Isaac Newton's; the object of the intended present of the Maypole to Derham was for Huygens's glass; and it is reasonable to believe that as sir Isaac had the glass, so also he had the Maypole to appropriate to the purpose of the glass.

Nevertheless, though I think J. S. has failed in proving my authority to be erroneous, and that he himself is mistaken, I repeat that I am obliged by his intention; and I add, that I shall feel obliged to any one who will take the trouble of pointing out any error. I aim to be accurate, and can truly say that it costs me more time to establish the facts I adduce, than to write and arrange the materials after I have convinced myself of their authority.

THE MONTH.

May Morning.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower;
The shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tow'r.

Beattie.

May Evening.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
By yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Grubbsmith.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 54 · 12

May 14.

1826. WHITSUNDAY.

This is the annual commemoration of the feast of Pentecost. In the catholic times of England it was usual to dramatise the descent of the Holy Ghost in the churches; and hence we have Barnaby Rudge's rhymes:—

On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame
in strings from heauen fle,
And one that framed is of wood
still hangeth in the skie.
Thou seest how they with idols play,
and teach the people too ;
None otherwise then little gyrles
with pypets vse to do.

Naogeorgus.

These celebrations are noticed in vol. i. p. 685.

Whitsunday Accident.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.

In an old tract printed against church ceremonies during "the troubles of England," there is an account of "fearfull judgements that God hath shewed upon churches," one whereof is alleged by the puritan author to have been manifested on this day. His account is curious, and the fact being historical, is here related in his own words, viz.

On *Whitsunday* last, 1640, in the parish of *Anthoxyz* in *Cornwall*, when people were kneeling at the *Communion*, great claps of thunder were heard, as though divers Cannons had been shot off at once, and extraordinary, and most fearfull flashes of Lightnings, and a terrible and unspeakable strange sound, to the great amazement of the people; and when the *Minister* was turning towards the *Communion Table*, to give the *Cup*, after he had given the *Bread*, he saw (to his thinking) a flaming fire about his body, and withall, heard a terrible and unspeakable sound, and had no hurt, save that the outside of one of his legs was scalded: presently after, divers balls of fire came into the *Church* and struck one *Ferdinando Reepe* on the sole of his left foot, with such a violence, as he thought his foot had been split in pieces, and was for while deprived of his senses: One *John Hodge* was stricken in the knees and thighs, and lower parts of his body, so as he thought every part of his body to be

unjoynted: One *Dorothy Tubbe* was stricken so, as she thought her legs and knees were struck off from her body. One *Anthony Peeke* was fearfully struck in all the lower parts of his body, and thought that he had been shot thorow and was lift up from kneeling, and se upon the form by which hee kneeled. One *Susan Collins* was struck in the lower parts of her body, so as it seemed to her, to be struck off from the upper part, and was scalded on the wrist of the right hand: A great fire, far redder then any lightning, came into the *Church*, and struck one *Nicholas Shelton* on both side of his head, as though he had been struck with two flat stones, and did shake his body, as though it would shake it in pieces whereby he lost his sight and his senses. One *Roger Nile* was struck on the back bone, on the right side, and on the anckle on the inside of his left leg, so as for a while, he was not able to stand; after the fire, there was heard in the *Church*, as it were, the hissing of a great shot; and after that a noise, as though divers Cannons had been shot off at once, to make one single and terrible report; the noise did not descend from above, but was heard, and seemed to begin close at the Northside of the *Communion Table*: After this fire and noise, then followed a loathsome smell of *Gunpowder* and *Brimstone*, and a great smook. The *Church* had no harm, save that seven or eight holes and rents were made in the wall of the Steeple, some on the inside, and some on the outside; impressions on the stones in divers places, as if they were made by force of shot, discharged out of a great Ordnance, so as in divers places, light might be seen through the walls. In this storm was no body kill'd, save one Dog in the Belfree, and another at the feet of one kneeling to receive the *Cup*; As soon as this fearfull storm was over, they that were weak, not able to stand, were (through the mercy of God) restored to their strength; and they that were frantick, to their senses; and he that was blind, was restored to his sight; and came all to the *Lords Table*, and received the *Vine*, and went all in the afternoon to give God thanks.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 53° 47

May 15.

1826. WHIT MONDAY.

This second season of annual holidays
in England, with the humours of Green-

wich fair, and the sports in the park, is
described in vol. i. p. 687, &c.

It is a universal festival in the humble
ranks of life throughout the kingdom.

Hark, how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village bells; now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud,
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music. They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of solitude.
Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy superstition, gabbling eld,
Holds her unhurtful gambols. All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fixed stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest; then, anon,
Tell of uncharnelled spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguished murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deepening glen,
Struck on his frozen ear

H. K. White.

DROP HANDKERCHIEF.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,—The approaching Whitsuntide
brings to my remembrance a custom
which I believe to be now quite obsolete.

I remember when I was a boy that it
was usual in Devonshire, at Easter and
Whitsuntide, for young people of both
sexes to form a ring at fairs and revels,
and play at what was termed "drop hand-
kerchief." After the ring was formed,
which used to be done with little difficulty,
a young man would go round it once or
twice, examining all the time with curious
eye each well formed blooming maiden;
the favoured fair was selected by the hand-
kerchief being thrown over her shoulders,
and at the same time saluted with a kiss.
The young man then took his place in the
ring, and the young woman proceeded
round it as he had done before, until she
dropped the handkerchief behind one of
the young men. As soon as this was done
she would bound away with the swiftness
of a roe, followed by the young man, and

if, as was sometimes the case, she proved
to be the lightest of foot, considerable
merriment was afforded to the bystanders
in witnessing the chase through its differ-
ent windings, dodgings, and circumlocu-
tions, which ended in the lady's capture,
with a kiss for the gentleman's trouble.

I believe many matches in the humble
walks of life may date their origin from
this custom; and however the opulent
and refined may be disposed to object to
a promiscuous assemblage of the sexes,
I am doubtful whether they can point
out any plan which shall rival in inno-
cence and gaiety those of our forefathers,
many of which are gone, and as *pseudo*-
delicacy and refinement are now the order
of the day, I fear that they never can
return again.

Cannon-street.

R. S.

The editor saw "Drop-handkerchief"
in Greenwich-park at Whitsuntide, 1825,
and mentioned it as "Kiss in the ring"
in vol. i. p. 692.

WHIT MONDAY AT LICHFIELD

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—In the pleasant little city of Lichfield (celebrated for the neatness of its streets, and the beauty of its splendid cathedral) the annual fair for the exhibition of shows, &c. is held on Whit Monday, and it is the custom on that day for a procession, accompanied with musicians, flags, &c. to be formed, composed of part of the corporation, with its inferior officers, &c. who are joined by several of the best mechanics of the place, each of whom carries a representation in miniature of his separate workshop and mode of trade, the figures being so formed as to be put in motion by machinery, and worked by a single wheel. These representations are about two feet square, and are fixed at the top of a pole about two yards high, decorated with flowers, &c. The procession walks from the guildhall to a high hill in the vicinity of the city, called Greenhill, (but which is now nearly surrounded by houses,) where a temporary booth has been erected, with a small space of ground enclosed at the front with boards. This booth is also decorated with flowers, and hence the fair has derived the appellation of "The Greenhill Bower." On arriving at this booth, the gates of the enclosed park are opened and the procession enters. The different little machines are placed around the enclosure, and then put in motion by the separate "operatives," in the presence of the higher portion of the corporation, who award which of the machines presents the greatest ingenuity, and prizes are distributed accordingly. This takes place about the middle of the day. The machines remain, and are put in motion and exhibited by their owners until the evening. The booth itself is filled with refreshments; and men being stationed at the gates to prevent the entrance of the disorderlies, every well-dressed person is admitted at once, and some cakes, &c. are given gratuitously away; the corporation I believe being at this expense. The various shows are ranged in different parts of the hill, and as none make their appearance there but such as have already graced "Bartholomew," it will be needless for me to say another word on this part of the subject, as by reference to your notices of September 3, 1825, will more fully and at large appear, and where your reader will find, although enough, yet "not to spare." I am, &c. J. O. W.

WHITSUNTIDE HIRINGS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

May 3, 1826.

Sir,—If you think the annexed worth a place in your invaluable and entertaining work, you will extremely oblige me by inserting it.

I am, Sir, &c.

HENRY WM. DEWHURST,
63, Upper Thornhaugh-street,
Bedford-square.

Cumberland Hirings.

The "hirings" for farmers' servants held yearly at Whitsuntide and Martinmass, though not altogether peculiar to the county of Cumberland, are however, I conceive, entitled to notice. Those who come to be hired stand in a body in the market-place, and to distinguish themselves hold a bit of straw or green sprig in their mouths. When the market is over the girls begin to file off and gently pace the streets, with a view of gaining admirers, whilst the young men with similar designs follow them; and having "eyed the lasses," each picks up a sweetheart, conducts her to a dancing-room, and treats her with punch, wine, and cake. Here they spend their afternoon, and part of their half-year's wages, in drinking and dancing, unless, as it frequently happens, a girl becomes the subject of contention, when the harmony of the meeting is interrupted, and the candidates for her love settle the dispute by blows. When the diversions of the day are concluded, the servants generally return to their homes for a few holidays before they enter on their new servitude. At fairs, as well as hirings, it is customary for all the young people in the neighbourhood to assemble and dance at the inns and alehouses. In their dances, which are jigs and reels, exertion and agility are more regarded than ease and grace. But little order is observed in these rustic assemblies: disputes frequently arise, and are generally terminated by blows. During these combats the weaker portion of the company, with the minstrels, get on the benches, or cluster in corners, whilst the rest support the combatants; even the lasses will often assist in the battle in support of their relations or lovers, and in the last cases they are desperate. When the affray is over the bruised pugilists retire to wash, and the tattered nymphs to re-adjust their garments. Fresh company arrives, the fiddles strike up, the dancing proceeds as before, and the skirmish which had commenced

without malice, is rarely remembered. In their dancing parties the attachments of the country people are generally formed.

ENSHAM, OXON.

Old Custom.

Till within the last century, an old custom prevailed in the parish of Ensham, Oxfordshire, by which the townspeople were allowed on Whit Monday to cut down and carry away as much timber as could be drawn by men's hands into the abbey-yard, the churchwardens previously marking out such timber by giving the first chop; so much as they could carry out again, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants of the abbey to prevent it, they were to keep for the reparation of the church. By this service they held their right of commonage at Lammas and Michaelmas; but about the beginning of the last century, this practice was laid aside by mutual consent.*

KIDLINGTON, OXON.

There is a custom at Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, on Monday after Whitson Week, to provide a fat live lamb; and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, run after it, and she that wither mouth takes and holds the lamb, is declared *Lady of the Lamb*; which being dressed, with the skin hanging on, is carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music, and a morisco dance of men, and another of women, where the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth, and merry-lee. The next day the lamb is part baked, oiled, and roast, for the lady's feast, where she sits majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with music and other attendants, which ends the solemnity.†

NECTON, NORFOLK

For the Every-Day Book.

Various purse clubs, or benefit societies, annual feasts, and other merry-makings, having from time immemorial produced a Whitsuntide holiday amongst the inhabitants of numerous villages in Norfolk, in 1817, colonel, at that time major, Mason, in order to concentrate these festivities, and render *Necton*, (his

place of family residence,) the focus or popular attraction to the neighbouring villagers, established a *guild* or festival for rural sports, on Whit Monday and Tuesday. Having, during the late war, while with his regiment (the East Norfolk Militia) had an opportunity of observing the various celebrations of Whitsuntide, in different parts of the kingdom, he was thus enabled to constitute *Necton guild*, a superior holiday festival. Arranged under his immediate patronage, and conducted by his principal tenantry, it soon became, and still continues, the most respectable resort of Whitsuntide festivities in Norfolk.

Previous to the festival, the following printed notice is usually circulated

‘WHITSUN HOLIDAYS

“On the afternoons of Whit Monday and Whit Tuesday next, a guild for rural games, Maypole dances, &c. will be held in the grounds of William Mason, Esq., Necton.

“The guild being entirely distinct from a fair, no stalls, stands, or booths, or other conveniences for the sale of goods, will be suffered to be brought upon the grounds, but by those who have special leave for that purpose, in writing, given on application to John Carr, master beadle.

“The guild will open each day at two P. M., and canteens, (where refreshments of all sorts may be had, and cold dinners supplied,) will close each night by sound of bell at eleven.

“N. B.—As this guild is regularly policed, it is hoped that the hilarity of the festival will continue to be preserved as heretofore, by the order and obliging conduct of all those who come to mix in the entertainment.

“Signed by * * * Mayor.

“* * * * Past Mayor.

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

The field selected for the purpose is beautifully and picturesquely situated, opposite the park of Necton-hall. Near the centre is a raised mound of earth fenced round to protect it from the pressure of the crowd, on which is erected a “Maypole,” crowned with a streamer or pennant, and encircled by numerous garlands of flowers and evergreens, suspended longitudinally from the top to the bottom of the pole:—this is called

the Maypole-stand. At a convenient distance are placed the stalls, canteens, and booths; the principal of which, tastefully decorated with evergreens, is called "the

mayor's booth," and is solely appropriated to his friends and the select party of the company; care being taken to prevent improper intrusion.



Necton Guild.

From the "mayor's booth," early on Whit Monday afternoon, the ceremony of commencing or proclaiming the guild emanates in the following order of procession:—

Constable of Necton in a red scarf, with his staff of office.

Beadles or special constables with staves, two and two.

Master beadle of the guild, with a halberd.

Six boys and girls, Maypole dancers, two and two, hand in hand.

Band of Music.

Maskers, or morris-dancers, fancifully attired, two and two.

Pursuivant with a truncheon, habited in a tabard, on which is depicted an allegorical representation of the arms of Necton.

Sword-bearer in grotesque dress, on horseback.

Standard bearer on horseback.

THE MAYOR OF THE GUILD,

On horseback, in full dress suit and purple robes with his chain of office

Standard bearer on horseback.

The mayor elect on horseback.

Standard bearer on horseback.

Principal tenantry on horseback, two and two.

Beadles of the guild.

Maskers or morris-dancers, fancifully attired, two and two.

Six boys and girls, Maypole dancers, two and two, hand in hand.

Beadles of the guild.

Band of music.

Man bearing a standard.

Members of Royal Oak Friendly Society, with purple and light blue favours in their hats, two and two.

Members of the Necton Old Club Friendly Society with light blue favours in their hats, two and two.

Taking a circuitous route through the field into the park, upon arriving at the principal entrance to the hall, where the colonel and his friends are waiting

the approach of the procession, the mayor alights, and thus addresses the patron:—

“Honourable sir,—

“The period now arriv’d,

In which the tokens of my mayoralty

Must be resign’d,—I make it my request,

You should appoint as mayor elect, this year,

Our worthy friend and colleague, Mr. * * *

But in resigning, beg best thanks to give

For the diversion of our last year’s guild;—

Hoping the festival will as much this year,

By weather and kind friends be happy blest.”

To this the colonel replies, “by thanking the mayor for his past services,—for the good order and regularity observed during the last festival,—and the pleasure it will afford him to make the new appointment.”—They then enter the vestibule, where the mayor resigning his

robes and tokens of office, the mayor elect is then invested with them. After returning to the door, the colonel congratulates the new mayor on entering his office, &c. to which his worship thus replies:—

“Honourable sir,—

“With pleasure I receive

Th’ official tokens of my mayoralty,

Which now in place of our late worthy mayor,

Alderman * * * I do most willingly take:

Be well assured, as much as in me lies,

I will good rule and order strict maintain,

That peace and pleasure may together tend

To make our guild, two days of even mirth

Hoping all here assembled at the hall,

Anon will join us in the festive scene,

And bidding all most welcome to our guild:

I thus respectful beg to take my leave,

That I may tend my duties in the field.”—

The procession then returns by the same route and in the same order, with the exception of the *new* and the *past*

mayors who have changed places. The rustic sports then commence;—the master beadle, ringing a bell, proclaims the sport

and the prize, the competitors for which are desired to "come upon the Maypole-stand."—The sports usually selected, are

Wrestling-matches.

Foot-races.

Jingling-matches.

Jumping in sacks.

Wheel-barrow races, blindfold.

Spinning matches.

Whistling matches.

Grinning ditto, through a horse-collar.

Jumping matches.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

These are occasionally enlivened with Maypole dances, by the boys and girls of the village, selected and dressed for the occasion, and also by the maskers or morris-dancers. When the shades of evening prevent the continuance of these sports, the spacious "mayor's booth" is then the object of attraction. Well lighted, and the floor boarded for the occasion, country dances commence, which are generally kept up with great spirit and harmony, till the master beadle with his bell announces the time arrived for closing the booths and canteens, "by order of the mayor." A few minutes, and sometimes (by permission) a little longer, terminates the amusement, which is always concluded, on both evenings, by the whole company joining in the national anthem of "God save the king."

That "Necton guild" is considered as a superior establishment to a rustic fair, or other merry-making, by the numerous, respectable, and fashionable companies who generally attend from all parts of the neighbourhood. Undisturbed by those scenes of intoxication and disorder, usually prevalent at village fairs, the greatest harmony prevails throughout, and the superior attention and accommodation afforded by the patron and directors of the festival, to all classes of well-behaved and respectable visitors, cannot fail to render "Necton guild," a popular and attractive resort of Whitsuntide festivities.

I have attempted a sketch of the Maypole stand, &c. from my own knowledge, for I have usually rambled to Necton one or two evenings of each year, since the "guild" was established, and hence I have given you the particulars from actual observation, though I am indebted to a friend, who is a diligent and accurate recorder of customs for the speeches, &c. I must further observe, that the mound of earth I have endeavoured to represent

is permanent in the field, and about three feet high, though I have erroneously represented it as higher from lack of eye in drawing, to which indeed I make no pretension. The dancers are the morris dancers in grotesque dresses; the men with fanciful figured print waistcoats and small clothes, decked with bows and the women in coloured skirts, trimmed like stage dresses for Spanish girls, with French toques instead of caps.

I find you have removed the publishing office since I wrote last, but I hope you do not mean to withdraw yourself from the work. Should you continue "the soul" of the *Every-Day Book* "body," you shall hear from me again, whenever and as soon as I can. K.

* * *To obviate the possibility of misapprehension in consequence of the EVERY DAY BOOK being published by Messrs HUNT and CLARKE, I take this opportunity of observing, that those gentlemen have no other concern in the work than that of being its publishers, and that it has never ceased from my entire management from the time they undertook that service for me on my own solicitation. No one has any share or interest in it, or any power of influencing its management, and it will continue to be conducted and written by me, as it has been, from the first hour of its commencement. I hope that this is a full and final answer to every inquiry on the subject.*

May, 1826.

W. HONE.

WHITSUN ALES.

It is pleasant to read the notices of these ancient revels in our topographical histories. One of them gives the following account of a Cornish merriment.

"For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yearly chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing, baking, and

other acates, against Whitsuntide, upon which holidays the neighbours meet at the church house, and there merily feed on their owne victuals, each contributing some petty portion to the stock, which, by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatness; for there is entertayned a kind of emulation between these wardens, who, by his graciousness in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the church's profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit one another, and frankly spend their money together. The afternoons are consumed in such exercises as olde and yonge folk (having leysure) doe accustomably weare out the time withall. When the feast is ended, the wardens yeeld in their accounts to the parishioners; and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is layd up in store, to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish, or imposed on them for the good of the country or the prince's service; neither of which commonly gripe so much, but that somewhat stil remayneth to cover the purse's bottom.*

Another says, "There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish) the church-ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish is (or was) a church-house to which belonged spits, crocks, &c. utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on. All things were civil, and without scandal."†

Mr. Douce tells us, that "At present the Whitsun ales are conducted in the following manner. Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can, to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford; and each young fellow treats his girl with a riband or favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer

with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, and a fool or jester, drest in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation, contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient Drink-lean, a day of festivity, formerly observed by the tenants, and vassals of the lord of the fee, within his manor; the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. The glossaries inform us, that this Drink-lean was a contribution of tenants, towards a potation or ale, provided to entertain the lord or his steward."‡

At Islington

A fair they hold,
Where cakes and ale
Are to be sold.

At Highgate, and

At Holloway

The like is kept

Here every day.

At Totnam Court

And Kentish Town,

And all those places

Up and down.

Poor Robin, 1676

PEPPARD REVEL.

The "Reading Mercury" of May 24, 1819, contains the following advertisement:—

"*Peppard Revel* will be held on Whit Monday, May 31, 1819; and for the encouragement of young and old gamers, there will be a good hat to be played for at cudgels; for the first sever couple that play, the man that break most heads to have the prize; and one shilling and sixpence will be given to each man that breaks a head, and one shilling to the man that has his head broke."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 54 · 35.

* Carew's Cornwall. † Aubrey's Wiltshire.

* Brand.

May 16.



His Grace the Duke of Baubleshire,

Among the peers without compeer,
 A noble lord of parliament,
 Upon "his country's good" intent,
 Through Durham daily took his walk,
 And talk'd, "ye gods, how he would talk!"
 His private riches how immense!
 His public virtue, how intense
 Preeminent of all the great,
 His mighty wisdom ruled the state!
 His claims, to high consideration,
 Brought deeper into debt the nation.
 Was he not, then, a statesman? what,
 Else, could he be?—for I know not.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

On the sixteenth of May, 1796, died in Durham workhouse, at the advanced age

of eighty-five years, the "duke of Baubleshire." His title was neither ancestral, nor conferred by creation; but, as Napo-

son is said to have placed the iron crown on his own head, and vowed to maintain it with his sword, so Thomas French assumed the title of duke of Baubleshire of his own will, and maintained his nobility throughout life, by wearing a tar of coloured paper, or cloth, on the breast of his spencer. As a further mark of his quality, he mounted a cockade in his hat, and several brass curtain rings on his fingers. Thus decorated, and with a staff in his hand to support his feeble frame, he constantly tottered through Durham; every street of which ancient city acknowledged his distinction.

At this time it is difficult to conjecture the origin of Thomas French's title. He assumed it with the decline of his understanding, until which period he had been a labouring man, and supported himself by the work of his hands. In right of his dukedom, he publicly urged his claims to immense possessions. It was his constant usage to stop and accost every one he knew, or would introduce himself to, on points of business, connected with the Baubleshire states. Though at no time master of a shilling, he incessantly complained of having been defrauded of vast amounts, in cash and bank bills; and parties whom he suspected of these transactions, he threatened to punish with the utmost rigour of the law. He seldom saw a goodly horse, or a handsome carriage, without claiming it, and insisted on his rights so peremptorily and pertinaciously, as to be exceedingly vexatious to the possessors of the property. He fearlessly exhibited charges of misappropriation against individuals of all ranks and conditions. According to his grace's representations, every covetable personalty in Durham and its vicinage, had been clandestinely obtained from Baubleshire; nor did he make any secret of his intimate and frequent correspondence with the king, on the subject of raising men for carrying on the war, and other important affairs of state. He likewise expressed his opinions on other men's characters and conduct without reserve; and notwithstanding his abject poverty, his pointed observations frequently inflicted wounds, for which it would have been folly to express resentment.

The duke of Baubleshire was occupied with his numerous concerns, till within three or four days of his death, when he

took to his bed; and over burdened by old age, peaceably lay down with the other departed dignitaries of the earth. The present portrait and particulars of him are from a print lithographed at Durham, where he took his title, and where he still lives in ephemeral fame.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55° 30.

May 17.

1826. EMBER WEEK.

Oxford Term begins.

Remarkable Performance.

On the seventeenth of May, 1817, a respectable farmer of Kirton Lindsey for a wager of a few pounds, undertook to ride a poney up two pair of stairs into a chamber of the George Inn, and down again, which he actually performed before a numerous company, whose astonishment was heightened by the rider being upwards of eleven stone weight, and his horse less than thirty. They were weighed after the feat to decide a wager.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 56° 65.

May 18.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the eighteenth of May, 1664, the following public advertisement was issued for the healing of the people by king Charles II.

Notice.

His sacred majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michalmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to the town in the interim and lose their labour.

Newes, 1664.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 55° 32.

May 19.

“POOR JOE MOODY!”

A willing record is given to the memory of an unfortunate young man, in the language of an intelligent correspondent

For the Every-Day Book.

Poor Joe Moody lived in Ballingdon, a village in Essex; he was an idiot, a good, simple-hearted creature. The character of his infirmity was childishness; he would play at marbles, spin his top, run his hoop, and join the little boys in the village, with whom he was a great favourite, in all their sports. As a boy he was rational, but when he assumed the man, which he would now and then do, the poor fellow was a sad picture of misery. He would sit upon the steps of an old house, and ask if you did not hear the thunder; then he would start as if to restrain the fury of a horse, and he would suddenly become mild again, and say, "I have seen her grave!" and he would weep like a child for hours. The story of his early life I have heard my father thus relate:—

"When I went to school with Joe Moody, he was a fine fellow, and remarkable for his good temper and lively disposition; he could run from us all, and was one of the best cricketers in the town. After he had left school he became acquainted with Harriet F——; she was a very lovely girl, young and amiable, and had been sought by more than one respectable farmer in the neighbourhood; but Joe was preferred by her, and by her parents. I need not say how endeared to each other they were; the sequel shows it too plainly. In a few days they were to have been made nappy; friends were invited to the wedding, and a rich old aunt was to be of the party. Joe proposed that Harriet and himself should go and fetch this old lady; a mark of respect which was readily agreed to. With hopes high, and hearts of gaiety, the young folks set off on a fine summer's morning, with feelings which only youth and love can know. Who can say this shall be a day of happiness? They had scarcely lost sight of home when the sky became overcast, and in a few minutes a dreadful storm burst over their heads. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and the high spirited horse became unmanageable. Poor Joe endeavoured to restrain its fury, but in vain; it left the track of the road; the hood of the chaise struck against the projecting branch of a tree, and both were thrown out with extreme violence to the earth. Joe soon recovered, and his first care was his Harriet—she was a corpse at his feet! Poor Joe spoke not for some
s; and the first return of imperfect

sense, was shown by his swimming a little cork boat which he found."

This humour was encouraged, and often his melancholy weeping mood was turned by a kind proposition to play a game at marbles. He would come to my father's house sometimes, and borrow a penny to buy marbles, a string for a kite, or some trifling toy. He never had his hair cut: it was very black and glossy; and used to curl and hang about his shoulders like the hair of Charles II., whom he resembled somewhat in the face. Joe went regularly to church, and as regularly to the grave of his Harriet. In rainy or tempestuous weather, he would sit upon the steps of the door where he first met her, and ask of passing strangers whether they had seen her. He had a fine voice and taste for singing, with which he would sometimes amuse himself, but it generally led him to melancholy. Joe feared but one person in the village, a Mr. S——, who once beat him at school in a boyish fight.

I went to Ballingdon last summer, and asked for Joe: an old man told me he died suddenly on seeing a horse run away—he showed me his grave.

W. DOOWRUM.

May, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55 · 70.

May 20.

REMARKABLE FUNERAL.

On the twentieth of May, 1736, the body of Samuel Baldwin, Esq. was, in compliance with an injunction in his will, immersed, *sans ceremonie*, in the sea at Lymington, Hants. His motive for this extraordinary mode of interment was, to prevent his wife from "dancing over his grave," which this modern Xantippe had frequently threatened to do in case she survived him.

SCOTCH SUPERSTITIONS IN MAY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—A desultory sketch of the more prominent features, on the darker side of Scotch character, if deemed worthy of insertion, is at your service.

Researches into ancient usages, the way of leading life, and the customs and

superstitious belief, which gave tinge and sway to those who peopled the world before us, are often ridiculed as frivolous by casual observers. But the events of centuries past have become classic from their associations with many of our own. Such observers are apt to forget that much in our present manners is as certainly derived from the popular opinions of past ages, as the heaving of the ocean is caused by the submarine ground swell.

Neither the thoughts nor the actions of men, are to be compared or measured by an unvarying standard of consistency or reason. The passions are the real, though unsteady and eccentric guides of our motions; of these, fear is the most predominant; and in its hour of operation, has the most commanding power. Why is it, that a man in a state of inebriety will be little the worse for bruises which would cost the same man sober, his life? It is not the alcohol that gives life its tenacity, but it is the consequent absence of fear which prevents imaginary, being added to real dangers. Like love, it feeds its own flame. In all ages, when earthly objects have ceased to terrify, men have conjured up phantoms for their minds' excitation, which, when reason told them, were false, because invisible to the senses, they clothed with superhuman attributes; still, however, taking advantage of every incident their fancy misrepresented, to prove, at least, their material effects. Such is witchcraft; which in Scotland, not many years ago, was as generally believed in as Christianity, and which many, who have been excluded from the polish of society, believe in still. Those who ventured to impugn the doctrine, were held to be what the mob did not understand, but what they believed to be something of extraordinary iniquity—"PAPISTS."

The month of May has always been deemed peculiarly favourable for supernatural appearances. No one will marry in May: but on the first morning of that month, maidens rise early to gather May-dew, which they throw over their shoulder in order to propitiate fate in allotting them a good husband. If they can succeed by the way in catching a snail by the horns, and throwing it over their shoulder, it is an omen of good luck; and if it is placed on a slate, then likewise it will describe by its turning, the initials of their future husband's name.

Anciently, the month of May was

ushered in with many solemn rites, and the first day had the name of "Beltane." The "Beltane time" was a season of boisterous mirth and riotous festivity. There is still a fair at the town of Peebles, which goes by the name of the Beltane fair. Our king, James I., says,

"At Beltane quhar ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the play,
To hear ye sing and ye soundis
The solace suth to say."

The mob elected a "king and queen of May," and dressed them fantastically to preside over their ceremonies. There were also peculiar games, and "Clerks' Plays," with which the multitude amused themselves at this season.

Among other superstitious observances for which May is reckoned favourable, there is a custom of visiting certain wells, which were believed to possess a charm, for "curing of sick people," during that month. In 1628, a number of persons were brought before the Kirk Session of Falkirk, accused of going to Christ's well on the Sundays of May, to seek their health, and the whole being found guilty were sentenced to repent "in linens" three several sabbaths. "And it is statute and ordained that if any person, or persons, be found superstitiously and idolatrously, after this, to have passed in pilgrimage to Christ's well, on the Sundays of May to seek their health, they shall repent in *sacco* (sackcloth) and linen three several sabbaths, and pay twenty lib (Scots) *toties quoties*, for ilk fault; and if they cannot pay it, the baillies shall be recommended to put them in ward, and to be fed on bread and water for aught days."* They were obliged, for the preservation of the charm, to keep strict silence on the way, to and from the well, and not to allow the vessel in which the water was, to touch the ground.

In 1657, a mob of parishioners were summoned to the session, for believing in the powers of the well of Airth, a village about six miles north of Falkirk, on the banks of the Forth, and the whole were sentenced to be publicly rebuked for the sin.—"Feb. 3, 1757, Session convent. Compeared Bessie Thomson, who declairit scho went to the well at Airth, and that schoe left money thairat, and after the can was fillat with water, they keepit it from touching the ground till they cam homi."

* Session Records, June 12, 1628.

"February 24.—Compeired Robert Ffuird who declared he went to the well of Airth, and spoke nothing als he went, and that Margrat Walker went with him, and schoe said ye beleif about the well, and left money and ane napkin at the well, and all was done at her injunction." "Compeired Bessie Thomson declairit schoe fetchit hom water from the said well and luit it not touch the ground in homcoming, spoke not as sha went, said the beleif at it, left money and ane napkin thair; and all was done at Margrat Walker's command." "Compeired Margrat Walker who denyit yat scho was at yat well befor and yat scho gave any directions." "March 10. Compeired Margrat Forsyth being demandit if scho went to the well of Airth, to fetch water thairfrom, spok not by ye waye, luit it not touch ye ground in homcoming? if scho said ye belief? left money and ane napkin at it? Answered affirmatively in every poynt, and yat Nans Brugh directit yem, and yat they had bread at ye well, with them, and yat Nans Burg said shoe wald not be affrayit to goe to yat well at midnight hir alon." "Compeired Nans Burg, denyit yat ever scho had bein at yat well befor." "Compeired Rot Squir confest he went to yat well at Airth, fetchit hom water untouching ye ground, left money and said ye beleif at it." "March 17. Compeired Ro' Cochran, declairit, he went to the well at Airth and ane other well, bot did neither say ye beleif, nor leave money." "Compeired Grissal Hutchin, declairit scho commandit the lasses yat went to yat well, say ye beleif, but dischargit hir dochter." "March 21. Compeired Robert Ffuird who declairit yat Margrat Walker went to ye well of Airth to fetch water to Robert Cowie, and when schoe com thair, scho laid down money in Gods name, and ane napkin in Ro' Cowie's name." "Compeired Jonet Robison who declairit yat when scho was seik, Jean Mathieson com to hir and told hir, that the water of the well of Airth was guid for seik people, and yat the said Jean hir guid sister desyrit hir fetch sum of it to hir guid man as he was seik, bot scho durst never tell him." These people were all "publicly admonishit for superstitious carriage." Yet within these few years, a farmer and his servant were known to travel fifty miles for the purpose of bringing water from a charmed well in the Highlands to cure their sick cattle.

The records contain some curious notices concerning witchcraft, which are all certified to "my lord's court," the baronial juridical conservator of the public peace; but, if we may judge from the re-appearance of the parties, none, much to the laird of Callander's honour, ever were punished. I may afterwards give some of these for the amusement of the readers of the *Every-Day Book*, who will likewise find in the "Scots' Magazine" for March, 1814, an account of trials for witchcraft at Borroustaunness, which ended in six poor creatures' condemnation on the twenty-third of December, 1679, to "be wirried at a steak till they be dead, and then to have their bodies burnt to ashes!"

The reputed consequences of the *blink of an ill-ee*, are either death, or some horrible debility; for which there are some preventitives, such as rolling a red silk thread round the finger or the neck or keeping a slip of rowntree (mountain ash) in the bonnet; and last, not least there is a "gruel, thick and slab," which is reckoned efficacious in averting "Skaith." At this day, even in the twenty-sixth year of the nineteenth century, an old womar in Falkirk earns a comfortable livelihood by the sale of "*Skaith Saw*."

I am, Sir, &c.

ROBERT KIER

Falkirk, May 16, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55·42.

May 21.

1826. TRINITY SUNDAY.

For usages on this day, see vol. i. p. 722.

THE SEASON.

It is observed by Dr. Forster in the "Perennial Calendar," that the sky is generally serene, and the weather mild and agreeable, about this time. A cloudy day, however, frequently happens, and is sometimes succeeded by a day's rain; but we have noticed frequently, that an overcast sky when not too obscure, is the best for viewing flowers, and at this time of year often sets off the splendid Vernal Flora to great advantage.

Song to Summer.

Hail, rural goddess of delight!

I woo thy smiles from morn till night;

Now no more rude Eurus blows
O'er mountains of congealed snows ;
But thy faire handmaid lovely Maie
Treads the fresh lawns, and leads the
waie.

Now, at Flora's earlie call,
The meadows greene and vallies all
Pour forth their variegated flowers,
To regale the sportive hours.
Hence then let me fly the crowde
Of busy men, and seke the woode,
With some Dryad of the grove,
By shades of elm and oak to rove,
Till some sequestered spot we find,
There, on violet bank reclined,
We fly the day-star's burning heate,
Which cannot reach our green retreat ;
While Zephyr, with light whispering
breeze,

Softly dances in the trees ;
And, upon his muskie wing,
Doth a thousand odours bring
From the blooming mead below,
Where cowslips sweet and daisies blow ;
And from out her grassie bed
The harebell hangs her nodding head ;
Hard bye, some purling stream beside,
Where limpid waters gently glide,
Iris shows her painted woof
Of variegated hues, windproof ;
And with water lillies there,
The nymphs and naids braid the haire ;
And from out their leafie haunt,
The birdes most melodious chant.
Then, sweet nymph, at eventide,
Let us roam the broke beside,
While the lovelorn nightingale
Saddie sings the woods ymel,
Till the bi'tern's booming note
O'er the sounding mashes flote,
And the ominous owls do crie,
While luckless bats are flitting bye ;
Then before the midnight houre,
When ghostlie sprites and pizgies coure,
We will betake us to our cot,
And be it there, O sleep, our lot,
To rest in balmie slumherings,
Till the next cock his matin rings.

CHRONOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—As the anniversary of that day, on which the greatest mathematician of his time was removed from this transitory world, is fast approaching, I hasten to send you a brief memorial, selected from various local works, of that truly original and eccentric genius. I also enclose a fac-simile of his hand writing, which was presented to me by a very obliging friend, Robert Surtees, of Mains-

forth, Esq., F. S. A., and author of a very splendid and elaborate "History of the County Palatinate of Durham."

Your's truly,
JOHN SYKES

Newcastle, Tyne, April 25, 1826.

W Emerson
Hurworth
Oct. 1. 1771.

William Emerson was born at Hurworth, a pleasant village, about three miles from Darlington, in the county of Durham, on the 14th of May, 1701. The preceptor of his early years was his own father, of whom he learned writing and arithmetic, and probably the rudiments of Latin. After having studied mathematics with much ardour under able masters, at Newcastle and York, he returned to Hurworth, and again benefited by the knowledge of his father, who was a tolerable master of the mathematics. Some degree of Emerson's celebrity may be attributed to the treatment which he received from Dr. Johnson, rector of Hurworth, whose niece he had married. The doctor had engaged to give five hundred pounds to his niece, who lived with him, as a marriage portion ; but when reminded of the promise, he choose to forget that it had been made, and treated our young mathematician as a person beneath his notice.

The pecuniary disappointment Emerson (who had an independent spirit, and whose patrimony though not large, was equal to all his wants) would easily have surmounted, but the contemptuous treatment stung him to the soul. He immediately went home, packed up his wife's clothes, and sent them to the doctor, saying, that he would scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag ; vowing at the same time that he would be revenged, and prove himself to be the *better man of the two*. His first publication, however, did not meet with immediate encouragement, and most probably his other works would never have appeared, at least in the author's lifetime, if Edward Montague, Esq., his great admirer and friend, had not procured him the patronage of Mr John

Nourse, bookseller and optician, who being himself skilled in the more abstruse sciences, immediately engaged Emerson to furnish a regular course of mathematics for the use of students, and in the summer of 1763, Emerson made a journey to London, to settle and fulfil the agreement.

His devotion to the philosophy of sir Isaac Newton was so uncommonly strong, that every opponent of this great man was treated by Emerson as dull, blind, bigotted, prejudiced, or mad, and the fire and impetuosity of his temper would on these occasions betray him into language far distant from the strictness of mathematical demonstration. Mr. E. was in person something below the common size, but firm, compact, well made, very active and strong. He had a good open expressive countenance, with a ruddy complexion, a keen and penetrating eye, and an ardour and eagerness of look that was very demonstrative of the texture of his mind. His dress was grotesque frequently; sometimes mean and shabby. A very few hats served him through the whole course of his life; and when he purchased one (or indeed any other article of dress) it was perfectly indifferent to him whether the form or fashion of it was of the day, or of half a century before. One of these hats of immense superficies, had, by length of time, lost its elasticity, and its brim began to droop in such a manner as to prevent his being able to view the objects before him in a direct line. This was not to be endured by an optician; he therefore took a pair of sheers, and cut it off by the body of the hat, leaving a little to the front, which he dexterously rounded into the resemblance of the nib of a jockey's cap. His wigs were made of brown, or of a dirty flaxen coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind, but which grew pendulous through age, till at length it became quite straight, having probably never undergone the operation of the comb; and either through the original mal-formation of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently thrusting his hand beneath it, the back part of his head and wig seldom came into very close contact. His coat or more properly jacket, or waistcoat with sleeves to it, which he commonly wore without any other waistcoat, was of drab colour; his linen was more calculated for warmth and duration than show, being spun and bleached by

his wife, and woven at Hurworth. In cold weather he had a custom of wearing his shirt with the wrong side before, and buttoned behind the neck, yet this was not an affectation of singularity, (for Emerson had no affectation, though his customs and manners were singular,) he had a reason for it; he seldom buttoned more than two or three buttons of his waistcoat, leaving all the rest open; in wind, rain, or snow, therefore, he must have found the aperture at the breast inconvenient if his shirt had been put on in the usual manner. When he grew aged, in cold weather, he used to wear what he called *shin-covers*: these were pieces of old sacking, tied with strings above the knee, and depending down to the shoe, in order to prevent his legs from being scorched when he sat too near the fire. This singularity of dress and figure, together with his character for profound learning, and knowledge more than human, occasioned the illiterate and ignorant to consider him as a cunning man, or necromancer, and various stories have been related of his skill in the *black art*. He affected an appearance of infidelity on religious matters, and was an example to the vulgar, not a little reprehensible. His diet was as simple and plain as his dress, and his meals gave little interruption either to his studies, employments, or amusements. He catered for himself, and pretty constantly went to Darlington, to make his own markets; yet, when he had provided all the necessary articles, he not unfrequently neglected to return home for a day or two, seating himself contentedly in some public house, where he could procure good ale and company, and passing the hours in various topics of conversation. His style of conversation was generally abrupt and blunt, and often vulgar and ungrammatical. This occasioned a supposition, that his prefaces were not written by himself, an opinion that was one day mentioned to him, and the disparity of his conversation and writing pointed out as the reason. After a momentary pause, he exclaimed, with some indignation, "A pack of fools! who would write my prefaces but myself." Mr. Emerson often tried to practise the effect of his mathematical speculations, by constructing a variety of instruments, mathematical, mechanical, and musical, on a small scale. He made a spinning-wheel for his wife, which is represented in his book of mechanics. He was well skilled

in the science of music, the theory of sounds, and the various scales both ancient and modern. He was a great contributor to the "Lady's Diary," under the signature of "Merones," and for many years unknown, until a transposition of letters discovered his name.* During the greater part of his life, his health had been strong and uninterrupted; but as he advanced into the vale of years, internal complaints allowed him but little intermission of pain, and at length deprived him of breath on the twenty-first of May, 1782, aged eighty-one years and one week. He was buried in the churchyard of his native village where he died. About a twelvemonth before his decease, he was prevailed on after much importunity, to sit for his portrait, which was taken by Mr. Sykes, for his friend Mr. Cloudsley of Darlington, surgeon. It is said to be a most striking likeness.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55 · 32

May 22.

SOPS AND ALE.

At East-Bourn, in "a descriptive account of that village in the county of Sussex," there is mention of a very singular custom having prevailed for many years under the denomination of "Sops and Ale." It was productive of much mirth and good humour, being conducted as follows: the senior bachelor in the place was selected by the inhabitants, steward, and to him was delivered a damask napkin, a large wooden bowl, twelve wooden trenchers, twelve wooden knives and forks, two wooden candlesticks, and two wooden cups for the reception of sugar; and on the Saturday fortnight the steward attended at the church-door, with a white wand in his hand, and gave notice that sops and ale would be given that evening at such a place. Immediately after any lady, or respectable farmer or tradesman's wife became mother of a child, the steward

called at the house, and begged permission for "sops and ale;" which was always granted, and conducted in the following order:—Three tables were placed in some convenient room; one of which was covered with the above napkin, and had a china bowl and plates, with silver handled knives and forks placed on it; and in the bowl were put biscuits sopped with wine, and sweetened with fine sugar. The second table was also covered with a cloth, with china, or other earthen plates, and a bowl with beer sops, sweetened with fine sugar, and decent knives and forks. The third table was placed without any cloth; and on it were put the wooden bowl, knives, forks, and trenchers, as before described, with the candlesticks and sugar cups; and in the bowl were beer sops, sweetened with the coarsest sugar. As soon as the evening service was over, having had previous notice from the steward, the company assembled, and were placed in the following order:—those persons whose wives were mothers of twins, were placed at the upper or first table; those whose wives had a child or children, at the second table; and such persons as were married, and had no children, together with the old bachelors, were placed at the third table, which was styled *the bachelors' table*, under which title the gentlemen who sat at it, were addressed for that evening, and the gentlemen at the first table were styled *benchers*. Proper toasts were given, adapted for the occasion, and the company always broke up at eight o'clock, generally very cheerful and good-humoured.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 54 · 87.

May 23.

CHRONOLOGY.

This is the anniversary of one of the great duke of Marlborough's most celebrated engagements, the battle of Ramillies, a place near Namur in the Nether-

* "Beneath the shelter of the silent elm,
His native elm (to sapience still a friend)
MERONES loves, and meditates beneath
The verdure of thy leaves: see there
How silently he sits! and lost in thought,
Weighs in his mind some great design! revolves
He now his *Subtile Fluxions*? or displays
By truest signs the *Sphere's Projection* wide?
Wide as thy sphere, Merones, be thy fame."

See a poem on the old Elm at Hurworth, in *Genl. Mag.* for May, 1780.

lands, where, on this day, in the year 1706, he gained a memorable victory over the French. It was in this battle that colonel Gardiner, then an ensign in the nineteenth year of his age, received a shot in his mouth, from a musket ball, which, without destroying any of his teeth, or touching the fore part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out about an inch and a half on the left side of the vertebræ. He felt no pain, but dropped soon after, and lay all night among his dying companions; he recovered in an almost miraculous manner, and became, from a most profligate youth, a character eminent for piety.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55 · 57.

May 24.

JACK KETCH AND NEWGATE.

On this day, in 1736, five felons in Newgate were to have been executed; but the prison was so insecure, that, during the night, one of them "took up a board and got out of his cell, and made his escape." The other four were taken to Tyburn and suffered their sentence; and Jack Ketch "on his return from doing his duty at Tyburn, robbed a woman of three shillings and sixpence."†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 56 · 42.

May 25.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.

On Corpus Christi day, at about a quarter before one o'clock at noon, the worshipful company of skinners (attended by a number of boys which they have in Christ's Hospital school, and girls strewing herbs before them) walk in procession from their hall on Dowgate-hill, to the church of St. Antholin's, in Watling-street, to hear service. This custom has been observed time out of mind.

This notice is communicated by one of the company.

For other customs on this festival, see vol. i. p. 742 to 758.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 52.

- * Butler's Chronological Exercises.
- † Gentleman's Magazine.

May 26.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59 · 35.

May 27.

ADDISON'S LIBRARY.

1799. On this and the three following days, the library of the celebrated Addison was sold by auction by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, at their house in York-street, Covent-garden. The books were brought from Bilton, where Addison had resided near Rugby, in Warwickshire, and under Mr. Leigh's hammer produced 456l. 2s. 9d.

There is a portrait of Mr. Leigh, who is since dead, from a drawing by Mr. Behnes.

Mr. Leigh dissolved partnership with Mr. Sotheby, his son supplied his father's place, and the business was carried on in the Strand. On Mr. Leigh's death, his surviving partner continued it as he still does, near the same spot in Waterloo-place, whither he removed in consequence of the premises being required for other purposes. This establishment is the oldest of the kind in London: under Mr. Sotheby's management its ancient reputation is supported: his sales are of the highest respectability, and attended by the best collectors. Mr. Sotheby sold the matchless *niellos* and other prints of sir Mark Sykes. For collections of that nature, and for libraries his arrangements are of a most superior order. One of the greatest treats to a lover of literature is a lounge at Mr. Sotheby during one of his sales.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 50.

May 28.

FEMALE ORDER OF MERIT.

The journals of this day, in 1736, announce that mademoiselle Salle, a famous dancer at Paris, who valued herself highly on her reputation, instituted an order there, of which she was president by the name of "the Indifferents." Both sexes were indiscriminately admitted after a nice scrutiny into their qual-

fications. They had rites, which no one was to disclose. The badge of the order was a ribbon striped, black, white, and yellow, and the device something like an eagle. They took an oath to fight against Rome, and if any of the members were particular in their regards, they were excluded the order with ignominy.*

* Gentleman's Magazine.

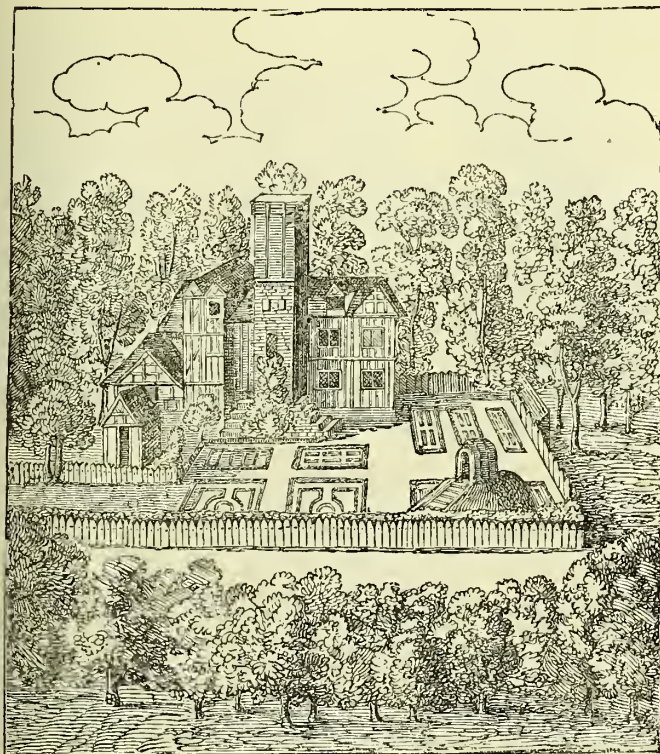
NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature. . . 58 · 90.

May 29.

K. CHARLES II. RESTORATION.

For customs on this day, see vol. i. p. 711 to 722.

This anniversary is an opportunity for introducing the following curious view.



Boscobel House,

WHERE CHARLES II. WAS CONCEALED AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER

This engraving, from a rare print of great value, represents Boscobel-house, in the state it was when Charles II. and colonel Carlos took refuge there. They remained in the house till they became alarmed for their safety.

Dr Stukely mentions the straits to which Charles was reduced during his concealment at 'nis place. "Not far

from Boscobel-house, just by a horse track passing through the wood, stood the royal oak, into which the king and his companion, colonel Carlos, climbed by means of the henroost ladder, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in the house; the family reaching them victuals with the nuthook. The tree is now enclosed in with a brick wall, the inside

whereof is covered with laurel, of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustine palace, ‘*mediamque tuere quercum.*’ Close by its side grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns. Over the door of the enclosure, I took this inscription in marble:—

‘*Felicissimam arborem quam in asylum*

potentissimi Regis Caroli II. Deus O. M. per quem reges regnant hic crescere voluit tam in perpetuam rei tantae memoriam quam specimen firmæ in reges fidei, muncinctam posteris commendant Basilius e Jana Fitzherbert.

‘*Quercus amica Jovi.*’



Boscobel House, 1800.

The situation of the house in the above year, is shown by the annexed engraving, from a view of it at that period.

At a small distance from Boscobel is Whiteladies, so called from having been a nunnery of white or Cistercian nuns, extensive ruins of which remain.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 37

May 30.

CLERKENWELL, in 1730.

This day, in 1730, being the anniversary of the birth-day of the princess Amelia and Caroline, Mr. Cook, a publican, discharged twenty-one guns in salute of their royal highnesses as they passed his door, “to drink the water at the wells by the New River Head in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell.” It appears that “almost every day for the latter part of that month, there was so great a concourse of the nobility and gentry,

that the proprietor took about thirty pounds in a morning.”* Clerkenwell, therefore, in 1730, was so fashionable as to be the resort of the court for recreation. At that time it had green lanes and bowling-alleys to delight the gentry, and attract the citizens of the metropolis. It is now, in 1826, covered with houses, and without a single public place of reputable entertainment; not even a bowling-green.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 72.

May 31.

DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT.

With the destruction of the elephant belonging to Mr. Cross, at Exeter Change, described in the present volume, may be paralleled the destruction of another on this day in the year 1820. The particulars are related in the “London Magazine” of April 1, 1826; they seem to have been translated from a “Notice sur l’Ele

* Gentleman's Magazine

phant mort a Geneve le 31 Mai dernier," in the "*Almanach Historique, nommé Messenger Boiteux pour l'An de grace, 1821*," which has been sent to the editor of the *Every-Day Book* for the purpose of enabling him to lay the annexed engraving before the readers of London, from a print in that "*Almanac*," which is printed in quarto "à Vevey, chez Freres Lœrtscher."

In May, 1820, for about a fortnight a fine Bengal elephant (*Elephas Indicus*, Cuvier—*Elephas Maximus*, Linn.) had been exhibited at Geneva. The elephants of this species are taller than those of Africa. They have an elevated cranium, which has two protuberances on its summit; the frontal bone is rather concave, and the head proportionably longer; their tusks are smaller than those of the African elephant. The animal in question had but one; he had lost the other by some accident. He was nine feet high, and of a dark-brown colour, he was ten years old, and had been bought in London six years before. Mademoiselle Garnier, (the niece of his proprietor,) to whom he was much attached, always travelled with him. She was the proprietor of an elephant which had broken loose at Venice a few years previously, and was killed by a cannon-shot, after it had committed considerable ravages in that city.

The present elephant was of a much gentler character, and had excited a general interest during its stay in Geneva, by its docility and intelligence; it performed all the usual tricks which are taught these animals, with a promptitude of obedience, a dexterity, and almost a grace, which were quite remarkable. Whenever mademoiselle Garnier witnessed his exercises, her presence seemed to call forth all these qualities to an extraordinary degree. According to her statement he was so familiar and social that he had more than once appeared on the stage at Lille, Antwerp, &c. playing the principal part in a procession, and seeming proud to carry the lady who acted the princess, before whom he would kneel to take her on his back. So far from being frightened at the lights, the music, and the noise of the house, he seemed delighted to take a part in the ceremony.

Accustomed to liberty, and much as he loved it, he yet endured confinement with patience, and when his keeper came to

fasten him up for the night, he used to stretch out his foot to receive the iron ring by which he was chained till morning, to a post deeply fixed in the earth. Unlike these animals in England, he did not travel in a cage, but was led from one town to another by night; he had three drivers, his keeper, properly so called, and two others, one of whom had always inspired him with more fear than attachment.

During the latter part of his stay at Geneva he had exhibited symptoms of excitement and restlessness, arising from two causes—the one, the frequent discharges of musketry from the soldiers who were exercised near his habitation, at which he was greatly irritated; the other, the paroxysms to which these animals are subject for several weeks in the spring. Nevertheless, he had never disobeyed nor menaced his keepers.

His departure was fixed for the 31st of May. He left Geneva at midnight, the gates and drawbridges having been opened for that purpose by permission of the syndic of the guard, the magistrate at the head of the military police. He was driven by his keeper and his two assistants, who carried a lantern. Mademoiselle Garnier was to follow in the morning. He made no difficulty in crossing the drawbridge, and took the road to Switzerland apparently in high spirits. But about a quarter of a league from the town he appeared out of humour with the keeper, and disposed to attack him. The man ran away towards the city; the elephant pursued him up to the gate, which the officer on guard opened, on his own responsibility, wisely calculating that it would be more easy to secure him within the town than without it, and that he might do immense mischief on the high roads, especially as it was the market-day at Geneva. He re-entered the town without hesitation, pursuing, rather than following his keeper and guides, between whom and himself all influence, whether of attachment or of fear, seemed at an end. From this moment he was his own master.

He walked for some time in the place de Saint Gervais, appearing to enjoy his liberty and the beauty of the night. He lay down for a few minutes on a heap of sand, prepared for some repairs in the pavement, and played with the stones collected for the same purpose. Perceiving one of his guides, who was watching him from the entrance of one of the bridges

over the Rhone, he ran at him, and would have attacked him, and probably done him some serious injury, if he had not escaped.

Mademoiselle Garnier having been informed of what had passed, hastened to the spot, and trusting to the attachment he had always shown for her, went up to him with great courage, with some dainties of which he was particularly fond, and speaking to him with gentleness and confidence, led him into a place enclosed with walls near the barrack he had inhabited, into which he could not be induced to return. This place, called the Bastion d'Hollande, adjoined a shed containing caissons, waggons, and gun-carriages; there were also cannon-balls piled up in an adjoining yard. Being left alone, and the gate shut upon him, he amused himself with trying his strength and skill upon every thing within his reach; he raised several caissons and threw them on their sides, and seemed pleased at turning the wheels; he took up the balls with his trunk, and tossed them in the air, and ran about with a vivacity which might have been ascribed either to gaiety or to irritation.

At two in the morning, the syndic of the guard being informed of the circumstance, went to the spot to consult on the measures to be taken. Mademoiselle Garnier in a state of the utmost distress and agitation, entreated that the elephant might be killed in the most speedy and certain way possible. The syndic, sharing in the general feeling of interest the noble and gentle creature had excited in the town, opposed her desire. He represented that the animal was now in a place of security against all danger, whether to the public or himself; and that as his present state of irritation was, in its very nature, transient, and would soon yield to a proper regimen; but mademoiselle Garnier remembered the occurrences at Venice, and felt the whole weight and responsibility of the management of the animal was on herself alone; for the keeper and guides had decidedly refused to attend upon him again, and she persisted in her demand. The magistrate would not give his consent until it was put into writing and signed.

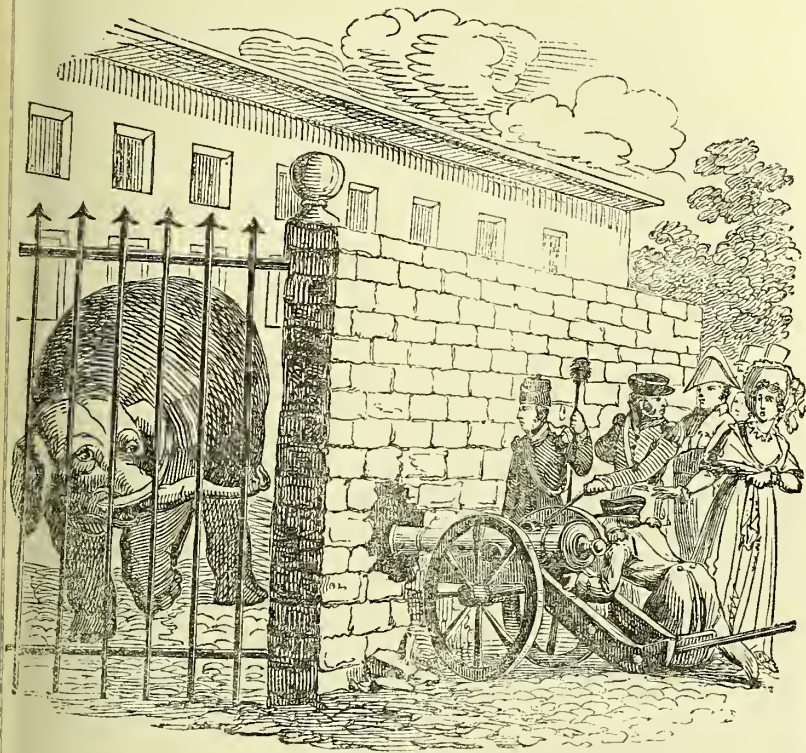
From that moment arrangements were made for destroying him. The chemists were laid under contribution for drugs, while two breaches were made in the wall, at each of which a four-pounder was

placed, which was to be the *ratio ultima* if the poison failed.

M. Mayor, eminent as a surgeon, and for his learning in natural history, and one of the directors of the museum, had taken great delight in visiting the elephant during his stay, and the animal had evinced a particular affection for him. This induced the magistrate to request M. Mayor to administer the poison. M. Mayor, after mixing about three ounces of prussic acid with about ten ounces of brandy, which was the animal's favourite liquor, called him by his name to one of the breaches. The elephant came immediately, seized the bottle with his trunk and swallowed the liquor at one draught as if it had been his usual drink. This poison, the operation of which, even in the smallest doses, is usually tremendously rapid, did not appear to produce any sensible effect on him; he walked backwards with a firm step to the middle of the enclosure, where he lay down for some moments. It was thought that the poison was beginning to act, but he soon rose again, and began to play with the caissons, and to walk about in the courtyard of the arsenal. M. Mayor, presuming that the prussic acid which had been kept some time had lost its strength, prepared three boluses of an ounce of arsenic each, mixed with honey and sugar. The elephant came again at his call, and took them all from his hand. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he did not appear at all affected by them. A fresh dose was then offered him; he took it, smelt at it for some minutes, then threw it to a distance, and began again to play all sorts of tricks. Sometimes he came to the breach, and, twining his trunk round the mouth of the cannon, pushed it back as if he had some indistinct notion of the danger which threatened him.

It was five in the morning when the first dose of poison was administered; an hour had elapsed, and no symptom of its internal action appeared. Meanwhile the market time drew near, the space around the walls was rapidly filling with inquisitive spectators, and the order was given to fire. The gunner seized the moment in which the elephant, who had advanced to the breach, was retiring, and presented his side. The mouth of the cannon almost touched him. The ball entered near the ear behind the right eye, came out behind the left ear, went through a thick partition on the opposite side of the enclosure,

and spent itself against a wall. The animal stood still for two or three seconds then tottered, and fell on his side without convulsion or movement



Death of the Elephant at Geneva, May 31, 1820.

The above engraving, from that in the foreign almanac already mentioned, represents the manner wherein his death was effected.

The event circulated through the town with the rapidity of lightning. "They have killed the elephant!" "What had the noble creature done? he was so good, so gentle, so amiable!" "What a pity!" The people ran with one accord to the spot, to satisfy themselves with a nearer view. The eagerness was so great that the authorities were obliged to take steps for keeping order in the crowd, and a small sum of money was demanded from each for the benefit of the proprietor. The same evening, by arrangements entered into with mademoiselle Garnier, for secur-

ing the remains of the animal for the museum, the surgeons proceeded to open the body, which they continued to dissect for several successive days. The operations were executed by M. Mayor, the chevalier Bourdet, a naturalist and traveller, and M. Vichet, an eminent pupil of the veterinary surgeon of Alfort. They took an exact measurement of the animal. They traced its silhouette on the wall; and made separate casts of its head, and the two feet of one side. All the principal viscera, except the liver, which decomposed too rapidly, and the brain, which was shattered by the ball, were carefully removed and preserved in a solution of oxygenated muriate of mercury. The spleen was six feet long. The muscular

or fleshy parts, as the season would not allow of their slow dissection, were taken away rather by the hatchet than the bistoury. They were given to the public, who were extremely eager and anxious to eat elephant's flesh, and much tempted by its excellent appearance, dressed as it was with every variety of sauce. They seemed perfectly regardless of the poison, which indeed had not time to develop itself in the muscular system. Three or four hundred persons ate of it without injury, excepting one or two individuals, who brought on a fit of indigestion by indulging to excess. The osseous carcass was put into a state of maceration previous to re-composing the skeleton, in order to its deposit in the museum of natural history. The interest taken in that establishment was so strong, that the large sum required to secure possession of the entire carcass, was raised by subscription in a few days. The skin was found too thick to be tanned by the ordinary process, and as the epidermis began to detach itself naturally, it was carefully separated from the dermis, which it was not essential to preserve entire. The epidermis retained its proper consistency, in order to be supplied by a well-known process in covering the artificial carcass, constructed under the direction of Messrs. Mayor and Bourdet.

If mademoiselle Garnier had not succeeded in enticing the animal to the place where his destruction was effected, the mischief he might have occasioned by remaining at large, till the inhabitants of Geneva had risen from their beds to their daily occupations, can scarcely be imagined; especially as it was on a market-day, when the city is usually thronged with country people, and most persons are necessarily out of doors.

May Custom at Buckingham.

RINGING THE OLD BAILIFF OUT.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—On this day, unusual bustle set the town of Buckingham alive. It was the festive consecration of the first Sunday after May-day. Having taken care of my horse and left the inn, I heard a band of music approaching the church, which is a cheerful edifice, standing on an eminence with a painted glass window. The bells rung merrily, and the sunshine gave lustre to the surrounding country, beautified by light and shade. The main street was

presently lined with townspeople and villagers. My inquiries as to the cause of this "busy hum of men" were soon satisfied by the cry that, "They're ringing the old bailiff out!" As the musician (not of the opera band, nor of the Hanover rooms,) came nearer with the accumulating procession, I with difficulty learned the theme of their endeavours to be Weber's "Hark! follow!" I never heard any thing surpass this murder melody. Had Weber been present, he would not have regretted he had given the MS. of *Der Freischütz*, to discharge a trifling debt, which I am informed was really the case. Such discord, however, worked no "incantation" here. All faces smiled, all hearts appeared glad. The cavalcade moved in pairs. First two small children in white with garlands; then, behind them, two, a size larger; the others, increasing in growth and tallness till six wreathed maidens and their swain moved onwards, dancing and shaking their curly locks in sportive glee around the Maypole, decorated in the habiliment of nature's sweetest and choicest spring flowers and boughs. Dolls of various dresses were placed in the midst, although they looked out of bowers for the arrival of kindred playfellows. Then came his worship, the bailiff, a sir John Falstaff-like sort of person, swelling with pleasurable consequence; the shining mace borne on the shoulder intimate his dignity. What a happy day of honour, of triumph, and greatness to him! Then followed the leading men of the town, the burgesses in their corporate robes and nosegays. Their friends paraded aside in their Sunday clothes, like "ladies of olden days" and "squires of high degree." Favours and flags played on the fresh air, inviting rural enjoyment. Many rosy-faced damosels in their "bibs and tuckers" illustrated the time by appearing at the windows; infants were held up to behold, and the aged crept to the doors, to take a glimpse of what they might not live to see repeated. As the procession arrived at the churchyard gates, soldiers were arranged in line, preparing to meet and unite in the gaiety of the day. It is thus pleasant to view the military and civil powers, peacefully ornamenting the general harmony of the season. The subordinates and illustrators of this annual custom, opened a passage at the church door, and the bailiff led the way into his seat. The bells rested their metal tongue.

and the music ceased awhile. People of all descriptions, in all directions, hurried to their respective pews, with accommodating civility to strangers. The curate opened his book and his duties, the clerk unsheathed his spectacles, confined his nostrils, and the service was reverently performed, with a suitable discourse and recent melody. After this was ended, the bailiff and his friends returned in like order as they came, perambulating the precincts of the town. Then the glory of all true Britons, was manifested by the latter of knives and forks, at the favourite *épôt* for provisions, and genuine hilarity lost the "ringing out of the old bailiff," and the ringing in of the new one.

J. R. PRIOR.

With the preceding communication from Mr. Prior, are the following verses.

To the Dead Nettle.

Unlike the rose,
Thou hast not bards to sing
Thy merits as thy beauty grows
'Neath hedges in the spring.
Unconscious flower !
Thy downcast blossom seems
Like 'widowed thought in sorrow's hour
Away from pleasure's beams.
Young feeling's eye
Surveys thee in thy vernal bed,
Protected from the glare of sky,
By lovely nature fed.
He, that would learn
Sermons from thine eternal birth,
Might safely to the world return
And triumph over earth.

J. R. PRIOR.

A MAY-DAY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—If you think the following lines worth insertion in your *Every-Day Book*, you are welcome to them.

I am, Sir, &c
King's Bench Walk, H. M. LANDER.
Temple.

SONG.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! the skylarks sing,
The swallow tribe is on the wing,
The emerald meads look fresh and gay,
And smiles the golden orb of day.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! the voice of love
Inspiring calls to yonder grove ;
Then let us to the shades repair,
Where health and mirth, and music are.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! air, earth, and flood,
With life and beauty are endowed :
Myriads of forms creep, glide, and soar,
Exultant through the genial hour.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! why should not man
Embrace the universal plan,
Enjoy the seasons as they roll,
And love while love inspires the soul.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! the flowers soon fade,
And voiceless grows the sylvan shade :
The insects fall mid autumn's gloom,
And man is hastening to the tomb.

'Tis May ! 'tis May ! the flowers revive !
Again the insect revellers live !
But man's lost bloom no charms restore,
His youth once pass'd, returns no more.

Dulce Domum.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—It may not, perhaps, be generally known what it was that gave rise to the writing of the old breaking-up song of "Dulce Domum," so loudly and so cheerfully sung by youngsters previous to the vacation ; and as an old custom is involved in it, you may deem both the song and the custom worthy a place in your *Every-Day Book*. They are subjoined.

I am, Sir, &c.

Leadenhall Street, HENRY BRANDON.
May, 1826.

About two hundred and thirty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's college Winchester was, for some offence committed, confined by order of the master, and it being just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, was not permitted to visit his friends, but remained a prisoner at the college, as report says, tied to a pillar. During this period he composed the well known "*Dulce domum*," being the recollections of the pleasures he was wont to join in, at that season of the year. Grief at the disgrace and the disappointment he endured, so heavily affected him, that he did not live to witness the return of his companions, at the end of their holidays.

In commemoration of the above, annually on the evening preceding the Whitsun holydays, the master, scholars, and choristers of the above college, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court of the college and the pillar to which it is alleged the unfortunate youth was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.

DULCE DOMUM !

Concinamus, O sodales !
Eja ! quid silemus ?
Nobile canticum !
Dulce melos, domum !
Dulce domum, resonemus.

Chorus.

Domum, domum, dulce domum ;
Domum, domum, dulce domum !
Dulce, dulce, domum !
Dulce domum, resonemus !

Appropinquat ecce ! felix
Hora gaudiorum,
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta pectus laborum.

Domum, domum, &c.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.

Domum, domum, &c.

Ridet annus, prata rident ;
Nosque rideamus,
Jam repetit domum,
Daulius advena :

Nosque domum repetamus,
Domum, domum, &c.

Heus ! Rogere, fer caballos ;
Eja, nunc eamus.

Limen amabile

Matris et oscula,

Suaviter et repetamus,

Domum, domum, &c.

Concinamus ad Penates,

Vox et audiat ;

Phosphore ! quid jubar,

Segnius emicans,

Gaudia nostra moratur ?

Domum, domum, &c.

The above was put into an English
dress, a copy of which is below :

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around ;
Home ! a theme replete with pleasure !
Home ! a grateful theme resound !

Chorus.

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure !
Home ! with every blessing crown'd !
Home ! perpetual source of pleasure !
Home ! a noble strain, resound.

Lo ! the joyful hour advances ;
Happy season of delight !
Festal songs, and festal dances,
All our tedious toil requite.

Home, &c.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task, so hard to bear ;
Leave thy labour, ease returning,
Leave this bosom, O ! my care

Home, &c.

See the year, the meadow, smiling !

Let us then a smile display,
Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer roves to roam ;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide clampaign ;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Home, &c.

Oh ! what raptures, oh ! what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate !
Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
There, our bless'd arrival wait.

Home, &c.

Greet our household-gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray ;
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promis'd joys delay ?

Home, &c.

Mr. Brandon's account of the " procession round the courts of the college, and the singing of "Dulce Domum," is sustained by the rev. Mr. Brand, who adds, of the song, that "it is no doubt of very remote antiquity, and that its origin must be traced, not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." He refers for the English verses to the "Gentleman's Magazine, for March, 1796, where they first appeared, and calls them "a spirited translation." On looking into that volume, it seems they were written by one of Mr. Urban's correspondents, who signs "J. R." and dates from "New-street, Hanover square." Dr. Milner says, that from "amongst many translations of this Winchester ode," the present "appears best to convey the sense, spirit, and measure of the original; the former versions were unworthy of it." He alleges that the existence of the original can only be traced up to the distance of about a century; yet its real author, and the occasion of its composition, are already clouded with fables.*

* Milner's Hist of Winchester.

AMERICAN VOCAL MUSIC.

By the favour of a correspondent in North America, we are enabled to extract from the "Colonial Advocate" of Queens-
 on, the following interesting article, by a Scotch resident, on the state of melody in the region he inhabits. It particularly relates to May.

SCOTTISH SONGS.

'Dear Scotia! o'er the swelling sea
 From childhood's hopes, from friends, from
 thee,
 On earth where'er thy offspring roam,
 This day their hearts should wander home.
 Her sons are brave, her daughters fair,
 Her gowan glens no slave can share,
 Then from the feeling never stray,
 That loves the land that's far away."

Sung by Mr. Maywood, on St. Andrew's
 day, in New York.

I have often thought it a pity that there is no feature in which Canada, and indeed America in general, exhibits more dissimilarity to Scotland, than in its want of vocal music. On the highland hills, and in the lowland vallies, of Caledonia, we are delighted with the music of the feathered choristers, who fill heaven in a May morning with their matin songs. The shepherd whistles "The Yellow Hair'd Laddie"—the shepherdess sings "In April when primroses deck the sweet plain"—all nature seems in harmony. But here all is dulness and monotony,

"We call on pleasure—and around
 A mocking world repeats the sound!"

Even the emigrant seems to have forgotten his native mountains; and in the five years in which I have sojourned in America, I have not once heard "Roslin Castle" sung by a swain on a blithe summer's day. Here they are all dull plodding farmers, as devoid of sober melody as the huge forests which surround them are void of grace and beauty: talk to them of poetry and music, and they will sit with sad civility, "as silent as Pygmalion's wife."

Now and then you may hear a hoarse raven of an old woodchopper in the bar-room of a filthy tavern, roaring in discordant notes, "Yankee Doodle:" or, in a church or meeting-house, you may behold fifteen or twenty men and women picked out of the congregation, stuck up in a particular part of the house and singing the praises of redeeming love, with the voices of so many stentors. The

affectation they display, cannot fail to disgust you: the form of godliness is present, but the power thereof is wanting.

The memory of a native Scotsman retraces back those halcyon days, when gladness filled the corn-field—when sober mirth and glee crowned the maiden feast—when the song went merrily round at Yule, to chase away the winter frosts; and coming to the day of universal rest from labour, calls to mind the venerable precentor with his well-remembered solemn tunes, where *old and young*, infancy and advanced age, willingly joined together in singing HIS praise—where the fiddle and the flute, the harp and the organ, were useless—where no set people stood up in a corner, as if to say, "we, the aristocracy of this congregation, can offer a sweeter and more acceptable sacrifice than you, with our melodious voices so much better attuned than yours."

It may, perhaps, appear irreverend in me, to say a word of sacred music in an essay intended for Scottish songs; but I thought the contrast would not be complete without this allusion. A late essayist "On vulgar prejudices against Literature," uses a fine argument in favour of native poetry.

"Let us ask," says he, "has Britain a greater claim to distinction among the nations of the world, from any one circumstance, however celebrated it be in arts and arms, than from its being the birthplace of Shakspeare? And if the celebration of the anniversary of Waterloo be held in the farthest settlements of India, so is the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, the pastoral poet of Scotland:—

"Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
 The soldier, resting on his arms,
 In Burns's carol sweet recalls
 The scenes that blest him when a child,
 And glows and gladdens at the charms
 Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls."

When kingdoms, and states, and cities pass away, what then proves to be the most imperishable of their records, the most durable of their glories? Is it not the lay of the poet? the eloquence of the patriot? the page of the historian? Is it not the genius of the nation, imprinted on these, the most splendid of its annals, and transmitted, as a legacy, and a token of its vanished glory, to the after ages of mankind? And

now, when the glories of Greece and Rome are but shadows, does not our blood stir within us at the recital of their mighty achievements, and of their majestic thoughts, which, but for the page of the chronicler would have been long ere now a blank and a vacancy; glory departed without a trace, or figures traced upon the sand, and washed away by the returns of the tide :—

"Oh! who shall lightly say that fame,
Is nothing but an empty name?

When, but for those, our mighty dead,

All ages past a blank would be,

Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,

A desert bare, a shipless sea.

They are the distant objects seen;

The lofty marks of what hath been,

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame

Is nothing but an empty name?

Where memory of the mighty dead

To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye

The brightest rays of cheering shed,

That point to immortality."

The blue hills and mountains, among which Byron first caught the enthusiasm of song; the green vallies and brown heaths where Scott learnt to tell of Flodden field, and deeds of other days, in verse, lasting as the source of the deep Niagara, yet return an echo to the well-known "Daintie Davie" of Robert Burns.

As down the burn they took their way,

And through the flowery dale,

His cheek to bers he aft did lay,

And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,

Sic pleasure to renew?"

Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,

And aye shall follow you."

How I should delight to hear such an artless tale sung on the braes of Queens-ton, or the green knowes and fertile plains around Ancaster.

I once in Montreal heard a gentleman from little York (a native of Perthshire) sing "Daintie Davie" in fine style; but it was the old set, and as it is a very good song, I think the first stanza and chorus may "drive dull care away" from half a dozen of my readers as well as a good hit at that silly body, our *sapient* attorney-general, or a squire at his forehead Mr. Solicitor, would have done :—

"Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

"Meet me on the warlock knowe
Daintie Davie, Daintie Davie,
There I'll spend the day with you,
My ain dear Daintie Davie."

About two years ago, I wrote to a correspondent in Scotland, to send to Dundas about ten reams of our best Scottish English, and Irish ballads, and to avoid any that were exceptionable in point of morality. This person has since arrived in America; but his ideas on the propriety of introducing ballads into a new country, I found to be different from mine—otherwise I had by this time employed several "wights of Homer's craft to disperse the twenty thousand halpenny songs I then ordered. It would have, perhaps, sown the seeds of music in our land, and hundreds of American presses, may be, would have spread abundantly the pleasing stanzas, until accursed slavery had stopt the strain in the southern regions of republican tyranny.

I can call to mind the time, as well as if it were yesterday, when I first heard "The Maid of Lodi:" it was at a Scottish wedding, at Arthursstone. Sir Ewan the aged sire of the brave colonel Cameron, who fell at Waterloo, was present with his lady; and, gentle reader, think it was the youthful minister of the next parish who sung, accompanied by the bride's youngest sister. It was followed by "Blythe, blythe," which I must give the reader from memory. News scarce this week—the king of France dead, and surely the tidings of the next coronation will not arrive in time to fill a paragraph in the "Advocate" for a month to come—so let us have—

Blythe, blythe and merry was she:

Blythe was she but and ben;

Blythe by the banks of Ern—

Blythe in Glenturret glen.

By Aughtertye grows the aik,

By Yarrow banks the birken shaw;

But Phemie was the bonniest lass

The flowers of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,

Her smile was like a simmer morn

She tripped by the banks of Ern,

As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was sae maek

As ony lamb upon a lee:

The evening sun was ne'er so sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's ee

Blythe, blythe, &c

The highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the bonniest lass
That ever trode the dewy green
Blythe, blythe, &c.

A young farmer then gave us "The
othian Lassie;" and as my recollec-
on is pretty good, I shall put Canadian
ots girls in the way to mind it as well
s me, by repeating the first stanza:
ould I could sing it as I have heard it
ng:—

Last May a braw wooer cam'd down the
lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me,
believe me,
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me."

What a chaste pleasure—what a glad-
ening influence over the most stoical
mind, any of the following songs yield,
when well sung to their own tunes, by a
half dozen young ladies in the parlour,
or by a chorus of bonnie lassies in the
kitchen, as the former pursue their sew-
ing and knitting, and the latter birl their
wheels, and stir the sowens in an even-
ing, in the opulent farmer's dwelling; or
when heard in the most humble cottage
of a Scottish peasant. Well might the
farmer's dog, Luath, say, "And I for e'en
own joy hae barkit wi' them."

Let these classes come to Upper Ca-
nada to-morrow, and they will tire of its
dulness. Nature's face is fair enough;
but after the traveller leaves the last
saint sounds of the Canadian boatsman's
song, as it dies on the still waters of the
St. Lawrence, music will be done with.—

I had forgotten however, I must now
quote the songs alluded to; and I will
can from memory:—

1. Gloomy winter's now awa'.
2. Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.
3. Beneath the pretty hawthorn that
blooms in the vale.
4. And she showed him the way for to
woo.
5. I gae'd a waefu' gate yestreen.
6. John Anderson, my Joe, John, when
we were first aequent.
7. Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only Joe and dearie, O.
8. Coming o'er the crags o' Kyle.
9. O, lassie, art thou sleeping yet;—and
the answer.
10. There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

11. The sun had gone down o'er the
lofty Ben Lomond.

12. My neele's dead—I've lands enew.

13. For lack of gold she's left me, O

14. O' a the airts the wind can blaw.

15. When honey-dyed bells o'er the
heather was spreading.

16. Loudon's bonny woods and braes.

17. The Highland Laddie.

18. Upon a simmer's afternoon.

Awee afore the sun gae'd down.

19. There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, the
new way.

20. Mirk and rainy was the night.

21. My Pattie is a lover gay.

22. I'm wearin' awa', Jean,

Like sna' when its thaw, Jean.

23. Its Logie o' Buchan, o' Logie the
laird.

24. With the garb of old Gaul, and the
fire of old Rome.

25. Come under my plaide.

26. O' Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

27. Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon.

28. The laird of the drum, a wooing has
gone,—

And awa' in the morning early:

And he has spied a weel fa'red May,

A shearing her father's barley.

29. My bonny Lizzie Baillie.

30. Green grow the rushes, O!

I must have done—I have named
so many songs to put my readers in
mind of

"Auld lang syne;"

and I could add as many more, of
truly Scottish origin, that I should like
to see in Canada, as would fill up
the "Advocate;" but I must stop—the
politicians would complain. I have
heard a few of these well sung in Ca-
nada—the last, a lintie in Queenston
braes sings now and then. Would there
were ten thousand such in Upper
Canada!

The English version of the following
line, is not near so pretty as the Scots
original, which goes thus:—

'I once was a bachelor, both early and
young,

And I courted a fair maid with a flattering
tongue:

I courted her, I wooed her, I honoured
her then,

And I promised to marry her, but never
told her when.

O, I never told her when," &c.

With this may be contrasted a verse of sir Walter Scott's Mary, in "The Pirate :"—

"O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled—
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given,
And the hope would fix there,
That should anchor on heaven."

This is beguiling on both sides; but the latter stanzas finely express an idea fit for an oriental paradise.

There is another kind of ballads which, though akin to those I have named, are in many points essentially different:—and the first of this class,

"Duncan Gray came here to woo,"

when sung in chorus, would be almost enough to cause the venerable age of eighty-eight to shake a foot all over Scotland. A merry party, of which I was one, once tried "Duncan," on the Table Rock at Niagara Falls; and when we came to that line, where the poor neglected lover

"Spak o' loupin ower a linn,"

I thought we should have all died with laughing, the scene was so in unison with the stanza. Moore's two lovers, who—

"'thout pistol or dagger, a
Made a desperate dash down the Falls
Niagara,"

is good; but it is nothing to "Duncan Gray," sung by half a dozen tenor voices on the Table Rock.

I mean, when I have leisure, to continue these reminiscences of Scott's song, and as I at this time must have taxed the patience, and tried the politeness of my numerous Irish and English readers, I will, in some future number leave Ramsay, Burns, Tannahill, and Ferguson—for Chaucer and Shakspeare Goldsmith and Moore.

Tannahill has some pieces, scarce equalled by any of our Scottish poets—he has also a virtue which endears him to me beyond even Robert Burns. He does not often laud in song the drinking of ardent liquors. If, as a printer, I were to publish an American edition of Burns I think I would leave his songs in praise of Highland whisky out. They have done much harm in his native land; and to spread them here, would be like firing a match.

END OF MAY.

This month may close with a delightful sonnet, from one of the best books put forth in recent years for daily use and amusement.

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue eyed May
Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June
(While nature ripens in his burning noon,) Comes like a young inheritor; and gay,
Altho' his parent months have passed away;
But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
And in the days to come we live, and feel
The present nothing worth, until it steal
Away and, like a disappointment, die?
For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

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NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

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JUNE.

The shepherds, now, from every walk and steep,
 Where grateful feed attracts the dainty sheep,
 Collect their flocks, and plunge them in the streams
 And cleanse their fleeces in the noontide beams.
 This care perform'd, arrives another care
 To catch them, one by one, their wool to shear :
 Then come the tying, clipping, tarring, bleating ;
 The shearers' final shout, and dance, and eating.
 From hence the old engravers sometimes made
 This lovely month a shearer, at his trade :
 And hence, the symbol to the season true,
 A living hand so traces June to you

The "Mirror of the Months," the pleasantest of "the year-books," except "The Months" of Mr. Leigh Hunt, tells us that with June,—“Summer is come—come, but not to stay; at least, not at the commencement of this month: and how should it, unless we expect that the seasons will be kind enough to conform to the devices of man, and suffer themselves to be called by what name and at what period *he* pleases? He must die and leave them a legacy (instead of they him) before there will be any show of justice in this. Till then the beginning of June will continue to be the latter end of May, by rights; as it was according to the *old style*. And, among a thousand changes, in what one has the old style been improved upon by the new? Assuredly not in that of substituting the *utile* for the *dulce*, in any eyes but those of almanac-makers. Let all lovers of spring, therefore, be fully persuaded that, for the first fortnight in June, they are living in May. We are to bear in mind that all shall thus be gaining instead of losing, by the impertinence of any breath, but that of heaven, attempting to force spring into summer, even in name alone.”

It seems fitting thus to introduce the following passages, and invite the reader to proceed with the author, and take a bird's eye view of the season.

Spring may now be considered as employed in completing her toilet, and, for the first weeks of this month, putting on those last finishing touches which an accomplished beauty never trusts to any hand but her own. In the woods and groves also, she is still clothing some of her noblest and proudest attendants with their new annual attire. The oak until now has been nearly bare; and, of whatever age, has been looking old all the winter and spring, on account of its crumpled branches and wrinkled rind. Now, of whatever age, it looks young, in virtue of its new green, lighter than all the rest of the grove. Now, also, the stately walnut (standing singly or in pairs in the fore-court of ancient manor-houses, or in the home corner of the pretty park-like paddock at the back of some modern Italian villa, whose white dome it saw rise beneath it the other day, and mistakes for a mushroom,) puts forth its smooth leaves slowly, as “sage grave men” do their thoughts; and which over-caution reconciles one to the beating

it receives in the autumn, as the best means of at once compassing its present fruit, and making it bear more; as its said prototypes in animated nature are obliged to have their brains cudgelled, before any good can be got from them.

These appearances appertain exclusively to the spring. Let us now (however reluctantly) take a final leave of that lovely and love-making season, and at once step forward into the glowing presence of summer—contenting ourselves, however, to touch the hem of her rich garments, and not attempting to look into her heart, till she lays that open to us herself next month: for whatever schoolboys calendar-makers may say to the contrary, Midsummer never happens in England till July.

To saunter, at mid June, beneath the shade of some old forest, situated in the neighbourhood of a great town, so that paths are worn through it, and you can make your way with ease in any direction, gives one the idea of being transferred, by some strange magic, from the surface of the earth to the bottom of the sea! (I say it gives one this idea; for I cannot answer for more, in matters of so arbitrary a nature as the association of ideas.) Over head, and round about, you hear the sighing, the whispering, or the roaring (as the wind pleases) of a thousand billows; and looking upwards, you see the light of heaven transmitted faintly, as if through a mass of green waters. Hither and thither, as you move along, strange forms flit swiftly about you, which may, for any thing you can see or hear to the contrary, be exclusive natives of the new world in which your fancy chooses to find itself: they may be *fishes*, if that pleases; for they are as mute as such, and glide through the liquid element as swiftly. Now and then, indeed, one of larger growth, and less lubricated movements, lumbers up from beside your path, and clattering noisily away to a little distance, may chance to scare for a moment your submarine reverie. Your palate too may perhaps here step in, and try to persuade you that the cause of interruption was not a fish but a pheasant. But in fact, if your fancy is one of those which are disposed to “listen to reason,” it will not be able to lead you into spots of the above kind without your gun in your hand,—one report of which will put all fancies to flight in a moment, as well as every thing else that has wings. To re-

turn, therefore, to our walk,—what do all these strange objects look like, that stand silently about us in the dim twilight, some spiring straight up, and tapering as they ascend, till they lose themselves in the green waters above—some shattered and splintered, leaning against each other for support, or lying heavily on the floor on which we walk—some half buried in that floor, as if they had lain dead there for ages, and become incorporate with it? what do all these seem, but wrecks and fragments of some mighty vessel, that has sunk down here from above, and lain weltering and wasting away, till these are all that is left of it! Even the floor itself on which we stand, and the vegetation it puts forth, are unlike those of any other portion of the earth's surface, and may well recall, by their strange appearance in the half light, the fancies that have come upon us when we have read or dreamt of those gifted beings, who, like *Ladurlad* in *Kehama*, could walk on the floor of the sea, without waiting, as the visitors at watering-places are obliged to do, for the tide to go out.

—

Stepping forth into the open fields, what a bright pageant of summer beauty is spread out before us!—Everywhere about our feet flocks of wild-flowers

“Do paint the meadow with delight.”

We must not stay to pluck and particularize them; for most of them have already had their greeting—let us pass along beside this flourishing hedge-row. The first novelty of the season that greets us here is perhaps the sweetest, the freshest, and fairest of all, and the only one that could supply an adequate substitute for the hawthorn bloom which it has superseded. Need the *eglantine* be named? the “sweet-leaved *eglantine*”; the “rain-scented *eglantine*”; *eglantine*—to which the sun himself pays homage, by “counting his dewy rosary” on it every morning; *eglantine*—which Chaucer, and even Shakespeare—but hold—whatsoever the poets themselves may insinuate to the contrary, to read poetry in the presence of nature is a kind of impiety: it is like reading the commentators on Shakespeare, and skipping the text; for you cannot attend to both: to say nothing of nature's book being a *vade mecum* that can make “every man his own poet” for the time being; and there is, after all, no poetry like that which we create for ourselves.

Begging pardon of the *eglantine* for having permitted any thing—even her own likeness in the poet's looking-glass—to turn our attention from her real self,—look with what infinite grace she scatters her sweet coronals here and there among her bending branches; or hangs them, half-concealed, among the heavy blossoms of the woodbine that lifts itself so boldly above her, after having first clung to *her* for support; or permits them to peep out here and there close to the ground, and almost hidden by the rank weeds below; or holds out a whole archway of them, swaying backward and forward in the breeze, as if praying of the passer's hand to pluck them. Let who will praise the hawthorn—now it is no more! The wild rose is the queen of forest flowers, if it be only because she is as unlike a queen as the absence of every thing courtly can make her.

The woodbine deserves to be held next in favour during this month; though more on account of its *intellectual* than its personal beauty. All the air is faint with its rich sweetness; and the delicate breath of its lovely rival is lost in the luscious odours which it exhales.

These are the only *scented* wild flowers that we shall now meet with in any profusion; for though the violet may still be found by looking for, its breath has lost much of its spring power. But, if we are content with mere beauty, this month is perhaps more profuse of it than any other, even in that department of nature which we are now examining—namely, the fields and woods.

The woods and groves, and the single forest trees that rise here and there from out the bounding hedge-rows, are now in full foliage; all, however, presenting a somewhat sombre, because monotonous, hue, wanting all the tender newness of the spring, and all the rich variety of the autumn. And this is the more observable, because the numerous plots of cultivated land, divided from each other by the hedge-rows, and looking, at this distance, like beds in a garden divided by box, are nearly all still invested with the same green mantle; for the wheat, the oats, the barley, and even the early rye, though now in full flower, have not yet become tinged with their harvest hues. They are all alike green; and the only change that can be seen in their appearance is that caused by the different lights into which each is thrown, as the wind

passes over them. The patches of purple or of white clover that intervene here and there, and are now in flower, offer striking exceptions to the above, and at the same time load the air with their sweetness. Nothing can be more rich and beautiful in its effect on a distant prospect at this season, than a great patch of purple clover lying apparently motionless on a sunny upland, encompassed by a whole sea of green corn, waving and shifting about it at every breath that blows.

The hitherto full concert of the singing birds is now beginning to falter, and fall short. We shall do well to make the most of it now; for in two or three weeks it will almost entirely cease till the autumn. I mean that it will cease as a full concert; for we shall have single songsters all through the summer at intervals; and those some of the sweetest and best. The best of all, indeed, the nightingale, we have now lost. So that the youths and maidens who now go in pairs to the wood-side, on warm nights, to listen for its song, (hoping they may *not* hear it,) are well content to hear each other's voice instead.

We have still, however, some of the finest of the second class of songsters left; for the nightingale, like Catalani, is a class by itself. The mere chorus-singers

of the grove are also beginning to be silent; so that the *jubilate* that has been chanting for the last month is now over. But the Stephenses, the Trees, the Patons, and the Poveys, are still with us, under the forms of the woodlark, the skylark, the blackcap, and the goldfinch. And the first-named of these, now that it no longer fears the rivalry of the unrivalled, not seldom, on warm nights, sings at intervals all night long, poised at one spot high up in the soft moonlit air.

We have still another pleasant little singer, the field cricket, whose clear shrill voice the warm weather has now matured to its full strength, and who must not be forgotten, though he has but one song to offer us all his life long, and that one consisting but of one note; for it is a note of joy, and *will* not be heard without engendering its like. You may hear him in wayside banks, where the sun falls hot, shrilling out his loud cry into the still air all day long, as he sits at the mouth of his cell; and if you chance to be passing by the same spot at midnight, you may hear it then too.*

Yet by him who holds this "Mirror," we must not be "charmed" from our repose, but take the advice of a poet, the contemporary and friend of Cowper.

Let us not borrow from the hours of rest,
For we must steal from morning to repay.
And who would lose the animated smile
Of dawning day, for the austere frown of night?
I grant her well accoutred in her suit
Of dripping sable, powder'd thick with stars,
And much applaud her as she passes by
With a replenish'd horn on either brow!
But more I love to see awaking day
Rise with a fluster'd cheek; a careful maid,
Who fears she has outslept the custom'd hour,
And leaves her chamber blushing. Hence to rest;
I will not prattle longer to detain you -
Under the dewy canopy of night.

Hurdis.

June 1.

Ovid assigns the first of June to "Carina," the goddess of the *hinge*; who also presided over the vital parts of man, especially the liver and the heart. Massey,

commenting on his taste, cannot divine the connection between such a power and the patronage of *hinges*. "False notions," he says, "in every mode of religion, lead men naturally into confusion."

* Mirror of the Months

Carna, the goddess of the hinge, demands
The first of June; upon her power depends
 To open what is shut, what's shut unbar;
 And whence this power she has, my muse declare;
 For length of time has made the thing obscure,
 Fame only tells us that she has that power.
 Helernus' grove near to the Tiber lies,
 Where still the priests repair to sacrifice;
 From hence a nymph, whose name was Granè, sprung,
 Whom many, unsuccessful, courted long;
 To range the spacious fields, and kill the deer,
 With darts and mangling spears, was all her care;
 She had no quiver, yet so bright she seemed,
 She was by many Phœbus' sister deemed.

Ovid.

The poet then relates that Janns made this Granè (or Carna) *goddess of the hinge*

And then a white thorn stick he to her gave,
 By which she ever after power should have,
 To drive by night all om'nous birds away,
 That scream, and o'er our houses hov'ring stray.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 57° 05.

June 2.

A ROGUE IN GRAIN, *June 2, 1759.*

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Newark, Notts, May 17, 1826.

Sir,—It appears to me that there have been in "old times," which we suppose "good times," rogues in grain. To prove it, I herewith transmit the copy of an advertisement, from the "Cambridge Journal" of 1759. Wishing you an increasing sale to your interesting *Every-Day Book*, I remain, &c.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS I WILLIAM MARGARETS the younger, was, at the last Assizes for the County of Cambridge, convicted upon an indictment, for an attempt to raise the price of Corn in Ely-market, upon the 24th day of September, 1757, by offering the sum of Six Shillings a Bushel for Wheat, for which no more than Five Shillings and Ninepence was demanded; And whereas, on the earnest solicitation and request of myself and friends, the prosecutor has been prevailed upon to forbear any further prosecution against me, on my submitting to make the following satisfaction, viz upon my paying the sum of £50 to the poor inhabitants of the town of Ely; and the further sum of £50 to the poor inhabitants of the town of

Cambridge, to be distributed by the Minister and Church-wardens of the several parishes in the said town; and the full costs of the prosecution; and upon my reading this acknowledgment of my offence publicly, and with a loud voice, in the presence of a Magistrate, Constable, or other peace officer of the said town of Ely, at the Market-place there, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, on a public market-day, and likewise subscribing and publishing the same in three of the Evening Papers, printed at London, and in the Cambridge Journal, on four different days; and I have accordingly paid the two sums of £50, and Costs; and do hereby confess myself to have been guilty of the said offence, and testify my sincere and hearty sorrow in having committed a crime, which, in its consequences, tended so much to increase the distress of the poor, in the late calamitous scarcity: And I do hereby most humbly acknowledge the lenity of the prosecutor, and beg pardon of the public in general, and of the town of Ely in particular. This paper was read by me at the public Market-place at Ely, in the presence of Thomas Aungier Gentleman, chief constable, on the 2d Day of June, 1759, being a public Market-day there; and is now, as a further proof of the just sense I have of the heinousness of my crime, subscribed and published by me

WILLIAM MARGARETS

Witness, JAMES DAY,

Under Sheriff of Cambridgeshire.

• LONGEVITY.

On the 2d of June, 1734, John Rousey, of the isle of Distrey, in Scotland, died at one hundred and thirty-eight years of age. The son who inherited his estate, was born to him while in his hundredth year.* A similar instance of fatherhood, at the advanced period of life, is recorded of the "old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 57.85.

June 3.

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day, in the year 1789, died Paul Egede, a Danish missionary, who, with his father Hans, visited Greenland, for the conversion of the natives to christianity, in 1721. Hans was the

author of a celebrated work, published in 1729, on the topography and natural history of that country. Paul conducted a new edition of his father's book, and published a journal of his own residence in Greenland, from 1721 to 1788. He died at the age of eighty-one.*

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION,

Discovered by a Traveller.

Captain Bart, grandson of the renowned Jean Bart, during his stay at Malta, where he had put in from a cruise in the Mediterranean, met with a Carmelite, who had been into Persia as a missionary. This person told him he had availed himself of an opportunity which offered to gratify his curiosity, by visiting the ruins of the ancient and celebrated Persepolis. Chance discovered to him a marble, on which were inscribed some Arabic characters. As he was acquainted with this language, he translated the inscription into Latin. The following is the translation:

dicas	scis	dicit	scit	audit	expedit
facias	potes	facit	potest	facit	credit
credas	audis	credit	audit	credit	feri potest
expendas	habes	expedit	habet	petit	habet
judices	vides	judicat	videt	judicat	est
non	quodcumque	nam qui	quodcumque	sæpe	quod non

The key is to be obtained thus ; the first word of the last line must be taken and joined to the first word of the first line ; then the second word of the last line to the second word of the first line, and so on to the end. Afterwards, we must begin again, by taking the first word of the next line, and the following moral precepts will be the result :

1. Non dicas quodcumque scis, nam qui dicit quodcumque scit sæpe audit quod non expedit.

Do not tell whatever thou knowest, for he who tells whatever he knows, often hears more than is agreeable.

2. Non facias quodcumque potes, nam qui facit, quodcumque potest sæpe facit quod non credit.

Do not do whatever thou canst, for he who does whatever he can, often does more than he imagines.

3. Non credas quodcumque audis, nam qui credit quodcumque audit sæpe quod non fieri potest.

Do not believe whatever thou hearest, for he who believes whatever he hears will often believe what is impossible.

4. Non expendas quodcumque habes, nam qui expendit quodcumque habet sæpe petit quod non habet.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* General Biographical Dictionary.

Do not spend whatever thou hast, for he who spends whatever he has, will often be compelled to ask for what he has not.

5. Non judices quodcumque vides, nam qui judicat quodcumque videt sæpe judicat quod non est.

Do not judge on whatever thou seest, for he who judges on whatever he sees, will often form an erroneous judgment.*

June 3, 1611. "The Lady Arabella" escaped from her confinement.

SR

Though you be almost a stranger to me but onely by sight, yet the good opinion I generally heave to be held of your worth, together w^t the great interest you have in my Lo. of Northamptons favour, makes me thus farre presume of your willingness to do a poore afflicted gentlewoman that good office (if in no other respect yet because I am a Christian) as to further me w^t your best indeuors to his Lo. that it will please him to helpe me out of this great distresse and misery, and regaine me his Ma^{ty} fauor which is my chiefest desire. Whearin his Lo. may do a deede acceptable to God and honorable to himselfe, and I shall be infinitely bound to his Lo. and beholden to you, who now till I receiue some comfort from his Ma^{ty} rest

the most sorrowfull

creatore liuing

Arabella Seymoure

Arabella Stuart, whose name is hardly mentioned in history, except with regard to sir Walter Raleigh's ridiculous conspiracy, whereby she was to have been placed on a throne, to which she had neither inclination nor pretensions, and by means unknown to herself, was the only child of Charles Stuart, fifth earl of Lennox, (uncle to king James I., and great grandson of king Henry VII.,) by Elizabeth, daughter of sir William Cavendish of Hardwick. She was born about the year 1578, and brought up in privacy, under the care of her grandmother, the old countess of Lennox, who, for many years, resided in England. Her double relation to royalty was obnoxious to the jealousy of queen Elizabeth, and the timidity of king James I., who equally

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Kennington, May 23, 1826.

Sir,—Annexed is an original unprinted letter, from the lady Arabella Seymour, whose misfortunes were of a peculiar kind, and from peculiar causes; those causes are to be traced to that tyrannic dread that weak sovereigns always have of any persons approaching their equals, either in mind, or by family ties. The following notices have been gleaned from the most authentic sources, viz. Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," "The Biographia Britannica," &c. The letter is in the Cotton collection of Manuscripts, in the British Museum, *Vespasian*. F.III.

dreaded her having legitimate issue, and restrained her from allying herself in a suitable manner. Elizabeth prevented her from marrying Esme Stuart, her kinsman, and heir to the titles and estates of her family, and afterwards imprisoned her for listening to some overtures from the son of the earl of Northumberland. James, by obliging her to reject many splendid offers of marriage, unwarily encouraged the hopes of inferior pretenders, among whom, says Mr. Lodge, was the fantastical William Fowler, secretary to Anne of Denmark. Thus circumscribed, she renewed a connection with William Seymour, grandson to the earl of Hertford, which, being discovered in 1609, both parties were summoned to appear before the privy council, where they

* Communicated by Mr. Johnson, of Newark.

received a severe reprimand. This mode of proceeding produced the very consequence which the king meant to avoid; for the lady, sensible that her reputation had been wounded by the inquiry, was in a manner forced into a marriage, which becoming publicly known, she was committed to close custody, in the house of sir Thomas Parry, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, at Vauxhall, and her husband, Mr. Seymour, sent to the Tower. In this state of separation, however, they concerted means for an escape, which both effected on the same day, *June 3, 1611*. Seymour got safely to Flanders; but his poor wife was retaken in Calais roads, and brought back to the former prison of her husband, the Tower, where the sense of these undeserved oppressions operating severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that wretched state, augmented by the horrors of a prison, till her death, which occurred on the 27th of September, 1615. Thus ends the eventful story of poor Arabella, a woman, (if we may credit her portrait, prefixed to Lodge's third volume of "*Illustrations of British History*,") of commanding and elegant appearance, and undoubtedly of a firm and vigorous mind; and it is well observed by that author, that "had the life of Arabella Stuart been marked by the same criminal extravagancies, as well as distinguished by similar misfortunes and persecutions, her character would have stood at least as forward on the page of history as that of her royal aunt, Mary of Scotland." The above letter was, probably, written from the Tower, though, I am sorry to say, there is neither direction nor superscription, and, therefore, to whom can be only matter of surmise.

I am, Sir, &c.

A.

THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA."

From an article in the "*Curiosities of Literature*," illustrations may be derived to the article of our correspondent A. "The whole life of this lady seems to consist of secret history, which, probably, we cannot now recover:—her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events." She is reputed to have been learned, and of a poetical genius; yet of her poetry there are no specimens, and

her erudition rests on Evelyn's bare mention of her name in his list of learned women.

On the death of queen Elizabeth, the pope conceived the notion of restoring the papacy in England, by uniting the lady Arabella to an Italian cardinal, of illegitimate descent from our Edward IV. His holiness presumed if he qualified the cardinal for marriage, by depriving him from the priesthood, the junction of Arabella's relationship to Henry VII., with the churchman's "natural" pretensions might secure the crown! Her attachment to the catholic religion is doubtful. Perhaps her disposition was rightly estimated by father Parsons: he imagined "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as is her age and sex; and to be wrought hereafter, and settled according to future events and times." The pope's plot failed. Winwood says, "the lady Arabella hath not been found inclinable to popery." He wrote after the "future events," contemplated by Parsons, had "wrought."

Another project for making the lady Arabella queen was after the enthronement of James. The conspirators requested her by letter to address herself to the king of Spain; she laughed at the letter and sent it to James, who, as regarded her, did not think of it more seriously, and so failed a second plot wherein the name of the illustrious Raleigh was implicated.

In the year 1604, there appears to have been a third design to make her queen though not of this country. The earl of Pembroke writes to the earl of Shrewsbury—"A great ambassador is coming from the king of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen. If this was the object of the embassy nothing came of it."

Before the death of queen Elizabeth the marriage of the lady Arabella with her kinsman lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created duke of Lennox, and designed for his heir, was proposed by James himself, but Elizabeth "forbad the bans" by imprisoning the proposed bride, who was suspected to have favoured a son of the earl of Northumberland, against whom Elizabeth again interposed. She had other offers. "To the lady Arabella crowns and husbands were like a fair banquet seen at moonlight, opening o

er sight, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach."

The distresses of this unhappy creature were heightened by her dependence on the crown. She was the cousin of James, and it was his narrow policy to constrain her from a match suitable to her rank, or perhaps to keep her single for life. Her supplies were unequal: at one time she had a grant of the duty on oats; at length he assigned her a pension of 1600*l.*: but whenever he suspected a natural desire in her heart she was out of favour. No woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. "Every noble youth who sighed for distinction, ambited the notice of the lady Arabella."

Her renewal of an early attachment to Mr. William Seymour, second son of lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the earl of Hertford, forms a story which "for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not executed." It was detected, and the lady Arabella and Seymour were summoned before the privy council, where Seymour was "censured for seeking to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins." In his answer, "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom." He says, "I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber, in the court, on Candle-mass day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertaining; but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained: and this was our first meeting." The lovers bravely promised to suppress their affections, with what sincerity is not known, or they married secretly; and in July the lady Arabella was arrested, and confined to the house of sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Seymour committed to the tower, "for contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

Arabella wrote a letter to the king, which was "often read without offence, and, it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." She adverted to her wrongs, and required justice with a noble fortitude, though in respectful terms. She says, "I do most heartily lament my hard fortune, that I should offend your majesty

the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign: and though *your majesty's neglect of me*, my good liking to this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it could be offensive to your majesty, having *few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your majesty's* (which likewise your majesty had done long since). Besides, never having been either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your majesty *these seven years* that I have lived in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the free-will offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that *if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect, as malice may make it seem, to separate us, whom God hath joined*, your majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah."

She moved the queen, through lady Jane Drummond, to interest James in her favour. A letter from lady Jane communicates his majesty's coarse and conceited reply, and she concludes by frankly telling the captive wife, "the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish."

To lady Drummond's prophetic intimation, Arabella answers by sending the queen a pair of gloves "in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them:" and she adds that her case "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, *resembling no other*." She contrived to correspond with Seymour, but their letters were discovered, and the king resolved to change her place of confinement.


James appointed the bishop of Durham

be his jailor on the occasion. "Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they would proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, 'It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her *whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.*' His resolution however was, that 'she should proceed to Durham, *if he were king!*' 'We answered,' replied the doctor, 'that we made no doubt of her obedience.' — 'Obedience is that required,' replied the king, 'which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected.'" Yet he consented to her remaining a month at Highgate. As the day of her departure approached, she appeared resigned. "But Arabella had not, within, that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguisings. 'She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side.' Thus accoutred, the lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of

her confederates was waiting with horse yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed that 'the gentleman could hardly hold out to London.' She recruited her spirit by riding; the blood mantled in her face and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend, then Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of morn they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady, but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for a lord, conscious that he would not fail his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself could not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour indeed had escaped from the Tower; had left his servant watching at his door to warn all visitors not to disturb the master, who lay ill with a raging tooth-ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which he just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and he arrived at Lee. Time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle which for a good sum altered its course and landed him in Flanders."

On the lady Arabella's escape, "cavaliers were despatched swifter than winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the seaports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive that it required the moderation of Cromwell to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the ad-

ll's detail of his impetuous movements, seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; the courier is urged, and the postmasters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch, 'Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life, your life!' To these words, a letter from the earl of Essex to the lord high admiral at Plymouth, were added the expressive symbol of *a gal-*

lows prepared with a halter, thus ."

There is no doubt, as is well expressed, that "the union and flight of these two doves, from their cotes, shook with con-ternation the grey owls of the cabinet:" when "prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic."

Meanwhile "we have left the lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she would not be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!"

Where London's Tow're its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.

And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake windes roare,
So fast did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure!*

During a confinement of four years the lady Arabella "sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster, she could, the feeble remains of life." The particulars of her "dreadful imprisonment" are unknown, but her letters show her affliction, and that she often thought on suicide, and as often was prevented by religious fortitude. "I could not," she says, "be so unchristian as to see the cause of my own death."

She affectingly paints her situation in one of her addresses to James. "In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for any thing than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse of for any other worldly comfort; *mercy* it is I desire, and that for *God's sake*!"

She "finally lost her reason," and died in prison distracted. "Such is the history of the lady Arabella. A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison-grate—a sad example of a female victim to the state!

'Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,

Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,

To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!"

Her husband, Seymour, regained his liberty. Charles I. created him marquis of Hertford; and, under Charles II., the dukedom of Somerset, which had been lost to his family by attainder for ancient defections, was restored to it in his person. He "retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady by the ever beloved name of *ARABELLA STUART*."*

Nothing remains to mark the character of this noble-minded female, but the scanty particulars from whence the present are gathered, with some letters and a few rhapsodies written while her heart was breaking, and her understanding perishing. At that period she wrote the letter here brought to light towards gratifying a natural curiosity for every thing relating to her character and person; with the same intent her handwriting is faithfully traced, and subjoined from her subscription to the original.

LADY JANE DRUMMOND.

The lady Arabella's suitor to her majesty, lady Jane Drummond, was third

* "Arabella Stuart," in Evans's Old Ballads; supposed to have been written by Mickle.

* Mr. D'Israeli.

daughter of Patrick, third lord Drummond. She married Robert, the second earl of Roxburghe, and was mother to Hary, lor Ker. She possessed distinguished abilities, was one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, and governess to the royal children. She died October 7, 1643. Her funeral was fixed on by the royalists as a convenient pretext to assemble for a massacre of the leading covenanters, but the numbers proved too inconsiderable for the attempt. She was hurried in the family vault in the chapel-royal, Holyrood-house: the vault was long open to public view. The editor of "Heriot's Life," in 1822, gives her autograph as "Jane Drummond," and speaks of having seen her coffin and remains thirty years before, shortly after which period he believes the vault to have been closed. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of February, 1799, plate II., there is a fac-simile of her autograph, as countess of Roxburghe, from her receipt, dated May 10, 1617, for "500*l.*, part of the sum of 3000*l.*, of his majesty's free and princely gift to her, in consideration of long and faithful service done to the queen, as one of the ladies of the bedchamber to her majesty."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 58 · 15.

June 4.

REMARKABLE CELEBRATION.

This was king George the Third's birthday, and therefore during his reign was kept at court, and in many towns throughout the kingdom.

At Bexhill, on the coast of Sussex, where the inhabitants, who scarcely exceed 800, are remarkable for longevity and loyalty, on the 4th of June, 1819, they celebrated the king's birth-day in an appropriate and remarkable manner. Twenty-five old men, inhabitants of the parish, whose united ages amounted to 2025, averaging eighty-one each (the age of the king) dined together at the Bell Inn, and passed the day in a cheerful and happy manner. The dinner was set on table by fifteen other old men, also of the same parish, whose united ages amounted to seventy-one each, and six others, whose ages amounted to sixty-one each, rang the bells on the occasion. The old men dined at one o'clock; and at half-past two

a public dinner was served up to the greater part of the respectable inhabitants to the number of eighty-one, who were also the subscribers to the old men's dinner. The assembly room was decorated with several appropriate devices; and some of the old men, with the greater part of the company, enjoyed themselves to a late hour.*

BELL RINGING and

HAND BELLS IN CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—In pp. 161-2, vol. ii., your correspondent H. H. N. N. of Newark, informs us of the custom of ringing a bell at six o'clock in the morning, and eight in the evening; likewise of a set of "hand bells" kept in the church there; and desires to be informed of their use. Although I cannot inform him of the particular origin of ringing the bell at particular hours in that town, yet I state the practice in some other towns it may, perhaps, contribute to unravel its meaning. With regard to the "hand bells" it seems probable that they were originally placed in churches for the use of the ringers, who employed their leisure practising and amusing themselves in the evenings when not engaged in the bell-ringing as is the case at the present time in some parts of London. Although I do not recollect where the hand bells are used in town, yet I have more than once lately heard it mentioned in Fenchurch-street and its neighbourhood, that the ringers were in the practice of amusing themselves with hand bells at a public-house where they assembled for the purpose of practising; and it is more than probable that some of your readers in that neighbourhood can furnish you with further particulars.

In most of the towns in the west of England, they have a custom of ringing one of the church bells (generally the treble bell) in the morning and evening. Among other towns I noticed at Dorchester, Dorset, the practice of ringing the bell at six in the morning in the summer and seven in the winter, at one o'clock noon, and at eight in the evening, excluding after ringing at eight o'clock what striking as many strokes as the month was days old; and this practice I was then

informed was for calling people to work in the morning, the time for dinner, and for leaving work in the evening.

At another town in Dorsetshire, *Sherborne*, they have an almost endless "ding-long," "twing-twang," or "bim-bome," throughout the day. Happening to be lately there on a market-day (Saturday) I was awakened in the morning, at *four* o'clock, by the ringing of the "church treble bell;" at *six* o'clock the church "chimes" were in play; at a quarter before *seven* the "almshouse bell" began, and continued to ring till *seven*, which is said to be for the purpose of calling the scholars of king Edward the Sixth's grammar school to their studies, who were no sooner assembled than the "school bell" announced the master's approach. At *half-past eight* the "almshouse bell" summoned the almsmen and women to prayers; at *nine* the "chimes;" at *eleven* the "wholesale market bell;" at *twelve* the "chimes;" at *one* the "school bell" for dinner; at *half-past one* the "retail market bell;" at *three* the "chimes," and the church "great bell" tolled twice at short interval, when, what is appositely enough called the "tanging bell," rang until the minister and religiously inclined had assembled for prayer; at *four* the "almshouse bell;" at *six* the "chimes;" at *seven* the "school bell" for supper; at *eight* the "church bell," which rang a quarter of an hour, and concluded by giving eight strokes; at *nine* the "chimes," and the "school bell" for bed.

So much bell ringing and tolling naturally led to an inquiry of the several causes that gave rise to it. By some, the first morning and eight o'clock bell is called the "curfew bell," and the practice of ringing it is said to have been continued from the time of William the Conqueror, who, by one of his laws, ordered the people to put out their fires and lights, and go to bed at the eight o'clock curfew bell; and others affirmed it to be, for the purpose of summoning the people to their labours.

The practice of ringing a church bell in the morning and evening is common in

most towns where they have a bell, although its origin is seldom inquired about or noticed. I have often made inquiries on the subject, and have always received one of the above answers, and am inclined rather to believe its origin is the "curfew bell," although it now serves more the purpose of warning people to their labours, than for the "extinction and relighting of all fire and candle lights."

I am, &c.

R. T.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 59 · 22.

June 5.

1826. FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE.

Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

A solemn festival in the Scottish metropolis is ordained by the "Statutes of George Heriot's Hospital," (cap. ii.) in the following words:—"But especially *upon the first Monday in June*, every year, shall be kept a solemn commemoration and thanksgiving unto God, in this form which followeth. In the morning, about eight of the clock of that day, the lord provost, all the ministers, magistrates, and ordinary council of the city of Edinburgh, shall assemble themselves in the committee-chamber of the said hospital; from thence, all the scholars and officers of the said hospital going before them two by two, they shall go, with all the solemnity that may be, to the Gray Friars church of the said city, where they shall hear a sermon preached by one of the said ministers, every one yearly in their courses, according to the antiquity of their ministry in the said city. The principal argument of the sermon shall be to these purposes: To give God thanks for the charitable maintenance which the poor maintained in the hospital received by the bounty of the said founder, of whom shall be made honourable mention. To exhort all men of ability, according to their means, to follow his example: To urge the necessity of good works, according to men's power, for the testimony of their faith: And to clear the doctrine of our church from all the calumnies of our adversaries, who give us out to be the impugnors of good works. After the ser-

* This bell is said to weigh 3 tons 5 cwt., and to be the treble of a ring of bells brought from Tournay by cardinal Wolsey, whereof one is at St. Paul's, one at Oxford, one at Lincoln, and one at Exeter. The motto on the crown of this bell, which is called the *great bell*, is said to be—

"By Woolsey's gift I measure time for all;
For mirth, for grief, for church I serve to call."
R. T.

* For the "Curfew Bell," and "sarfew," see vol. i. p. 242, &c.

mon ended, all above named shall return to the hospital, with the same solemnity and order they came from it, where shall be paid to the minister who preached, to buy him books, by the treasurer of the hospital for the time being, out of the treasury or rents of the hospital, the sum of

“of .”

By appointment of the governors, Mr. Robert Douglas, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, preached a sermon on the first Monday of June, of the year 1659, in commemoration of the founder; for this sermon he received the sum of one hundred marks “to buy him books,” agreeably to the statutes. From that time the usage has been continued annually, the ministers of Edinburgh preaching in rotation, according to their seniority of office, in the old Gray Friars church.

On this occasion the statue of the founder is fancifully decorated with flowers. Each of the boys receives a new suit of clothes; their relations and friends assemble; and the citizens, old and young, being admitted to view the hospital, the gaiety of the scene is highly gratifying.

It was formerly a custom with the boys to dress Heriot's statue with flowers on the first of May, and to renew them on this anniversary festival when they received their new clothes.*

It should seem, therefore, that the floral adornment of the statue annually on this day, is derived from its ancient dressing on the first of May.

The statue stands beneath the centre tower of the north or principal front, and over the middle of a vaulted archway leading to the court-yard of the hospital. Grose says, the Latin inscription above the figure signifies, “that Heriot's person was represented by that image, as his mind was by the surrounding foundation.”

George Heriot was jeweller to king James VI., subsequently James I., of England. He was born about June, 1563, eldest son to George Heriot, one of the company of goldsmiths in Edinburgh. The elder Heriot died in 1610, having been a commissioner in the convention of estates and parliament of

Scotland, and a convener of the trades Edinburgh at five different elections to the council. The goldsmiths were then the money-dealers in Scotland; they consequently ranked among the most respectable citizens, and to this profession the subject of this memoir was brought up by his father.

It appears that so late as the year 148 the goldsmiths of Edinburgh were classed with the “hammermen” or common smiths. They were subsequently separated, and an act of the town council on the twenty-ninth of August, 1581, conferred on the goldsmiths a monopoly of their trade, which was confirmed by a charter from James VI., in the year 1586.

A century afterwards, in 1687, James VII. invested the goldsmiths with the power of searching, inspecting, and trying all jewels set in gold, in every part of the kingdom; a license to destroy a false or counterfeit work; to punish transgressors by imprisonment or fine, and seize the working tools of all unlicensed goldsmiths within the city.

In January, 1587, George Heriot married Christian, the daughter of Simon Marjoribanks, an Edinburgh merchant. On the occasion, his father gave him 1000 marks with 500 more to fit out his shop and purchase implements and clothes, and he had 1075 marks with his wife. The united fortunes amounted to about 2111s. 8d., which Heriot's last biographer says, was “a considerable sum in those days; but rendered much more useful by the prospect of his father's business, which would at this time naturally be transferred to the younger and more active man.”

In May, 1588, Heriot became a member of the incorporation of goldsmiths “Scotland which was then an independent kingdom, with a court in the metropolis, though poor in general, was probably in a state not less favourable to the success of Heriot's occupation than at present. A rude magnificence peculiar to the age atoned for want of elegance, by the mass of splendour of its ornaments. The nobles were proud and extravagant when the fortunes would permit; and Ann of Denmark, the reigning queen, was fond of show and gallantry.” During the period, Heriot was employed by the court. In 1597, he was made goldsmith to the

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1745, p. 686.

queen, and so declared "at the crosse, the opin proclamatione and sound of trumpet." Shortly after, he was appointed jeweller and goldsmith to the king, with a right to the lucrative privileges of that office.

Heriot rose to opulence, and lost his life; he afterwards married Alison, eldest daughter of James Primrose, clerk to the privy-council, and grandfather of the first earl of Roseberry. On the accession of James to the throne of England, he followed the court to London, where he continued to reside almost constantly. He obtained eminence and wealth, and died there on the twelfth of February, 1624, in the sixtieth year of his age, and was buried at St. Martin's in the Fields.

Queen Ann of Denmark's Jewels.

In a volume of original accounts and vouchers relative to Heriot's transactions with the queen, there are several charges which illustrate the fashion of the times in these expensive decorations, viz.—

For making a brilliant in form of a hip.

For gold and making of a *Valentine*.

A ring with a heart and a serpent, all set about with diamonds;

Two pendants made like moore's heads, and all sett with diamonds;

A ring with a single diamond, set in a heart betwixt two hands.

Two flies with diamonds.

A great ring in the form of a perssed eye and a perssed heart, all sett with diamonds.

One great ring, in forme of a frog, all set with diamonds, *price two hundreth poundis.*

A jewell in forme of a butterfly.

A jewell in forme of a lillye, sett of diamonds.

An anker sett with diamonds.

A jewell in form of a honey-suckle.

A pair of pendants, made lyke two drums, sett with diamondis.

A jewel, in forme of a jolley flower, sett with diamondis.

A jewell in forme of a horne of aboundance, set with 6 rose diamondis, and 12 table diamondis.

A ring of a burning heart set with diamondis.

A ring, in forme of a scallope shell, set with a table diamond, and opening on the head.

A pair of pendentis of two handis, and two serpentis hanging at them.

A parrate of diamondis.

A ring of a love trophe set with diamondis.

Two rings, lyke black flowers, with a table diamond in each.

A daissie ring sett with a table diamond.

A jewell in fashione of a bay leaf, opening for a pictur, and set with diamondis on the one syde.

A pair of lizard pendants, set with diamondis.

A jewell for a hatt, in forme of a bay leafe, all set with diamonds.

A little watch set all over with diamonds, 170*l.*

A ryng sett all over with diamondis, made in fashion of a lizard, 120*l.*

A ring set with 9 diamonds, and opening on the head with the king's picture in that,

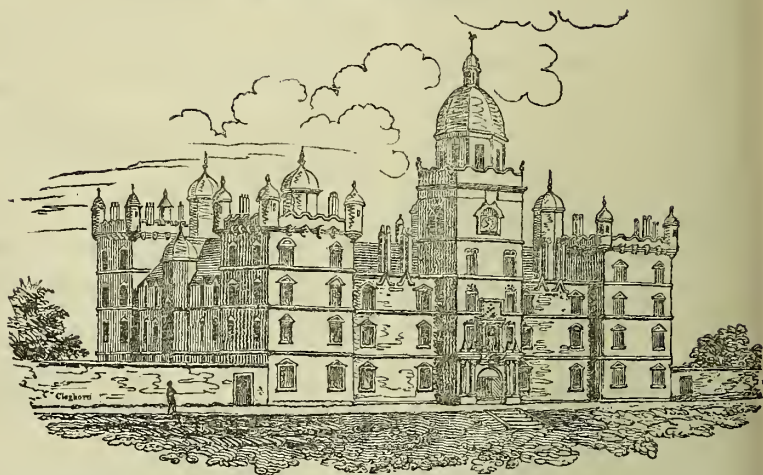
MARGARET HARTSYDE.

In an account of "jewells and other furnishings," which were "sould and deliuered to the Queene's most excellent ma^{tie}. from the xth. of April, 1607, to the xth. of February followinge, by George Heriote, her Highnes' jeweller," there is the following

"*Item, deliuered to Margaret Hartsyde a ring sett all about with diamonds, and a table diamond on the head, which she gaue me to vnderstand was by her Ma^{ties} direction, price xxx li.*"

This item in reference to Margaret Hartsyde is remarkable, because it appears that this female, who had been in the royal household, was tried in Edinburgh on the 31st of May, 1608, for stealing a pearl, worth 110*l.* sterling belonging to the queen. She pretended that she retained these pearls to adorn dolls for the amusement of the royal infants, and believed that the queen would never demand them; but it appeared that she used "great cunning and deceit in it," and disguised the jewels so as not to be easily known, and offered them to her majesty in sale. The king by special warrant declared her infamous, sentenced her to pay 400*l.* sterling as the value of the jewels, and condemned her to be imprisoned in Blackness castle till it was paid, and to confinement in Orkney during her life. In December, 1619, eleven years afterwards, "compeared the king's advocate, and produced a letter

Heriot's Hospital.



of rehabilitation and restitution of Margaret Hartsyde to her fame."

There is a memorial of queen Anne of Denmark's fondness for dogs in a large whole-length portrait of her, surrounded by those animals, which she holds in leashes. In Heriot's accounts there are charges for their furniture: e. g.

"Item, for the garnishing of vj doge collers, weighing in silver xix ounces iij li. xvs.

"Item, for the workmanshipe of the said collers ij li. xs.

"Item, boght to the said collers ij ounces iij quarters of silver lace, at vs. vjd. ounce xvs. id. ob.

"Item, for making wp of the said collers at ijs. the peice xijs."

Her majesty's perfumes seem to have derived additions from Heriot. He furnished her with "5 ounces and a half of fyne civett, at li. 4 the ounce:" also

"Item, for fower ounces of fyne musk de Levant, at xxxvijs. the ounce vij li. xijs.

"Item, for a glass of balsome, ij li.

"Item, for a glass of whyte balsome, and a glasse of black balsome j li. xs."

There are no particulars of the private life of Heriot. From small beginnings, he died worth 50,000*l.*, and acquired lands and houses at Roehampton, in

Surrey, and St. Martin's in the Fields, London. It does not appear that he had children by either of his wives, but he had two illegitimate daughters. To one of these, named in his will as "Elizabeth Band, now an infant of the age of ten years or therabout, and remaining with Mr. Starkey at his house at Windsor," he gave his copyholds in Roehampton. To the other, whom he mentions as "Margaret Scot, being an infant about the age of four years, now remaining with one Rigden, a waterman, at his house in the parish of Fulham," he left his two freehold messuages in St. George's in the Fields, which he had lately purchased of sir Nicholas Fortescue, knight, and William Fortescue, his son: his leasehold terms in certain garden plots in that parish, held of the earl of Bedford, he bequeathed to Margaret Scot; and he directed 200*l.* to be laid out at interest, and paid to them severally when of age or married. He gave 10*l.* to the poor of St. Martin's parish, 20*l.* to the French church there, and 30*l.* to Gilbert Primrose, preacher at that church; and after liberally providing for a great number of his relations, he bequeathed the residue of his estate to the provosts, bailiffs, ministers, and ordinary town-council of Edinburgh, for the time being, for and towards the founding and erecting of a hospital in the said town, and purchasing lands in perpetuity, to be employed in the main

Heriot's Statue at his Hospital, Edinburgh.

"So stands the statue that adorns the gate."



tenance and education of so many poor freemen's sons of the town as the yearly value of the lands would afford means to provide for. He appointed the said town council perpetual governors of the institution, which he ordained should be governed by such orders or statutes as he

made in his lifetime, or as should be formed and signed after his decease by Dr. Balcanquel, one of his executors.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

The residue of Heriot's estate amounted to 23,625*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* which sum was paid

by his executors, on the 12th of May, 1627, to the town-council of Edinburgh. He had directed a large message in Edinburgh, between Gray's close and Todrick's wynd, to be appropriated to the hospital; but the governors, in conjunction with Dr. Balcanquel, finding it unfit for the purpose, purchased of the citizens of Edinburgh, eight acres and a half of land near the Grass Market, in a field called the "High Riggs," and they commenced to lay the foundation of the present structure on the 1st of July, 1628, according to a plan of Inigo Jones. The stones were brought from Ravelstone, near Edinburgh; and the building was conducted by William Aytoune, an eminent mason or architect, with considerable deviations from Inigo Jones's design, in accommodation to the supervening taste of Heriot's trustees. In 1639, the progress of the work was interrupted by the troubles of the period till 1642. When it was nearly completed, in 1650, Cromwell's army occupied it as an infirmary for the sick and wounded. It remained in such possession till general Monk, in 1658, on the request of a committee of governors, removed the soldiers to the new infirmary in the Canongate, at the expense of Heriot's trustees; and on the 11th of April, 1659, the hospital being ready, thirty boys were admitted. In the following August they were increased to forty; in 1661, to fifty-two; in 1753, to one hundred and thirty; in 1763, to one hundred and forty; and in 1822, the establishment maintained one hundred and eighty.

The children of Heriot's eldest daughter, Elizabeth Band, were among the early objects who benefited by the endowment. She had married in England, but being reduced to great difficulties, resorted to Edinburgh for relief. The magistrates allowed her one thousand merks Scots annually, till her sons were admitted into their grandfather's hospital. She had 20*l.* afterwards to support her journey to London, and a present of one thousand merks.

Heriot's hospital cost 30,000*l.* in the erection. The first managers purchased the barony of Broughton, a burgh of regality, about a quarter of a mile northward of the city, a property which, from local circumstances, seemed likely to rise in value. On this and other adjacent land, the "new town" of Edinburgh now

stands. The greater part of the valuable grounds from the bottom of Carlton-hill eastward, reaching to Leith, and to the east road to Edinburgh, is the property of the hospital, which will derive great additional revenue when the buildings on these lands complete the connection of Leith with Edinburgh. In 1779, Heriot's hospital possessed a real income of 1800*l.* per annum: its annual income in 1822 was supposed to have amounted to upwards of 12,000*l.*

The statutes of the hospital ordain, that the boys should be taught "to read and write Scots distinctly, to cypher, and cast all manner of accounts," and "the Latin rudiments, but no further." The governors, however, have wisely gone so much "further," as to cause the boys to be instructed in Greek, mathematics, navigation, drawing, and other matters suitable to the pursuits they are likely to follow in life. The majority of the boys are apprenticed to trades in Edinburgh, with an allowance of 10*l.* a year for five years, amounting to an apprentice fee of 50*l.*; and to each, who on the expiration of his servitude produces a certificate of good conduct from his master, 5*l.* is given to purchase a suit of clothes. Those destined for the learned professions are sent to the university for four years, with an allowance of 30*l.* annually. Six or eight are generally at college, in addition to ten bursers selected by the governors from other seminaries, who have each an annual allowance of 20*l.*

George Heriot confided to his intimate friend "Mr. Walter Balcanquel, doctor in divinity and master of the Savoy," the framing and ordaining of the rules for the government of his hospital; and accordingly in 1627, Dr. Balcanquel, "after consulting with the provosts, baillies, ministers, and council of Edinburgh," compiled the statutes by which the institution continues to be governed. By these it is directed that "this institution foundation, and hospital, shall for all time to come, perpetually and unchangeably be called by the name of *George Herio his Hospital*," and that "there shall be one common seal for the said hospital engraven with this device, *Sigillum Hospitalis Georgii Heriot*, about the circle and in the middle the pattern of the hospital."

And "because no body can be we

governed without a head, there shall be one of good respect chosen *master* of the hospital, who shall have power to govern all the scholars and officers ;” and therefore the governors are enjoined to have a special care, “that he be a man fearing God ; of honest life and conversation ; of so much learning as he be fit to teach the catechism ; a man of that discretion, as he may be fit to govern and correct all that live within the house ; and a man of that care and providence, that he may be fit to take the accounts of the same ; a man of that worth and respect, as he may be fit to be an assessor with the governors, having a suffrage given unto him in all businesses concerning the hospital. He shall be an unmarried man, otherwise let him be altogether incapable of being master. He shall have yearly given unto him a new gown. Within the precincts of the hospital he shall never go without his gown : in the hall he shall have his diet, he and the schoolmaster, in the upper end, at a little table by themselves.”

The *schoolmaster*, whose duties in teaching are already expressed by the quality of the learning defined to the boys, also “must be unmarried.”

It is charged on the consciences of the electors, “that they choose no burgess’s children, if their parents be well and sufficiently able to maintain them, since the intention of the founder is only to relieve the poor ; they must not be under seven years of age complete, and they shall not stay in the hospital after they are of the age of sixteen years complete : they shall be comely and decently apparelled, as becometh, both in their linens and clothes ; and their apparel shall be of sad russet cloth, doublets, breeches, and stockings or hose, and gowns of the same colour, with black hats and strings, which they shall be bound to wear during their abode in the said hospital, and no other.”

Further, it is provided, that “there shall be a *pair of stocks* placed at the end of the hall in the hospital, in which the master shall command to be laid any officer, for any such offences as in his discretion shall seem to deserve it ; and the master likewise shall have authority to lay in the same stocks any vagrant stranger of mean quality, who, within the precincts of the hospital, shall commit any such offence as may deserve it : the officer for executing the master’s command, in this point of justice, shall be

the porter of the hospital.” The *porter* is to be “a man, unmarried, of honest report—of good strength, able to keep out all sturdy beggars and vagrant persons ;—he shall have every year a new gown, which he must wear continually at the gate ; and if, at any time, he dispose himself to marry, he shall demit his place, or else be deprived of the same.”

The last of many officers ordained is “one *chirurgion-barber*, who shall cut and poll the hair of all the scholars in the hospital ; as also look to the cure of all those within the hospital, who any way shall stand in need of his art.”

These extracts are rather curious than important ; for it is presumed, that any who are interested in acquiring further knowledge, will consult the statutes “at large.” They are set forth in “The Life of George Heriot,” published at Edinburgh in 1822, from whence the preceding particulars of the hospital and its founder are derived. They especially provide for the strict religious instruction of the boys—“while in the hospital the greatest care is bestowed on them in regard to morals and health ; they have certain hours allowed them daily for exercise ; and their amusements generally partake of a manly character.”

It may be quoted as an amusing incident in the annals of the establishment, that “a singular occurrence took place with the boys of Heriot’s hospital in 1681-2, the year in which the earl of Argyle was tried, and convicted of high treason, for refusing the test oath without certain qualifications. We extract the following account of it from *Lord Fountainhill’s Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs*, just published : ‘Argyle was much hated for oppressing his creditors, and neither paying his own nor father’s debts, but lord Halifax told Charles II. he understood not the Scots law, but the English law would not have hanged a dog for such a crime.’ Every lawyer of common sense, or ordinary conscience, will be of the same opinion. Lord Clarendon, when he heard the sentence, blessed God that he lived not in a country where there were such laws, but he ought to have said such judges. The very hospital children made a mockery of the reasoning of the crown lawyers. The boys of Heriot’s hospital resolved among themselves, that the *house-dog* belonging

to the establishment held a *public office*, and ought to take the *test*. The paper being presented to the mastiff, he refused to swallow the same unless it was rubbed over with butter. Being a second time tendered, buttered as above mentioned, the dog swallowed it, and was next accused and condemned, for having taken the test with a qualification, as in the case of Argyle!"

THE DOG OF HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

There is "*An Account of the Arraignment, Tryal, Escape, and Condemnation of the DOG of Heriot's Hospital in Scotland, that was supposed to have been hang'd, but did at last slip the halter.*"

From this exceedingly rare folio paper of two pages, "*Printed for the author, M. D. 1682,*" now before the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, he proceeds to extract some expences in the case of "the dog of Heriot's hospital," by which "the reasoning of the crown lawyers," in the case of the duke of Argyle, was successfully ridiculed.

Its waggish author writes in the manner of a letter, "to show you that the act, whereby all publick officers are obliged to take the Test is rigorously put in execution; and thereby many persons, baith in Kirk and State, throughout the hail Kingdome, by reasone they are not free to take the said Test, are incontinently turned out of their places."

He then relates that this severity occasioned "the lounie ladds belonging to the hospitall of Heriot's Buildings in Edinburgh, to divert themselves with somewhat like the following tragi-commedy."

He proceeds to state, that they "fell intil a debate amongst themselves, whither or no, ane mastiffe Tyke, who kept the outmost gate, might not, by reasone of his office of trust, come within the compass of the act, and swa, be obliged to take the Test, or be turned out of his place."

In conclusion, "the tyke thereupon was called, and interrogat, whither he wold take the test, or run the hazard of forfaulting his office."

Though propounded again and again, "the silly curr, boding no ill, answered all their queries with silence, whilk had seen registrat as a flat refusal, had not on of the lounes, mair bald then the rest, aken upon him to be his advocat, who

standing up, pleaded that silence might as wel be interpreted assent, as refusal, and therupon insisted that it might be tendered to him in a way maist plausible, and in a poustar maist agreeable to his stomach."

The debate lasted till all agreed "that ane printed copy should be thrumbled, of as little boulke as it could, and thereafter smured over with tallow, butter, or what else might make maist tempting to his appetit: this done he readily took it, and after he had made a shift, by rowing it up and down his mouth, to separat what was pleasant to his pallat, and when all seemed to be over, on a sudden they observed somehat (ilke piece after another) dropped out of his mouth, qwhilk the advocates on the other side said was the test, and that all his irksome champing and chowing of it, was only, if possible, to seperat the concomitant nutriment, and that this was mikel worse then an flat refusal, and gif it were rightly examined, would, upon Tryal, be found no less then Leising-making."

The tyke's advocate "opponed, that his enemies having the rowing of it up, might perhaps (through deadly spite) have put some crooked prin intil it; and that all the fumbling and rowing of it up and down his mouth, might be by reason of the prin, and not through any scunnering at the test itself; and that there was nought in the hail matter, that looked like Leising-making, except by interpretation, and his adversaries allowed to be the only interpreters." Finally, he required that his client should have a fair trial before competent judges, "qwhilk was unanimously granted;" and on the trial "ther fell out warm pleading."

The advocates against the tyke set forth, "that he was ou'r malapert, to take so mikel upon him; and that the champing and cherking of the test belonged nought to him, nor to none like him, who served only in inferior offices; that his trust and power reached nought so far and by what he had done, he had made himself guilty of mair nor a base refusal: as was libelled."

Those who defended the tyke, pleaded "that he could be guilty of nather, since he had freely taken it in his mouth, willing to have swallowed it down; and that ther was no fault in him, but in its self that it passed not; since it fell a sqwabe ling, one part of it hindering another:" that if it would "have agreed in its self

to have gone down all one way, he wold blaihtly swallowed it, as he had done many untouthsome morsel before, as was well knoun to all the court."

To this was answered, that "all his former good service could not excuse his present guilt."

"Guilt!" quoth another, "if that be guilt he hath many marrows, and why should he be worse handled than all the rest?"

Notwithstanding what was urged in the tyke's behalf, the jury found he had so mangled the test, and abused it, that it was "interpretative treason," and found him "guilty of Leising-making:" wherefore he was ordered to close prison till he should be again called forth and receive sentence "to be hanged like a dog."

While he was removing from the court, there chanced "a curate" to be present, and ask, "what was the matter, what ailed them at the dog?" whereto one answered, "that he, being in publick trust, was required to take the test, and had both refused it and abused it, whereupon he was to be hanged;" whereat the curate, storming, said, "They deserved all to be hanged for such presumptuous mockery;" but the boys, laughing aloud, cried with one consent, that "he, and his brethren, deserved better to be hanged than any of them, or the tyke eather, since *they* had swallowed that which the tyke refused."

The verdict created no small dissension; "some suspected deadly fewd in the chancelor of the jury, alleadging that an enemy was not fit to be a judg; this was answered, that he was of more noble extract then to stain his honor with so base an act, and that his own reputation wold make him favored; another objected that a tyke's refusing so good a test, might be ill example to creatures of better reason; to this a pakie loun answered, that it could not be good, since Lyon Rampant, King of Tykes, nor none of his royal kin, wold not so much as lay ther lips, to it far less to swallow it, and therefore——"

Here the speaker was interrupted "by one that was a principal limmer among them (a contradiction reconciler) who would needs help him with a logical distinction, wherby he, like an Aberdeen's man, might cant and recant again."

There were other conjectures, "requiring the judgment of the learn'd to determine which has been maist suitable:" e. g.

One fancied, that "the tyke might take

the test *secundum quid*, though not *simpli-citer*;"

Another, that he might take it "*in sensu diviso*, though not *in sensu composito*;"

A third, that "though it was deadly to take it with *verbal interpretatione*, yet it might be taken safe enough with *mental reservation*;"

A fourth thought, that "though his stomach did stand at it, *in sensu univoco*, yet it might easily digest it *in sensu et equivoco*;"

In this manner suppositions multiplied, and to one who proposed a "jesuitical" distinction, it was answered, that "the tyke would neither sup kail with the div'l, nor the pope, and therefore needed not his long spoon; well, said ane other, this is mair nor needs, since we are all sure that the tyke could not have kept his office so long, but he most needs have swallowed many a buttered bur before this time, and it was but gaping a little wider and the hazard was over."

"Nay," quoth his neighbour, "the hazard was greater than ye imagine, for the test, as it was rowed up, had many pyles and implications in it, one contrary to another; and swa the tyke might been querkened ere it had been all over, ilk ply, as it were, rancountering another, wresling and fighting."

Then it was proposed, as the tyke had actually swallowed the better part, if not the whole test, that though he had brought it up again, yet it were better to try if he would swallow it again; "but this project was universally rejected, baith by the maist charitable, as bootless, and by the mair severe, or too great a favor."

As regarded the condemned tyke, "matters being thus precipitat, and all hopes of reprieve uncertain, a wylie loun advised him to lay by the sheep's (which had done him so little good) and put on the fox's skin;" wherefore, like a sensible dog, "hiding his own tail between his legs, and griping another's train, he passed through all the gates undiscovered and swa was missing:—

'Thus he was forc'd when right did fail,
To give them the flap with a fox's tail.'

What became of him was unknown, and "the news of the tyke's escape being blazed abroad, the court assembleth to consult what was then anent to be done."

By one it was said that "the affronting escape, and other misdemeanors of that tyke were so great, that the highest severity was too little;"

Another said, "sine he is gone, let him go, what have we more to do, but put another in his place?"

A third said, "his presumptuous and treasonable carriage, would be of ill example to others, unless due punishment followed thereupon;"

A fourth said, "had he not been confident of his own innocence he wold never have byden a tryal, and since he met with such a surprising verdict, what could he do less than flee for his life? wold not the best in the court, if he had been in his circumstances done the like?"

A fifth said, "if he had been condemned, and hanged in time, he had not played us this prank, but seeing we have missed himself, let us seaze well on what he hath left behind him."

Then further debate ensued, and, thereupon, the conclusion; which was ordered to be published as follows:—

Proclamation.

“WHEREAS *ane cutt lugged, broun-
ish coloured Mustiff Tyke, eailed
Watch, short leged, and of low
stature; who being in Office of
Public Trust, wzs required to take
the Test, and when it was lawfully
tendered to him, he so abused it, and
mangled it; whereupon he, after due
Tryal for his presumption, was con-
vict of Treason, and since syn haih
broken Prison, whereupon the Court
adjudges him, To be hanged like a
Dog, whenever he shall be appre-
hended; and in the mean time de-
clares his Office, his hail Estat heir-
atable and moveable, and all causual-
ties belonging to him, to be eeheated
and forfeaulted, and ordeans the
colectors of the Court to uplift his
Rents and Causualties, and to be
countable to the Court, both for dili-
gence and intermission, and also dis-
charges all persons to reset or harb-
or the Fugitive Trator, and like-
ways, gives assurance to all persons,
who shall either apprehend him, or
give true information of him, swa
that thereupon he bees apprehended,
the person swa doing, shall have
500l. for his pains. Given at our
Court, &c.”*

A Remark.

A great deal of the ingenious argu-
ment in this extremely scarce witticism,
was probably adduced by the "Heriot's
boys," when they indulged in the practical
humour of administering the test to the
hospital dog as an "office bearer." In-
dependent of its ability, and because the
editor of these sheets does not remember
to have met with it in any collection of
papers on public affairs, he has rather
largely extracted from it, hoping that, as it
is thus recorded, it will not be altogether
misplaced. Of course, every reader may
not view it in that light; but there are
some who know, that such materials fre-
quently assist the historian to the proof
of questionable facts, and that they are
often a clue to very interesting dis-
coveries: by such readers, apology will
not be required for the production.

It has been said of George Heriot, that
"his vanity exceeded his charity."* But
an assertion justly urged respecting many
founders who sought posthumous noto-
riety by sordid disregard to the wellare
of surviving relatives, cannot be applied
to George Heriot. It was not until he
had bestowed ample largesses on his kins-
folk, that he munificently endowed his
native town with a provision for rearing
the children of its citizens. To stay the
fame of the deed, was not in the power of
the hand that bestowed the gift; and
when the magistrates of Edinburgh
honour Heriot's memory, they incite
others to emulate his virtue. Their pre-
decessors received his donation with a
spirit and views correspondent to those
of the donor: as faithful stewards they
husbanded his money, and laid it out to
so great advantage, that when the hospital
was completed, though the building alone
cost more than the amount of Heriot's
bequest, the fund had accumulated to
defray the charges, and leave a consider-
able surplus for the maintenance of the
inmates; with a prospect, which time has
realized, of further increase from the
increasing value of the land they pur-
chased and annexed to the foundation as
its property for ever. It did not escape the
penetration of Heriot's mind, and, in

* In a communication descriptive of Edin-
burgh, in the Gent. Mag. for 1745, p. 686.

act, he must naturally have taken into account, that such an institution in the metropolis of Scotland would derive contributions from other sources, and flourish, as it yet flourishes, a treasure-house of charity.

The prudent and calculating foresight by which Heriot rendered his fortune splendid, was exercised in deliberating the management of the inmates on his projected establishment. He had the wisdom to distrust the quality of his judgment on matters wherein his observation and knowledge were necessarily limited, and committed the drawing up of the statutes to his friend Dr. Balcanquel. There is no evidence to what extent the founder himself had any share in these rules for fluctuating his intentions; but when the age wherein they were compiled is regarded, it will scarcely be alleged that he could have elected from his friends, a better executor of the best of his good wishes.

The acquisition of such experience as Dr. Balcanquel's, in his capacity of master of the Savoy, is strong testimony of Heriot's discrimination and manly sense. The statutes of Dr. Balcanquel, who had assisted at the synod of Dort, and was successively dean of Westminster and Durham, are free from the overlegislating disposition of his times, which while it sought to distinguish, confused the execution of purposes. To the liberal laws, and the liberal spirit wherein they have been interpreted, some of the most highly-gifted natives of Edinburgh owe the cultivation of their talents.

Each of the windows of Heriot's hospital is remarkable for being ornamented in a different manner, with the exception of two on the west side whereon the carvings exactly agree. The north gate is adorned with wreathed columns, and devices representing the modes of working in the business of a jeweller and goldsmith.*

Heriot's boys, with a daring which seems to require some check, on account of its risk, and the injury it must necessarily occasion in the course of time, have a practice of climbing this front by grasping the carvings. The insecurity of this progress to a fearful eminence, has surprised and alarmed many a spectator 'frae the south."

Inscriptions of various benefactions are placed in the council-room. There is one which records the liberality of a well-known gentleman, viz.

1804

Dr. John Gilchrist,
several Years Professor of
the Hindostanee Language in the
College of Fort William, Bengal
presented 100*l.* sterling
to this Hospital,
as a small testimony
of Gratitude for
his Education in so
valuable a Seminary.

There are several engravings of his portrait. One of them by J. Moffat, Edinburgh, engraved in 1820, after a picture by Scougal, in the council-room of the edifice, is inscribed "GEORGE HERIOT, Jeweller to King James VI., who, besides founding and endowing his stately hospital at Edinburgh, bequeathed to his relations above 60,000*l.* sterling. Obiit. 1623. *Ætatis Anno 63.*" His arms on this print are surmounted by the motto, "I distribute cheerfully."

In the "Fortunes of Nigel," by the author of "Waverley," Heriot is introduced, with a minute description of his dress and person, seemingly derived from real data, whereas there is little other authority for such markings, than the imagination of the well-known "Great Unknown."

The striking magnificence of Heriot's hospital is recorded by an expression of too great force to be strictly accurate. It was observed by a foreigner, before the palace of Holyrood-house was built by Charles II., that there was at Edinburgh a palace for beggars, and a dungeon for kings.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the fifth of June, 1826, Carl Maria Von Weber, the eminent musical composer, died in London, of a long standing pulmonary affection, increased probably by the untowardness of our climate. He gave a concert ten days before, wherein he composed an air,

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

and accompanied Miss Stephens on the pianoforte, to the following

SONG.

From Lalla Rookh.

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !

Hither I come

From my fairy home,

And if there's a magic in Music's train,

I swear by the breath

Of that moonlight wreath,

Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the waves, but sweetens it too !

So, hither I come

From my fairy home,

And if there's a magic in Music's strain,

I swear by the breath

Of that moonlight wreath,

Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

These words seem to have been kindred to Von Weber's feelings. His last opera was "Oberon;" its performance at Covent-garden derives increased interest from his premature decease. Mr. Planché adapted it for our stage, and published it as represented and superintended by its illustrious composer. There are two genuine editions of this drama, one in octavo, at the usual price, and the other in a pocket size, at a shilling, with an excellent portrait of Von Weber.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 57 · 72.

June 6.

IMPORTANT TO ANGLERS.

To the Editor.

The *Every-Day Book* has presented a more striking view of the changes of manners and customs than any book which has gone before it; yet even the editor himself, I think, never dreamed of this

revolution of habits extending from the walkers on the earth to the inhabitants of "the waters which are under the earth."

How little do men dream, when they are advocating the cause of any class of people, in what manner those very people shall repay their services. Poor Izaak Walton ! He cried up anglers as the very perfection of human nature. They were the most meek, loving, and patient of God's creatures. They were too much imbued with nature's tranquillizing spirit to be ambitious ; too excellent christian to be jealous ; and all this, good, simple hearted fellow as he was, because he was such a man himself. I have naturally great faith in the influence of nature, and therefore, though I never could resist a smile at Izaak's zealous eulogies on the art — calling all times, people, and places, to do honour to it ; pressing kings, prophets, apostles, and even Jesus Christ himself, into the ranks of his admired anglers—yet, I involuntarily permitted his warm and open-hearted eloquence to more than half persuade me of the superior natures of his piscatorial protégées in short, that they were such men as himself.

In one of my summer rambles through the peak of Derbyshire I entered Dove-dale. It was in June, and on one of the most delightful evenings of that delightful month. There had been rain in the day and the calm splendour of the declining sun fell upon a scene not more fantastically sublime in its features, than it was beautiful in its freshness. The air was deliciously cool, balmy, and saturated with the odour of flowers. The deep grass in the bottom of the valley was heavy with its luxuriance. The shrubs waved and sparkled, with their myriad drops, upon lofty crags and stern precipices ; and the Dove, that most beautiful of swift and translucent streams, went sounding on its way with a voice of gladness in full accordance with every thing around it. I have seen it many times,—and the finest scenes, often seen are apt to lose some of their effect,—yet I never felt more completely the whole fascination of the place. It put me, as such things are apt to do, into a ruminating and poetical mood,—a humour to soliloquize and admire, and to see things perhaps a little more fancifully than an etymologist, or a mathematician might.

It was exactly when that species of ephemera, the drake-fly, the glory o

trouts and of trout-takers, was in season. They were fluttering by thousands over the stream, and dropping every moment into it, where many a luxuriating mouth was ready to receive them. The anglers were half as numerous as they; from the bottom of Dove-dale to Berresford Hall, the whilom residence of Cotton, and the resort of Walton, scarcely a hundred yards but "maintained its man." I pleased myself with fancying I saw amongst them many a face which belonged to a disciple of Izaak worthy of the master and the art, and, had I not entered into talk with them, I might have thought so now.

But, I asked one if there was not once a very famous angler, who frequented the Dove. "Oh aye!" said he, "I know whom you mean; you mean old Dannel Hastings. For fishing and *shuting* he was the cob of all this country!" Alas! poor Izaak! I thought; but I glanced at the man's fish-basket as I passed. It was empty, and I set him down as a fellow not more ignorant of Izaak than of the patient mystery. But soon after, I cast my eye upon an old and venerable figure. His basket was stored with beautiful trouts, till the lid would not shut down. His grey hair clustered thick and bushily beneath his well-worn hat, as if it was accustomed to grow in the sun and the breeze, and to be "wet with the dews of heaven." His features were such as the father of anglers himself might have worn,—good; and apparently accustomed to express a mixed spirit of *bonhomie* and simplicity, but were then sharpened into the deepest intensity of an angler's vigilant enjoyment. This, thought I, is surely the man, and I asked him if he had read "Walton's Complete Angler." Yes, he had it, and he had Major's new edition, too; and, turning to me with an air of immense knowingness and importance, said—"If he was alive now he could not take a single fin." "No," replied, "how is that? He *could* take plenty in his day; and though I do not deny that there may have been great improvement in the art, yet, skill *then* successful would be equally so *now*, unless there has been a revolution amongst the fish, and they have grown wiser. Ay, there you have it," he added, "the fish, are wiser: they wont take the same baits." I instinctively glanced at the bait then upon the hook of my

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oracle, and—heaven and earth! it was Walton's favourite bait—the drake-fly! I walked on. The romance of angling was destroyed. The glory, like a morning dream, had passed away from the whole piscatorial race; and, from esteeming an angler after the fashion of Izaak Walton, I fell into great temptation of deeming him something worse than, as exhibited in Swift's definition, "a stick and a string, a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

Nottingham.

W. H.

Now, as the sun declines, may be seen, emerging from the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a while till its wings are dried for flight, the (misnamed) *May-fly*. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birth place, it flutters restlessly up and down, up and down, over the same spot, during its whole era of a summer evening; and at last dies, as the last dying streaks of day are leaving the western horizon. And yet, who shall say that in that space of time it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life? That it has not felt all the freshness of youth, all the vigour of maturity, all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the pangs of death itself? In short, who shall satisfy us that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours and *our* fourscore years * ?

TO THE MAY FLY.

Thou art a frail and lovely thing,
Engender'd by the sun :
A moment only on the wing,
And thy career is done.
Thou sportest in the evening beam
An hour—an age to thee—
In gaiety above the stream,
Which soon thy grave must be
Although thy life is like to thee
An atom—art thou not
Far happier than thou e'er couldst be
If long life were thy lot ?
For then deep pangs might wound thy breast
And make thee wish for death ;
But as it is thou'rt soon at rest
Thou creature of a breath !
And man's life passeth thus away,
A thing of joy and sorrow—
The earth he treads upon to-day
Shall cover him to-morrow.

Barton Wilford.

* Mirror of the Months.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 57° 45.

June 7.

CHABERT.

The Human Salamander.

This exhibitor's public performances in London, seem to have excited great curiosity in a multitude of persons unacquainted with the natural quality of the human body to endure extraordinary heat. The journals teem with astonishing accounts—people wonder as they read—and, by and by, they will “wonder at their own wonder.” Perhaps the most interesting account of his first appearance is the following:—

HOT! HOT!—ALL HOT!

Monsieur Chabert (the celebrated continental salamander) exhibited his power in withstanding the operation of the fiery element, at White Conduit Gardens, yesterday evening (June 7, 1826). In the first instance, he refreshed himself with a hearty meal of phosphorus, which was, at his own request, supplied to him very liberally, by several of his visitors, who were previously unacquainted with him. He washed down this infernal fare with solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid, thus throwing into the background the long-established fame of Mithridates. He next swallowed with great *gout* several spoonfuls of boiling oil, and, as a desert to this delicate repast, helped himself with his naked hand to a considerable quantity of molten lead. There are, we know, preparations which so indurate the cuticle as to render it insensible to the heat either of boiling oil or melting lead, and the fatal qualities of certain poisons may be destroyed, if the medium through which they are imbibed, as we suppose to be the case here, is a strong alkali. We cannot, however, guess in what manner Monsieur Chabert effected this neutralization; and it is but fair to state, that the exhibitor offered to swallow Prussic acid, perhaps the most powerful of known poisons, the effect of which is instantaneous, if any good-natured person could furnish him with a quantity of it. During the period when this part of the entertainment (if entertainment it can be called) was going on, an oven, about six feet by seven, was heated.

For an hour and a quarter, large quantities of faggots were burnt in it, until at length it was hot enough for the brazier-chamber of his Satanic Majesty. “(For a muse of *fire!*” to describe what followed. Monsieur Chabert, who seemed to be a piece of living asbestos, entered this stove, accompanied by a rump steak and a leg of lamb, when the heat was at about 220. He remained there in the first instance, for ten minutes till the steak was properly done, conversing all the time with the company through a tin tube, placed in an orifice formed in the sheet-iron door of the oven. Having swallowed a cup of tea and having seen that the company had done justice to the meat he had already cooked, he returned to his fiery den and continued there until the lamb was properly done. This joint was devoured with such avidity by the spectators, as leads us to believe, that had Monsieur Chabert himself been sufficiently baked they would have proceeded to a Carib bean banquet. Many experiments, as to the extent to which the human frame could bear heat, without the destruction of the vital powers, have been tried from time to time; but so far as we recollect Monsieur Chabert's fire-resisting qualities are greater than those professed by the individuals who, before him, have undergone this species of ordeal. It was announced some time ago, in one of the French journals, that experiments had been tried with a female, whose fire-standing qualities had excited great astonishment. She, it appears, was placed in a heated oven, into which, live dogs, cats, and rabbits, were conveyed. The poor animals died, in a state of convulsion, almost immediately, while the *fire queen* bore the heat without complaining. In that instance, however, the heat of the oven was not so great as that which Monsieur Chabert encountered. If Monsieur Chabert will attach himself to any of the insurance companies, he will, we have no doubt, “save more goods out of the fire” than ever *Nimming Ned* did.*

As regards the taking of poisons by this person, the “Morning Chronicle” account says, “Monsieur Chabert's first performance was the swallowing a quantity of phosphorus, which, we need not

* The Times, June 8, 1826

inform our readers, is one of the most violent poisons. Happening to stand near the exhibitor's table, he invited us to weigh out the phosphorus, and taste the *pure water* with which he washed down the aconite. We accordingly administered to the gentleman a dose of sixty-four grains, enough, we imagine, to have proved a quietus to even Chuny himself. We observed, however, that the *pure water* was strongly impregnated with an *alkali* (soda), and we need scarcely observe, that any of the fixed alkalies would have the effect of neutralizing the phosphorus, and destroying its pernicious effects in the stomach. There was a similar exhibition of swallowing a quantity of arsenic, some of which was fused over charcoal, to convince the bystanders, by the smell, that it was the real poison. To us, however, it appeared that it was merely metallic arsenic, the swallowing of which might be done with impunity—at least, to the extent to which Monsieur Chabert received it into his stomach. We thought this part of the exhibition rather offensive and silly, for it was obvious that the quality of the drugs, professed to be poison, was submitted to no fair test; and there were several links deficient in the chain of reasoning necessary to convince an intelligent person that the professed feat was really performed." Supposing this statement correct, there is nothing surprising in Monsieur Chabert's trick.

"But," the same writer adds, "it was different with the pyrotechnic exhibition.—Monsieur Chabert first poured nitric acid upon metallic filings, mixed (we suppose) with sulphur, to form pyrites; these he suffered fairly to ignite in the palm of his hand, and retained the burning mass some time, although a small quantity ignited in our hand quickly made us glad to plunge it into water. Monsieur Chabert then deliberately rubbed a hot shovel over his skin, through his hair, and finally upon the tongue. This was very fairly done. The next feat was that of swallowing boiling oil. We tried the thermometer in the oil, and found it rose to 340 degrees. Monsieur Chabert swallowed a few able spoonfuls of this burning liquid, which perhaps might have cooled to about 320 degrees, between the taking of the oil from the saucepan and the putting it into his mouth. A gentleman

in the company came forward, and dropping lighted sealing-wax upon Monsieur Chabert's tongue, took the impression of his seal. This we suppose is what is called *sealing a man's mouth*."

There is nothing more astonishing in this than in the trick with the poisons. The little black-letter "*Booke of Secretes of Albertus Magnus*, imprinted at London by H. Jackson," which discovers many "*merveis of the world*," happens to be at hand, and two of them may throw some light on the kind of means by which Monsieur Chabert performed his pyrotechnic exhibition; viz.

1. *When thou wilt that thou seeme a inflamed, or set on fyre from thy head unto thy fete and not be hurt.*

Take white great malowes or holy-hocke, myxe then with the white of egges; after anynte thy body with it, and let it be untill it be dried up; and, after, anynte the with alume, and afterwards caste on it smal brymstone beaten unto poulder, for the fyre is inflamed on it, and hurteth not; and if thou make upon the palme of thy hand thou shalt bee able to hold the fyre without hurt.

2. *A merveylous experience, which maketh menne to go into the fyre without hurte, or to bere fyre, or red hote yron in their hand, withoute hurte.*

Take the juyce of Bismalua, and the whyte of an egge, and the sede or an hearbe called Psillium, also Pulicarius herba, and breake it unto powder, and make a confection, and mixe the juyce of Radysh with the whyte of an egge.

Anoynt thy body or hande with this confection, and let it be dried and after anynte it againe; after that, thou mayest suffer boldly the fyre without hurt.

This, without multiplying authorities, may suffice to show, that a man may continue to work great marvels in the eyes of persons who are uninformed, by simple processes well known centuries ago. The editor of the *Every-Day Book* was once called on by a lady making tea, to hand the boiling water in his "*best manner*:" he took the kettle from the fire, and placing its bottom on his right hand, bore it with extended arm across the room to his

fair requisitionist, who very nearly went into fits, and some of the female part of the company fainted: they expected his hand to be thoroughly burned; when, in fact, no other inconvenience will result to any one who chooses to present a tea-kettle in that way than the necessity of wiping the soil from the hand by a damp cloth. Some of the most common things are wonderful to those who have never seen them.

As to M. Chabert, the "Morning Chronicle" account says, "But now came the *grand and terrific exhibition—the entering the oven*—for which expectation was excited to the highest pitch. We had the curiosity to apply the unerring test of the thermometer to the inside of the oven, and found the maximum of heat to be 220 deg. M. Chabert, being dressed in a loose black linen robe, rendered, he assured us, as fire-proof as asbestos, by a chemical solution, entered the oven amidst the applause of the spectators. He continued like a modern Shadrach in the fiery furnace, and after a suspense of about 12 minutes, again appeared to the anxious spectators, triumphantly bearing the beef-steak fully dressed, which he had taken into the oven with him raw. M. Chabert also exhibited to us the thermometer, which he had taken into the oven with him at 60 deg., and which was now up to 590 deg. We need not say that the *bulb had been kept in the burning embers*, of which it bore palpable signs. This was a mere trick, unworthy of the exhibition, for Mons. Chabert really bore the oven heated to 220 deg. for full twenty minutes. Whether we were emulous of *Paul Pry*, and peeped under the iron door of the oven, and beheld the beef-steak and leg of mutton cooking upon a heap of charcoal and embers concealed in the corner of the oven, we must not say, 'it were too curious to consider matters after that manner.' We are only doing justice to Monsieur Chabert in saying, that he is the best of all fire-eaters we have yet seen, and that his performance is truly wonderful, and highly worthy of the public patronage. A man so impervious to fire, may 'make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate.'"

Stay, stay! Not quite so fast. M. Chabert is a man of tricks, but his only real trick failed to deceive; this

was placing the bulb of the thermometer in burning embers, to get the mercury up to 590, while, in fact, the heat he really bore in the oven was only 220 which, as he bore that heat for "full twenty minutes," the writer quotes as "really wonderful." That it was not wonderful for such an exhibitor to endure such a heat, will appear from the following statements.

About the middle of January, 1774 Dr. Charles Blagden, F.R.S., received an invitation from Dr. George Fordyce to observe the effects of air heated to much higher degree than it was formerly thought any living creature could bear. Dr. Fordyce had himself proved the mistake of Dr. Boerhaave and most other authors, by supporting many times very high degrees of heat, in the course of a long train of important experiments. Dr. Cullen had long before suggested many arguments to show, that life itself has a power of generating heat, independent of any common chemical or mechanical means. Governor Ellis in the year 175 had observed, that a man could live in air of a greater heat than that of his body; and that the body, in this situation, continues its own cold; and the abbé Chappe d'Auteroche had written that the Russians used their baths heated to 60 deg. of Reaumur's thermometer, about 160 of Fahrenheit's. With a view to add further evidence to these extraordinary facts, and to ascertain the real effects of such great degrees of heat on the human body, Dr. Fordyce tried various experiments in heated chamber without chimneys, and from whence the external air was excluded. One of these experiments is thus related.

Dr. Blagden's Narrative.

The honourable captain Phipps, M.D. (afterwards sir Joseph) Banks, Dr. Soander, and myself, attended Dr. Fordyce to the heated chamber, which has served for many of his experiments with dry air. We went in without taking off any of our clothes. It was an oblong square room, fourteen feet by twelve in length and width, and eleven in height, heated by a round stove, or cockle, of cast iron, which stood in the middle with a tube for the smoke carried from it through one of the side walls. When we first entered the room, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the quicksilver in a thermometer, which had been su-

ended there stood above the 150th degree. By placing several thermometers in different parts of the room we afterwards found, that the heat was a little greater in some places than in others; but that the whole difference never exceeded 20 deg. We continued in the room above 20 minutes, in which time the heat had risen about 12 deg., chiefly during the first part of our stay. Within an hour afterwards we went out of this room again, without seeing any material difference, though the heat was considerably increased. Upon entering the room a third time, between five and six o'clock after dinner, we observed the quicksilver in our only remaining thermometer at 195 deg.; this great heat had warped the ivory frames of our other thermometers, that every one of them was broken. We now staid in the room, together, about 10 minutes; but finding that the thermometer sunk very fast, we agreed, that for the future only one person should go in at a time, and orders were given to raise the fire as much as possible. Soon afterwards Dr. Solander entered the room alone, and saw the thermometer at 210 deg., but, within three minutes that he staid there, it sunk to 196 deg. Another time, he found it almost five minutes before the heat was lessened from 210 deg., to 196 deg. Mr. Banks closed the whole, by saying in when the thermometer stood above 211 deg.; he remained seven minutes, in which time the quicksilver had sunk to 198 deg.; but cold air had been introduced into the room by a person who went out and came out again during Mr. Banks's stay. The air heated to these high degrees felt unpleasantly hot, but was very variable. Our most uneasy feeling was a sense of scorching on the face and legs: our legs, particularly, suffered very much, being exposed more fully than any other part to the body of the stove, heated red-hot by the fire within. Our respiration was not at all affected; it came neither quick nor laborious; the only difference was a want of that refreshing sensation which accompanies a full inspiration of cool air. Our time was so taken up with other observations, that we did not count our pulses by the watch: mine, to the best of my judgment by feeling it, beat at the rate of 60 pulsations in a minute, near the end of the first experiment; and Dr. Solander made 92 pulsations in a minute,

soon after we had gone out of the heated room. Mr. Banks sweated profusely, but no one else: my shirt was only damp at the end of the experiment. But the most striking effects proceeded from our power of preserving our natural temperature. Being now in a situation in which our bodies bore a very different relation to the surrounding atmosphere from that to which we had been accustomed, every moment presented a new phenomenon. Whenever we breathed on a thermometer, the quicksilver sunk several degrees. Every expiration, particularly if made with any degree of violence, gave a very pleasant impression of coolness to our nostrils, scorched just before by the hot air rushing against them when we inspired. In the same manner our now cold breath agreeably cooled our fingers, whenever it reached them. Upon touching my side, it felt cold like a corpse; and yet the actual heat of my body, tried under my tongue, and by applying closely the thermometer to my skin, was 98 deg., about a degree higher than its ordinary temperature. When the heat of the air began to approach the highest degree which the apparatus was capable of producing, our bodies in the room prevented it from rising any higher; and, when it had been previously raised above that point, inevitably sunk it. Every experiment furnished proofs of this: towards the end of the first, the thermometer was stationary: in the second, it sunk a little during the short time we staid in the room: in the third, it sunk so fast as to oblige us to determine that only one person should go in at a time; and Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander each found, that his single body was sufficient to sink the quicksilver very fast, when the room was brought nearly to its maximum of heat.

These experiments, therefore, prove in the clearest manner, that the body has a power of destroying heat. To speak justly on this subject, we must call it a power of destroying a certain degree of heat communicated with certain quickness. Therefore, in estimating the heat which we are capable of resisting, it is necessary to take into consideration not only what degree of heat would be communicated to our bodies, if they possessed no resisting power, by the heated body, before the equilibrium of heat was effected; but also what time that heat

would take in passing from the heated body into our bodies. In consequence of this compound limitation of our resisting power, we bear very different degrees of heat in different mediums. The same person who felt no inconvenience from air heated to 211 deg. could not bear quicksilver at 120 deg. and could just bear rectified spirit of wine at 130 deg. that is, quicksilver heated to 120 deg. furnished, in a given time, more heat for the living powers to destroy, than spirits heated to 130 deg. or air to 211 deg. And we had, in the heated room where our experiments were made, a striking, though familiar instance of the same. All the pieces of metal there, even our watch-chains, felt so hot that we could scarcely bear to touch them for a moment, whilst the air, from which the metal had derived all its heat, was only unpleasant. The slowness with which air communicates its heat was further shown, in a remarkable manner, by the thermometers we brought with us into the room; none of which, at the end of twenty minutes, in the first experiment, had acquired the real heat of the air by several degrees. It might be supposed, that by an action so very different from that to which we are accustomed, as destroying a large quantity of heat, instead of generating it, we must have been greatly disordered. And indeed we experienced some inconvenience; our hands shook very much, and we felt a considerable degree of languor and debility; I had also a noise and giddiness in my head. But it was only a small part of our bodies that excited the power of destroying heat with such a violent effort as seems necessary at first sight. Our clothes, contrived to guard us from cold, guarded us from the heat on the same principles. Underneath we were surrounded with an atmosphere of air, cooled on one side to 98 deg. by being in contact with our bodies, and on the other side heated very slowly, because woollen is such a bad conductor of heat. Accordingly I found, toward the end of the first experiment, that a thermometer put under my clothes, but not in contact with my skin, sunk down to 110 deg. On this principle it was that the animals, subjected by M. Tillet to the interesting experiments related in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences" for the year 1764, bore the oven so much better when they were

clothed, than when they were put in bare: the heat actually applied to the greatest part of their bodies was considerably less in the first case than in the last. As animals can destroy only a certain quantity of heat in a given time so the time they can continue the full exertion of this destroying power seems to be also limited; which may be one reason why we can bear for a certain time, and much longer than can be necessary to fully heat the cuticle, a degree of heat which will at length prove intolerable. Probably both the power of destroying heat, and the time for which it can be exerted, may be increased like most other faculties of the body, by frequent exercise. It might be partly on this principle, that, in M. Tillet's experiments, the girls, who had been used to attend the oven, bore, for ten minutes an heat which would raise Fahrenheit's thermometer to 280 deg. In our experiments, however, not one of us thought he suffered the greatest degree of heat that he was able to support.*

We find then, that Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blagden, Dr. Solander, the honourable captain Phipps, sir Joseph Banks, together, bore the heat at 198 deg.; that Dr. Solander went into the room at 210 sir Joseph Banks at 211; and that M. Tillet's oven-girls bore a heat for ten minutes which would raise the thermometer to 280 deg., being 60 deg. higher than M. Chabert bore for ten minutes at White Conduit-house. Recent experiments in England fully corroborate the experiments referred to and, in short, an extension of our knowledge in philosophical works will outjuggle jugglers of every description.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58° 70°.

June 8.

FIGG, THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

A printed advertisement from the "early master" in the "noble art of self defence," in answer to a challenge from the anciently-noted Sutton, with the challenge itself, being before the editor in the shape of a small hand-bill, printed

* Philos. Trans.

at the time wherein they "flourished," it is submitted verbatim, as the first specimen in these pages of the manner

wherein these self-styled heroes announced their exhibitions "for the benefit of the public."

G. R.



At Mr. FIGG's New Amphitheatre.

Joyning to his House, the Sign of the City of Oxford, in Oxford Road, Marybone Fields, on Wednesday next, being the 8th of June, 1726. Will be Perform'd a Tryal of Skill by the following Masters.

VHereas I **EDWARD SUTTON**, Pipemaker from *Gravesend*, and *Kentish* Professor of the Noble Science of Defence, having, under a Sleeveless Pretence been deny'd a Combat by and with the Extoll'd Mr. FIGG; which I take to be occasioned through fear of his having that Glory Eclipsed by me, wherewith the Eyes of all Spectators have been so much dazzled: Therefore, to make appear, that the great Applause which has so much puff'd up this Hero, has proceeded only from his Foyling such who are not worthy the name of Swordsmen, as also that he may be without any farther Excuse; I do hereby dare the said Mr. FIGG to meet as above, and dispute with me the Superiority of Judgment in the Sword, (which will best appear by Cuts, &c.) at all the Weapons he is or shall be then Capable of Performing on the Stage.

I**JAMES FIGG**, *Oxonian* Professor of the said Science, will not fail giving this daring *Kentish* Champion an Opportunity to make good his Allegations; when, it is to be hop'd, if he finds himself Foy'd he will then change his Tone, and not think himself one of the Number who are not worthy the Name of Swordsmen, as he is pleased to signify by his Expression: However, as the most significant Way of deciding these Controversies is by Action, I shall defer what I have farther to Aet till the Time above specified; when I shall take care not to deviate from my usual Custom, in making all such Bravadoes sensible of their Error, as also in giving all Spectators intire Satisfaction.

N.B. The Doors will be open'd at Four, and the Masters mount between Six, and Seven exactly. **VIVAT REX.**

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . 59 · 52.

June 9.

THE SEASON, IN LONDON.

Now, during the first fortnight, Kensington Gardens is a place not to be paralleled: for the unfashionable portion of my readers are to know, that this delightful spot, which has been utterly deserted during the last age (of seven years), and could not be named during

all that period without incurring the odious imputation of having a taste for trees and turf, has now suddenly started into vogue once more, and you may walk there, even during the "morning" part of a Sunday afternoon, with perfect impunity, always provided you pay a due deference to the decreed hours, and never make your appearance there earlier than twenty minutes before five, or later than half-past six; which is allowing you exactly two hours after breakfast to dress for the Promenade, and an hour after you get home to do

the same for dinner: little enough, it must be confessed; but quite as much as the unremitting labour of a life of idleness can afford! Between the above-named hours, on the three first Sundays of this month, and the two last of the preceding, you may (weather willing) gladden your gaze with such a galaxy of beauty and fashion (I beg to be pardoned for the repetition, for fashion is beauty) as no other period or place, Almack's itself not excepted, can boast: for there is no denying that the fair rulers over this last-named rendezvous of the regular troops of *bon ton* are somewhat too *recherchée* in their requirements. The truth is, that though the said rulers will not for a moment hesitate to patronise the above proposition under its simple form, they entirely object to that subtle interpretation of it which their sons and nephews would introduce, and on which interpretation the sole essential difference between the two assemblies depends. In fact, at Almack's fashion is beauty; but at Kensington Gardens beauty and fashion are one. At any rate, those who have not been present at the latter place during the period above referred to, have not seen the finest sight (with one exception) that England has to offer.

Vauxhall Gardens, which open the first week in this month, are somewhat different from the above, it must be confessed. But they are unique in their way nevertheless. Seen in the darkness of noonday, as one passes by them on the top of the Portsmouth coach, they cut a sorry figure enough. But beneath the full meridian of midnight, what is like them, except some parts of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments? Now, after the first few nights, they begin to be in their glory, and are, on every successive gala, illuminated with "ten thousand additional lamps," and include all the particular attractions of every preceding gala since the beginning of time!

Now, on fine evenings, the sunshine finds (or rather loses) its way into the galleries of Summer theatres at whole price, and wonders where it has got to.

Now, boarding-school boys, in the purlieus of Paddington and Mile End, employ the whole of the first week in writing home to their distant friends in London a letter of not less than eight

lines, announcing that the "ensuing vacation will commence on the — instant;" and occupy the remaining fortnight in trying to find out the unknown numerals with which the blank has been filled up.

Finally, now, during the first few days, you cannot walk the streets without waiting, at every crossing, for the passage of whole regiments of little boys in leather breeches, and little girls in white aprons, going to church to practise their annual anthem-singing, preparatory to that particular Thursday in this month, which is known all over the world of charity-schools by the name of "walking day;" when their little voices, ten thousand strong, are to utter forth sounds that shall dwell for ever in the hearts of their hearers. Those who have seen this sight, of all the charity children within the bills of mortality assembled beneath the dome of Saint Paul's, and heard the sounds of thanksgiving and adoration which they utter there, have seen and heard what is perhaps better calculated than anything human ever was, to convey to the imagination a faint notion of what we expect to witness hereafter, when the hosts of heaven shall utter with one voice, hymns of adoration before the footstool of the Most High*.

TWILIGHT.

How fine to view the Sun's departing ray
Fling back a lingering lovely after-day;
The moon of summer glides serenely by,
And sheds a light enchantment o'er the sky.
These, sweetly mingling, pour upon the
sight

A pencilled shadowing, and a dewy light—
A softened day, a half unconscious night.
Alas too finely pure on earth to stay,
It faintly spots the hill, and dies away.

Thatcham.

J. W.

THE WATER FOUNTAIN.

It seems seasonable to introduce an engraving of a very appropriate ornament of a shop window, which will not surprise any one so much as the proprietor, who, whatever may be thought to the contrary, is wholly unknown to the editor of this work.

As a summer decoration, there is scarcely any thing prettier than this little fountain. Gilt fish on the edge

of the lower basin spout jets of water into the upper one, which constantly overflows, and, washing the moss on its stand, falls into its first receiver. These vessels are of glass, and contain live fish; and on the surface of the larger, white waxen swans continue in gentle motion. Vases of flowers and other elegancies are its surrounding accompaniments.

This representation exemplifies the rivalry of London tradesmen to attract attention. Their endeavours have not attained the height they are capable of reaching, but the beautiful forms and graceful displays continually submitted to the sight of passengers, evince a disposition which renders our shops the most elegant in Europe.



A Fountain in June, 1826

In the window of Mr. Farrel, Pastrycook, Lambs-Conduit-Street, London.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 59° 15.

June 10.

HOUSE OF GOD, NEWCASTLE.

On the 10th of June, 1412, King Henry IV. granted his royal license to an hospital called the *Maison de Dieu*,

or "House of God," erected by Roger Thornton, on the Sandhill, Newcastle, for the purpose of providing certain persons with food and clothing. The building seems to have been completed in that year. Before it was pulled down in 1823, the "Merchant's Court" was established over it, and at this time a new building for the company of Free Merchants, &c., is erected on its site.

The son of the founder of the old

hospital granted the use of its hall and kitchen "for a young couple when they were married to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends, for at that time houses were not large." Mr. Sykes, in his interesting volume of "Local Records," remarks, that "this appears an ancient custom for the encouragement of matrimony."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59 · 37.

June 11.

BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had;
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries;
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

'These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fits,
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.

And such is man—A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

Bouring.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 75.

June 12.

THE SEASON, IN THE COUNTRY.

Sheep-Shearing.

Sheep-shearing, one of the great rural labours of this delightful month, if not so full of variety as the hay-harvest, and so creative of matter for those "in search of the picturesque" (though it is scarcely less so), is still more lively, animated, and spirit-stirring; and it besides retains something of the character of a rural holiday, which rural matters need, in this age and in this country, more than ever they did, since it became a civilized and happy one. The sheep-shearings are the only *stated* periods of the year at which we hear of festivities, and gatherings together of the lovers and practisers of English husbandry; for even the harvest-home itself is fast sink-

ing into disuse, as a scene of mirth and revelry, from the want of being duly encouraged and partaken in by the great ones of the earth; without whose countenance and example it is questionable whether eating, drinking, and sleeping, would not soon become vulgar practices, and be discontinued accordingly! In a state of things like this, the Holkham and Woburn sheep-shearings do more honour to their promoters than all their wealth can purchase and all their titles convey. But we are getting beyond our soundings: honours, titles, and "states of things," are what we do not pretend to meddle with, especially when the pretty sights and sounds preparatory to and attendant on sheep-shearing, as a mere rural employment, are waiting to be noticed.

Now, then, on the first really summer's day, the whole flock being collected on the higher bank of the pool formed at the abrupt winding of the nameless mill-stream, at the point, perhaps, where the little wooden bridge runs slantwise across it, and the attendants being stationed waist-deep in the midwater, the sheep are, after a silent but obstinate struggle or two, plunged headlong, one by one, from the precipitous bank; when, after a moment of confused splashing, their heavy fleeces float them along, and their feet, moving by an instinctive art which every creature but man possesses, guide them towards the opposite shallows, that steam and glitter in the sunshine. Midway, however, they are fain to submit to the rude grasp of the relentless washer, which they undergo with as ill a grace as preparatory schoolboys do the same operation. Then, gaining the opposite shore heavily, they stand for a moment till the weight of water leaves them, and, shaking their streaming sides, go bleating away towards their fellows on the adjacent green, wondering within themselves what has happened.

The shearing is no less lively and picturesque, and no less attended by all the idlers of the village as spectators. The shearers, seated in rows beside the crowded pens, with the seemingly inanimate load of fleece in their laps, and bending intently over their work; the occasional whetting and clapping of the shears; the neatly-attired housewives, waiting to receive the fleeces; the smoke from the tar-kettle, ascending through the clear air; the shorn sheep escaping,

one by one, from their temporary bondage, and trotting away towards their distant brethren, bleating all the while for their lambs, that do not know them; all this, with its ground of universal green, and finished every-where by its leafy distances, except where the village spire intervenes, forms together a living picture, pleasanter to look upon than words can speak, but still pleasanter to think of, when *that* is the nearest approach you can make to it.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day, in the year 1734, the duke of Berwick, while visiting the trenches at the siege of Philipsburgh, near Spire, in Germany, was killed, standing between his two sons by a cannon ball. He was the illegitimate son of the duke of York, afterwards James II., whom he accompanied in his flight from England, in 1688. His mother was Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the duchess of York, and sister to the renowned Marlborough.

The duke of Berwick on quitting the country, entered into the service of France, and was engaged in several battles against the English or their allies in Ireland, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Spain. At his death he was in the sixty-fourth year of his age. No general of his time excelled him in the art of war except his uncle, the duke of Marlborough.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 58 · 40.

June 13.

SIGNS

“Of the Times,”

NEW AND OLD.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Liverpool, 6th June, 18 26.

Sir,—The pages of *The Every-Day Book*, notwithstanding a few exceptions, have afforded me unqualified pleasure, and having observed your frequent and reiterated requests for communications, I having been induced to send you the following doggrels.

I ought to promise that they formed part of the sign of an alehouse, formerly

standing in Chapel-street, near St. Nicholas church in this town, but which is now taken down to make room for a costly pile of warehouses since erected on the site.

The sign represented (*elegantly*, of course) a man standing in a cart laden with fish, and holding in his right hand what the artist intended to represent a salmon. The lines are to be supposed to be spoken by the driver:—

This salmon has got a tail
It's very like a whale,
It's a fish that's very merry,
They say it's catch'd at Derry;
It's a fish that's got a heart,
It's catch'd and put in Dugdale's cart.

This truly classic production of the muse of Mersey continued for several years to adorn the host's door, until a change in the occupant of the house induced a corresponding change of the sign, and the following lines graced the sign of “The Fishing Smack:”—

The cart and salmon has stray'd away,
And left the fishing-boat to stay.
When boisterous winds do drive you back,
Come in and drink at the Fishing Smack.

Whilst I am upon the subject of “signs,” I cannot omit mentioning a punning one in the adjoining county (Chester) on the opposite side of the Mersey, by the highway-side, leading from Liscard to Wallasea. The house is kept by a son of Crispin, and he, zealous of his trade, exhibits the representation of a last, and under it this couplet:—

All day long I have sought good *beer*,
And at *the last* I have found it here.

I do not know, sir, whether the preceding nonsense may be deemed worthy of a niche in your miscellany; but I have sent it at a venture, knowing that *originals*, however trifling, are sometimes valuable to a pains-taking (and, perhaps, wearied) collector.

I am, Sir, your obliged,
LECTOR.

By publishing the letter of my obliging correspondent “LECTOR,” who transmits his real name, I am enabling England to say—he has done his duty.

Really if each of my readers would do like him I should be very grateful. While printing his belief that I am a “pains-taking” collector, I would inter-

* Mirror of the Months.

† Butler's Chronological Exercises.

pose by observing that I am far, very far, from a "weary" one: and I would gain direct the attention of every one who peruses these sheets to their collections, whether great or small, and express an earnest desire to be favoured with something from their stores; in truth, the best evidence of their receiving my sheets favourably will be their contributions towards them. While I am getting together and arranging materials for articles that will interest the public quite as much as any I have laid before them, I hope for the friendly aid of well-wishers to the work, and urgently solicit their communications.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59° 75.

June 14.

1826. Trinity Term ends.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.

To the Editor of the Every-day Book.

Newark, May 17, 1826.

Sir,—The following singular circumstance may be relied on as a fact. The individual it relates to was well known upon the turf. I recollect him myself, and once saw the present venerable Earl of Fitzwilliam, on Stamford race-course, humorously inquire of him how he got his conveyance, in allusion to the undermentioned circumstance, and present him with a guinea.—I am, &c.

BENJ. JOHNSON.

John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf as a list seller, &c., was at a town in Bedfordshire, and, as the turf phrase is, "quite broke down." It was during harvest, and the week before Richmond races (Yorkshire), whither he was travelling, and near which place he was born: to arrive there in time he hit on the following expedient.—He applied to an acquaintance of his, a blacksmith, to stamp on a padlock the words 'Richmond Gaol,' with which, and a chain fixed to one of his legs, he composedly went into a corn-field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond. No time was to be lost, for Kilburn said he had not been tried, and hoped they would not let him lay till another assize. The constables,

on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the keeper with "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well, it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose he has broken out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark. Is not he a prisoner?" "I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen: Sir, they have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not put them to further inconvenience. I have got the key of the padlock, and I will not trouble them to unlock it. I am obliged to them for their kind behaviour." He travelled in this way about one hundred and seventy miles.

This anecdote has been seen before, perhaps, but it is now given on authority.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59° 67.

June 15.

SUMMER MERRIMENT.

To the Editor of the Every-day Book

Sir,—You have inserted in vol. i. p. 559, an interesting account of the *Morris Dance* in the "olden times," and I was rather disappointed on a perusal of your extensive Index, by not finding a "few more words" respecting the Morris Dancers of our day and generation. I think this custom is of Moorish origin, and might have been introduced into this country in the middle ages. Bailey says, "the Morris Dance is an antic dance performed by five men and a boy, dressed in girl's clothes." The girlish part of it is, however, more honoured in "the breach than the observance."

In June, 1826, I observed a company of these "bold peasantry, the country pride," in Rosoman-street, Clerkenwell. They consisted of eight young men, six of whom were dancers; the seventh played the pipe and tabor; and the eighth, the head of them, collected the pence in his hat, and put the precious metal into the slit of a tin painted box, under lock and key, suspended before him. The tune the little rural-noted pipe played to the gentle pulsations of the tabor, is called

"Moll in the wad and I fell out,

And what d'ye think it was aboon."

This may be remembered as one of the once popular street songs of the late Charles Dibdin's composition. The dancers wore party-coloured ribands round their hats, arms, and knees, to which a row of small latten bells were appended, somewhat like those which are given to amuse infants in teeth-cutting, that tinkled with the motion of the wearers. These rustic adventurers "upon the many-headed town," came from a village in Hertfordshire. Truly natural and simple in appearance, their features, complexion, dress, and attitude, perfectly corresponded. Here was no disguise, no blandishment, no superhuman effort. Their shape was not compressed by fashion, nor did their hearts flutter in an artificial prison. Nature represented them about twenty-five years of age, as her seasoned sons, handing down to posterity, by their exercises before the present race, the enjoyment of their forefathers, and the tradition of happy tenantry "ere power grew high, and times grew bad." The "set-to," as they termed it, expressed a vis-à-vis address; they then turned, returned, clapped their hands before and behind, and made a jerk with the knee and foot alternately,

"Till toe and heel no longer moved."

Though the streets were dirty and the rain fell reluctantly, yet they heeded not the elemental warfare, but

"Danced and smiled, and danced and smiled again."

hence their ornaments, like themselves, looked weather-beaten. Crowds collected round them. At 12 o'clock at noon, this was a rare opportunity for the school-boys let out of their seats of learning and confinement. The occasional huzza, like Handel's "Occasional Overture," so pleasing to the ear of liberty, almost drowned the "Morris." But at intervals the little pretty pipe drew the fancy, as it were, piping to a flock in the valley by the shade of sweet trees and the bosom of the silver brook. O! methought, what difference is here by comparison with the agile-limbed aërials of St. James's and these untutored clowns! Yet something delightful comes home to the breast, and speaks to the memory of a rural-born creature, and recalls at thousand dear recollections of hours gone down the voyage of life into eternity! To a Londoner, too, the novelty does

not weary by its voluntary offering to their taste, and apposition to the season.

Lubin Brown, the piper, was an arch dark-featured person; his ear was alive to Doric melody; and he merrily played and tickled the time to his note. When he stopped to take breath, his provincial dialect scattered his wit among the gapers, and his companions were well pleased with their sprightly leader. Spagnioletti, nor Cramer, could do no more by sound nor Liston, nor Yates, by grimace. I observed his eye ever alert to the movement and weariness of his six choice youths. He was a chivalrous fellow: he had won the prize for "grinning through a horse collar" at the revel, thrown his antagonist in the "wrestling ring," and "jumped twenty yards in a sack" to the mortification of his rivals, who lay vanquished on the green. The box-keeper, though less dignified than Mr. Spring, of Drury-lane, informed me that "he and his companions in sport" had charmed the village lasses round the maypole, and they intended sojourning in town a week or two, after which the box would be opened, and an equitable division take place, previously to the commencement of mowing and hay-harvest. He said it was the third year of their pilgrimage; that they had never disputed on the road, and were welcomed home by their sweethearts and friends, to whom they never omit the carrying a seasonable gift in a very humble "Forget me not!" or "Friendship's Offering."

Mr. Editor, I subscribe myself,

Yours, very sincerely.

J. R. P.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58° 55°.

June 16

CHRONOLOGY.

June 16, 1722, the great duke of Marlborough died. (See vol. i., p. 708.) Among the "Original Papers," published by Macpherson, is a letter of the duke's to king James II., whom he "deserted in his utmost need" for the service of king William, wherein he betrays to his old master the design of his new one against Brest in 1694. This communication, if intercepted, might have termi-

nated the duke's career, and we should have heard nothing of his "wars in Flanders." It appears, further, that the duke's intrigues were suspected by king William, and were the real grounds of his imprisonment in the Tower two years before.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature ... 59.12.

June 17.

ST. BOTOLPH.

This English saint, whose festival is on this day, with his brother Adulph, another saint, travelled into Belgic Gaul, where Adulph became bishop of Maestricht, and Botolph returned home with news of the religious houses he had seen abroad, and recommendations from the two sisters of Ethelmund, king of the south Saxons, who resided in France, to their brother in England. Ethelmund gave him a piece of land near Lincoln, called Icanhoe, "a forsaken uninhabited desert, where nothing but devils and goblins were thought to dwell: but St. Botolph, with the virtue and sygne of the holy crosse, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and by the means and help of Ethelmund, built a monasterie therein." Of this establishment of the order of St. Benedict, St. Botolph became abbot. He died on this day in June, 680, and was buried in his monastery, which is presumed by some to have been at Botolph's bridge, now called Bottlebridge, in Huntingdonshire; by others, at Botolph's town, now corruptly called Boston in Lincolnshire; and again, its situation is said to have been towards Sussex. Boston seems, most probably, to have been the site of his edifice.

St. Botolph's monastery having been destroyed by the Danes, his relics were in part carried to the monastery of Ely, and part to that of Thorney. Alban Butler, who affirms this, afterwards observes that Thorney Abbey, situated in Cambridgeshire, founded in 972, in honour of St. Mary and St. Botolph, was one of those whose abbots sat in parliament, that St. Botolph was interred there, and that Thorney was anciently called Ancarig, that is, the Isle of Anchorets. It may here be remarked, however, that Westminster was anciently

called Thorney, from its having been covered by briars; and that the last-written "History of Boston" refers to Capgrave, as saying, "that in the book of the church of St. Botolph, near Aldersgate, London, there is mention how a part of the body of St. Botolph was, by king Edward of happy memory, conferred on the church of St. Peter in Westminster." Father Porter, in his "Flowers of the Saints," says, "it hath been found written in the booke of St. Botolph's church, near Aldersgate, in London, that part of his holy bodie was by king Edward given to the abbey of Winchester." The editor of the *Every-Day Book* possessed "the register book of the church of St. Botolph, near Aldersgate," when he wrote on "Ancient Mysteries," in which work the manuscript is described: it wanted some leaves, and neither contained the entry mentioned by Capgrave, nor mentioned the disposition of the relics of St. Botolph. Besides the places already noticed, various others throughout the country are named after St. Botolph, and particularly four parishes of the city of London, namely, in Aldersgate before mentioned, Aldgate, Billingsgate, and Bishopsgate. Butler says nothing of his miracles, but Father Porter mentions him as having been "famous for miracles both in this life and after his death."

LADY'S DRESS IN 1550.

The gentleman whose museum furnished the Biddenden cake, obligingly transmits an extract from some papers in his collection, relative to a wedding on this day.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Perhaps the following account of the dresses of a lady in olden time may be interesting to your readers:—

The wedding-clothes of Miss Eliz. Draper, 1550, a present from her husband, John Bowyer, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn:—

"Wedyn-apparrell bought for my wyffe, Elizabeth Draper, the younger, of Camberwell, against 17^o die Junii, anno Domini, 1550, with dispensalls.

First, 4 ells of tawney taffeta, at s. d.
11s. 6d. the ell, for the Venyce gowne 46 0

<i>Item</i> , 4 yards of silk Chamlett crymson, at 7s. 6d. the yard, for a kyrtle	52 6
<i>Item</i> , one yard and a half of tawney velvet, to gard the Venyce gowne, at 15s. the yard	22 6
<i>Item</i> , half a yard of crymsyn satin, for the fore-slyves . . .	6 8
<i>Item</i> , 8 yards of russel's black, at 4s. 6d. the yard, for a Dutch gowne	35 0
<i>Item</i> , half a yard of tawney sattyn	5 0
<i>Item</i> , a yard and a quarter of velvet black, to guard the Dutch gowne	17 8
<i>Item</i> , 6 yards of tawney damaske, at 11s. the yard	66 0
<i>Item</i> , one yard and half a quarter of skarlett, for a pety cote with plites	20 0

Amounting to . . . 271 4

The wedding-ring is described as weighing "two angels and a duckett," graven with these words, "*Deus nos junxit*, J.E.B.Y.R." The date of the marriage is inserted by Mr. B. with great minuteness (at the hour of eight, the dominical letter F. the moon being in Leo), with due regard to the aspects of the heavens, which at that time regulated every affair of importance.

I am, &c.

June 5, 1826.

J. I. A. F.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 59 · 55.

June 18.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 18th of June, 1805, died Arthur Murphy, Esq., barrister at law, and bencher of Lincoln's-inn; a dramatic and miscellaneous writer of considerable celebrity. He was born at Cork, in 1727, and educated in the college of St. Omers, till his 18th year, and was at the head of the Latin class when he quitted the school. He was likewise well acquainted with the Greek language. On his return to Ireland he was sent to London, and placed under the protection of a mercantile relation; but literature and the stage soon drew his attention, and wholly absorbed his mind. The success of his first tragedy, "The

Orphan of China," enabled him to discharge some pecuniary obligations he had incurred, and he made several attempts to acquire reputation as an actor; but, though he displayed judgment, he wanted powers, and was brutally attacked by Churchill, from motives of party prejudice. Mr. Murphy in a very humorous ode to the naiads of Fleet-ditch, intituled "Expostulation," vindicated his literary character. He withdrew from the stage, studied the law, made two attempts to become a member of the Temple and of Gray's-inn, and was rejected, on the illiberal plea that he had been upon the stage. More elevated sentiments in the members of Lincoln's-inn admitted him to the bar, but the dramatic muse so much engaged his attention, that the law was a secondary consideration. He wrote twenty-two pieces for the stage, most of which were successful, and several are stock pieces. He first started into the literary world with a series of essays, intituled "The Gray's-inn Journal." At one period he was a political writer, though without putting his name to his productions. He produced a Latin version of "The Temple of Fame," and of Gray's "Elegy," and a well-known translation of the works of Tacitus. He was the intimate of Foote and Garrick, whose life he wrote. He had many squabbles with contemporary wits, particularly the late George Stevens, Esq.; but, though he never quietly received a blow, he was never the first to give one. Stevens's attack he returned with abundant interest. His friend Mr. Jesse Foot, whom he appointed his executor, and to whom he entrusted all his manuscripts, says, "He lived in the closest friendship with the most polished authors and greatest lawyers of his time; his knowledge of the classics was profound; his translations of the Roman historians enlarged his fame; his dramatic productions were inferior to none of the time in which he flourished. The pen of the poet was particularly adorned by the refined taste of the critic. He was author of 'The Orphan of China,' 'The Grecian Daughter,' 'All in the Wrong,' 'The Way to keep Him,' 'Know your own Mind,' 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' 'The Apprentice,' 'The Citizen,' and many other esteemed dramatic productions." He had a pension of 200*l.* a year from go-

vernment during the last three years of his life; and was a commissioner of bankrupts. His manners were urbane, and if he sometimes showed warmth of temper, his heart was equally warm towards his friends.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60·17

June 19.

1826.—GENERAL ELECTION.

The united kingdom may be said to be in uproar, wherever the electors are solicited for their "sweet voices." One place latterly seems to be without a candidate; viz. "the ancient and honorable borough of Garrett," situate near the Leather Bottle in Garrett Lane, in the parish of Wandsworth, in the county of

Surrey. Information to the Editor respecting former elections for Garrett, and especially any of the printed addresses, advertisements, or hand bills, if communicated to the Editor of the *Every-Day Book* immediately, will enable him to complete a curious article in the next sheet. Particulars respecting Sir Jeffery Dunstan, Sir Harry Dimsdale, Sir George Cook, Sir John Horn Conch, baronets, or other "public characters" who at any time had the honour to represent Garrett, will be very acceptable, but every thing of the sort should be forwarded without an hour's delay.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59·77.

June 20.



Custom at Dunmow, in Essex.

On this day, in the year 1751, a fitch of bacon was claimed at Dunmow, in Essex, by a man and his wife, who had the same delivered to them as of right, according to ancient custom, on the ground that they had not quarrelled, nor had either repented, nor had one offended the other, from the day of

their marriage.—The above Engraving is after a large print by C. Mosley, "from an original painting taken on the spot by David Ogborne," which print represents the procession of the last-mentioned claimants on their return from Dunmow church with the fitch.

Ogborne's print, from whence the preceding engraving is taken, bears this inscription :—

"An exact Perspective View of DUNMOW, late the Priory in the county of Essex, with a Representation of the Ceremony & Procession in that Manor, on Thursday the 20 of June 1751 when *Thomas Shakeshaft* of the Parish of Weathersfield in the county aforesaid, Weaver, & *Ann* his Wife came to demand and did actually receive a Gammon of Bacon, having first knelt down upon two bare stones within the Church door, and taken the said Oath pursuant to the ancient custom in manner & form prescribed as aforesaid." A short account of this custom precedes the above inscription.

Mr. Brand speaks of his possessing Ogborne's print, and of its having become "exceedingly rare;" he further cites it as being inscribed "Taken on the spot and engraved by David Ogborne." Herein he mistakes; for, as regards Ogborne, both old and mo-

dern impressions are inscribed as already quoted in the preceding column: in the old impression "C. Mosley sculpt." stands below "the oath" in verse, at the right hand corner of the plate; and in the modern one it is erased from that part and placed at the same corner above "the oath," and immediately under the engraving; the space it occupied is supplied by the words "Republi'd Oct^r 28th. 1826 by R. Cribb, 288 Holborn": its original note of publication remains, viz. "Publish'd according to Act of Parhament Jan^y. 1752." The print is now common.

Mr. Brand, or his printer, further mistakes the name of the claimant on the print, for, in the "Popular Antiquities" he quotes it "Shakeshaft" instead of "Shakeshaft;" and he omits to mention a larger print, of greater rarity in his time, "sold by John Bowles Map & Printseller in Cornhill," entitled "The Manner of claiming the Gammon of Bacon &c by Tho^s. Shakeshaft, and Anne his wife" which it thus represents:—



The last taking of the Oath at Dunmow,

FOR THE GAMMON OF BACON.

FORM OF THE OATH.

You shall swear by Custom of Confession,
If ever you made nuptial transgression :

Be you either married man or wife,
By household brawles or contentious
strife,

Or otherwise in bed, or at board,
Offend each other in deed, or word ;
Or since the parish *Clerk* said *Amen*,
You wish't yourselves unmarried agen :
Or in a twelve moneths time and a day
Repented not in thought any way :

But continued true and just in desire
As when you joyned hands in the holy
quire

If to these conditions without all feare,
Of your own accord you will freely
swear,

A whole *Gammon* of *Bacon* you shall
receive,

And bear it henceforth with love and good
leave.

For this is our *Custom* at *Dunmow* well
known,

Though the pleasure be ours, the *Bacon's*
your own.

On the taking of this oath, which is cited by an old county historian,* and somewhat varies from the verses beneath the before-mentioned prints, the swearers were entitled to the fitch, or gammon.

The "Gentleman's Magazine," of 1751, mentions that on this day "John Shakeshanks, woolcomber, and Anne his wife, of the parish of Weathersfield, in Essex, appeared at the customary court at Dunmow-parva, and claim'd the bacon according to the custom of that manor." This is all the notice of the last claim in that miscellany, but the old "London Magazine," of the same year, adds, that "the bacon was delivered to them with the usual formalities." It is remarkable that in both these magazines the parties are named "Shakeshanks." On reference to the court-roll, the real name appears to be Shakeshaft.

Ogborne's print affirms that this custom was instituted in or about the year 1111, by Robert, son of Richard Fitz Gilbert, Earl of Clare: but as regards the date, which is in the time of Henry I., the statement is inaccurate; for if it originated with Robert Fitzwalter, as hereafter related, he did not live till the time of "King Henry, son of King

John," who commenced his reign 1199, and was Henry III.

Concerning the ceremony, the pri goes on to describe, that after deliverin the bacon, "the happy pair are take upon men's shoulders, in a chair ke for that purpose, and carried round th scite of the priory, from the church t the house, with drums, minstrells, an other musick playing, and the gammo of bacon borne on a high pole befor them, attended by the steward, gentle men, and officers of the manor, with th several inferior tenants, carrying wand &c., and a jury of bachelors and maiden (being six of each sex) walking two a two, with a great multitude of othe people, young and old, from all th neighbouring towns and villages there abouts, and several more that cam from very great distances (to the amoun of many thousands in the whole), with shouts and acclamations, following. *

The chair in which the successfu candidates for "the bacon" were seated, after obtaining the honourable testimony of their connubial happiness is made of oak, and though large, seem hardly big enough for any pair, but such as had given proofs of their mutual good-nature and affection. It is still preserved in Dunmow Church, and makes part of the *admiranda* of tha place. It is undoubtedly of great antiquity, probably the official chair of the prior, or that of the lord of the manor, in which he held the usual courts, and received the suit and service of his tenants. There is an engraving of the chair in the "Antiquarian Repertory," from whence this notice of it is extracted: it in no way differs from the chief chairs of ancient halls.

Of "the bacon," it is stated, on Ogborne's print, that "before the dissolution of monasteries, it does not appear, by searching the most ancient records, to have been demanded above three times, and, including this (demand of Shakeshaft's) just as often since." These demands are particularized by Dugdale, from a manuscript in the College of Arms,† to the following effect:—

"Robt. Fitzwalter, living long beloved of king Henry, son of king John, as also

* Plott, in his Staffordshire, from History of Robert Fitzwalter. Lond. 1616.

• Inscription on Ogborne's Print. L. 14, page 226.

of all the realme, betook himself in his latter dayes to prayer and deeds of charity, gave great and bountifull alms to the poor, kept great hospitality, and re-edified the decayed prison (priory) of Dunmow, which one Juga (Baynard), a most devout and religious woman, being in her kinde his ancestor, had builded; in which prison (priory) arose a custome, begun and instituted, eyther by him, or some other of his successours, which is verified by a common proverb or saying, viz.—That he which repents him not of his marriage, either sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, may lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch a gammon of bacon. It is most assured that such a custome there was, and that this bacon was delivered with such solemnity and triumphs as they of the priory and the townsmen could make. I have enquired of the manner of it, and can learne no more but that it continued untill the dissolution of that house, as also the abbies. And that the party or pilgrim for bacon was to take his oath before prior and convent, and the whole town, humbly *kneeling in the church-yard upon two hard pointed stones*, which stones, some say, are there yet to be seen in the prior's church-yard; his oath was ministered with such long process, and such solemn singing over him, that doubtless must make his pilgrimage (as I may term it) painfull: after, he was taken up upon men's shoulders, and carried, first about the priory church-yard, and after, through the town with all the fryers and brethren, and all the towns-folke, young and old, following him with shouts and acclamations, with his bacon borne before him, and in such manner (as I have heard) was sent home with his bacon; of which I find that some had a gammon, and others a flecke, or a flitch; for proof whereof I have, from the records of the house, found the names of three several persons that at several times had it."

Anno 23. Henry VI. 1445, one Richard Wright of Badbury, near the city of Norwich in the county of Norfolk, labourer (Plebeius) came to Dunmow and required the bacon, to wit, on the 27th of April, in the 23d year of the reign of king Henry VI. and according to the form of the charter was sworn before John Cannon, prior of the place and the convent, and very many other neighbours, and there was delivered to him,

the said Richard a side or flitch of bacon.

Anno 7 Edw. IV. 1467, one Stephen Samuel of Ayston-Parya, in the county of Essex, husbandman, on the day of the Blessed Virgin in Lent (25th March) in the 7th year of king Edward IV. came to the priory of Duumow, and required a gammon of bacon; and he was sworn before Roger Bulcott, then prior of the place and the convent, and also before a multitude of other neighbours, and there was delivered to him a gammon of bacon.

Anno 2 Hen. VIII. 1510, Thomas le Fuller of Cogshall, in the county of Essex, came to the priory of Dunmow, and on the 8th day of September, being Sunday, in the 2d year of king Henry VIII. according to the form of the charter, was sworn before John Tils, then Prior of the house and the convent, and also before a multitude of neighbours, and there was delivered to him, the said Thomas, a gammon of bacon.

"Hereby it appeareth," Dugdale says, "that it was according to a charter, or donation, given by some conceited benefactor to the house; and it is not to be doubted, but that at such a time, the bordering towns and villages resorted, and were partakers of their pastimes, and laughed to scorne the poore man's pains *."

In a letter from F. D. to "Mr. Urban," Shakeshaft, *alias* Shakeshank, is called the *ancient* woolcomber of Weathersfield, and a copy of the register of the form and ceremony, observed fifty years before, is communicated as follows:—

Extract from the Court Roll.

"*Dunmow, Nuper* AT a court baron of the right worshipful Sir *Thomas May*, knt. there holden upon *Friday* the 7th day of *June*, in the 13th year of the reign of our sovereign lord *William III.* by the grace of God, &c. and in the year of our lord 1701, before *Thomas Wheeler*, gent. steward of the said manor, it is thus enrolled:

Homage.	<i>Elizabeth Beaumont</i> , Spinster	Jurat
	<i>Henrietta Beaumont</i> , Spinster	
	<i>Annabella Beaumont</i> , Spinster	
	<i>Jane Beaumont</i> , Spinster	
	<i>Mary Wheeler</i> , Spinster	

* Dugdale's Monasticon.

"Be it remember'd, that at this court, in full and open court, it is found, and presented by the homage aforesaid, that *William Parsley*, of *Much Easton* in the county of *Essex*, butcher, and *Jane* his wife, have been married for the space of three years last past, and upward; and it is likewise found, presented, and adjudged, by the homage aforesaid, that the said *William Parsley*, and *Jane* his wife, by means of their quiet, peaceable, tender, and loving cohabitation, for the space of time aforesaid, (as appears by the said homage) are fit and qualify'd persons to be admitted by the court to receive the antient and accustom'd oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the bacon of *Dunmow* delivered unto them, according to the custom of the manor.

"Whereupon, at this court, in full and open court, came the said *William Parsley*, and *Jane* his wife, in their proper persons, and humbly prayed, they might be admitted to take the oath aforesaid; whereupon the said steward, with the jury, suitors, and other officers of the court, proceeded, with the usual solemnity, to the antient and accustomed place for the administration of the oath, and receiving the gammon aforesaid, (that is to say) the two great stones lying near the church door, within the said manor, where the said *William Parsley*, and *Jane* his wife, kneeling down on the said two stones, and the said steward did administer unto them the above-mentioned oath in these words, or to this effect following, viz.

You do swear by custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression,

Nor since you were married man and wife
By household brawls, or contentions
strife,

Or otherwise, in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word;
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
Or since the church clerk said *Amen*,
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
But continued true, and in desire
As when you joynd hands in holy quire

"And immediately thereupon, the said *William Parsley*, and *Jane* his wife, claiming the said gammon of bacon, the court pronounced the sentence for the same, in these words, or to the effect following—

Since to these conditions, without any fear,

Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you do receive,

And bear it away with love and good leave,

For this is the custom of *Dunmow* well known;

Tho' the pleasure be ours, the bacon your own.

"And accordingly a gammon of bacon was delivered unto the said *William Parsley*, and *Jane* his wife, with the usual solemnity.

"Examined per Thomas Wheeler,
steward."

The same day a gammon was delivered to Mr. *Reynolds*, steward to *Charles Barrington*, of *Hatfield Broad Oak*.

The custom of this manor is commemorated "in this old distich" viz.

He that repents him not of his Marriage in a year and a day either
sleeping or waking

May lawfully goe to *Dunmow* and fetch a gammon of Bacon.

It is further mentioned in "*Piers Plowman's Vision*," and Chaucer refers to it in the following words:

The bacon was not set for hem I trowe,
That some men haue in *Essex* at *Donmowe*

Wife of Bath's Prologue.

CUSTOM OF WHICHNOVE, STAFFORDS.

Bacon and Corn

There is a similar usage, in the "Honor

of Tutbury," the whole whereof is here set forth in Dr. Plot's words, viz.:

"I find that *Sr. Philip de Somerville*, 10 of *Edw. 3.* held the Manors of *Whichnove*, *Sciresscot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford* of the Earle of *LANCASTER* Lords of the Honor of *Tutbury*, by these memorable Services, viz. *By two small fees*, that is to say,

"When other Tenants pay for Relfe one whole Knight's fee, One hundred Shillings, he the said *Sir Philip*

shall pay but Fifty shillings: and when Escuage is assessed throgheowtt the land; or to Ayde for to make th' eldest sonne of the Lord, Knyght; or for to marry the eldest daughter of the Lord, the said Sir *Philip* shall pay bott the moitye of it that other shall paye. Nevertheless, the said Sir *Philip* shall fynde, meyntienge, and susteingne one *Bacon flyke*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre*, redy arrayede all tymes of the yere, bott (except) in Lent; to be given to everyche mane, or woman married, after the day and the yere of their marriage be passed: and to be gyven to everyche mane of Religion, Archbishop, Bishop, Prior, or other Religious; and to everyche Preest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity reseved, in forme following. Whensoever that any suche byforenamed, wyll come for to enquire for the *Baconne*, in there own persone; or by any other for them, they shall come to the Baillyfe, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and shall say to them, in the manere as enseweth;

"Bayliffe, or Porter, I doo you to knowe; that I am come for my self (or, if he be come for any other, shewing for whome) to demaunde one Bacon flyke, hanging in the Halle, of the Lord of Whichenovre, after the forme thereunto belonging."

After which relacioun, the Baillyfe or Porter shall assign a day to him, upon promyse, by his feythe to retourne; and with him to bryng tweyne of his neighbours.

"And, in the meyn tyme, the said Baillyfe shall take with him tweyne of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*; and they three, shall go to the Manoir of *Rudlowe*, belongynge to *Robert Knyghtleye*, and there shall somon the forseid *Knyghtleye* or his Baillyfe; counmanding him, to be redy at *Whichenovre*, the day appoynted, at pryme of the day, withe his Caryage; that is to say, a Horse and a Sadyll, a Sakke, and a Pryke, for to convey and carye the said *Baconne*, and Corne, a journey owtt of the Countee of *Stafford*, at hys costages. And then the sayd Baillyfe, shall, with the sayd Freeholders, somone all the Tenaunts of the said Manoir, to be ready at the day appoynted, at *Whichenovre*, for to doo and

perform the services which they owe to the *Baconne*. And, at the day assign'd, all such as owe services to the *Baconne*, shall be ready at the Gatte of the Manoir off *Whichenovre*, frome the Sonnerysing to None, attending and awatyn for the comyng for hym, that fetcheth the *Baconne*. And, when he is comyn, there shall be delivered to hym and hys felowys, Chapeletts; and to all those whiche shall be there; to do their services due to the *Baconne*: And they shall lede the seid Demandant wythe Trompes and Sabours, and other maner of Mynstralseye, to the Halle-dore, where he shall fynde the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, redy to deliver the *Baconne*, in this manere:—

"He shall enquire of hym, whiche demandeth the *Baconne*, yf he have brought tweyn of hys Neighbors with hym. Whiche must answer; *They be here ready*. And then the Steward shall cause thies two Neighbours to swere, yf the seyd Demandaunt be a weddyt man; or have be a man weddyt: and, yf sythe his Marriage, one yere and a day be passed: and, yf he be a freeman, or a villeyne. And yf hys seid neighbours make Othe, that he hath for hym all thies three poynts rehersed: then shall the *Baconne* be take downe, and broghte to the Hall-dore; and shall there be layd upon one halfe a Quarter of Wheatte; & upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the *Baconne* shall kneel upon his knee; and shall hold his right hand upon a booke; which booke shall be layde above the *Baconne*, and the Corne; and shall make Othe, in this manere.

"Here ye, Sir Philippe de Somervile, Lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne; That I A. sithe I Wedded B. my wife, and sythe I hadd hyr in my keepyng, and at my wyll, by a yere and a day, after our Mariage; I wold not have chaunged for none other; farer, ne fowler; rycher ne pouver; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; slepyng, ne wakyng, at noo tyme. And yf the seyd B. were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my Wyfe, before alle the wymen of the worlde; of what condicions soever they be; good or evylle, as helpe me God our hys Seyntyng; and this fleshe, and all fleshes."

"And hys neighbors shall make Othe,

that they trust veraly he hath said truly. And, yff it be founde by his neighbours, before-named, that he be a Free-man; there shall be delyvered to him half a Quarter of Wheate, and a Cheese. And yf he be a villeyne, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye, wythoutte Cheese. And then shall *Knyghtleye*, the Lord of *Rudlowe*, be called for, to carrye all thies thynges, tofore rehersed: And the said Corne shall be layd upon one horse, and the Baconne above ytt: and he too whom the Baconne apperteigneth, shall ascend upon his Horse; and shall take the Cheese before hym, yf he have a Horse: And, yf he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him have one Horse and Sadyll, to such time as he be passed hys Lordshippe: and so shalle they departe the Manoir of *Whichenovre*, with the Corne and the Baconne, tofore hym that hath wonne itt, with Trompets, Tabouretts, and other maner of Mynstrale. And, all the Free-Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall conduct hym, to be passed the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall all they retourne; except hym, to whom apperteigneth to make the carryage and journey, wythowtt the Countye of *Stafford*, at the Costys of hys Lord of *Whichenovre*. And, yff the sayd *Robert Knightley*, do not cause the Baconn and Corne, to be conveyed, as is rehersed; the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall do it be carryed, and shall dystreigne the seyde *Robert Knyghtley* for his defaulte, for one hundred shyllings, in his Manoir of *Rudlowe*; and shalle kepe the distres, so takyn, irreplevisable.

“Moreover, the said Sir *Philippe* holdeth of his Lorde, th’ Erle, the Manoir of *Briddleshalle*, by thies services; that, att such tyme, that hys sayd Lorde holdeth hys Chrystemes at *Tutbury*, the seyde Sir *Philippe* shall come to *Tutbury*, upon Chrystemasse Evyn; and shall be lodged yn the Town of *Tutbury*, by the Marshall of the Erls house: and upon Chrystymesse-day, he himself, or some othyr Knyght (his Deputye) shall go to the Dressour; and shall serve to his Lordys meese: and then shall he kerve the same meet to hys sayd Lord: And thys service shall he doo aswell at Souper, as at Dynner: and when hys Lord hath etyn; the said Sir *Philippe* shall sit downe, in the same piace, wher hys Lord satt: and shalle be served att hys Table, by the Steward of th’ Erls

house. And, upon Seynt *Stevyn-day* when he haith dyned, he shall take levy of hys Lorde, and shall kysse hym: and for hys service he shall nothing take, nothing shall gyve. And all thies services, tofore-rehersed, the seyde Sir *Philippe* hath doo, by the space of xlviii yeres; and hys ancestors byfore hym to hys Lordys, Erls of *Lancastre*.

“Item, the said Sir *Philippe* holdeth of his seid Lord, th’ Erle, his Manoirs of *Tutenhull* and *Drycotte*, en percenerye by thies services; that the said Sir *Philippe*, or his Attorney for hym, shall come to the Castell of *Tutburye*, upon Seynt *Petyr* day, in *August*, which is called *Lammesse*; and shall shew the Steward, or Receiver, that he is come thither to hunt, and catch his Lord’s Greese, at the costages of hys Lorde. Whereupon the Steward or the Receiver shall cause a Horse and Sadyll to be deliveryd to the sayd Sir *Philippe* the price Fifty shillings; or Fifty shillings in money, and one Hound; and shall pay to the said Sir *Philippe*, everyche day, fro the said day of Seynt *Peter* to *Holy Roode-day*, for hymself Tw shillings six pence a day; and everyche day for his servant, and his Bercelett, during the sayd time twelve pence. And all the Wood-masters of the Forest of *Nedewode* and *Duffelde*, withe alle the Parkers and Foresters, shall be commanded to awatte, and attend upon the sayd Sir *Philippe*, while theyre Lord’s Greese be takyn, in all places of the seyde Forestys, as upon their Master, during the said tyme. And the said Sir *Philippe*, or his Attorny, shall deliver to the said Parkers, or Foresters, that shall belonge to their Lordys Lardere; commanding them to convey itt to the Erls Lardynner, abyding at *Tutbury*: and with the remenant, the seyde Sir *Philippe* shall do hys plesoure. And, upon *Holy-Roode-day* the sayd Sir *Philippe* shall retourne to the Castell of *Tutbury*, upon the said Horse, with his Bercelet; and shall dyne with the Steward or Receyver: and after Dynner he shall delyver the Horse, Sadyll, and Bercelett to the Steward or Receyvour; and shall kysse the Porter and depart.”

Having here set forth these singular usages in the “*Pea* season,” it may not be amiss to add the following—

Receipt to make Somersetshire Bacon.

The best time is between *September* and *Christmas*. Procure a large wooden trough; lay the sides of the hog in the trough, and sprinkle them heavily with bay-salt; leave them twenty-four hours to drain away the blood, and other over-abounding juices. Then take them out, wipe them dry, and throw away the drainings. Take some fresh bay-salt, and heating it well in an *iron* frying-pan, (beware not to use copper or brass though ever so well tinned,) rub the meat till you are tired; do this four days successively, turning the meat every other day. If the hog is large, keep the sides in the brine (turning them ten times) for three weeks; then take them out, and dry them thoroughly in the usual manner.*

Finally, remembering that the customs before stated relate to marriage, it occurs that there is the following

Receipt for a Good Match.

To make a good match you have brimstone and wood,
Take a scold and a blockhead—the match must be good.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 60° 47°.

June 21.

THE LONGEST DAY.

This day the sun enters the sign Cancer, and is then at his extreme distance north of the Equator, passing in the zenith over the heads of all the inhabitants situated on the tropical line; while to us, who reside in London, he appears at his greatest altitude, and hence arises the increased heat we experience from his rays.

To individuals within the Arctic circle the sun at this time does not set.

Cancer is the first of the summer signs, and when the sun enters it we have our longest day. According to Sir William Jones, "the Hindu Asbrona or Varaha lived when the solstices were in the first degrees of Cancer and Capricorn." It is now above 2000 years since the solstices thus coincided, and, at present, the sign Cancer begins near

the two stars which form the upper foot in the constellation Gemini, and terminates about the fourth degree within the eastern boundary of the constellation Cancer. In the Zodiac of Dendera this sign is represented by a *scarabæus*, or beetle.

Fruits.

To the eye and palate of the imagination, this month and the next are richer than those which follow them; for now you can "*have your fruit and eat it too*;" which you cannot do then. In short, now the fruit blossoms are all gone, and the fruit is so fully *set* that nothing can hurt it; and what is better still, it is not yet stealable, either by boys, birds, or bees; so that you are as sure of it as one can be of any thing, the enjoyment of which is not actually past. Enjoy it now, then, while you may; in order that, when in the autumn it *disappears*, on the eve of the very day you had destined for the gathering of it (as every body's fruit does), *you* alone may feel that you can afford to lose it. Every heir who is worthy to enjoy the estate that is left to him in reversion, *does* enjoy it whether it ever comes to him or not.

On looking more closely at the Fruit, we shall find that the Strawberries, which lately (like bold and beautiful children) held out their blossoms into the open sunshine, that all the world might see them, now, that their fruit is about to reach maturity, hide it carefully beneath their low-lying leaves, as conscious virgins do their maturing beauties;—that the Gooseberries and Currants have attained their full growth, and the latter are turning ripe;—that the Wall-fruit is just getting large enough to be seen among the leaves without looking for;—that the Cherries are peeping out in white or "cherry-cheeked" clusters all along their straight branches;—and that the other standards, the Apples, Pears, and Plums, are more or less forward, according to their kinds.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59° 49°.

* Trans. Soc. Arts.

* Mirror of the Months.

THE LONGEST DAY.

For the Every-Day Book.

Cradled in glory's ether-space,
By Venus nursed till morn,—
The light unrolls thy golden life
And thou art sweetly born.

O lovely Day of bloom and shine,
Of heat, and air, and strain!
Millions rejoice and millions die
Within thy halcyon reign.

Hopes, fears, and doubts, the passions
move;

'Twas yesterday the same:—
To-morrow! thou wilt join the dead,
And only live by name—

Jupiter guides thee through the skies
To Iloë's eternal shore:
The sun departs—Thou, Longest Day—
Thou wilt be seen no more!

Methuselah of England's year!
Thou Parr of Time—Farewell!
St. Thomas, shortest of thy race,
Shall ring thine annual knell.

J. R. PRIOR.

YOUNG BIRDS.

The following letter is to be considered as addressed to the reader, rather than the editor, who, as yet, is not even a tyro in the art wherein his respected correspondent has evidently attained proficiency. Indeed the communication ought to have been inserted in May. If its agreeable writer, and his good-natured readers, can excuse the omission, the birds and the editor will be equally obliged.

THE REARING AND TREATMENT OF YOUNG BIRDS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Now, thro' the furrows where the skylarks
build,
Or by the hedge-rows green, the fowler
strays,
Seeking the infant bird.

Sir,—As the time has arrived for taking the young from the feathered tribe, it may not be amiss to say a few words by way of advice to the uninitiated, concerning the rearing, and training of these amusing creatures, who repay our cares with their rich melody.

We may now get Chaffinches, Goldfinches, Linnets, Larks, &c. in the streets, or at the different shops at a very small expense, either singly, or by the nest, according to their ages, but I

should recommend all who wish to purchase young birds to go to a regular dealer, who sell them quite as cheap, and warrant them cocks. Buy them when they begin to feed themselves—or, if younger, when you have them home, put them in a cage, rather roomy:—then for Linnets, Goldfinches, or Chaffinches, mix rape-seed, bruised, and bread, steeped in boiling water—with which, when cooled, you may feed them, putting it into their mouths from the end of a stick, about every two hours; water they will not require, the food being sufficiently moist for them. When you find them peck at the stick, and take their food eagerly from it, which they will do at about a fortnight old, place some food about the cage with clean dry gravel, scattering among it some dry seed bruised; they will pick it up, and so be weaned off the moist food, which is no longer proper for them—also place water in the pot. This, as regards their feeding, is all you have to do, while they remain healthy—if sick, you must treat them according to the nature of their complaint. I think their sickness at this early stage of their existence is either caused by cold, or by the oily nature of their food, it being too strong for their stomachs; to remedy this, mix a little of the fine gravel with it, this will help their digestion. Sometimes the seed will scour them, in that case, boiled milk, or rust of iron put into their water is a remedy. So much as concerns the hard-billed tribe

If your fancy runs on soft-billed birds, such as the skylark, woodlark, nightingale, or robin, you must feed them with egg, and bread moistened with water; or beef, raw or cooked; changing it as they grow and begin to feed themselves, to dry egg chopped small, and crumbled bread; throwing in with it German paste, until you find them contented with the latter. All these birds will live healthy, and sing stout, on this food, except the nightingale; he *must* have beef and egg. The remedy for sickness and scouring is as before; if the paste binds them, give them raw beef, or chopped fig; the latter is good for all birds, keeping them in beautiful feather, and cool in body. When a month old, cage them off in their proper cages.

Give your captives good food, and clear water; keep their dwellings free from vermin, which you may always do

by having a spare cage to turn them into once a week, while you search the other, and destroy the devouring race of red lice that breed in their crevices and corners.

Squirt a mouthful of water over your birds now and then, it will do them good; this will much assist them in their moulting, and make them throw their feathers faster, particularly larks, nightingales, and robins. The latter may have their water-pans to fix inside the cage, so that they can dabble in them, when they like; this will save the trouble of taking them out to clean

their feet. Larks *must* be taken out once a week, or their claws will become clogged with dirt, and rot off. The cleaning their feet is but very little trouble; dip them in warm water, and rub the dirt gently off with your thumb and finger. As these innocent creatures delight you with the beauty of their feathers, and sweetness of their song, too much cannot be done for their comfort.

Hoping this little dissertation (if I may so call it) will be useful,

I am, &c.

S.R.J.

I conclude with the following

SONNET

On hearing a Thrush singing in the rain.

How sweet the song of the awakened thrush—
Mellow'd by distance, comes upon the ear,
Tho' gather'd clouds have made the heavens drear,
And the rain hisses in the hazel bush,
Wherein he warbles with a voice as clear
As if blue skies were over, and he near
The one that lov'd him—sweet, yet sad to hear!
For it remindeth me of one I've heard,
Singing to other cars, herself unsec'd,
In her own bower, like that delightful bird,
While yet her bosom's hopes were fresh and green,
One, whom I heard again in after years,
When sorrow smote her,—singing 'midst her tears.

May, 1826.

S. R. J.

The editor has often wished, for the sake of feathered posterity, that he could ensure their liberty; but he can no more do that, than persuade those who think they have "vested rights" in the bodies of certain of the airy race, to open their cages and "set the prisoners free." It is in his power, however, to assist a little in ameliorating their condition, by urging re-perusal and strict attention to the preceding letter. He is himself particularly struck with the direction, "*squirt a mouthful of water over your birds now and then—it will do them good.*" He ventures with becoming diffidence to suggest, whether to *syringe a little* may not be as beneficial as to "*squirt a mouthful.*" This is the only exception he dares to hint, and it is to be marked as a qualified one, and, under a sense of inexperience, made "at a hazard." But he agrees that "a *nightingale*,"—a caged nightingale, alas!—"must have beef and egg;" and "that larks *must* be taken out once a week"; and—he may be wrong—if they fly away, so much the better. He is strongly

of opinion that birds are like himself—they cannot "bear confinement," and be happy.

June 22.

1826. GENERAL ELECTION.

Parliament having existed to its utmost legal duration, the electors exercised, or withheld the exercise of their franchise, according to their individual wishes or hopes, desires or fears, intelligence or ignorance; or as feelings of independence directed, or influence over weakness misdirected. Contests were as numerous and fierce as usual; and, as might have been expected, in some places, the numerical state of the poll-books intimated more of intellectual enlargement than the final results. No new arguments or means were resorted to. The following paragraph is only inserted as an instance, that to buy as cheap, and sell as dear as possible, as a principle of trade, was not thoroughly lost sight of by dealers.

Price of Provisions during Elections.

During the election at Sudbury, four cabbages sold for 10*l.*, and a plate of gooseberries fetched 25*l.*; the sellers, where these articles were so dear, being voters. At Great Marlow, on the contrary, things were cheap, and an elector during the election bought a sow and nine young pigs for a penny.*

ELECTION FOR GARRETT.

The "County History" says, that the Hamlet of *Garrett* is in the road from *Wandsworth* to *Tooting*. About two centuries ago it appears to have been a single house called the *Garrett*. In it was the mansion-house of the Brodrick family, pulled down about fifty years ago; the ground is let to a market gardener; part of the garden wall remains. *Garrett* now contains about fifty houses, amongst which are some considerable manufactures. This used to be for many years the scene of a *mock election*, and much indecency on the meeting of every new parliament, when several characters in low life appeared as candidates, being furnished with fine clothes and gay equipages by the publicans, who made a good harvest. The last of these, known by the name of Sir Harry Dimsdale, was a deformed dwarf, little better than an idiot, who used to cry muffins in the streets about St. Ann's, Soho, and died about 1809. It has been dropped at the two last general elections; but the memory of it will be preserved by Foote's diverting farce of "The Mayor of Garrett."—There are three prints displaying the proceedings on occasion of this election.†

Since the preceding statement, which is almost in the words of Lysons, *Garrett* has been increased, and may be said, in 1826, to contain double the number of houses. Lysons and Bray call it a "hamlet;" and this denomination, if taken to mean "a small village," is applicable to this place.

For particulars concerning the "Mock Election," with a view to insertion in the *Every Day-Book*, *Garrett* itself has been visited, and persons seen there, and in the neighbourhood, who took part in the proceedings, and well remember them. Their statements of this public

burlesque will be laid before the reader presently.

As a preliminary, it may be remarked that in the election for *Garrett*, there was a whimsical assumption of office, and an arbitrary creation of officers and characters unknown in the elections of other boroughs. In particular, there was a "Master of the Horse." The person so dignified at its latter elections was pointed out as the oldest individual in *Wandsworth*, who had figured in the "solemn mockery," and as, therefore, most likely to furnish information, from "reminiscences" of his "ancient dignity." He was described as "Old Jack Jones the sawyer;" and it was added, "You'll find him by the water side; turn down by the church; he is lame and walks with a crutch; any body'll tell you of him; he lives in a cottage by the bridge; if you don't find him at home, he is most likely at the Plume of Feathers, or just in the neighbourhood; you'll be sure to know him if you meet him—he is a thorough oddity, and can tell all about the *Garrett Election*." The "Plume" was resorted to, and "old Jack Jones" obligingly sought by Mr. Attree the landlord, who for that purpose peregrinated the town; and the "Master of the Horse" made his entry into the parlour with as much alacrity as his wooden assistants helped him to. It was "the accustomed place," wherein he had told his story "many a time and oft;" and having heard, "up town" that there was "somebody quite curious about the *Garrett Election*," he was dragging his "slow length along," when "mine host of the *Feathers*" met him on the way.

John Jones may be described as "one of the *has beens*." In his day he was tall of stature, stont of body, and had done as much work as any man of his time—when he was at it. But, then, he had overstrained himself, and for some years past had not been able to do a stroke of work; and he had seen a deal of "ran-dan," and a racketty life had racketted his frame, and

Time
Had written strange defeatures on his brow."

After the first civilities, and after he had deposited his crutch and stick by the side of a chair, and himself in an adjoining one, and after the glow

* The Times, June 20, 1826.

† Manning and Bray's History of Surrey.

pleasure from seeing a fresh face had subsided, and been replaced by a sense of the importance which attaches to the possession of something coveted by another, he talked of the "famous doings," and "such sights as never were seen before, nor never would be seen again;" and he dimmed the hope of particular information, by "quips, and quirks, and wanton wiles;" and practised the "art of ingeniously tormenting," by declarations of unbounded knowledge, and that "he *could* a tale unfold," but would not; because, as he said, "why should I make other people as wise as I am?" Yet there was a string which "discoursed most excellent music"—it was of himself and of the fame of his exploits. His "companions in arms" had been summoned to their last abiding-place, and, alas,

"They left him alone in his glory!"

John Jones's topic was not a dry one, nor was John Jones dry, but in the

commencement he had "preferred a little porter to any thing else in the world," except, and afterwards accepted, "a drop of something by itself;" and, by degrees, he became communicative of all he could recollect. In the course of the present article his information will be embodied, with other memoranda, towards a history of the elections of the "borough of Garrett."

Had an artist been present at the conversation, he might have caught the features of the "Ex-master of the Horse," when they were heightened by his subject to a humorous expression. He was by no means unwilling to "have his head taken off;" but he deemed the "execution" an affair of so much importance as to solemnize his features from their wonted hilarity while speaking, to the funereal appearance which the writer has depicted, and the engraver perpetuated, in the following representation:—



John Jones, of Wandsworth,

MASTER OF THE HORSE AT THE LAST ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT.

As a memorial of a remarkable living character, this portrait may be acceptable; he is the only person alive at Wandsworth, of any distinction in the popular elections of its neighbourhood.

The following interesting account respecting Garrett is in "A Morning's Walk to Kew"—

By Sir Richard Phillips.

Wandsworth having been the once-famed scene of those humorous popular

elections of a mayor, or member for GARRAT; and the subject serving to illustrate the manners of the times, and abounding in original features of character, I collected among some of its elder inhabitants a variety of amusing facts and documents, relative to the eccentric candidates and their elections.

Southward of Wandsworth, a road extends nearly two miles to the village of Lower Tooting, and nearly midway are a few houses, or hamlet, by the side of a small common, called *Garrat*, from which the road itself is called *Garrat Lane*. Various encroachments on this common led to an association of the neighbours about three-score years since, when they chose a president, or *mayor*, to protect their rights; and the time of their first election being the period of a new parliament, it was agreed that the mayor should be re-chosen after every general election. Some facetious members of the club gave, in a few years, local notoriety to this election; and, when party spirit ran high in the days of *Wilkes and Liberty*, it was easy to create an appetite for a burlesque election among the lower orders of the Metropolis. The publicans at Wandsworth, Tooting, Battersea, Clapham, and Vauxhall, made a purse to give it character; and Mr. Foote rendered its interest universal, by calling one of his inimitable farces, "*the Mayor of Garrat*." I have indeed been told, that Foote, Garrick, and Wilkes, wrote some of the candidates' addresses, for the purpose of instructing the people in the corruptions which attend elections to the legislature, and of producing those reforms by means of ridicule and shame, which are vainly expected from solemn appeals of argument and patriotism.

Not being able to find the members for Garrat in Beaton's Political Index, or in any of the Court Calendars, I am obliged to depend on tradition for information in regard to the early history of this famous borough. The first mayor of whom I could hear was called Sir John Harper. He filled the seat during two parliaments, and was, it appears, a man of wit, for, on a dead cat being thrown at him on the hustings, and a bystander exclaiming that it stunk worse than a fox, Sir John vociferated, "that's no wonder, for you see it's a *poll-cat*." This noted baronet was, in the metropolis, a retailer of brick-dust;

and, his Garrat honours being supposed to be a means of improving his trade and the condition of his ass, many characters in similar occupations were led to aspire to the same distinctions.

He was succeeded by Sir Jeffery Dunstan, who was returned for three parliaments, and was the most popular candidate that ever appeared on the Garrat hustings. His occupation was that of buying old wigs, once an article of trade like that in old clothes, but become obsolete since the full-bottomed and full-dressed wigs of both sexes went out of fashion. Sir Jeffery usually carried his wig-bag over his shoulder, and to avoid the charge of vagrancy, vociferated, as he passed along the street, "old wigs;" but, having a person like Esop, and a countenance and manner marked by irresistible humour, he never appeared without a train of boys, and curious persons, whom he entertained by his sallies of wit, shrewd sayings, and smart repartees; and from whom, without begging, he collected sufficient to maintain his dignity of mayor and knight. He was no respecter of persons, and was so severe in his jokes on the corruptions and compromises of power, that this street-jester, was prosecuted for using what were then called seditious expressions; and, as a caricature on the times, which ought never to be forgotten, he was in 1793 tried, convicted, and imprisoned! In consequence of this affair, and some charges of dishonesty, he lost his popularity, and, at the general election for 1796, was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, muffin-seller, a man as much deformed as himself. Sir Jeffery could not long survive his fall; but, in death as in life, he proved a satire on the vices of the proud, for in 1797 he died, like Alexander the Great, and many other heroes renowned in the historic page—of suffocation from excessive drinking!

Sir Harry Dimsdale dying also before the next general election, and no candidate starting of sufficient originality of character, and, what was still more fatal, the victuallers having failed to raise a PUBLIC PURSE, which was as stimulating a bait to the *independent* candidates for Garrat, as it is to the *independent* candidates for a certain assembly; the borough of Garrat has since remained vacant, and the populace have been without a *professed* political buffoon.

None but those who have seen a Lon-

don mob on any great holiday can form a just idea of these elections. On several occasions, a hundred thousand persons, half of them in carts, in hackney-coaches, and on horse and ass-back, covered the various roads from London, and choked up all the approaches to the place of election. At the two last elections, I was told, that the road within a mile of Wandsworth was so blocked up by vehicles, that none could move backward or forward during many hours; and that the candidates, dressed like chimney-sweepers on May-day, or in the mock fashion of the period, were brought to the hustings in the carriages of peers, drawn by six horses, the owners themselves condescending to become their drivers *!

Before relating certain amusing facts which have never before appeared in print, or giving further particulars respecting Sir Jeffery Dunstan and Sir Henry Dimsdale, it seems fitting to add from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1781, as follows:—

"Wednesday June 25, the septennial mock election for Garrat was held this day; and upwards of 50,000 people were, on that ludicrous occasion, assembled at Wandsworth."

In the same volume there is an article which, as it is the only other notice in that useful miscellany concerning this celebrated usage, and as there is not any notice of it in other magazines of the time, is here annexed.

July, 25.

Mr. URBAN.—The learned antiquary finds a pleasure in tracing the origin of ancient customs, even when time has so altered them as totally to obliterate their use. It may therefore not be unpleasing to the generality of your readers, while it is yet recent in memory, to record in your Magazine the laudable motive that gave rise to the farcical custom of electing a Mayor of Garrat, which is now become truly ridiculous.

I have been told, that about thirty years ago, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrat Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any

others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed at every meeting to contribute some small matter, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a very worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the MAYOR) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called "The Mayor of Garrat."

This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony upon every new parliament, of choosing *out-door* members for the borough of Garrat, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all incidental expenses attending this mock election.

M G.

The late eminent antiquary, Dr. Ducarel, made inquiries respecting this custom of the late Mr. W. Mauley of Wandsworth, who answered them in the following letter:—

Wandsworth, June 25, 1754.

DR. DUCAREL.—I promised to give you an account of the mock election for Garrat, a district within the compass of the parish of Wandsworth. I have been informed, that about 60 or 70 years ago, some watermen, belonging to this town, went to the Leather Bottle, a public house at Garrat, to spend a merry day, which, being the time of a general election for members of Parliament, in the midst of their frolick they took it into their heads to chuse one of their company a representative for that place; and, having gone through the usual ceremonies of an election, as well as the occasion would permit, he was declared duly elected. Whether the whimsical custom of swearing the electors upon a brick-bat, 'quod rem cum aliqua muliere, intra limites istius pagi, habuissent,' was then first established, or that it was a waggish after-thought, I cannot determine, but it has been regarded as the due qualification of the electors for many elections last past.

This local usage, from that small be-

* Sir Richard Phillips' Walk to Kew.

ginning, has had a gradual increase; for no great account was made of it, that I can remember or hear of, before the two elections preceding this last, which has been performed with uncommon pomp and magnificence, in the plebeian mode of pageantry. And, as it has been taken notice of in our public newspapers, it may probably have a run, through those channels, to many parts of the kingdom, and, in time, become the inquiry of the curious, *when and why* such a mock usage was commenced.

I have herewith sent you copies of some of the hand-bills of the candidates, that were printed and plentifully dispersed (in imitation of the *grand monde*) before the election came on, by which you may judge of the humour in which the other parts of it were conducted. Their pseudo-titles, as you will observe, are Lord Twankum, Squire Blow-meadown, and Squire Gubbins. Lord Twankum's right name is John Gardiner, and is grave-digger to this parish; Blow-meadown is — Willis, a waterman; and Squire Gubbins, whose name is — Simmonds, keeps a publichouse, the sign of the Gubbins' Head, in Blackman-street, Southwark.

Some time hence, perhaps, also it may be a matter of inquiry what is meant by the Gubbins' Head. This Simmonds formerly lived at Wandsworth, and went from hence to keep a public-house in Blackman-street; he being a droll companion in what is called low-life, several of his old acquaintance of this town used to call at his house, when they were in London, to drink a pot or two; and, as he generally had some cold provisions (which by a cant name he usually called "his gubbins"), he made them welcome to such as he had, from whence he obtained that name; and putting up a man's head for the sign, it was called the "Gubbins' Head." A hundred years hence, perhaps, if some knowledge of the occasion of the name of this sign should not be preserved in writing, our future antiquaries might puzzle themselves to find out the meaning of it. I make no question, but that we have many elaborate dissertations upon antique subjects, whose originals, being obscure or whimsy, like this, were never truly discovered. This leads me to the commendation of the utility of your design in recording singular accidents

and odd usages, the causes and origin of which might otherwise be lost in a long tract of time.

Garrett Election, 1826.

It seems to be the desire of certain admirers of certain popular customs to get up another burlesque election for Garrett; the last was thirty years ago.

The following is a copy of a Notice now executing (June 23, 1826) at a sign-painters, on a board ten feet high, for the purpose of being publicly exhibited. It need scarcely be observed, that the commencing word of this very singular composition, which ought to be *Oyez*, is improperly spelt and divided, and "yes" is unaccountably placed between three inverted commas; the transcript is verbatim, and is arranged in this column as the original is on the sign-board.

O "Yes"

NOTICE

That on THURSDAY

6th July, 1826

In conformity of

THE HIGH

AUTHORITIES,

Of the UNITED

KINGDOM

will assemble

THROUGHOUT

the EMPIRE

and particularly

at the Hustings at

GARRAT,

to wit, conformable

to the Custom

Of our ANCIENT

LIBERTY.

SIR JOHN

PAUL PRY,

now offers himself

to a Generous

PUBLIC

GOD SAVE THE

KING

The last representative of Garrett was a "remarkable character" in the streets of the metropolis for many years. His ordinary costume was very different from

the court dress he wore on the hustings, wherein he is here represented—



Sir Jeffery Dunstan, M. P. for Garrett,

COSMOPOLITE, AND MUFFIN-SELLER.

The individual who figured as conspicuous as the most conspicuous, and who may be regarded as the last really humorous candidate at this election was



Sir Jeffery Dunstan, M. P. for Garrett,

AND ITINERANT DEALER IN OLD WIGS.

The kind of oratory and the nature of the argument employed by the candidates in their addresses to their constituents, can scarcely be better exemplified than by the following

SPEECH OF SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN.

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

A landed property being the only unexceptionable qualification that entitles me to a seat in the august parliament of Great Britain, I presume my estate in the Isle of Mud will, in point of propriety, secure to me your votes and interests, to represent you in the ensuing parliament.

Ladies and gen'men, I propose, for the good of mankind, to anticipate a few promises like other great men, but which I will strictly adhere to, that is, as long as I find it's my interest so to do.

First, in regard to his Majesty's want of money, I am determined to make him easy on that point—(Lord bless him!)—by abolishing the use of it entirely, and reducing the price of gold, it being the worst canker to the soul of man; and the only expedient I can think of to prevent bribery and corruption, an evil which all the great *big wigs* of Westminster cannot prevent, notwithstanding all their gravity and knowledge, as the late proceedings against governor Green Peas can fully testify.

Next, as my worthy constituents may be assured, I shall use all my honest endeavours to get a majority in the house. I shall always take the popular side of the question; and to do all I can to oblige that jewel of a man, Sugar-Plumb Billy, I shall assist him in paying off the national debt, without wetting a sponge. My scheme for this, ladies and gen'men, is to unmarry all those who choose it, on such terms as the minister shall think fit. This being a glorious opportunity for women of spirit to exert themselves, and regain their long lost empire over their husbands, I hope they will use all their coaxing arts to get me elected in their husband's place; and this will greatly increase the influence of the crown, and vastly lower India bonds.

As I detest the idea of a placeman, I pledge myself not to accept of anything less than the government of Duck Island, or the bishoprick of Durham, for I am very fond of a clean shirt, and lawn sleeves, I think, look well; besides, the

sine qua non is the thing I aim at, like other great men. The India Company, too, I will convey from Leadenhall-street to Westminster, and, according to my own *wig* principles, I will create all the directors' and nabobs' titles, and, besides show them how to get what they have been long aiming at—the way to Botany Bay. I shall likewise prove the Excise Office to be the greatest smuggle in the nation, for they smuggled the ground from the public on which their offices stand, and for which I shall conjure up Old Gresham's ghost, to read them a lecture upon thieving.

Like the great men, I pledge my honour, life, and fortune, that I will remove all heavy taxes, and by a glorious scheme, contrived by me and my friend Lord George Gordon, I shall, by a philosophical, aristocratical thermometer or such-like hydraulics, discover the longitude among the Jews of Duke's Place, and the secret of Masonry.

City honours I never courted, nor would I give an *old wig* to be drawn in idle state through Cheapside's foggy air on a 9th of November.—No, I would rather sit by the side of my great friend Mr. Fox, in the Duke of Devonshire's coach, and make another coalition, or go, with him to India, and be a governor's great man; for,

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,

Was always Jeffery Dunstan's fate

Though my Lord George has turned Jew, and wears a broom about his chin*, I never intend to do so until his informer is dead, or the time elapsed of his imprisonment in the county castle, when we shall both go into Duke's Place, and be sworn true friends; then woe be to the informing busy bookseller of Spitalfields, who was lately turned out of the Snogo for eating pork with the riind on. Depend upon it his windows shall chatter more Hebrew than he ever understood. All this shall be done by me, in spite of him. Yes, by me, your humble servant,

SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN, M.P.

* Lord George Gordon, who rendered himself so conspicuous during the riots in 1780, adopted in his latter days the habit and manners of a Jew. He died November 1, 1793, in Newgate, where he had been confined two years, for a libel on the moral and political conduct of the Queen of France; three years more for a libel on the Empress of Russia; and ten months longer for not procuring the necessary security for enlargement. His last moments are said to have been embittered by the knowledge that he could not be buried among the Jews; to whose religion he was warmly attached.

Exparte DIMSDALE, Bart.

"Two single Gentlemen roll'd into one."

TAKE NOTICE

Whereas, on or upon the last page but one of the last sheet, that is to say, columns 829 and 830 of the *Every-Day Book*, there are *two* whole length portraits, each whereof is subscribed, or inscribed beneath, with *one* name.

AND WHEREAS each, and both, is and are, thereby, that is to say, by the said *one* name, called, or purported to be called, "Sir Jeffery Dunstan, M.P. for Garrett, &c."

AND WHEREAS the said two engravings are portraits of two several, separate, and distinct individuals.

AND WHEREAS it is hereby declared to be true and certain, and not to be gained, said or denied, that *two* neither are, nor is, nor can be, one.

Therefore, ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN are hereby intended, and required to be instructed, and informed thereof.

AND FURTHER, that the first, or top, or uppermost portrait, although subscribed "Sir Jeffery Dunstan, &c." is to be seen, taken, and received, as and for the true and faithful likeness of sir *Harry Dimsdale*, Bart. M.P. for Garrett, and for no or none other.

AND FURTHERMORE, that the second, or last portrait is, in truth, a like true, and faithful likeness of sir *Jeffery Dunstan*, as is there truly stated:

AND MORE, FURTHERMORE, that the misnomer, as to the said *Sir Harry Dimsdale*, was unpurposed and accidentally made and written by the undersigned, and overseen by the overseer, when the same was set up or composed in type by the compositor; and that he, the said compositor, was bound in duty not to think, but unthinkingly, and without thought, to do as he did, that is to say, follow his copy, and not think:

AND LASTLY, that the *last* portrait, subscribed "Sir Jeffery Dunstan," is rightly and truly so subscribed:

Wherefore, the portrait of the "*cosmopolite and muffin seller*," was, and is, only, and alone, and no other, than the just and faithful likeness of sir *Harry Dimsdale*, according, and notwithstanding as aforesaid.

AND THEREFORE, the well-disposed are enjoined and required to *dele*, or strike out, the misnomer thereof, or thereto affixed, and in tender consideration of the pre-

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mises to forget and forgive the same, which proceeded wholly, solely, entirely and unhappily from
A. B.

June 28, 1826.

Attestation, &c.

This is to certify, that so much of the above contents as are within my knowledge, and the whole thereof, according to my full and perfect belief, is, and are, strictly and entirely true: And that the signature thereto subjoined is true and honest, in manner and form following, to wit,—the letter "A" is, of itself alone, what it purports to be, that is to say, "A," by itself, "A;" And the letter "B," in alphabetical order, is, also in nominal order, the literal beginning, or initial, of the real *name*, which is, or ought, or is meant to be attached thereto, *namely*—"BLUNDER:" And that the said "Blunder" is altogether honest, and much to be pitied; and is known so to be, by every one as well acquainted with the said "Blunder," and the rest of the family, as myself.—
The Printer.

MOCK ELECTION AT GARRETT,

25th of June, 1781.

This is the burlesque election referred to at column 825, when "upwards of 50,000 people were, on that ludicrous occasion, assembled at Wandsworth"

That notice, with the interesting letter concerning the origin of this popular custom, from Mr. Massey to Dr. Ducarel, on column 826, was inserted with other particulars, in the last sheet, for the purpose of inciting attention to the subject and under an expectation that the request there urged, for further information, might be further complied with. The hope has been realized to a certain extent, and there will now be placed before the reader the communications of correspondents, and whatever has been obtained from personal intercourse with those who remember the old elections for Garrett.

To mention the earliest within remembrance, it is proper to say that this public burlesque was conducted in 1777 with great spirit; sir John Harper was then elected, and a man in armour rode in that procession. The name of this champion was "Jem Anderson," a breeches-maker of Wandsworth, and a wonderful humorist.

At sir John Harper's election, on the 25th of June, 1781, he had six rivals to contend with. A printed bill now before the editor, sets forth their titles and qualifications in the following manner:—

“THE GARRATT ELECTION.

“*The Possessions and Characters of the Seven Candidates that put up for that Great and Important Office, called*

THE MAYOR OF GARRETT.

“Sir Jeffery Dunstan, sir William Blase, sir Christopher Dashwood, sir John Harper, sir William Swallow-tail, sir John Gnawpost, and sir Thomas *Nameless*.

“On Wednesday, the 25th instant, being the day appointed for the Garrat election, the candidates proceeded from different parts of London to Garrat-green, Wandsworth.

“Sir Jeffery Dunstan: he is a man of low stature, but very great in character and abilities; his principal view is to serve his king and country, his worthy friends and himself.

“The next gentleman that offered himself was sir William Blase, a man of great honour and reputation, and was of high rank in the army, serving his king and country near forty years, and had the honour to be a corporal in the city trainbands, the last rebellion.

“The third, admiral Dashwood, well known in the county of Surry, to many who has felt the weight of his hand on their shoulders, and shewing an execution in the other.

“Sir John Harper is a man of the greatest abilities and integrity, and his estate lies wherever he goes; his wants are supplied by the oil of his tongue, and is of the strictest honour: he made an oath against work when in his youth, and was never known to break it.

“Sir William Swallow-tail is an eminent merchant in the county of Surry, and supplies most of the gardeners with strawberry-baskets, and others to bring their fruit to market.

“Sir John Gnawpost is a man well known to the public; he carries his traffic under his left arm, and there is not a schoolboy in London or Westminster but what has had dealings with him:—His general cry is ‘twenty if you win, and five if you lose.’

“Sir Thomas *Nameless*,”—of reputation unmentionable.

Having thus described the candidate from the original printed “Hustings paper,” it is proper to state that its description of them is followed by a woodcut representing two figures—one, o sir Jeffery Dunstan, in the costume and attitude of his portrait given at column 830, but holding a pipe in his right hand and one of another candidate, who, for want of a name to the figure, can scarcely be guessed at; he is in a court dress with a star on the right breast of his coat, his right arm gracefully reposing in the pocket of his unmentionables, and his left hand holding a bag, which is thrown over his left shoulder.

Beneath that engraving is

“The speech of sir *Jeffery Dunstan* Bart. delivered from the hustings.

“Gentlemen,

“I am heartily glad to see so great number of my friends attend so early on the great and important business of this day. If I should be so happy as to be the object of your choice, you may depend on it that your great requests shall be my sole study both asleep and awake. I am determined to oppose lord N(ort)h in every measure he proposes; and that my electors shall have porter at threepence a pot; that bread shall be sold at four pence a quartern loaf, and corn brought fairly to market, not stived up in granaries to be eat by rats and mice; and that neither Scotchmen or Irishmen shall have a seat in our parliament.

“Gentlemen, as I am not an orator or personable man, be assured I am a honest member. Having been abused in the public papers, I am resolved, if it cost me a thousand pounds, to take the free votes of the electors. It is true, it has cost me *ten shillings* for a coach, to raise which, I have pawned my cloathes; but that I regard not, since I am now in a situation to serve my king, whom I wish God to bless, also his precious queen, who, under the blessing of a king above hath produced a progeny which has produced a happy omen to this country.

“Gentlemen, I can assure you with the greatest truth, that the cloaths I have on are all my own, for the meanness of borrowing cloaths to appear before you my worthy electors, I highly detest; and bribery and other meanness I abhor;—

but if any gentleman chuse to give me any thing, I am ready to receive their favours."

The above oration is headed by "*This is my original speech*;" below it is added as follows:—

"N. B. When sir John Harper's man arrived on the hustings with flying colours, he began to insult sir Jeffery, who immediately made him walk six times round the hustings, ask his honour's pardon, drop his colours and dismount."

With this information the bill concludes.

A song printed at the time, but now so rare as not to be met with, further particularizes some of the candidates at this election. In the absence of an original copy, the parol evidence of "old John Jones of Wandsworth," has been admitted as to certain verses which are here recorded accordingly.

GARRETT ELECTION SONG, 1781.

Recited by the "ex-master of the horse," at the "Plume of Feathers," Wandsworth, on the 14th of June, 1826.

At Garratt, lackaday, what fun !
To see the sight what thousands run !
Sir William Blase, and all his crew,
Sure, it was a droll sight to view.

Sir William Blase, a snob by trade,
In Wandsworth town did there parade ;
With his high cap and wooden sword
He look'd as noble as a lord !

Sir William Swallowtail came next
In basket-coach, so neatly drest ;
With hand-bells playing all the way,
For Swallowtail, my boys, huzza !

Sir Christopher Dashwood so gay,
With drums and fifes did sweetly play ;
He, in a boat, was drawn along,
Amongst a mighty gazing throng.

In blue and gold he grand appeared,
Behind the boat old Pluto steer'd ;
The Andrew, riding by his side,
Across a horse, did nobly stride.

On sir John Harper next we gaze
All in his carriage, and six bays,
With star upon his breast, so fine,
He did each candidate outshine.

And when he on the hustings came
He bow'd to all in gallant strain,
The speech he made was smart and cute,
And did each candidate confute.

In this procession to excel,
The droll sir William acted well ;
And when they came to Garrett green,
Sure what laughing there was seen !

No Wilkes, but liberty, was there ;
And every thing honest and fair,
For surely Garrett is the place,
Where pleasure is, and no disgrace !

Sir William Swallowtail was one William Cock, a whimsical basket-maker of Brentford, who deeming it proper to have an equipage every way suitable to the honour he aspired to, built his own carriage, with his own hands, to his own taste. It was made of wicker, and drawn by four high hollow-backed horses, whereon were seated dwarfish boys, whimsically dressed for postilions. In allusion to the American war, two footmen rode before the carriage tarred and feathered, the coachman wore a wicker hat, and sir William himself, from the seat of his vehicle, maintained his mock dignity in grotesque array, amidst unbounded applause.

The song says, that sir William Swallowtail came "with hand-bells playing all the way," and "old John Jones," after he "rehearsed" the song, gave some account of the player on the hand-bells.

The hand-bell player was Thomas Cracknell, who, at that time, was a publican at Brentford, and kept the "Wilkes's Head." He had been a cow-boy in the service of lady Holderness ; and after he took that public-house, he so raised its custom that it was a place of the first resort in Brentford "for man and horse." With an eye to business, as well as a disposition to waggery, he played the hand-bells in support of sir William Swallowtail, as much for the good of the "Wilkes's Head" as in honour of his neighbour Cock, the basket-maker, who, with his followers, had opened Cracknell's house. Soon after the election he let the "Wilkes's Head," and receiving a handsome sum for good-will and coming-in, bound himself in a penalty of 20*l.* not to set up within ten miles of the spot. In the afternoon of the day he gave up possession, he went to his successor with the 20*l.* penalty, and informed him he had taken another house in the neighbourhood. It was the sign of the "Aaron and Driver," two race-horses, of as great celebrity as the most favoured of the then Garrett candidates. Cracknell afterwards became a rectifier or distiller at Brentford.

Sir John Harper was by trade a weaver, and qualified, by power of face and

speech, and infinite humour, to sustain the burlesque character he assumed. His thief pretensions to represent Garrett were grounded on his reputation, circulated in printed hand-bills, which described him as a "rectifier of mistakes and blunders." He made his grand entry

through Wandsworth, into Garrett, in a phaeton and six bays, with postilions in scarlet and silver, surrounded by thousands of supporters, huzzaing, and declaring him to be "able to give any man an answer"

MOCK ELECTION FOR GARRETT.



Sir John Harper's Election, 1781.

Long as we live there'll be no more
Such scenes as these, in days of yore,
When little folks deem'd great ones less,
And aped their manners and address ;
When, further still to counterfeit,
To mountebanks they gave a seat,
By virtue of a mobbing summons,
As members of the House of Commons.
Through Garrett, then, a cavalcade,
A long procession, longer made.
For why, the way was not so wide
'That horsemen, there, abreast, could ride,
As they had rode, when they came down,
In order due, to Wandsworth town ;

Whence, to the Leather Bottle driven,
 With shouts that rent the welkin given,
 And given also, many blows
 In strife, the great "Sir John" arose
 On high, in high phaeton, stood,
 And pledged his last, best, drop of blood,
 As sure as he was "Harper," to
 Undo all things that wouldn't do,
 And vow'd he'd do, as well as undo,
 He'd do—in short, he'd do—what none do :
 Although his speech, precisely, is
 Unknown, yet here, concisely, is
 Related all, which, sought with pains,
 Is found to be the last remains,
 Of all, at Garrett, done and said ;
 And more than elsewhere can be read.

The preceding engraving is from a large drawing, by Green, of a scene at this election in 1781, taken on the spot. Until now, this drawing has not been submitted to the public eye.

In the above accurate representation of the spot, the sign of the Leather Bottle in Garrett-lane is conspicuous. Its site at that time was different from that of the present public-house bearing that name.

It is further observable, that "Harper for ever" is inscribed on the phaeton of the mock candidate for the mock honours of the mock electors ; and that the candidate himself is in the act of haranguing his worthy constituents, some of whose whimsical dresses will give a partial idea of the whimsical appearance of the assembled multitude. Every species of extravagant habiliment seems to have been resorted to. The little humourist in a large laced cocked hat, and his donkey in trappings, are particularly rich, and divide the attention of the people on foot with sir John Harper himself. The vender of a printed paper, in a large wig, leers round at him in merry glee. The sweeps, elevated on their bit of "come-up," are attracted by the popular candidate, whose voice seems rivalled by the patient animal, from whose back they are cheering their favourite man.

In this election, we find the never-to-be-forgotten sir Jeffery Dunstan, who it is not right to pass without saying something more of him than that on this occasion he was a mere candidate, and unsuccessful. He succeeded afterwards to the seat he sought, and will be particularly noticed hereafter ; until when, it would perhaps be more appropriate to defer what is about to be offered respecting him ; but the distinguished favour of a

communication from C. L. on such a subject, seems to require a distinguished place ; his paper is therefore selected to prematurely herald the fame of the celebrated crier of "old wigs" in odd fashioned days, when wigs were a common and necessary addition to every person's dress.

REMINISCENCE OF SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN

By C. L.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

To your account of sir Jeffery Dunstan in columns 829-30 (where, by an unfortunate Erratum the effigies of *two Sir Jefferys* appear, when the uppermost figure is clearly meant for sir Harry Dimsdale) you may add, that the writer of this has frequently met him in his latter days, about 1790 or 1791, returning in an evening, after his long day's itinerancy, to his domicile—a wretched shed in the most beggarly purlieu of Bethnal Green, a little on this side the Mile-end Turnpike. The lower figure in that leaf most correctly describes his then appearance, except that no graphic art can convey an idea of the general squalor of it, and of his bag (his constant concomitant) in particular. Whether it contained "old wigs" at that time I know not, but it seemed a fitter repository for bones snatched out of kennels, than for any part of a Gentleman's dress even at second hand.

The Ex-member for Garrat was a melancholy instance of a great man whose popularity is worn out. He still carried his sack, but it seemed a part of his identity rather than an implement of his profession ; a badge of past grandeur ; could any thing have divested him of *that*, he would have shown a "poor

forked animal" indeed. My life upon it, it contained no curls at the time I speak of. The most decayed and spiritless remnants of what was once a peruke would have scorned the filthy case; would absolutely have "burst its cearments." No, it was empty, or brought home bones, or a few cinders possibly. A strong odour of burnt bones, I remember, blended with the scent of horse-flesh seething into dog's meat, and only relieved a little by the breathings of a few brick kilns, made up the atmosphere of the delicate suburban spot, which this great man had chosen for the last scene of his earthly vanities. The cry of "old wigs" had ceased with the possession of any such fripperies; his sack might have contained not unaptly a little mould to scatter upon that grave, to which he was now advancing; but it told of vacancy and desolation. His quips were silent too, and his brain was empty as his sack; he slunk along, and seemed to decline popular observation. If a few boys followed him, it seemed rather from habit, than any expectation of fun.

Alas! how changed from *him*,
The life of humour, and the soul of whim,
Gallant and gay on Garrat's hustings proud.

But it is thus that the world rewards its favourites in decay. What faults he had, I know not. I have heard something of a peccadillo or so. But some little deviation from the precise line of rectitude, might have been winked at in so tortuous and stigmatic a frame. Poor Sir Jeffery! it were well if some M. P.'s in earnest have passed their parliamentary existence with no more offences against integrity, than could be laid to thy charge! A fair dismissal was thy due, not so unkind a degradation; some little snug retreat, with a bit of green before thine eyes, and not a burial alive in the fetid beggaries of Bethnal. Thou wouldst have ended thy days in a manner more appropriate to thy pristine dignity, installed in munificent mockery (as in mock honours you had lived)—a Poor Knight of Windsor!

Every distinct place of public speaking demands an oratory peculiar to itself. The forensic fails within the walls of St. Stephen. Sir Jeffery was a living instance of this, for in the flower of his popularity an attempt was made to bring him out upon the stage (at which of the winter theatres I forget, but I well remember the

anecdote) in the part of *Doctor Last*. The announcement drew a crowded house; but notwithstanding infinite tutoring—by Foote, or Garrick, I forget which—when the curtain drew up, the heart of Sir Jeffery failed, and he faltered on, and made nothing of his part, till the hisses of the house at last in very kindness dismissed him from the boards. Great as his parliamentary eloquence had shown itself; brilliantly as his off-hand sallies had sparkled on a hustings; they here totally failed him. Perhaps he had an aversion to borrowed wit; and, like my Lord Foppington, disdained to entertain himself (or others) with the forced products of another man's brain. Your man of quality is more diverted with the natural sprouts of his own.

C. L.

THE GARRETT OATH.

Almost all that can be said of the oath of qualification, administered to the electors at the Garrett hustings, has been already said in the letter to Dr. Ducarel, on column 826. It was printed, and from one of these once manifold documents, which are now so rare as not to be attainable in a perfect state, the following title, &c. is copied literally.

"The
OATH
of

QUALIFICATION
for the

Ancient Borough of
GARRAT

According as it stands in the
Old Record handed down to us

By the

GRAND VOLGEE

by order of the Great
CHIN KAW CHIPO

First EMPEROR of the MOON
Anno Mundi 75.

"THAT you have been admitted peaceably and quietly into possession of a Freehold—

* * * *

[Here the original, referred to, is so defective as not to be copyable.]

* * * *

—"within the said manor of GAR-RAT; and that you did (*bona fide*) keep

(*ad rem*) possession ——— (*durante bene placito*) without any let, suit, hindrance, or molestation whatever ———

* * * *

“SWORN (*coram nobis*) at our Great Hall on Garrat Green, covered with the plenteous harvest of the Goddess Ceres, and dedicated to the Jovial God Comus.”

More than this it is not possible to give of the Garrétt oath.

During a Garrett election all Wandsworth was in an uproar. It was the resort of people of all descriptions, and the publicans entertained them as conveniently as possible; yet, on one occasion, the influx of visitors was so immense that every ordinary beverage was exhausted, and water sold at twopence a glass.

By “old John Jones,” “the doings at Wandsworth” on the election day are described as “past description.”

Besides the “hustings” at Garrett, scaffoldings and booths were erected in Wandsworth at every open space: these were filled with spectators to the topmost rows, and boys climbed to the tops of the poles; flags and colours were hung across the road; and the place was crowded by a dense population full of activity and noise. For accommodation to view the humours of the day extraordinary prices were paid to the proveditors.

John Jones remembers “when Foote the player came to Wandsworth, to have a full view of all the goings on.” According to his account, the English Aristophanes “paid nine guineas for the fore room at surgeon Squire’s, facing the church, for himself and his friends to sit in and see the fun.” There was an immense scaffolding of spectators and mob-orators, at the corner by the churchyard, opposite the window where Foote and his companions were seated.

It has been already noticed, that Foote dramatised this mock election by his “Mayor of Garratt:” the first edition, printed in 1764, is called “a comedy in two acts; as it is performed at the thea-

tre-royal in Drury-lane.” On turning to the “*dramatis personæ*,” it will be found he performed Major Sturgeon himself, and, likewise, Matthew Mug in the same piece: Mrs. Clive playing Mrs. Sneak to Weston’s Jerry Sneak.

Foote’s “Mayor of Garratt” may be deemed an outline of the prevailing drolery and manners of the populace at Wandsworth: a scene or two here will be amusing and in place. This dramatist sketched so much from the life, that it is doubtful whether every marked character in his “comedy” had not its living original. It is certain, that he drew Major Sturgeon from old Justice Lamb, a fishmonger at Acton, and a petty trading justice, whose daughter was married by Major Fleming, a gentleman also “in the commission of the peace,” yet every way a more respectable man than his father-in-law.

Referring, then, to Foote’s “comedy,” sir Jacob Jollup, who has a house at Garratt, holds a dialogue with his man Roger concerning the company they expect—

Sir J. Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetch’d in the linen?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry lock’d up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d’y’e hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, sir Jacob.

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure.—

Mob. [*Without.*] Huzza!

Re-enter Roger.

Sir J. What’s the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if

your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobbler, being returning officer?

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, sir Jacob. Make way there! stand further off from the gate: here is madam Sneak in a chaise along with her husband.

Sir Jacob has work enough on his hands with his relations, and other visitors, who have arrived to see the election from his mansion; he calls his "son Bruin" to come in;—"we are all seated at table man; we have but just time for a snack; the candidates are near upon coming."

Then, in another scene,—

Enter Mob, with Heeltap at their head; some crying "a Goose," others "a Mug," others "a Primmer."

Heel. Silence, there; silence!

1 *Mob.* Hear neighbour Heeltap.

2 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual on these occasions.

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace; what! is there no respect paid to authority? Am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil; stand back there that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3 *Mob.* Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and

a merry one to our landlord, sir Jacob huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak. Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. [*Reads.*] "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being"—

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gossling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1 *Mob.* No Goose! no Goose!

2 *Mob.* A Goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. [*Reads.*] "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1 *Mob.* A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Oh, oh, what you are ready to have a touch of the tankard; but fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you'll find him a bitter draught.

1 *Mob.* A Mug! a Mug!

2 *Mob.* Hear him; hear master Heeltap.

1 *Mob.* A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. Now, answer upon your honour

and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah: an't it a groat?

3 *Mob.* I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'y'e see, state affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, master Primmer is a man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law: why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. 'Ecod, George Gage, the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4 *Mob.* A Primmer.

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise."

1 *Mob.* Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what, is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord I know him, mun, as well

as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers'-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Mob. [*Without.*] Huzza!

Heel. Gad-so! the candidates are coming. [*Exeunt Mob, &c.*]

Re-enter Sir Jacob Jollup, Bruin, and Mrs. Bruin, through the garden gate.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'y'e relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think; I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. B. No?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your May-games: besides corporations are too serious things; they are edgetools, sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Afterwards we find the knight exclaiming—

Sir J. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter Crispin, Heeltap, &c.

Heel. Where is master Sneak!

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me? huzza! Good lord, who would have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Fleam had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain [*Huzza*]

ELECTION FOR GARRETT,

June 25, 1781.



Sir William and Lady Blase's Equipage,

BETWEEN THE SPREAD EAGLE AND THE RAM AT WANDSWORTH, ON THE ROAD
TO GARRETT.

This engraving is from another large unpublished drawing by Green, and is very curious. Being topographically correct, it represents the signs of the inns at Wandsworth as they then stood; the Spread Eagle carved on a pillar, and the Ram opposite painted and projecting. The opening, seen between the buildings on the Spread Eagle side, is the commencement of Garrett-lane, which runs from Wandsworth to Tooting, and includes the mock borough of Garrett.

This animated scene is full of character. The boat is drawn by horses, which could not be conspicuously represented here without omitting certain bipeds; it is the act of turning up Garrett-lane. The chief figure is "my lady Blase" dressed beyond the extreme, and into broad caricature of the fashion of the times. "I remember her very well," says Mrs. — of Wandsworth, "and so I ought, for had a good hand in the dressing of her, helped to put together many a good pour

of wool to make her hair up. I suppose it was more than three feet high at least : and as for her stays, I also helped to make them, down in Anderson's barn : they were neither more nor less than a washing tub without the bottom, well covered, and bedizened outside to look like a stomacher. She was to be the lady of sir William Blase, one of the candidates, and, as she sat in his boat, she was one of the drollest creatures, for size and dress, that ever was seen. I was quite a girl at the time, and we made her as comical and as fine as possible."

In Green's drawing, here engraven in miniature, there is an excellent group, which from reduction the original has rendered almost too small to be noticed without thus pointing it out. It consists of a fellow, who appears more fond of his dog than of his own offspring ; for, to give the animal as good a sight of lady Blase as he had himself, he seats him on his own shoulders, and is insensible to the entreaty of one of his children to occupy the dog's place. His wife, with another child by her side, carries a third with its arms thrust into the sleeves of her husband's coat, which the fellow has pulled off, and given her to take care of, without the least regard to its increase of her living burthen. Before them are dancing dogs, which have the steady regard of a "most thinking" personage in a large wig. Another wigged, or, rather, an over-wigged character, is the little crippled "dealer and chapman," who is in evident fear of a vociferous dog, which is encouraged to alarm him by a mischievous urchin. The one-legged veteran, with a crutch and a glass in his hand, seems mightily to enjoy the two horsemen of the mop and broom. We see that printed addresses were posted, by an elector giving his unmixed attention to one of them pasted on the Ram sign-post. The Pierrot-dressed character, with spectacles and a guitar, on an ass led by a woman, is full of life ; and the celebrated "Sam House," the bald-headed publican of Westminster, with a pot in his hand, is here enjoying the burlesque of an election, almost as much, perhaps, as he did the real one in his own "city and liberties" the year before, when he distinguished himself, by his activity, in behalf of Mr. Fox, whose cause he always zealously supported by voice and fist.

The last Westminster election, wherein Sam House engaged, was in 1784, when

on voting, and being asked his trade by the poll-clerk, he answered, "I am a publican and republican." This memorable contest is described by the well-known colonel Hanger. He says :—

"The year I came to England the contested election for Westminster, (Fox, Hood, and Wray, candidates,) took place. The *walking* travellers, *Spillard* and *Stewart* ; the *Abyssinian Bruce*, who *feasted on steaks* cut from the *rump* of a *living ox* ; and various others, who, in their extensive travels, encountered *wild beasts, serpents, and crocodiles* ; *breakfasted and toasted muffins* on the *mouth* of a *Volcano* ; whom hunger compelled to banquet with joy on the *leavings* of a *lion or tiger*, or on the *carcase* of a dead *alligator* ; who boast of smoking the pipe of peace with the *little carpenter*, and the *mad dog* ; on having lived on terms of the strictest intimacy with the *Cherokees*, the *Chickasaws*, the *Chuctaws*, and with all the *aws* and *ees* of that immense continent, who from the more temperate shore of the Mississippi, have extended their course to the burning soil of India, and to the banks of the Ganges ; from the frozen ocean to the banks of the more genial Po ;—may boast *their* experience of the world, and *their* knowledge of human life : but *no one*, in my opinion, has seen *real life*, or can know it, unless he has taken an active part in a *contested election for Westminster* !

"In no school can a man be taught a better lesson of human life ;—there can he view human nature in her basest attire ; riot, murder, and drunkenness, are the order of the day, and *bribery* and perjury walk hand in hand :—for men who had no pretensions to vote, were to be found in the garden in as great plenty as turnips, and at a very moderate rate were induced to poll.

"A gentleman, to make himself of any considerable use to either party, must possess a number of engaging, familiar, and condescending qualities ; he must help a porter up with his load, shake hands with a fisherman, pull his hat off to an oyster wench, kiss a ballad-singer, and be familiar with a beggar. If, in addition to these amiable qualities, he is a tolerable good boxer, can play a good stick, and in the evening drink a pailful of all sorts of liquors, in going the rounds to solicit voters at their various clubs, then, indeed, he is a most highly finished useful agent. In all the above accom-

plishments and sciences, except drinking, which I never was fond of, I have the vanity to believe that I arrived nearer to perfection than any of my rivals. I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not testify my thanks to those gallant troops of high rank and distinguished fame—the knights of the strap, and the black diamond knights, (the Irish chairmen and coal heavers,) who displayed such bravery and attachment to our cause.”*

This was the cause to which Sam House was attached; and, perhaps, there was not greater difference between the scenes described by Hanger, and those at Garrett, than between the same scenes, and more recent ones, on similar occasions in the same city.

What has hitherto been related concerning the Garrett election, in 1781, is in consequence of the editor having had recourse to the remarkable drawings from whence the present engravings have been made. From that circumstance he was strongly induced to inquire concerning it, and, as a faithful historian, he has recorded only what he is able to authenticate. A few facts relating to the elections between that period and a much later one, are so blended as to defy positive appropriation to particular dates, from want of accurate recollection in the persons relating them; they are, therefore, annexed, as general traits of the usual mode of conducting these burlesques.

At one of the Garrett elections, after 1781, there was a sir Christopher Dash'em started as candidate. “Old John Jones” says he was a waterman, that his real name was Christopher Beachham, (perhaps Beauchamp,) that he was a fellow of “exceeding humour” and ready wit, and, as an instance of it, that being carried before a magistrate for cutting fences and posts, the justice was informed that the delinquent was no other than the celebrated sir Christopher Dash'em.—“Oh,” said the justice, “you are sir Christopher Dash'em, are you?”—“It’s what they please to style me,” observed sir Christopher.—“Oh! oh!” remarked the magistrate, “I have *heard* of your *character* a long while ago.”—“Then,” said sir Christopher, “I’ll be greatly obliged to your worship to tell me where it is, for I *lost* it a long while ago.”

* Hanger’s Life.

Sir Solomon Hiram, another Garrett candidate, was a shrewd, clever carpenter, of Battersea, named Thomas Solomon. It was his constant saying, that he “never bowed to wooden images,” by which he meant rank without talent. He succeeded in his election. The motto on his carriages was “Gin g.atis! Porter for nothing!”

Our living chronicler, “John Jones,” says, that on the day of election, sir Solomon Hiram was “dressed like an old king, in a scarlet coat with gold lace, large sleeves with very large hanging cuffs; a wig such as George the Second wore, with large falling curls, and the tail in a silk bag: he held a roll of parchment in his hand, and looked for all the world—like a king.”

Nor must “old John Jones” himself be forgotten, for he rode as “master of the horse” at four elections in a marvellous proper dress. He was mounted on the largest dray horse that could be got, in the full regimentals of the Surrey yeomanry, grey, blue, and red: he had a cap on his head twenty-three inches high; and bore in his hand a sword seven feet long and four inches wide, like the sword of the “ancient and honourable Lumber Troop.” His boots were up to his hips, and he wore wooden spurs thirteen inches long, with steel rowels three inches in diameter. The mane of his horse was plaited with ears of corn, denoting a plentiful harvest and the coming cheapness of bread; and he had two pages to lead his horse.

The “Garrett cavalry” or troop of “horse guards,” of which “John Jones” was the commander, were forty boys of all ages and sizes, for whom flannel uniforms were purposely made, of the exact pattern of the Surrey yeomanry. They wore enormous cockades made of shavings, and were put a-straddle on horses of all sizes, and sorted thereto, as much as possible, by contraries. The smallest boys were on the largest horses, and the biggest boys on the least. It was their duty to join the candidates’ procession, and with the “master of the horse” at their head, proceed to the hustings in order “to preserve the freedom of election.”

At Richmond theatre, about thirty years ago, Foote’s “Mayor of Garratt” was performed for the benefit of Follett, a celebrated comedian and clown, and he

was so happy as to secure sir Solomon Liram, with every person who figured at Garratt, to represent the election as it had been really held just before. Sir Solomon came on the stage "just like a king," with "old John Jones" on his right, "master of the horse," and "Robert Bates," another great officer, on his left, all in their full election uniforms. The house was crowded to excess. Sir Solomon delivered all his speeches, "old John Jones" commanded and manœuvred his troop of horse, and every thing was performed that had been exhibited at Wandsworth, or on the hustings, by the real characters in the election. There was so great an audience, that the audience crowded on the stage, and it was with difficulty that the scenes were shifted.

SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN.

In the year 1785, sir John Harper, who had succeeded to the representation of Garratt, by the unbiassed choice of the electors, vacated his seat by death, and sir Jeffery Dunstan again became a candidate for their suffrages.

This distinguished individual was a child of chance—a foundling. He was picked up in the year 1759 at a churchwarden's door in St. Dunstan's in the East, and not being owned, was reared in the workhouse so as ultimately to attain about two-thirds the usual height of manhood, with knock-knees, and a disproportionately large head. At twelve years old, he was bound apprentice for nine years to the art, trade, mystery, and occupation of a green grocer; this was a long time to serve, and Jeffery, soaring to independence, adopted as a principle that "time was made for slaves, and not for freemen;" he therefore broke through time and servitude, and ran away to Birmingham. It was his pride that, though the hard labour in the factories of the "workshop of Europe" increased the malformation of his person, it added strength to his mind; and in 1776, he returned to London with his knees and heels knocking together much more than before. He soon afterwards formed a matrimonial connection, and had two daughters, whom he called "Miss Nancy" and "Miss Dinah," and who testified their filial politeness by uniformly calling him "papa."

From the earliest period of sir Jeffery's life, he was a friend to "good measures"

—especially those for "spirituous liquors;" and he never saw the inside of a pot without going to the bottom of it. This determination of character created difficulties to him: for his freedom was not always regulated by the doctrines of the great Blackstone "on the rights of persons," and consequences ensued that were occasionally injurious to sir Jeffery's face and eyes. The same enlightened judge's views of "the rights of things" do not seem to have been comprehended by sir Jeffery: he had long made free with the porter of manifold pots, and at length he made free with a few of the pots. For this he was "questioned," in the high commission court of oyer and terminer, and suffered an imprisonment, which, according to his manner of life, and his notions of the liberty of the subject, was frivolous and vexatious. On his liberation, he returned to an occupation he had long followed, the dealing in "old wigs," and some circumstances developed in the course of the preceding inquiry seem to favour a supposition, that the bag he carried had enabled him to conceal his previous "free trade" in pots. But, be that as it might, it is certain that to his armorial bearings of four wigs, he added a quart pot for a crest.

From the period that he obtained a "glorious minority" by his opposition to sir John Harper for Garratt, he looked for the first opening in the representation of that borough with a view to fill it himself. On the death of sir John, he issued an address to the electors, committees were formed, and an active canvass was commenced at every public-house to which the constituent body resorted for refreshment and solace. On the day of election, sir Jeffery left London in a splendid phaeton, with a body of friends in every possible description of vehicle, from a coal-waggon to a wheel-barrow drawn by dogs; the procession extended a mile in length, and sir Jeffery Dunstan was elected by an immense majority. At successive elections he was successively successful, and maintained his seat for Garratt until his death.

One of the answers to the editor's request for particulars concerning the Garratt election, is the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—After frequently promising to do something for the *Every-Day Book*,

yesterday threw hastily together a few particulars regarding "sir Jeffery Dunstan:" they are authentic and at your service. Sir Jeffery, towards the latter part of his life, had a hoarse rough voice and bad utterance, from having lost the whole of his front teeth. The manner of his losing them is curious enough, and worth relating. He was one evening reciting his speeches at the "London Hospital" public-house, Whitechapel, where some young students were amusing themselves, who, seeing "sir Jeffery" in "merry mood," hit upon a plan to have the teeth out of his head. A bargain was soon struck, ten shillings were clubbed among them, a pint of "Hodges's best" was brought in—sir Jeffery sat down in the chair, and out came tooth the first—in the same manner out came another—and so, time after time, the wicked wags proceeded till they got them all.

At this house sir Jeffery was near losing his life, in addition to his teeth. He was "in the chair," as usual, which was placed on the table, and he was supported by his friends "Ray the tinker," who now lies in the same grave with him, and a "sir Charles Hartis," a deformed fidler, and an unsuccessful candidate for Garratt honours. Such a *trio* was scarcely ever seen, and very attractive. The sixpences collected from visitors, on entering, lay in a plate on the table, and "sir Jeffery" was on his legs giving them "old wigs," in his best style, when, being top-heavy with liquor, he suddenly lost his balance, and over he went. "Ray the tinker" was upset, and the fiddle of "sir Charles" knocked into the fire; in a moment the candles were put out, and all was darkness and confusion; when a light was brought, sir Jeffery and the money were both missing, and he was considered the purloiner: but the fact was, some knaves who had an eye to the cash, took advantage of sir Jeffery's fall, blew out the lights, stole the money, and picking up "sir Jeff" at the same moment, dragged him out of the house to fix the fraud on him. The poor fellow was found the next morning by some workmen almost frozen to death and penniless, in a miserable hole, into which they had dropped him!

Sir Jeffery wore his shirt open, and the collar turned down. This was in him a sort of pride; for he would frequently in an exulting manner say to *inferiors*, "I've got a collar to my shirt, sir." In

life his face was dark and dirty, but when coffined, says Mr. Thomas Michael, his skin was remarkably fair and clear.

Sir Jeffery once kept an ass that had but one ear, the other being close cropped off; with this poor creature, who carried the "wigs, &c." he for many years collected a crowd but a few paces from the writer's habitation. His wit and smart sayings flew about. Now the joke fell on himself, and now on his one-eared ass. Then he varied the cry of "old wigs," by mimicking another's singing-cry of, "lilly, lilly, lilly, lilly white—sand oh!" After the pence had well tumbled in, he would retire to his favourite retreat, the "Horse and Leaping Bar," to dine on "duck and green peas," or "roast goose and apple sauce," &c.

At this house, which is on the south side of the high street, "sir Jeff," in a "regular" manner, got "regularly drunk." Here he sung the "London cries;" recited his mock speeches on the corruptions of parliament; and, placed in an arm chair on the table, nightly afforded sport to a merry company.

No sooner had sir Jeffery ceased to breathe, than the resurrection men were on the alert to obtain his body. They had nearly succeeded prior to interment, by drawing him through the window of the room in which he lay.

The surgeons of the day were eager to obtain a prize, but their hopes were disappointed by the late John Liptrap, esq. who had the body removed to a place of safety. This gentleman paid all the expences of sir Jeffery's funeral; a grave ten feet deep was dug close to the north wall of the watchhouse of St. Mary, Whitechapel, where he now lies. The head of the coffin somewhat undermines the church-rail, and the public footway. His wife lies at his feet, and his daughter Dinah, sleeps the "sleep of death" at his side.

"Miss Nancy,"—sir Jeffery used to say, "Miss Nancy, make the gentlemen a cursey,"—"Miss Nancy" survived them all; she married a costermonger, or to speak a little more politely, a knight of the "whip and hamper," who is said to have added to his avocations that of snatching bodies for the surgeons, till death, the final snatcher, snatched him. Miss Nancy still survives.

Respecting sir Jeffery Dunstan's death, his grave digger, Thomas Michael, relates this story. Sir Jeffery had called in at

the sign of the Red Lion, opposite the London Hospital, a house where low company resorted. It was then kept by one George Float (who afterwards met a premature death himself) who supplied sir Jeffery with liquor at the expense of others, till he was completely "*non compos*." He was then carried to the door of his house on the north side of the "Ducking pond," and there left to perish, for he was found a corpse on the same spot the next morning.

It was strongly suspected that sir Jeffery's death was purposely caused by resurrection men, for the liquor he was made to swallow was drugged. One of this fraternity endeavoured to stop the burial of the body, by pretending a relation from Ireland was on his way to claim it. The fellow disguised himself, and endeavoured to personate a native of that country, but the fraud was detected.

I am, &c.

June 19, 1823.

T. W. L.

This obliging correspondent, who knew so much respecting sir Jeffery Dunstan, was likely to furnish more; particular inquiries were therefore addressed to him by letter, and he has since obligingly communicated as follows:—

FOR THE EVERY-DAY BOOK.

Sir Jeffery Dunstan's descendants.—Sir Jeffery's Hut.—Whitechapel Obelisk.—Dipping for old wigs.

To oblige Mr. Hone I set out in pursuit of "Miss Nancy," who is now called "lady Ann," thinking she might be able to furnish me with particulars regarding her father, "sir Jeffery," and the "Garrett election." Near the sign of the "Grave Maurice," in the "road side" of Whitechapel, I addressed myself to a clean, elderly looking woman, whose brow bespoke the cares of three score years at least, and asked her if she could inform me whether sir Jeffery's daughter, "Miss Nancy" was living or not? "Lord bless you, sir!" said she, "living! aye; I saw her pass with her cats-meat barrow not five minutes ago; and just now I saw running by, a little girl, the fourth generation from sir Jeffery." I soon ascertained that "lady Ann" lived with her on and his wife, at No. 7, North-street, opposite the Jews' burying ground, where I knocked boldly, and, to my surprise, was

answered by a fine dark little girl of eleven, that her grandmother could not be seen, because she was "very drunk."

At seven in the evening, by appointment, I called, and saw the same little girl again, and was told her father was "drunk also," and that her mother had instructed her to say, that many similar applications had been made, and "a deal of money offered," for the information I sought; which spoke in plain terms they had nothing to communicate, or if they had, a good price must be paid for it.

Recollecting that I had been informed that a good likeness of "sir Jeffery" was to be seen at the "Blind Beggar," near the turnpike, and supposing it not unlikely, from that circumstance, that the landlord of that house might know more of the man than I did myself, I resorted thither. The bar was crowded with applicants for "full proof," and "the best cordials." I took my station at the lower end, and calling for a glass of ale, it was served me by Mr. Porter himself, when I took the opportunity of asking him if he had not a portrait of sir Jeffery Dunstan in his parlour; he said there had been one there till lately, but that during the alterations it was removed. On my right hand was a man with a pint of ale and a glass in his hand, and a woman with him, seated on the top of a barrel. At this juncture the man called out to the landlord, "is it not somebody that '*I knows*,' that you are talking about?" An answer was given in the affirmative. I looked at the man, and perceiving that he was about my own age, observed that his years, like mine, did not warrant much personal knowledge of the person of whom we had been speaking. "Why," said Mr. Porter, smiling, "that is his grandson; that is sir Jeffery's grandson." I, too, could not help smiling on calling to mind that this was the very man that was "also drunk," and that this, his money-loving wife, who had denied me an interview, I was addressing. I told them the nature of my visit to their house. She said her daughter had informed her of every thing. I then, to use a nautical phrase, "boxed all points of the compass," without effect. They evidently knew nothing, or did not care to know; the wife, however, told me that her sister, who was either dead, or "abroad," knew "all sir Jeffery's speeches from the beginning to end;" and the husband recounted 'squire Liptrap's kindness in

many times escorting and protecting, by a file of soldiers, his grandfather to his home; and said, moreover, that *he* himself was blamed for not claiming the *gould* (gold) picked up with the foundling which is now accumulating in the funds of St. Dunstan's parish.

I urged, "that none of us had any thing to boast of in point of ancestry, and that were I sir Jeffery's grandson, my *great* grandfather's *great* natural talent and ready flow of wit would induce me to acknowledge him as my *great* ancestor under any circumstances." This produced nothing more than that his grandfather, "though he could neither read nor write, could speak many languages." I left them—the husband, as we say, "top heavy," the wife expostulating to get him home, and at the same time observing they must be up by three o'clock in the morning "to be off with the cart."

On my road homewards, I turned up Court-street to "Ducking-pond side," to take a view of "sir Jeffery's hut;" it is adjoining his late patron's distillery, who permitted him to live there rent free. The door is bricked up, and it now forms part of a chandler's shop. The thick black volumes of smoke from the immense chimnies were rolling above my head to the west, while beneath, in the same direction, came the pestiferous stench from those deadly slaughtering places for horses, that lie huddled together, on the right. It brought to my mind Mr. Martin's story in the "House," of the poor starving condemned "animals" and the "truss of hay." I turned hastily away from the scene, and I conjure thee, reader, go not near it, for it breathes

"Pestilence, rottenness, and death."

In my preceding notice of "sir Jeffery and his ass," perhaps I have not been sufficiently explicit. In the "season," he would sometimes carry the best of fruit in his hampers for sale, as well as his "bag of wigs." The allusion to the "duck and green peas," &c. was a sort of joke, which sir Jeffery used constantly, in his witty way, to put off to "standers-by" when "lady Ann," or "Miss Dinah," came from their "lady mother" to inform him that his dinner was ready.

An elderly friend of mine perfectly well recollects sir Jeffery's "one-eared ass," his hamper of russetings, and sir Jeffery himself, with his back placed against the side of the stone obelisk which then stood at the corner of the road,

opposite Whitechapel church rails. There he kept the boys and girls at bay with the ready use of his hands; while his ready tongue kept the elder folks constantly laughing. But where is the stone obelisk Gone—like sir Jeffery. The spirit of destruction, miscalled improvement, wantonly threw it down. It fell in the pride of its age and glory, before Time's effacing hand had marked it. Away with destroyers, I say! They may have bettered the condition of the pathway by substituting an iron railway for one of wood, but have they done so by removing that excellent unoffending barrier, the "pillar of stone," and placing in its stead a paltry old cannon choaked with a ball?

I recollect in my boyish days I never passed that "obelisk" without looking up, and reading on its sculptured sides, "twelve miles to Romford," "seventeen to Epping." Then it told the traveller westward, the exact distance to the Royal Exchange and Hyde Park-corner. All beyond it, in an easterly direction, to my youthful fancy, was fairy land; it spoke of pure air, green fields, and trees; of gentle shepherdesses, and arcadian swains. Delightful feelings, which only those who are born and bred in towns can fully enter into! It had originally a tongue of another description, for it seemed to say, in legible characters, "this is the east-end corner of the metropolis,"—at least it marked it as strongly as ever Hyde Park-corner did the west. Pardon the digression, reader, and I will conclude.

When sir Jeffery raised the cry of "old wigs," the collecting of which formed his chief occupation, he had a peculiarly droll way of clapping his hand to his mouth, and he called "old wigs, wigs, wigs!" in every doorway. Some he disposed of privately, the rest he sold to the dealers in "Rag-fair." In those days, "full bottoms" were worn by almost every person, and it was no uncommon thing to hear sea-faring persons, or others exposed to the cold, exclaim, "Well, winter's at hand, and I must e'en go to Rosemary-lane, and have 'a dip for a wig.'" This "dipping for wigs" was nothing more than putting your hand into a large barrel and pulling one up; if you liked it you paid your shilling, if not, you dipped again, and paid sixpence more, and so on. Then, also, the curriers used them for cleaning the waste, &c. off the leather, and I have no doubt would use them now if they could get them.

Sir Jeffery's ideas of "quality" ran very high at all times, and were never higher than when his daughter Nancy, "beautiful Miss Nancy," was married to "lord Thompson," a dustman.—"Twenty coaches," said sir Jeffery, "to lady Ann's wedding, madam, and all filled with the first nobility." A dustman on his wedding-day, in our days, is content with a seat in a far different vehicle, and being carried on his brethren's shoulders to collect a little of the "needful" to get drunk with at night. To the honour of "lord Thompson" be it said, after such a noble alliance, he soon "cut" the fraternity, and, as I have before observed, became a knight of the "whip and hammer," *vulgo* "a costermonger."

June 23, 1826.

T. W. L.

The last representative of Garrett was sir Jeffery Dunstan's successor, the renowned sir Harry Dimsdale. From the death of sir Harry the seat remained vacant.

It must be added, however, that for this borough sir George Cook demanded to sit. No committee determined on the claims of the "rival candidates;" but the friends of sir George, an eminent dealer in apples and small vegetables near Stangate, maintained that he was the rightful member in spite of sir Harry Dimsdale's majority, which was alleged to have been obtained by "bribery and corruption."

Whatever distaste refinement may conceive to such scenes, it must not be forgotten that they constitute a remarkable feature in the manners of the times. It is the object of this work to record "manners," and the editor cannot help expressing somewhat of the disappointment he feels, on his entreaties for information, respecting the elections for Garrett, having failed to elicit much information, which it is still in the power of many persons to communicate. He has original facts, of a very interesting nature, ready to lay before the public on this topic; but he omits to do it, in order to afford a few days longer to those who have the means of enabling him to add to his reserved collection. To that end he once more solicits the loan of hand-bills, advertisements, addresses, scraps, or any thing any way connected with the subject. He begs, and hopes, to be favoured with

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such matters with all possible speed. It is his wish to dispose of this election in the following sheet, and therefore "not a moment is to be lost."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 85

June 23

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

An ancient custom is still maintained by the inhabitants of Ripon, in Yorkshire. On midsummer-eve, every housekeeper, who, in the course of the year, has changed his residence into a new neighbourhood, spreads a table before his door in the street, with bread, cheese, and ale, for those who choose to resort to it. The guests, after staying awhile, if the master is of ability, are invited to supper, and the evening is concluded with mirth and good humour. The origin of this usage is unknown, but it probably was instituted for the purpose of introducing new comers to an early acquaintance with their neighbours; or, with the more laudable design of settling differences, by the meeting and mediation of friends.

The late rev. Donald M'Queen, of Kilmuir, in the Isle of Sky, in certain reflections on ancient customs preserved in that island, mentions what he observed at this season in Ireland, where he conceives the catholic religion to have accommodated itself to the ancient superstitions of the natives, and grafted christianity on pagan rites. He remarks, that "the Irish have ever been worshippers of fire and of Baal, and are so to this day. The chief festival in honour of the sun and fire is upon the 21st of June (23d?) when the sun arrives at the summer solstice, or rather begins its retrograde motion."

Mr. M'Queen says, "I was so fortunate in the summer of 1782 as to have my curiosity gratified. At the house where I was entertained, it was told me that we should see at midnight the most singular sight in Ireland, which was *the lighting of fires* in honour of the sun. Accordingly, exactly at midnight, the *fires* began to appear; and going up to the leads of the house, which had a widely extended view, I saw, on a radius of thirty miles, all around, the fires burning on every

eminence which the country afforded. I had a farther satisfaction in learning, from undoubted authority, that the people *danced round the fires*, and at the close went through these fires, and made their sons and daughters, together with their *sattle*, pass through the fire, and the whole was concluded with religious solemnity.”*

The eve of the summer solstice was season of divinations in early times, and with one of these, described by a living bard, the day may conclude.

St. John's Eve.

St. John the Baptist's eve, how clear and bright
Sinks the broad sun upon the waveless sea!
Above, below, around him, shedding light,
Al' glorious and beautiful to see:
Garish as day, with night's tranquillity
Reposing on all things.—“Then bid farewell
To household duties and its drudgery—
Come, one and all, and this fair maid shall tell
Who shall be wise henceforth, from this our festival.”

At this fair summons men and women were
Wont to assemble to decide their fate:
The first begotten child with rose-deck'd hair
Clad as a bride—her features all sedate,
Like one of holy calling—walk'd in state,
Before a bacchanal procession, loud
In their mirth—dancing with glee elate—
And shouting as they went—a motley crowd
Spreading along the shore, like shadow from a cloud.

And when arrived where they were summoned, they
With water from the ocean, to the brim
Fill a small vessel as the first essay
Towards making into *one* the future—(dim
And dark as 'tis)—perceptible—to him
Alone this boon.—When a young virgin, fair,
With knocking heart that maketh her head swim
Lest she, her hopes, have wither'd—from her hair
Taket a rose (her emblem) she had braided there;

And in the vessel drops it: Then the next,
Lovely as Hebe, from her faery zone,
Loosens the band that clasps it—somewhat vex'd
That like the rose it floats not—as 'tis known,
Or so imagined, that the charm hath flown
From what's beneath the surface—so she deem'd
E'en when the next a diamond had thrown
Into the vessel, which, though sunken, seemed
A star upon the surface—it so upward gleamed.

After the fair ones, one and all, have cast
The bauble that each prized as somewhat dear,
The youths o'eranxious lest they be surpass'd
By maidens in their zealous acts sincere,
(Who crowd about them as they hover near
The sacred vase, observing them the while;)
Drop gold, and gems, and crystals for the ear,
Adorn'd with quaint devices, to beguile
With love, the heart that's languishing, and free from guile

* Cited by Brand.

Now all are gathered round in silence deep,
 Heart throbbing maids, (like knots of flowers fair,
 That bow unto the moon, whose soft rays sleep
 Upon their beauty,) and youths flush'd with care
 And keen anxiety, press forward there :
 Meanwhile, the little cherub-bride draws nigh,
 And from the vessel with her small hand fair,
 Brings forth the gem that gladdens some one's eye,
 That grants to him or her the gift of prophecy.

Barton Wilford.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . 58 · 62.

June 24.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Midsummer Day.

There are several interesting notices of usages on this day and midsummer-eve, in vol. i. from col. 825 to 855. To the account of the "old London watch" there cited, from "Stow's Survey," should be added from Mr. Douce's notes, quoted by Mr. Brand, that the watch "was laid down in the twentieth year of Henry VIII;" and that "the chronicles of Stow and Byddel assign the sweating sickness as a cause for discontinuing the watch." Mr. Douce adds, that "Niccols says the watches on midsummer and St. Peter's-eve were laid down by licence from the king, 'for that the cittie had then bin charged with the leavie of a muster of 15,000 men.'"

WARWICK BONFIRES.

A large paper copy of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," with MS. notes upon it by a gentleman of great reputation as an antiquary, and who has publicly distinguished himself by erudite dissertations on certain usages of ancient times, was some time ago most obligingly forwarded by that gentleman to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, with permission to use the valuable manuscript additions. Hitherto it happened, from peculiar circumstances, that the advantage has not been available, but this and future sheets will be enriched from that source. The gentleman referred to cites from—"an Indenture of covenant between Thomas Oken of *Warwick* and his twelve feoffees, dated the 20th of January, 13 Elizabeth," (1571,) the following clause:—

"Also that (the feoffees) their heirs or assigns shall lykewise yerelie, for ever, after the deceasse of the said Thomas Oken, distribute, or cause to be distributed, and paide, out of the yerelie renewes of the forsaid lands and tenementes, to and amongst *the neyghbours of the bonfire of the said T. O.*, w'thin the High payv'ment Warde in the said towne of Warwick, towe shillinges of lawfull englysshe money, and thre shillings more of lawfull englysshe money, to be paid by equall porcions, to and amongst the neyghbours of *the other thre bonfyres*, beinge w'thin the said ward of the high pay'ment, to make merry w't all, at there said bonfyres, *yff any be in the vigilles or daies of seynt John Baptist and seynt Peter*; and yff they have noe bonfires, that then the same to be ymployed to some other good use or uses, as to them shal be thought metest and convenient."

The same gentleman quotes and refers to the following illustration of the day:—

"It was the 24 June, (at Lödingen in Norway on the confines of Lapland) the festival of St. John the Baptist; and the people flocked from all quarters to sport the whole night round a blazing fire, kindled on the top of an adjacent hill: a practice common about the time of the solstice, to the whole of the Gothic tribes, being a vestige of that most ancient worship of the resplendant image of the divinity, the glorious luminary of day."

—Edinburgh Review, October, 1813,
 Art. *Von Buch's Travels in Norway and Lapland.*

THE COW-MASS *At Dunkirk.*

The emperor Charles V. found it expedient to exhibit to the turbulent inhabitants of Dunkirk, a show called the *Cow-mass*, on St. John's-day. Whether it has been resumed is uncertain, but in 1789 it

was described to have been represented at that time in the following manner :—

The morning is ushered in by the merry peals of the *corillons*, or bell-playing. The streets are very early lined with soldiers ; and, by eight o'clock, every house-top and window is filled with spectators, at least forty thousand exclusive of inhabitants.

About ten o'clock, after high mass at the great church, the show begins, by the the townsmen being classed according to the different trades, walking two and two, each holding a burning wax candle, and at least a yard long, and each dressed not in their best apparel, but in the oldest and oddest fashion of their ancestors.

After the several companies is a pageant containing an emblematical representation of its trade, and this pageant is followed by patron saints, most of which are of solid silver adorned with jewels. Bands of music, vocal and instrumental, attend the companies, the chorusses of which are very solemn.

Then followed the friars and regular clergy, two and two, in the habits of their different orders, slow in their motion, and with the appearance of solemn piety.

Then came the abbot in a most magnificent dress, richly adorned with silver and gold, his train supported by two men in the dress of cardinals. The host was borne before him by an old white-bearded man of a most venerable aspect, surrounded by a great number of boys in white surplices, who strewed frankincense and myrrh under his feet ; and four men supported a large canopy of wrought silver over his head, while four others sustained a large silver lantern, with a light in it at the end of a pole.

They then proceeded to the bottom of the street, where there was elevated a grand altar, ascended by a flight of steps ; there the procession stopped, while the abbot came from under his canopy and took the host from the old man : ascending the altar, he held up the host in his elevated hands, and the vast multitude instantly fell on their knees, from the house-tops down to the dirt in the streets below.

After this solemnity, gaiety in the face of every one appeared, and the procession recommenced.

Other pageants came forth, from the great church, followed by a vast moving machine, consisting of several circular stages to represent *Heaven* ; on the bottom stages appeared many friars and nuns, each holding white lilies in their hands,

and on the uppermost stage but one were two figures, representing *Adam* and *Eve*, and several winged angels, in white flowing garments. On the uppermost stage was one figure only, to represent God, on whom all the eyes of the lower figures were directed, with looks of adoration and humility ; this machine was drawn by horses.

Next followed an enormous figure to represent *Hell*. It was something like a elephant, with a large head and eye and a pair of horns, on which several little devils, or rather boys dressed like devils, were sitting ; the monster was hollow within, and the lower jaw was movable, by moving of which it frequently exhibited the inward content which was filled with full-grown devils who poured out liquid fire from the "jaws of hell." At the same time, the figure was surrounded by a great number of external devils dressed in crape, with hideous masks and curled tails.

Between the figures which represented "heaven" and "hell," several young ladies passed with wreaths of flowers on the heads, and palms in their hands, riding in elegant carriages. After *Hell* followed old Lucifer himself, armed with a pitchfork, and leading St. Michael the archangel in chains. Michael and Lucifer were followed by a person dressed in kind of harlequin's coat hung round with bells, holding a hoop in his hands, through which he frequently jumped, and showed many other feats of activity ; but what or who he represented I cannot say (except it were a fool).

Then came a grand carriage, covered with a superb canopy, from the middle of which hung a little dove ; under the dove was a table covered with a carpet at which were sitting two women dressed in white, with wings, pointing upward to the dove. They represented the salvation of the Virgin Mary.

Next followed a group of dancing boys surrounding a stable, in which was seen the Virgin Mary again, and the child in the manger. This machine was followed by another fool, like the former, with a hoop of bells.

The next machine was a fish, fifteen feet long, moved by men, on wheels, concealed within ; upon its back sat a boy richly dressed, and playing upon a harp. The gold, silver, and jewels, which decorated this fish, were valued at ten thousand pounds and were finished by the

city merchants, whose sons and daughters were the principal actors in the show. After the fish came another fool, with a hoop, as before.

Then appeared Joseph as flying from Egypt; a woman representing a virgin with a young child upon her lap, and mounted on an ass, which was led by Joseph, who had a basket of tools on his back, and a long staff in his hand. Joseph and his spouse were attended by several devils, who beat off the people that crowded too close upon the procession: these two were followed by a fourth fool, or hoop-dancer.

Then came a large and magnificent carriage, on which sat a person representing the *grand monarque* sitting on a throne, dressed in his robes, with a crown, ball, and sceptre, lying before him on a table covered with embroidered velvet. His most christian majesty was attended by several devils, hoop-dancers, and banner-bearers.

Then followed another machine bearing the *queen* in her royal robes, attended by a great many ladies and maids of honour; the jewels of her crown were said to be of vast value; on this stage there was a grand band of music, and many dancers richly attired.

Then followed Bacchus, a large fat figure, dressed in coloured silk, attended by a great number of bacchanals holding goblets up to their mouths as in the act of drinking, with a few more devils and hoop-dancers.

Then followed a kind of a sea triumph, in the front of which appeared Neptune with his trident and crown, in a large shell, surrounded by boys dressed in white, who were throwing out and drawing in a deep sea-lead, as sounding for anchor.

Six men followed in white shirts, with poles twenty-five feet long, decorated with bells and flowers; frequently shaking their poles, or endeavouring to break them; for he who could break one was exempted a whole year from all parish duty.

The pole-bearers were followed by a large ship, representing a ship of war drawn on wheels by horses, with sails spread, colours flying, and brass guns on board fired off very briskly: on the quarter-deck stood the admiral, captain and boatswain, who, when he whistled, brought forth the sailors, some dancing, others

heaving the log, and the tops filled with boys.

The ship was followed by the representation of a large wood, with men in it dressed in green; a green scaly skin was drawn over their own, and their faces were masked to appear as savages, each squirting water at the people from large pewter syringes. This piece of machinery, which was very noble, was the production of the jesuit's college, and caused great jollity among the common people.

The wood was followed by a very tall man, dressed like an infant in a body-coat, and walking in a go-cart, with a rattle in his hand.

This infant was followed by a man forty-five feet high, with a boy looking out of his pocket, shaking a rattle and calling out.—“grandpapa! grandpapa!” He was clothed in blue and gold, which reached quite to the ground, and concealed a body of men who moved it and made it dance.

After him followed a figure nearly of the same stature, mounted on a horse of suitable size for the enormous rider, which made a most striking and elegant appearance, both man and horse being executed in a masterly manner. It was made in a moving posture, two of the feet being raised from the ground.

Then followed a woman of equal stature, and not inferior in elegance to those which preceded; she had a watch at her side as large as a warming-pan, and her head and breast richly decorated with jewels; her eyes and head turned very naturally; and as she moved along she frequently danced, and not inelegantly.

“Thus,” says its describer, “ended the *Cow-mass*, a show scarce exceeded by any in the known world.”*

Midsummer Wrestling.

In the church of Bradmore, Nottinghamshire, is a monument for sir Thomas Parkyns, who is represented standing in a posture for wrestling, and in another part he appears thrown by Time, with the following lines, written by Dr Friend:—

“Quem modo stravisti longo in certamine
Tempus,
Hic recabat Britonum clarus in orbe
pugil.

* Town and Country Magazine, 750.

Jam primum stratus; præter te vicerat omnes;

De te etiam victor, quando resurget, erit."

Which may be thus translated :—

Here lies, O Time! the victim of thy hand,
The noblest boxer on the British strand :
His nervous arm each bold opposer quell'd,
In feats of strength by none but thee excell'd :
Till, springing up, at the last trumpet's call,
He conquers thee, who wilt have conquer'd all.

The inscription underneath takes notice of his wife's fortune, and the estates he purchased; that he rebuilt his farm-houses, was skilled in architecture and medicine, and that he wrote a book on wrestling, called "*The Cornish Hug Wrestler.*"

This gentleman was remarkable for his skill in that exercise; he trained many of his servants and neighbours to it, and when those manly (though now thought unpolished) diversions were in fashion, he exhibited his pupils in public with no small *éclat*.

By his will he left a guinea to be wrestled for at Bradmore every *midsummer-day*, and money to the ringers, of whom he also made one. He displayed his learning in several curious inscriptions. Over a seat by the road-side, *Hic sedes, viator si tu defessus es ambulando.* The honour of a visit from a judge on the circuit, was commemorated at the horse-block by, *Hinc Justiciarius Dormer equum ascendere solebat.*

CHRONOLOGY.

1340. On the twenty-fourth of June, Edward III. fought a great naval battle off Sluys on the coast of Flanders, and gained a complete victory over the French. Edward's force did not exceed two hundred and forty sail; the French had four hundred sail, and forty thousand men. The English took two hundred and thirty of the ships, and killed thirty thousand Frenchmen, and two of their admirals. Edward's presence animated his archers, who were as invincible then, as they were six years afterwards on the plains of Cressy.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 59 · 57.

June 25.

1826.—*The first Sunday after Midsummer Day.*

FELLOWSHIP PORTERS.

Mr. Brand says, "It is the duty of the rector of St. Mary at Hill, in which parish Billingsgate is situated, to preach a sermon every year, *on the first Sunday after midsummer-day*, before the society of Fellowship Porters, exhorting them to be charitable towards their old decayed brethren, and 'to bear one another's burthens.'"

It is remarkable that Mr. Brand, who was the rector of this church, and who quote largely from the churchwardens' account of that parish, in illustration of manifold customs whereon he treats, say nothing further respecting his "duty," as rector, towards the Fellowship Porters; he does not even subjoin how long the annual sermon appeared to have been preached, nor does he say so much as a recent compiler who notices the custom as follows :—

"Annually on the Sunday after midsummer-day, according to ancient custom, the fraternity of Fellowship Porters of the city of London repair to the church of St. Mary at Hill in the morning, where during the reading of the psalms, they reverently approach the altar, two and two, on the rails of which are placed two basins, and into these they put their respective offerings. They are generally followed by the congregation, and the money offered is distributed among the aged poor and inferior members of that fraternity.*

The birds now begin to be very active in devouring the fruits, and cherryclacks are set up to drive them away; the perpetual flapping of which, in the light breezes by night, are two well-known to the student by the nightly lamp.

The Cherryclack.

The lamplight student wand and pale,
In his chamber sits at ease,
And tries to read without avail;
For every moment the light breeze
Springs up and nestles in the trees.

* Lambert's Hist. of London, vol. ii. p. 36.

And then he startles at the sound
Of the noisy cherryclack,
That drives its flippant windsails round
With Lybs still puffing at his back,
Provoking endless click-a-tee-clack.

The scholar tries and tries again
To read, but can't; confounds the cherries,
And swears that every effort's vain
To answer all his master's queries;
For Greek and Latin quite a jeer is,

Where every chorus, every verse
Is interrupted, for alack!
When he begins one to rehearse,
The thread is broke, himself thrown back,
By this perpetual click-a-tee-clack.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 55.

June 26.

MIDSUMMER HARVEST

In France.

The harvest in Provence begins about midsummer; the process of gathering it in is very different from ours. It is cut, bound up in sheaves, and carried away immediately to the thrashing-floor, where it is stacked up. The thrashing-floor, or *aire*, (to give it the name by which it is called in the country,) is out in the open field; it is of a circular form, and paved sometimes with stone, sometimes with a stiff clay beaten down till it becomes nearly as hard as stone. In the parts near the *aire*, while one man cuts the corn and binds the sheaves, another takes them upon his back, two or three at a time, and carries them away to the *aire*; when the distance is somewhat greater, the sheaves are loaded upon an ass or mule; and when the distance is considerable, then a cart is employed, provided the ground be not too steep to admit of it, which happens not unfrequently. In no case is the corn left standing where it is cut, but carried away immediately.

When all is in this manner collected at the *aire*, it is spread out thick upon it, and one or two horses or mules blindfolded, with a man standing in the middle and holding the reins, are made to run round and round, till the corn is separated from the straw; after which the one is put into sacks and stored up in the granary, and the other put into a loft for winter food for the cattle. No such thing

as a barn is to be seen, at least in the southern parts of Provence.

Rain during harvest is so very unusual, that this whole process may be carried on without fear of interruption from wet, or of the corn being injured for want of shelter.

The scripture injunction, "not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is explained by seeing this mode of thrashing. It is said both to be a more expeditious and effectual process than the flail; but it appears very hard work to the animals, especially being performed under the influence of such a burning sun. Our mode of thrashing is, perhaps, equally hard work to mankind.

During the time of harvest, which is considered as lasting till the corn is all thrashed and laid up, the peasant makes the cornstack his bed: he sleeps upon it, attended by his dog, as a precaution against nocturnal depredators; and the air and ground are both so dry, that he has nothing to apprehend from damps.*

CHRONOLOGY.

On the twenty-sixth of June, 1752, died cardinal Julius Alberoni. He was born in 1664; his father, a gardener near Parma, who obtained for him a small post in the cathedral where he took priests orders was enabled by the fortune of war to serve Campistron, the French poet, who was secretary to the duke of Vendome, and who introduced him to that warrior, to whom Alberoni betrayed the granaries of his countrymen. Vendome perceived his talent for political intrigue, and in reward of this treason, appointed him to conduct a correspondence with the princess d'Ursins who governed the affairs of Spain. In quality of agent to the duke of Parma, Alberoni was settled at the Spanish court, and contrived to marry the princess to Philip V. The new queen gave him her confidence, and obtained for him a cardinal's hat; he was made a grandee of Spain, and became prime minister, in which capacity he endeavoured to excite the Turks against the emperor, attempted the restoration of the pretender to the throne of England, aimed at dispossessing the duke of Orleans from the regency of France, and securing it for Philip V., and by these and other ambitious endeavours, raised a host of

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

* Miss Plumptre.

enemies against Philip, who could only obtain peace with France and England on condition of banishing Alberoni. He left Spain with immense property in his possession, and with the will of Charles II. by which Philip derived his title to the Spanish monarchy. The document was recovered from him by force, and the pope caused him to be arrested at Geneva for intriguing against the Turks. He went to Rome; the college of cardinals inquired into his conduct, and confined him for a year to the Jesuits' college, and Clement XII. appointed him legate to Romana, where, at the age of seventy, he plotted the destruction of the little republic of San Marino, and was ludicrously defeated when he imagined brilliant success. Alberoni was baffled in almost every scheme of national aggression. He accumulated great wealth, a universal reputation for political intrigue, and at the age of eighty-seven, died rich and infamous.*

THE SEASON.

"Now" in this month, as in the month of July, and as, for example, in June, 1826, "we occasionally have one of those sultry days which make the house too hot to hold us, and force us to seek shelter in the open air, which is hotter;—when the interior of the blacksmith's shop looks awful, and we expect the foaming porter pot to hiss, as the brawny forger dips his fiery nose into it;—when the birds sit open-mouthed upon the bushes; and the fishes fry in the shallow ponds; and the sheep and cattle congregate together in the shade, and forget to eat;—when pedestrians along dusty roads quarrel with their coats and waistcoats, and cut sticks to carry them across their shoulders; and cottagers's wives go about their work gown-less; and their daughters are anxious to do the same, but that they have the fear of the vicar before their eyes;—when every thing seen beyond a piece of parched soil quivers through the heated air; and when, finally, a snow-white swan, floating above its own image, upon a piece of clear cool water into which a weeping-willow is dipping its green fingers, is a sight not to be turned from suddenly."†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 15.

* General Biographical Dictionary, vol. 1.

† Mirror of the Months.

June 27.

CHRONOLOGY.

Fire in Lincoln's Inn.

On the twenty-seventh of June, 1752 about one in the morning, a fire broke out in Lincoln's-inn new square, by which No. 10 and 11 were entirely consumed. The chambers of R. Wilbraham, the hon. Edward Harley, hon. Charles York, E. Hoskyns, — Chomley, Edmund Sawyer, master in chancery, and — Ansell, Esq. all in No. 10, with the papers, books, plate, furniture, and wearing appare were totally destroyed. In the next staircase, No. 11, were Mr. John Sharpe solicitor to the treasury, and Messrs. Edward Booth, Ambler, Fazakerly, Fellers, and Wilmot. The loss and difficulties in which many families were involved the titles to whose properties were lodged with the above gentlemen, were not to be computed. Mr. Wilbraham had lately purchased an estate of great value, the title-deeds of which, among other numberless deeds, mortgages, &c. were burnt. His clerk, Mr. Pickering, lost above eleven hundred pounds in money and bank notes of his own and others, and securities for thirty thousand pounds more, also all the title-deeds of lord Leigh's estate. When the fire was discovered most of the watch were asleep or drunk, and the wife of an upholster in Carey-street, whose husband left his bed to assist the sufferers, hanged herself in his absence.*

In 1752, was living at Clee-hall, near Ludlow, in Salop, lady Wadeley at the great age of 105. She had been blind for several years, but at that time could see remarkably well. She was then walking about in perfect health, and cutting a new set of teeth.†

THE GRAVE.

Why should the grave be terrible?
Why should it be a word of fear,
Jarring upon the mortal ear?
There repose and silence dwell:
The living hear the funeral knell,
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!

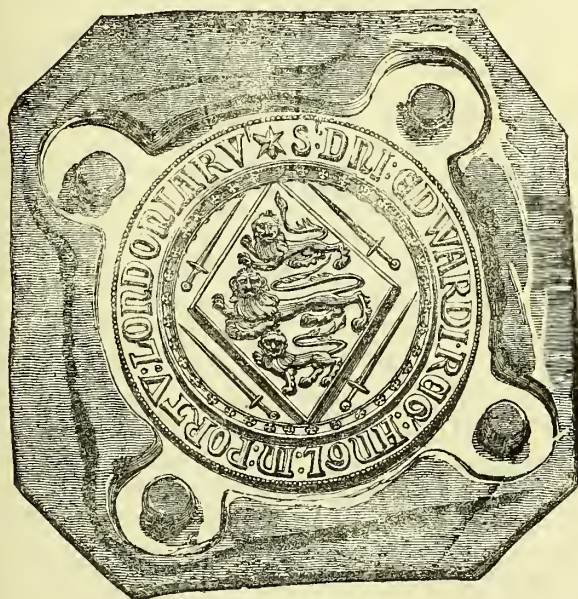
* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

and the sweetest song of the morning bird
soft in that ancient yew-tree heard;
and there may you see the harebell blue
sending his light form—gently—proudly,

And listen to the fresh winds, loudly
Playing around yon sod, as gay
As if it were a holiday,
And children freed from durance they.

Bowring



Seal of Edward the First, for the Port of London,

FOUND IN THE RIVER THAMES.

A remarkably fine impression, of which the above is a faithful copy both as to size and device, has been transmitted to the editor of the *Every-Day Book* by a gentleman, the initials of whose name are J. L., and from him the following account has been obtained.

The seal itself was drawn by ballast-heavers from the bed of the Thames opposite Queenhithe, in 1809 or 1810, and purchased from them by the late Mr. Bedder, of Basing-lane. He was by profession a bricklayer, but a man of considerable taste, a lover of antiquities, and the possessor of a collection of rare and curious coins in high preservation, which he had accumulated at a considerable expense.

This seal, from the inscription around it, appears to have been an official seal of the port of London. It is of silver, very thick, beautifully executed, and in

the finest possible condition. By whom it is now possessed is not known to Mr. J. L., who received the impression from Mr. Bedder himself.

The editor may venture to assert that full justice is done to it in the preceding representation; and as he is unable to give further information, he will be happy to receive and communicate any other particulars respecting the original.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature. . . 60 · 57.

June 28.

A VILLAGE FETE.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Wisbech, June 24, 1826.

Dear Sir,—The rural village of Wisbech St. Mary, two miles west of

town, has long been famous for its annual exhibition of rustic sports, under the patronage of John Ream, Esq., on whose lawn they are celebrated. The enclosed bill is an outline of the amusements for the present year. Knowing you have a pleasure in recording every thing that has

a tendency to keep alive the manners and customs of our ancestors, I send it for insertion in the *Every-Day Book*.

And am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, with very great respect,
J. P

[COPY.]

“ Trembling age, with happy smile,
Youth's high-mettled Gambols view,
And by fancy warm'd awhile,
Scenes of former bliss renew;
Love repeats his tender tale,
Cheeks responsive learn to glow,
And while Song and Jest prevail,
Nut-brown tankards circling flow.
Wouldst thou wish such joys to share,
Haste then to the Village Fair.”

WISBECH ST. MARY'S

RACES,

And annual exhibition of Rustic Sports,

Will this Year be celebrated with the usual Splendour, on
Wednesday and Thursday, June 28th and 29th, 1826.

This Annual Festival is now considered as a superior Establishment to a Country Fair or other Merry-making, by the Numerous Respectable and Fashionable Assemblage of Company, who regularly attend from all parts of the Neighbourhood. Undisturbed by those scenes of intoxication and disorder, so usually prevalent at Village Feasts, the greatest harmony prevails throughout, and the superior Accommodation afforded by the Landlord of the WHEEL INN to all classes of well-behaved and respectable Visitors, cannot fail to render WISBECH ST. MARY'S RACES popular and attractive; or, in language more poetical—

“ To gild with Joy the Wings of Time.”

The Sports to consist of Horse, Pony, and Donkey Racing;—Wheelbarrow Racing;—Jumping in Sacks;—Jing'ling Matches, and Foot Racing; all for

FREE PRIZES.

And to add a greater stimulus to the aspiring PLOUGH BOY, and for the encouragement of Agriculture in general, the Stewards purpose having

A PLOUGHING MATCH,

When will be given a *Sovereign* for the best, and a *Half-sovereign* for the second best Furrow, to be determined by impartial Judges chosen on the ground. The first Plough to start on Thursday Morning at Ten o'Clock precisely.

By the Plough the *Poor Weaver* depends for his bread—
By the Plough we in turn behold the rich mow—
By the Plough all our tables with plenty are spread—
Then who but must wish *Success to the Plough!*

A full Band is engaged to play loyal and popular Tunes during the Amusements which will commence each Evening precisely at Five o'clock.

There'll be a sound of revelry by night,
 And Saint Mary's Village will assemble then
 Her Maids and Ploughmen : and bright
 The lights will shine o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ! and when
 Music arises with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look love to eyes, which speak again,
 And all go merry as a marriage bell.

Tickets for the Ball to be had at the bar of the Wheel Inn

(Leach, Printer, Wisbech.)

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 · 85.

June 29.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1813, died his house in St. Alban's-street, London, Valentine Green, Esq. A.R.S., keeper of the British Institution ; greatly respected for his superior talents as a mezzotinto engraver, for the purity and universality of his taste in works of art, for the general banity of his manners, and for that invariable benignity of disposition, which, in popular language, is usually styled goodness of heart.*

Mr. Green, besides his distinguished merit as an artist, acquired considerable reputation as an author, by publishing, in 1806, a valuable work, entitled, "The History and Antiquities of the City and Burbs of Worcester," in two quarto volumes ; a performance of great research and labour. He was born at Salford, near Chipping-Norton, in Oxfordshire, on October 3, 1739.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 70.

June 30.

LONDON PORTER.

All the world knows that London is famous for porter ; it is not of this porter we speak to-day, but of a personage who derives his quality from the means by which he has attained the honour of being credit to the corporation. The individual alluded to, was publicly made known by a police report of the thirtieth of June, 1826, viz.—

Mr. Alderman Wood came to the Man-

sion-house for the purpose of contradicting a statement which appeared in the *Courier* newspaper, that he had persecuted a poor man, named Brown, and procured his discharge, for sticking up bills against him (Alderman Wood). He thought it worth while not to let such a statement go unanswered ; for he never exercised such an influence in the course of his life, and he never heard of such a man until the charge was made in the newspaper. He wished to know whether there really was such a man connected with the Mansion-house establishment.

The Lord Mayor said, he believed there was such a man, not belonging to the Mansion-house, but to the Mansion-house porter. The fact was, that their porter, like the porter to the "Castle of Indolence," had become so exceedingly fat, that he had employed a valet to do the only work which there was for him to do—namely, to sweep the gateway. This valet was the aforesaid Brown, in whom the liberty of the subject, and the constitution, was alleged to have been violated. How, or why, he had quitted the Mansion-house, the porter alone could tell.

The porter was then sent for, and he waddled into the justice-room. In answer to his lordship's inquiries, he stated that he had employed Brown at half-a-crown per week, to sweep the door and do other work for him.

The LORD MAYOR.—When did he absent himself from his duty ?—The porter replied, it was about three weeks ago.

The LORD MAYOR.—Did you discharge him from his office on constitutional grounds, or for acting against Mr. Alderman Wood ?

The PORTER.—Bless your worship, no : I can't tell why he went off.

Alderman Wood professed himself satisfied with this contradiction : he thought the affair unworthy of farther

* Butler's Chron. Exercises.

attention. He had been challenged to prove his statement respecting the bills, and he had proved it.*

From this description of the "initial" to the Mansion-house, he seemed "a fit and proper person" to be taken by a "limner," and represented, by the art of the engraver, to the readers of the *Every-Day Book*. An artist every way qualified was verbally instructed to view him; but instead of transmitting his "faithful portrait," he sent a letter, of which the following is a

COPY.

To Mr. Hone.

Dear Sir,—I went this morning to the Mansion-house and had an interview with the porter, but *that* porter was very different to what I expected to have found. Instead of a very fat lazy fellow, fatted by indolence, I found a short active little man, about five feet high, not fat, nor lean, but a *comfortable size*, dressed in black, powdered hair, and top boots, pleasing and easy in his manners, and

* The Times, July 1, 1826.

such a one that every one would suppose would get an inferior person to do his dirty work. There is nothing extraordinary in him to be remarkable, therefore I made no sketch of him; but proceeded to Limehouse on a little business and from thence home, and feel so exceedingly tired that I send this scrawl, hoping you will excuse me coming myself.

Yours respectfully,

Between this gentleman's "view the *subject*," and the preceding "report there is a palpable difference; where the mistake lies, it is not in the power of the editor to determine. The letter-writer himself is "of a comfortable size," and is almost liable to the suspicion of having seen the porter of the Mansion-house from the opposite passage of the Mansion-house tavern, as through an inverted telescope. The lord mayor's alleged comparison of the porter at his own gate with the porter of the "Castle of Indolence," may justify an extract of the stanzas wherein "*that* porter," and "*I* man," are described.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breath'd repose
And in sweet torp'our he was plunged deep,
Nor could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep—
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call:
He was, to weet, a little rogueish page,
Save sleep and play who minded naught at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of the age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.
Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in array'd.
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns,
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace, this done, right fain
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61.46



JULY.

Our saxon fathers did full rightly call
 This month of July "Hay-monath," when all
 The verdure of the full clothed fields we mow,
 And turn, and rake, and carry off; and so
 We build it up, in large and solid mows.
 If it be good, as every body knows,
 To "make hay while the sun shines," we should choose
 Right "times for all things," and no time abuse.

In July we have full summer. The nature. "The rye is yellow, and almost
 mirror of the Months" presents its ripe for the sickle. The wheat and bar-
 leys influences on the open face of ley are of a dull green, from their swelling

ears being alone visible, as they bow before every breeze that blows over them. The oats are whitening apace, and quiver, each individual grain on its light stem, as they hang like rain-drops in the air. Looked on separately, and at a distance, these three now wear a somewhat dull and monotonous hue, when growing in great spaces; but these will be intersected, in all directions, by patches of the brilliant emerald which now begins to spring afresh on the late-mown meadows; by the golden yellow of the rye, in some cases cut, and standing in sheaves; by the rich dark green of the turnip-fields; and still more brilliantly by sweeps, here and there, of the bright yellow charlock, the scarlet corn-poppy, and the blue succory, which, like perverse beauties, scatter the stray gifts of their charms in proportion as the soil cannot afford to support the expenses attendant on them."

On the high downs, "all the little molehills are purple with the flowers of the wild thyme, which exhales its rich aromatic odour as you press it with your feet; and among it the elegant blue heath-bell is nodding its half-dependent head from its almost invisible stem,—its perpetual motion, at the slightest breath of air, giving it the look of a living thing hovering on invisible wings just above the ground. Every here and there, too, we meet with little patches of dark green heaths, hung all over with their clusters of exquisitely wrought filigree flowers, endless in the variety of their forms, but all of the most curiously delicate fabric, and all, in their minute beauty, unparalleled by the proudest occupiers of the parterre. This is the singular family of plants that, when cultivated in pots, and trained to form heads on separate stems, give one the idea of the forest trees of a Lilliputian people." Here, too, are the "innumerable little thread-like spikes that now rise from out the level turf, with scarcely perceptible seed-heads at top, and keep the otherwise dead flat perpetually alive, by bending and twinkling beneath the sun and breeze."

In the green lanes "we shall find the ground beneath our feet, the hedges that enclose us on either side, and the dry banks and damp ditches beneath them, clothed in a beautiful variety of flowers that we have not yet had an opportunity of noticing. In the hedge-rows 'which are now grown into impervious

walls of many-coloured and many-shaped leaves, from the fine filigree-work of the white-thorn, to the large, coarse, round leaves of the hazel) we shall find the most remarkable of these, winding up intricately among the crowded branches, and shooting out their flowers here and there among other leaves than their own, or hanging themselves into festoons and fringes on the outside, by unseen tendrils. Most conspicuous among the first of these is the great bind-weed, thrusting out its elegantly-formed snow-white flowers, but carefully concealing its leaves and stem in the thick of the shrubs which yield it support. Nearer to the ground, and more exposed, we shall meet with a handsome relative of the above, the common red and white wild convolvulus; while along the face of the hedge, clinging to it lightly, the various coloured vetches, and the enchanter's night-shade, hang the flowers into the open air; the first exquisitely fashioned, with wings like the pea, only smaller; and the other elaborate in its construction and even beautiful with its rich purple petals turned back to expose a centre of deep yellow; but still with all its beauty, not without a strange and sinister look, which at once points out as a poison-flower. It is this which afterwards turns to those bunches of scarlet berries which hang so tempting in autumn, just within the reach of little children, and which it requires all the eloquence of their grandmothers to prevent them from tasting. In the midst of these, and above them all, the woodbine now hangs out its flowers more profuse than ever, and rivals in sweetness all the other field scents of this month.

"On the bank from which the hedge now rises, and on *this* side of the nearly dry water-channel beneath, fringing the border of the green path on which we are walking, a most rich variety of field-flowers will also now be found. We dare not stay to notice the half of them because their beauties, though even more exquisite than those hitherto described, are of that unobtrusive nature that you must stoop to pick them up, and must come to an actual commune with them before they can be even seen distinctly, which is more than our desultory and fugitive gaze will permit,—the plan of our walk only allowing us to pay the passing homage of a word to those objects that will not be overlooked. Many of the

site little flowers, now alluded to ally, look, as they lie among their leaves, only like minute morsels of coloured glass scattered upon the ground—scarlet, and sapphire, and purple, and white, and azure, golden. But pick them up, and them towards the eye, and you will them pencilled with a thousand devices, and elaborated into the exquisite forms and fancies, fit to be into necklaces for fairy Titania, or broaches and bracelets for the neat-nded of her nymphs.

But there are many others that come bloom this month, some of which cannot pass unnoticed if we would. conspicuous among them are the cenn, with its elegant cluster of small, star-like flowers; the ladies' bed- with its rich yellow tufts; the low-sweet—sweetest of all the sweet- of the meadows; the wood betony, g up its handsome head of rose- red blossoms; and, still in full per- n, and towering up from among the roundlings that usually surround it, ately fox-glove.

Among the other plants that now be- conspicuous, the wild teasal must e forgotten, if it be only on account e use that one of the summer's pre- denizens sometimes makes of it. The teasal (which now puts on as much ppearance of a flower as its rugged e will let it) is that species of thistle n shoots up a strong serrated stem, ht as an arrow, and beset on all y hard sharp-pointed thorns, and ng on its summit a hollow egg- ed head, also covered at all points the same armour of threatening s—as hard, as thickly set, and as o as a porcupine's quills. Often n this fortress, impregnable to birds, and even to mischievous boys selves, that beautiful moth which rs about so gaily during the first s of summer, on snow-white wings ed all over with black and yellow, up its final abode,—retiring thither a weary of its desultory wanderings, after having prepared for the perpe- on of its ephemeral race, sleeping to death, to the rocking lullaby of breeze.

Now, too, if we pass near some y lapsing water, we may chance to with the splendid flowers of the water lily, floating on the surface of stream lib^d some fairy vessel at an

chor, and making visible, as it ripples by it, the elsewhere imperceptible current. Nothing can be more elegant than each of the three different states under which this flower now appears; the first, while it lies unopened among its undulating leaves, like the halcyon's egg within its floating nest; next, when its snowy petals are but half expanded, and you are almost tempted to wonder what beautiful bird it is that has just taken its flight from such a sweet birth-place; and lastly, when the whole flower floats confessed, and spreading wide upon the water its pointed petals, offers its whole heart to the enamoured sun. There is I know not what of awful in the beauty of this flower. It is, to all other flowers, what Mrs. Siddons is to all other women.”*

July 1.

COCKLETOP.

Munden.—Farren.

July 1, 1826.—Mr. Farren appeared in the part of *Old Cockletop*, in O’Keefe’s farce of *Modern Antiques*, at the Hay-market theatre. This will be recollected as a crack character of Munden’s; and it was one which he had hit so happily, that it became almost impossible for any other actor to play it very successfully after him. There was a sort of elfin antic—a kind of immateriality about the crotchets of Munden in *Cockletop*. His brain seemed to have no more substance in it than the web of a spider; and he looked dried up in body and mind, almost to a transparency; he might have stood in a window and not been in the way—you could see the light through him. Farren is the bitterest old rascal on the stage. He looks, and moves always, as if he had a blister (that wanted fresh dressing) behind each ear; but he does not touch the entirely withered, crazy-brained, semi-bedlamite old rogue, in the way that Munden did. Munden contrived to give all the weakness possible to extreme age in *Cockletop*, without exciting an iota of compassion. All that there was of him was dry bones and wickedness. You could not help seeing that he would be particularly comical under the torture; and you could not feel the slightest compunction in ordering that he should undergo it. There never was any thing like his walking up and down

* Mirror of the Months

Drury-lane stage in astonishment, and concluding he must be "at next door," when he returns home from his journey, and finds all his servants in mourning! And the cloak that he wore too! And the appendage that he called his "storm-cap!" He looked like a large ape's skin stuffed with hay, ready to hang up in an apothecary's shop! You ran over all the old fools that you knew, one after the other, to recollect somebody like him, but could not succeed! Farren plays *Fore-sight* as well as Munden; and he plays *Cockle-top* very successfully; but it is hardly possible for one eminent actor to follow another in *trifling* characters, where the first has made a hit rather by his own inventions than by any thing which the author has set down for him. Munden's dancing in the ghost-scene with the servants, and his conclusion—striking an attitude, with the fingers of one hand open like a bunch of radish, as the fiddler, used to keep the audience in convulsions for two minutes. Farren avoided this trick, probably lest he should be charged with imitation; but acknowledged talent

like his may use a latitude: he has originality enough to warrant his at least not avoiding the device which has been used by any actor, purely because it has been used by somebody else before him. Some passages that he gave were quite as good as Munden. In the scene where he fancies himself taken ill, the pit was in two minds to get up and cheer. He made a face like a bear troubled suddenly with symptoms of internal commotion! on who had eaten a bee-hive for the sake of the honey, and began to have inward misgivings that there must have been something mixed up along with it. And Farren possesses the gift too—a most valuable one in playing to an English audience—of exhibiting the suffering without exciting the smallest sympathy! Whenever there is any thing the matter with him you hope he'll get worse with all your soul; and, if he were drowning—without *that* face!—he must die:—you could not if you were to die yourself, take one step for laughing, to save him.*

* The Times, July 3, 1826.

July.

The sun comes on apace, and thro' the signs
Travels unwearied; as he hotter grows,
Above, the herbage, and beneath, the mines,
Own his warm influence, while his axle glows;
The flaming lion meets him on the way,
Proud to receive the flaming god of day.

In fullest bloom the damask rose is seen,
Carnations boast their variegated die,
The fields of corn display a vivid green,
And cherries with the crimson orient vie,
The hop in blossom climbs the lofty pole,
Nor dreads the lightning, tho' the thunders roll.

The wealth of Flora like the rainbow shows,
Blending her various hues of light and shade,
How many tints would emulate the rose,
Or imitate the lily's bright parade!
The flowers of topaz and of sapphire vie
With all the richest tinctures of the sky.

The vegetable world is all alive,
Green grows the gooseberry on its bush of thorn,
The infant bees now swarm around the hive,
And the sweet bean perfumes the lap of morn,
Millions of embryos take the wing to fly,
The young inherit, and the old ones die.

'Tis summer all—convey me to the bower,
The bower of myrtle form'd by Myra's skill,
There let me waste away the noontide hour,
Fann'd by the breezes from yon cooling rill,
By Myra's side reclin'd, the burning ray
Shall be as grateful as the cool of day.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 61 . 07.

July 2.

Will Wimble.

On the second of July, 1741, died at
n, Mr. Thomas Morecroft, "a
et's younger son, the person men-
by the 'Spectator' in the character
Will Wimble.
s notice is from the "Gentleman's

Magazine" for 1741, as also is the fol-
lowing :—

On the same day, in the same year, the
earl of Halifax married Miss Dunck,
with a fortune of one hundred thousand
pounds. It appears that, "according to
the will of Mr. Dunck, this lady was to
marry none but an honest tradesman,
who was to take the name of Dunck; for
which reason his lordship took the free-
dom of the sadlers' company, exercised
the trade, and added the name to his
own."

(For the Every-Day Book.)

ORTE AND SWEETE SONNETT ON THE SUBTILTIE OF LOVE

BY CORNELIUS MAY.

From "the Seven Starres of Witte."

You cannot barre love oute
Father, mother and you alle,
For marke mee he's a crafty boy,
And his limbes are very smalle;
He's lighter than the thistle downe,
He's fleeter than the dove,
His voice is like the nightingale;
And oh! beware of love!

For love can masquerade
When the wisest doe not see;
He has gone to many a blessed sainte
Like a virgin devotee;
He has stolen thro' the convent grate,
A painted butterfly,
And I've seene in many a mantle's fold
His twinkling roguish eye.

He'll come doe what you will;
The Pope cannot keepe him oute;
And of late he's learnt such evill waies
You must hold his oathe in doute:
From the lawyers he has learned
Like Judas to betraye;
From the monkes to live like martyred saintes
Yet cast their soules awaye.

He has beene at courte soe long
That he weares the courtier's smiie;
For every maid he has a lure,
For every man a wile;
Philosophers and alchymistes
Your idle toile give o'er,
Young love is wiser than ye alle
And teaches ten times more.

Strong barres and boltes are vaine
To keepe the urchin in,
For while the goaler turned the keye
He would trapp him in his gin.

You neede not hope by maile of prooffe
To shun his cruell darte,
For he'll change himselfe to a shirt of maile
And lye nexte to your hearte.

More scathfull than an evill eye,
Than ghost or grammerie,
Not seventy times seven holy priestes
Could laye him in the sea.
Then father mother cease to chide
I'll doe the best I maye,
And when I see young love coming
I'll up and run awaye.

On the second day of July, 1744, is recorded the birth of a son to Mr. Arthur Bulkeley.

The child's baptism is remarkable from these circumstances. The infant's god-fathers, by proxy, were Edward Downes, of Worth, in Cheshire, Esq. his great-great-great-great uncle; Dr. Ashton, master of Jesus-college, Cambridge, and his brother, Mr. Joseph Ashton, of Surrey-street, in the Strand, his great-great-great uncles. His godmothers by their proxies were, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, of Barnsley, Yorkshire, his great-great-great-great aunt; Mrs. Jane Wainwright, of Middlewood-hall, Yorkshire, his great-great grandmother; and Mrs. Dorothy Green, of the same place, his great grandmother. It was observed of Mrs. Wainwright, who was then eighty-nine years of age, that she could properly say, "Rise, daughter, go to thy daughter; for thy daughter's daughter has a son."

Mrs. Wainwright was sister to Dr. Ashton and his brother mentioned above, whose father and mother were twice married, "first before a justice of peace by Cromwell's law, and afterwards, as it was common, by a parson; they lived sixty-four years together, and during the first fifty years in one house, at Bradway, in Derbyshire, where, though they had twelve children and six servants in family, they never buried one."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 62.12

July 3.

Dog days begin.

"ALL—FOR A PENNY!"

On the third of July, 1751, William

* Gentleman's Magazine.

Dellicot was convicted at the quarter sessions for Salisbury, of petty larceny, for stealing one penny; whereby his effect consisting of bank-notes to the amount of 180*l.*, and twenty guineas in money, were forfeited to the bishop, as lord of the manor; but his lordship humanely ordered 100*l.* of the money to be put to interest for the benefit of the wretch's daughter 20*l.* to be given to his aged father, and the remainder to be returned to the delinquent himself.*

THE REGENT'S PARK.

A correspondent's muse records an accommodation, which may be extended to other resorts, with the certainty of producing much satisfaction in wearied pedestrians.

CONGRATULATORY VERSES TO THE NEW SEATS IN THE REGENT'S-PARK, 1825 versus CHAIRS.

I covet not the funeral chair
Th' Orlean maid was burnt in, when
Enthusiasts' voices rent the air
To clasp their Joan of Arc again.

I, learned Busby's chair, chuse not,†
Nor of a boat in stormy seas,
Nor on a bridge—the stony lot
Of travellers not afraid to freeze.

I covet not the chair of state,
Nor that St. Peter's papal race
Exalted for Pope Joan the great,
But seek and find an easier place.

To halls and abbeys knights repaired,
And barons to their chairs retired;
The goblet, glove, and shield, were reared
As war and love their cause inspired.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Vide *Every-Day Book*, No. 54, vol. ii.

Edward's chair the minster keeps,
antique chair the dutchess bears;*
invalid—he hardly sleeps,
though poled through Bath in easy chairs.†

airs St. James's-park contains,
chairs at Kew and Kensington,
rested weary hearts and brains
t charmed the town, now still and gone.

t not the chair of guilt
beth upbraided for its ghost;
ay's, on which much ink was spilt,
en he wrote fables for his host.

of Dan Lambert's?—Oberon's chair?
yan's at Bedford?—Johnson's seat?
er's at Woodstock?—Bloomfield's bare?
ked, lasting, ended, and complete.‡

h without back, and sides, and arms,
u, REGENT'S SEAT! art doubly dear!
e appears in youthful charms
all that muse and travel here.

y church, spire, and Primrose hill,
h fowl and beast and chary sound,
the thought to peace, for still
u, like a friend, art faithful found.

y then, patience seems to teach,
ired the weary limbs it bears;
that can its comforts reach,
accours through the round of years.

ver hand, or name, is writ
encil on thy painted face;
t one word of ribald wit
duce a blush, or man disgrace.

“BUSBY'S CHAIR.”

king of this—a word or two on
Busbeiana.”

e humorous representation of “Dr.
's chair,” (on p. 34 of this volume,)
nifying the several parts of gram-
as well as some of a schoolmaster's
serious occupation, said to have
from an original by sir Peter Lely,
ertained by the editor to have been
e *bagatelle* performance of a young
some five-and-twenty years ago. It
engraved and published for Messrs.
e and Whittle, in Fleet-street, took
y with the public, and had “a con-
ble run.”

an chairs were first introduced into England
. The first was used by the duke of Bucking-
to the indignation of the people, who exclaim-
t he was employing his fellow creatures to do the
of beasts.

ery,—a pun on Charing-cross. *Printer's devil*.
omfield, poor fellow, declared to the writer,
he of his shop pleasures was that of the shoe-
s country custom of waxing his customers to
t of St. Crispin, preparatory to the serving out
nyworth of the oil of strap.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 · 30.

July 4.

TRANSLATION OF ST. MARTIN.

This day is thus noticed as a festival in the church of England calendar and the almanacs, wherein he is honoured with another festival on the eleventh of November.

The word “translation” signifies, in reference to saints, as most readers already know, that their remains were removed from the graves wherein their bodies were deposited, to shrines or other places for devotional purposes.

FOR THE HONOUR OF HACKNEYMEN.

“Give a dog an ill name and hang him”—give hackney-coachmen good characters and you'll be laughed at: and yet there are civil coachmen in London, and honest ones too. Prejudice against this most useful class of persons is strong, and it is only fair to record an instance of integrity which, after all, is as general, perhaps, among hackney-men, as among those who ride in their coaches.

HONESTY REWARDED.—A circumstance took place on Tuesday, (July 4, 1826,) which cannot be made too generally known among hackney-coachmen, and persons who use those vehicles.

A gentleman took a coach in St. Paul's churchyard, about twenty minutes before twelve, and was set down in Westminster exactly at noon. Having transacted his business there, he was proceeding home-ward a little before one, when he suddenly missed a bank note for three hundred pounds, which he had in his pocket on entering the coach. He had not observed either the number or date of the note, or the number of the coach. He therefore returned to the bankers in the city, and ascertained the number and date of the note, then proceeded to the bank of England, found that it had not been paid, and took measures to stop its payment, if presented. After some further inquiry, he applied about half-past three, at the hackney-coach office, in Essex-street, in the Strand, and there to his agreeable surprise, he found that the coachman had already brought the note to the commissioners, at whose suggestion the gentleman paid the coachman a reward of fifty pounds. The

name of the honest coachman should be known: it is John Newell, the owner and driver of the coach No. 314, and residing in Marylebone-lane.

It should also be known, that persons leaving property in hackney-coaches, may very generally recover it by applying without delay at the office in Essex-street. Since the act of parliament requiring hackney-coachmen to bring such articles to the office came into effect, which is not four years and a half ago, no less than one thousand and fifty-eight articles have been so brought, being of the aggregate value of forty-five thousand pounds, and upwards.*

Descend we from the coach, and, leaving the town, take a turn with a respected friend whither he would lead us.

FIELD PATHS.

(For the Every-Day Book.)

I love our real old English footpaths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles, opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places, and dusty highways, into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the village green, under the old elder-tree by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope, to the churchyard, to the embosomed cottage, or to the forest grange. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite one from noise and publicity, into the heart of solitude and of rural delights. It beckons the imagination on, through green and whispering corn fields, through the short but verdant pasture; the flowery mowing-grass; the odorous and sunny hayfield; the festivity of harvest; from lovely farm to farm; from village to village; by clear and mossy wells; by tinkling brooks, and deep wood-skirted streams; to crofts, where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows, where the large, blue geranium embellishes the summer wayside; to heaths, with their warm, elastic sward and crimson bells, the chithering of grasshoppers, the foxglove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts, after which the city-pent lover of nature pants, as "the hart panteth after the water-brooks." What is there so truly

English? What is so linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and field-paths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the footpath in secluded fields,—upon the stile in the embowered lane,—where the wild-rose and the honey-suckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing in the dewy sweetness of a summer evening vows still sweeter. It is there, that the poet seated, send back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect, rendered painful by absence, or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are loved. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset,—the evening star following his silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air, with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him.—there, that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation pouring out from their old church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who, that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, along the course of a riotous stream, cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?

Again I say, I love fieldpaths, and stiles of all species,—ay, even the most inaccessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clur-stile! What exclamations, and charms, blushes, and fine eventual vaulting on the part of the ladies, and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions. I consider a rude stile as any thing but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

* Daily papers

ose good old *turn-stiles* too,—can I forget them? the hours I have spun upon them, when a boy; or those which I have almost laughed myself ath at the remembrance of my village rogue's disaster! Methinks I see now. The time a sultry day;—the me a goodly person of some eighteen eighty stone;—the scene a footpath belled with turn-stiles, one of which I deem fast, as in utter amazement at talk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself, nor his ke roars, which brought some lars to his assistance, who, when they recovered from their convulsions of er, knocked off the top, and let o. It is long since I saw a turnstile, I suspect the Falstaffs have cried down. But, without a jest, stiles and fieldpaths are vanishing every where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so s an inroad. As land has increased ue, wastes and heaths have been led out and enclosed, but seldom footpaths been left. The poet the naturalist, who before had, ps, the greatest *real* property in have had no allotment. They have totally driven out of the promised Nor is this all. Goldsmith com- d, in his day, that—

“The man of wealth and pride
up a space that many poor supplied;
for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
he, that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
bbed the neighbouring fields of half their
th;

at, where solitary sports are seen,
ant spurns the cottage from the green.”

and it is but too true that “the pressure
tiguous pride” has driven farther
arther, from that day to this, the
from the rich man's lands. “They
a solitude and call it peace.” Even
quiet and picturesque footpath that
cross his lawn, or stole along his
side, giving to the poor man, with
arden, a cooler and a nearer cut to
llage, is become a nuisance. One
have thought that the rustic la-
r with his scythe on his shoulder,
bill-hook and hedging mittens in
nd, the cottage dame in her black
et and scarlet cloak, the bonny village
n in the sweetness of health and
icity, or the boy strolling along full
e and curiosity, might have had suf-
t interest, in themselves, for a culti-

vated taste, passing occasionally at a distance across the park or lawn not only to be tolerated, but even to be welcomed as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not. And what is more, *they* are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I myself been arrested in some long-frequented dale, in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory, by a board, exhibiting, in giant characters, *Stopped by an order of Sessions!* and denouncing the terms of the law upon trespassers. This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed, when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man's ample field, is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments, to assert this public right—for a right it is, as authentic as that by which the land itself is held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws? Is there no local “Hampton with dauntless breast” to “withstand the little tyrant of the fields,” and to save our good old fieldpaths? If not, we shall, in a few years, be doomed to the highways and the hedges: to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage which we may not approach. Already the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel-trap; the botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun; death haunts our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he—

“Wanders away to field and glen
Far as he may for the gentlemen.”

I am not so much of a poet, and so little of a political economist, as to lament over the progress of population. It is true that I see, with a *poetical* regret, green fields and beautiful fresh tracts swallowed up in cities; but my joy in the increase of human life and happiness far out-balances that imaginative pain. But it is

when I see *unnecessary and arbitrary encroachments* upon the *rural* privileges of the public that I grieve. Exactly in the same proportion as our population and commercial habits gain upon us, do we need all possible opportunities to keep alive in us the spirit of nature.

"The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending; we lay waste our
powers,
Little there is in nature that is ours."
Wordsworth.

We give ourselves up to the artificial habits and objects of ambition, till we endanger the higher and better feelings and capacities of our being; and it is alone to the united influence of religion, literature, and nature, that we must look for the preservation of our moral nobility. Whenever, therefore, I behold one of our old fieldpaths closed, I regard it as another link in the chain which Mammon is winding around us,—another avenue cut off by which we might fly to the lofty sanctuary of nature for power to withstand him.

H.

BELLS AND BELL RINGING AT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Lambeth, July 13, 1826.

My dear Sir,—To your late interesting notices of "Bells" and "Bell-ringing," the following singular letter, which appears in a Suffolk paper, may be added. I happen to know something of this "jangling;" and when I resided in the town of Bury St. Edmund's some years back, was compelled to listen to "the most hideous noise" of St. James's lofty opponents. But "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"—Why, Mr. Editor,—*we* will. It is a hardship, a cruelty, a usurpation, a "tale of woe." Listen to St. James's statement, and then let us raise our bells, and ring a "righte sounde and merie" peal, such as will almost "split the ears of the groundlings."—

"To the Editor of the Bury Post.

"Sir,—Since we have been repeatedly asked why St. James's ringers lost the privilege of ringing in St. Mary's steeple, as far as it lies in our power we will answer it. Ever since the year 1714, up

to the period of 1813, the ringing in the town was conducted by one company only, who had the liberty of ringing both steeples; and in St. Mary's steeple there are recorded two peals rung by the Bury company, one of which was rung in 1779, and the other in 1799. In 1811 the bells of St. Mary's wanting some repairs, the ringers applied to the churchwardens, and they having declined doing any thing to them, the ringers ceased from ringing altogether until the bells were repaired. At length an offer was made to the churchwardens to raise a *young* company, which offer was accepted by them, and the bells were partially repaired. In consequence of which a company was raised, and a part of consisted of old men who were incapable of learning to ring; youth being the only time when such an art can be acquired. It was agreed that when this company could ring one course of eight (or 16 changes), that each one should receive one pound, which they have never asked for, well knowing they were never entitled to it; at the same time, it appeared evident that the parish consented they should learn to ring. In 1817, only three years and a half after the company was raised, three bells were obliged to be rehung, at nearly twenty pounds' expense. Taking an account of the annual repairs of the bells, and the repairs in 1814, the three years of sixteen-char ringers cost the parish nearly thirty pounds, which would have rehung the whole peal, being a deal more than what the old ringers would have caused them to be repaired for in 1814. We, the present company of St. James's ringers, are well aware that St. Mary's company had the offer to learn to ring in September, 1814, which we made no opposition to; and if St. Mary's had learned, we would have gladly taken them by the hand as brother ringers; but after two years' arduous struggle in endeavouring to learn to ring, they are no forwarder than the first week they began. They could only then ring (no more than they can now) sixteen changes, and that very imperfectly, being but a very small part of the whole revolution of changes on eight bells, which consist of 40,320. We, St. James's ringers, or 'old ringers,' as we have been commonly called, ought not to get blamed for the *most hideous noise* made in St. Mary's steeple; and as to the jangling of the bells, misnamed ringing, which they afforded the old

ening, we indulge in the hope that our
ure use of the steeple will be generally
owed.

"We are, Sir, most gratefully,

"Your humble servants,

"ST. JAMES'S RINGERS."

Ah! much respected "St. James's
company," do "indulge the hope" of
king St. Mary's bells speak eloquently
in. If my pen can avail, you shall
pull "Old Tom's" tail in that steeple;
and all his sons, daughters, and kindred
round him, shall lift up their voices in
well-tuned chorus, and sing "hallelujahs"
returning joy. "Those evening bells,
those evening bells," which used to frighten
the dogs and old women in the parish,
and which used to make me wish were
pended round the ringers' necks, shall
per sweet music and respond delightedly
to lovers' vows and tales whispered in
solitary lanes and groves, in the vicinity of
our beautiful town. You, worthy old
men, who have discoursed so rapidly
the marriages of my father, and uncle,
and cousin, and friend, and acquaintance,
who would have (for a guinea!) paid the
me compliment to myself, (although I
was wedded in a distant land, and like a
hero of romance and true knight-errant,
I timed my fair bride, without consulting
my father or mother, sister or brother,) and
made yourselves as merry *at my expense*,
my pleasantest friends or bitterest
enemies could have wished, had I hinted
at such a thing!

Oh! respectable churchwardens—dis-
regard the "*young company*," who chant
feelingly and unprofitably. Remem-
ber the "old ringers!"

"Pity the sorrows of the poor old men."

Respect talent—consider their virtues—
pronounce that art which "can only be
gained when young"—and which the
"*young company*" cannot attain—(does
this mean they are stupid?)—and console
the "old ringers," and let them pull on un-
der—they are pulled into their graves! Think
how they have *moved* the venerable tower
of old St. James's with their music!—nay,
until the very bricks and stones above,
shook to become more intimately ac-
quainted with them! Do not let a stigma

A few years ago it was unsafe to ring the ten-
ons in St. James's steeple. It has been repaired—I
do not say its fine Saxon architecture either beauti-
fied or improved.

be cast upon them—for, should the good
town's-people imagine the "most hideous
noise" was caused by the "old ringers,"
their characters are gone for ever—they
dare not even look at you through a sheet
of paper! How "many a time and oft"
have they fired their *feux de joie* on the
king's birthday—how many thousand
changes pealed for the alderman's annual
feast—how many "tiddle-lol-tols" played
on the celebration of your election—
parish dinners, &c. &c. Then think of
their fine—half-minute—scientific—elo-
quent "tolls" for the death of the "young
—the brave—and the fair!" Oh!—
respectable gentlemen in office—"think
of these things."

I can aver, the ringers of St. Mary's are
only to be equalled in the *variety* of their
tunes, and unaccountable changes, by "the
most hideous noise" of our Waterloo-road
bellmen. I suppose they *are* a "*young*
company." I can only say, then, I wish
they were *old*, if there were any chance of
their playing in tune and time.

And now, farewell, my good "old
ringers" of St. James's. I have done all I
can for you, and will say there is as much
difference between your ringing and the
"*young company*" at St. Mary's, as there
is between the fiddling of the late Billy
Waters and Signor Spagnoletti, the leader
of the large theatre in the Haymarket!

Farewell! May you have possession of
St. Mary's steeple by the time you see
this in the *Every-Day Book*; and may the
first merry peal be given in honour of your
considerate and faithful townsman—

S. R.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 • 67

July 5.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the fifth of July, 1685, the duke of
Monmouth's enterprise against James
II. was ended by the battle of Sedgemoor,
near Bridgwater, in Somersetshire. The
duke's army consisting of native followers
attacked the king's veteran troops, routed
them, and would finally have conquered,
if error in Monmouth as a leader, and
the cowardice of lord Gray, one of his
commanders, had not devoted them to
defeat.

LETTER OF

Oliver Cromwell*Now first published.*

To several letters of distinguished individuals, first brought to light in these sheets, the editor is enabled to add another. If the character of the writer, and the remarkable event he communicates, be considered in connection with the authority to whom the letter was addressed, it will be regarded as a document of real importance.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

July 1, 1826.

Sir,—I had intended to have sent you this communication in time for insertion under the date of the twenty-sixth of June, which, according to the New Style, corresponds with the fourteenth, on which the letter was written, a copy of which I send:—it is from Oliver Cromwell to the Speaker Lenthall, giving an account of the battle of Naseby.—It was presented to me a great many years ago by a friend in Northamptonshire, and is, I think, an historical curiosity.—I make no comment on its style; it speaks for itself.

I am, &c.

E. S. F.

[COPY.]

*"To the Honourable W. LENTHALL,**"Speaker to the Commons House of Parliament.*

"Sir,

"Being Commanded by you to this Service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us: We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Haversbrowe, and quartered about Six Miles from him—he drew out to meet us—Both armies engag'd.—We, after three hours fight—very doubtful,—at last routed his army—kill'd and took about 5000—very many officers—but of what quality, we yet know not.—We took also about 200 Carag, all he had—and all his Guns being 12 in number—whereof two were Denij Culverins and I think the rest Fasesces—we pursued the

Enemy from three miles short of Haversbrowe to nine beyond—Ever to sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.—Sir—this is none other but the hand of God:—and to him alone belongs the Glory—wherein none are to share with him.—The General served you with all faithfulness and honor—and the best recommendation I can give of him is, that I dare say, he attributes all to God and would rather perish than to assume to himself, which is an honest and thriving way.—Yet as much for Bravery must be given him in this Action as to a man.—Honest men served you faithfully in this Action.—Sir they are trusty—I beseech you, in the Name of God, not to discourage them.—I wish this Action may beget thankfulness and Humility in all that are concern'd in it—He that ventures his Life for the good of his Country—I wish he trusts God for the liberty of his Conscience and yet for the Liberty he fights for.—In this, he rests who is your most humble Servant

"O. Cromwell."

"Haversbrowe, June 14, 1645."

The gentleman who possesses Cromwell's original letter is known to the editor, who thus publicly expresses his thanks to him, as he has done privately for having communicated so valuable a historical document to the public, through the *Every-Day Book*.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL,
Edinburgh.

With the particulars respecting the foundation in the present volume, it was intended to give the two engravings subjoined. They were ready, and the printer waited for them, and delayed the publication an entire day, while the engraver messenger carried them about with him without the accompaniment of a recollection that they were in his pocket, until after the sheet had appeared without them. This is a disclosure of one of the many "secret sorrows" lately endured by the editor, who begs the reader to bear in mind that the cuts belong to col. 766.



ARMS OF GEORGE HERIOT.

This armorial bearing is carved on many parts of the edifice.

George Heriot

The present fac-simile of his signature, is from one engraved from his subscription to an "account," in his "Memoirs" before quoted.

SWAN-HOPPING SEASON.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

June 24, 1826.

Sir,—It was about this season of the year, though I am not aware of any precise day being fixed for the excursion, that the chief magistrate of the city, in his stately barge, attended by all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of flags, gilding, and music, used, when I was a boy, which is a good thirty years ago, to proceed up the river Thames as far as Staines, and, I believe, pour a glass of wine, or perform some such ceremony, upon a stone, which, standing in a meadow a short distance above Staines-bridge, marks the city's watery jurisdiction. The custom may, for aught I know to the contrary, be still continued, though I suspect has become obsolete, and my conjecture is strengthened by not observing in your *Every-Day Book* any mention of this civic excursion, or "*Swan-hopping*," as I believe it was called. My reason for reviving the memory of it now, is to introduce an authentic anecdote. Your invitations to correspondents have been

frequent; and should I be fortunate enough to assist you to a column in a way that will be gratifying to you and your numerous readers, I shall rejoice in the opportunity.

I am, Sir, &c.

N. G

City Swan-hopping.

The following curious circumstance occurred, several years ago, at a tavern in the vicinity of Putney-bridge. Several members of one of the city companies having accompanied the chief magistrate on an excursion up the river, quitted his lordship, and landed at the house in question. A boat containing a party of six ladies, elegantly dressed, and rowed by two watermen, in scarlet jackets, put in at the same time.

The happy citizens relieved from the controul of their dames, could not resist this opportunity of showing their gallantry and politeness. They stepped forward and offered their aid to assist the ladies in landing; the offer was accepted; and this act of civility was followed by others. They walked, talked, and laughed together, till dinner was announced. The gentlemen went to the larger room; the ladies sat down to a repast laid out for them by their order in a smaller one.

After some time the ladies again returned to the lawn, where the gentlemen occasionally joined them and continued their civilities till the watermen informed them the tide served for their return to town. The gentlemen then assisted the ladies on board, and wished them a safe voyage. Soon after they called for their bill, which was handed to the chairman in due form; but it is impossible to express the surprise which marked his countenance on reading the following items:—"Dinner, desert, wine, tea, &c. for the ladies, 7*l.* 10*s.*;" together with a charge of twelve shillings for servants' refreshments. The landlord was sent for and questioned as to this charge, who said the ladies had desired the bill should be delivered to their *spouses*, who would settle it. An explanation now took place, when it appeared the parties were strangers to each other; for these sprightly dames, taking advantage of the occasional civilities of the gallant and unsuspecting *swan-hoppers* had imposed themselves on honest *Boniface*, nothing loth perhaps to be imposed on, as the wives of the city company, and, as such, had been served with an elegant

dinner, desert, wine, &c. which they had left their *husbands* to pay for. The discovery at first disconcerted the gentlemen, but the wine they had drank having opened their hearts and inspired them with liberality, they took the trick put upon them in good part, and paid the bill; and the recollection of the *wives* of the city company, long afterwards afforded them an ample subject for conversation and laughter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—The following beautiful ones were written in the summer of the year 1808, at Sheffield, and have not been published; as they are no mean effusion perhaps they will not disgrace your interesting little work.

Believe me, Sir, &c.

July 9, 1826.

C. T.

THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

When the sun's dazzling brightness oppresses the day,
How delightful to ramble the forests among!
And thro' the arched boughs hung with woodbine so gay,
To view the rich landscape, to hear the sweet song!

And lo! where the charms of the wild woodland vale,
Expanding in beauty, enrapture the sight;
Here the woods in dark majesty wave in the gale,
There the lawns and the hills are all blazing in light.

From yonder high rocks, down the foaming stream rushes,
Then gleams thro' the valley o'ershadowed with trees,
While the songsters of spring, warbling wild from the bushes,
With exquisite melody charm the faint breeze.

The peasant boy now with his cattle descends,
Winding slow to the brook down the mountain's steep tide;
Where the larch o'er the precipice mournfully bends,
And the mountain-ash waves in luxuriance beside.

And mark yonder oak—'tis the cliff's nodding crest,
That spreads its wide branches and towers sublime;
The morning's first glances alight on its breast,
And evening there spends the last glimpse of her time.

But hark! the storm bursts, and the raging winds sweep—
See the lightning's swift flash strikes its branches all bare!
E'en the leaves, where the sunbeams delighted to sleep,
Are scorched in the blaze, and are whirled thro' the air.

Yet the shrubs in the vale closely sheltered from harm,
Untouch'd by the tempest, scarce whisper a sound;
While the mountains reecho the thunder's alarm,
The winds are restrained by the rock's massy bound.

Thus the rich and the great who engross fortune's smiles,
Feel the rankling of care often torture their rest,
While peace all the toils of the peasant beguiles,
Or hope's higher raptures awake in his breast.

Then mine be the lot of the willow that weeps,
Unseen in the glen o'er the smooth flowing rill,
'Mongst whose pensile branches the flow'ret creeps,
And the strains of the night-bird the ear sweetly thrill

Some nook in the valley of life shall be mine,
Where time imperceptibly swiftly glides by,
True friendship and love round my heart shall entwine,
And sympathy start the warm tear in my eye.

Then haply my wild harp will make such sweet notes,
That the traveller climbing the rock's craggy brow,
May stop and may list, as the music still floats,
And think of the bard in the valley below.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 32.

July 6.

OLD MIDSUMMER DAY.

This day is still marked in our almanacs, on account of its being adhered to, in a few places, as a "good old day," of the "good old times."

LAYING OUT OF LANDS

In the Parish of Puxton, Somerset.

The subjoined letter was duly received according to its date, and is now in due time inserted. The editor has very few commissions of this kind to apologize for: if he has prematurely, and therefore unluckily, introduced some communications which arrived too late for their proper days, he may be excused, perhaps, in consideration of the desire expressed by some correspondents, that their papers should appear in a "reasonable" time or not at all. Unhappily he has experienced the mishap of a "reasonable" difference, with one or two of his contributors. From the plan of this work, certain matters-of-fact could only range, with propriety, under certain days; while it has been conceived of, by some, as a magazine wherein any thing could come, at any time. In this dilemma he has done the best in his power, and introduced, in a few instances, papers of that nature out of place. On two or three occasions, indeed, it seemed a courtesy almost demanded by the value of such articles, that they should not await the rotation of the year. The following curiously descriptive account of a remarkable local custom is from a Somersetshire gentleman, who could be relied on for a patient endurance of nine months, till this due season arrived.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Bristol, October 19, 1825.

Sir,—Having observed in your *Every-*

Day Book, p. 837, vol i. mention of an ancient custom of dividing lands, which formerly took place on the Saturday before old midsummer-day, in the parish of Puxton, in Somersetshire, (taken from Mr. Collinson's history of that county,) I now send you a more explicit and enlarged account, with the marks as they were cut in each person's allotment.

The two large pieces of common land called Dolemoors, which lie in the parishes of Congresbury, Week St. Lawrence and Puxton, were allotted in the following manner. On the Saturday preceding midsummer-day O. S. the several proprietors (of the estates having any right in those moors) or their tenants, were summoned at a certain hour in the morning, by the ringing of one of the bells at Puxton, to repair to the church, in order to see the chain (kept for the purpose of laying out Dolemoors) measured. The proper length of such chain was ascertained by placing one end thereof at the foot of the arch, dividing the chancel from the body of the church, and extending it through the middle aisle, to the foot of the arch of the west door under the tower, at each of which places marks were cut in the stones for that purpose. The chain used for this purpose was only eighteen yards in length, consequently four yards shorter than the regular land-measuring chain. After the chain had been properly measured, the parties repaired to the commons. Twenty-four apples were previously prepared, bearing the following marks, viz. Five marks called "Pole-axes," four ditto "Crosses," two ditto "Dung-forks, or Dung-pikes," one mark called "Four Oxen and a Mare," one ditto "Two Pits," one ditto "Three Pits," one ditto "Four Pits," one ditto "Five Pits," one ditto "Seven Pits," one "Horn," one "Hare's-tail," one "Duck's-nest," one "Oven," one "Shell," one "Evil," and one "Hand-reel."

It is necessary to observe that each of these moors was divided into several

portions called furlongs, which were marked out by strong oak posts, placed at regular distances from each other; which posts were constantly kept up. After the apples were properly prepared, they were put into a hat or bag, and certain persons fixed on for the purpose, began to measure with the chain before-mentioned, and proceeded till they had measured off one acre of ground; at the end of which, the boy who carried the hat or bag containing the marks took out one of the apples, and the mark which such apple bore, was immediately cut in the turf with a large knife kept for that purpose: this knife was somewhat in the shape of a scimeter with its edge reversed. In this manner they proceeded till the whole of the commons were laid out, and each proprietor knowing the mark and furlong which belonged to his estate, he took possession of his allotment or allotments accordingly, for the ensuing year. An adjournment then took place to the house of one of the overseers, where a certain number of acres reserved for the purpose of paying expenses, and called the "out-let or out-drift," were let by inch of candle.

During the time of letting, the whole party were to keep silence, (except the person who bid,) under the penalty of one shilling. When any one wished to bid, he named the price he would give, and immediately deposited a shilling on the table where the candle stood; the next who bid, also named his price and deposited his shilling in like manner, and the person who first bid was then to take up his shilling. The business of letting thus proceeded till the candle was burnt out, and the last bidder, prior to that event, was declared the tenant of the out-let, or out-drift, for the ensuing year.

Two overseers were annually elected from the proprietors or their tenants. A quantity of strong ale or brown-stout was allowed for the feast, or "revel," as it was called; also bread, butter and cheese, together with pipes and tobacco, of which any reputable person, whose curiosity or casual business led him to Puxton on that day, was at liberty to partake, but he was expected to deposit at his departure one shilling with the overseer, by way of forfeit for his intrusion. The day was generally spent in sociality and mirth, frequently of a boisterous nature, from the exhilarating effects of the brown-stout before alluded to; for it rarely happened

but that some of the junior part of the company were desirous of making a trial of their skill in the *sublime* art of pugilism when hard knocks, thumps, bangs, and kicks, and consequently black eyes, bloody noses, and sore bones, were distributed with the greatest liberality amongst the combatants.

"And now the field of *Death*, the lists
Are enter'd by antagonists."

In this stage of the business, some venerable yeoman usually stepped forward and harangued the contending parties, in some such speech as the following, which I am sorry to say was most commonly thrown away upon these pot-valiant champions:—

"What rage, O friends! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?"

Yet after these *civil* broils, the parties seldom bore each other any grudge or ill-will, and generally at the conclusion of the contest,

"Tho' sorely bruis'd, their limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs still stiff and sore,"

















they shook hands, became good friends again, and departed with the greatest sang-froid to apply

"Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
They got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang."

In the year 1779, an attempt was made to procure an act of parliament for allotting these moors in perpetuity; but an opposition having been made by a majority of the proprietors, the plan was relinquished. I have now by me a printed copy of the bill drawn up on that occasion. The land, however, was actually enclosed and allotted in the year 1811, and the ancient mode of dividing it, and consequently the drunken festival, or *revel* from that time discontinued.

The following marks are correct delineations of those used, being taken from the originals in the book appropriated for the purpose of keeping the accounts of this very singular and ancient usage

The Marks for Allotting Bolmoors.

	No. of each.	
Pole-axe	5	
Cross	4	
Dung-fork, or pike	2	
Four Oxen & a Mare	1	
Two Pits	1	
Three Pits	1	
Four Pits	1	
Five Pits	1	
Seven Pits	1	
Horn	1	
Hare's-tail	1	
Duck's-nest	1	
Oven	1	
Shell	1	
Evil	1	
Hand-reel	1	

A—d B——tt Delt.

have from my youth lived within a miles of the place mentioned, and e often heard of the "humours of lmoor revel," and on one occasion ended personally the whole day for the pose of observing them, and ascertain- the customs of this rude, rural festival. the customs before-mentioned are now ome obsolete, it would be pleasing to

many of your readers, to see them re- corded in your very interesting and popu- lar work. These customs originated in all probability with our Saxon ances- tors, and it would be unpardonable to consign them to total oblivion.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

47 B

After this description of the method of "laying out of lands," at a period of the year when steam boats are conveying visitors to the "watering places on the Thames," it seems prudent and seasonable to notice another custom—

LAYING OUT OF WIVES

In the Fens of Essex and Kent.

And, first, as to this "grave" custom on the London side of the Thames, we have the epistolary testimony of a writer in the year 1773, viz.—

Sir,—Nothing but that unaccountable variety of life, which my stars have imposed upon me, could have apologised for my taking a journey to the fens of Essex. Few strangers go into those scenes of desolation, and fewer still (I find) return from thence—as you shall hear.

When I was walking one morning between two of the banks which restrain the waters in their proper bounds, I met one of the inhabitants, a tall and emaciated figure, with whom I entered into conversation. We talked concerning the manners and peculiarities of the place, and I condoled with him very pathetically on his forlorn and meagre appearance. He gave me to understand, however, that his case was far from being so desperate as I seemed to apprehend it, for that he had never looked better since he buried the first of his last nine wives.

"Nine wives!" rejoined I, eager and astonished, "have you buried nine wives?"

"Yes," replied the fen-man, "and I hope to bury nine more."

"Bravissimo!"—This was so far from allaying my astonishment, that it increased it. I then begged him to explain the miraculous matter, which he did in the following words:—

"Lord! master," said he, "we people in the fens here be such strange creatures, that there be no creatures like us; we be like fish, or water-fowl, or others, for we be able to live where other folks would die sure enough."

He then informed me, that to reside in the fens was a certain and quick death to people who had not been bred among them; that therefore when any of the fen-men wanted a wife, they went into the upland country for one, and that, after they carried her down among the fens, she never survived long: that after her death they went to the uplands for another, who also died; then "another, and

another, and another," for they all followed each other as regular as the change of the moon; that by these means some "poor fellows" had picked up a good living and collected together from the whole a little snug fortune; that he himself had made more money this way than he ever could do by his labour, for that he was now at his tenth wife, and she could not possibly stand it out above three weeks longer; that these proceedings were very equitable, for such girls as were born among themselves they sent into the uplands to get husbands, and that, in exchange, they took their young women as wives; that he never knew a better custom in his life, and that the only comfort he ever found against the ill-nature and caprice of women was the fens. This woman-killer then concluded with desiring me, if I had a wife with whom I was not over head and ears in love, to bring her to his house, and it would kill her as effectually as any doctor in Christendom could do. This offer I waved; for you know, sir, that (thank God) I am not married.

This strange conversation of my friend, the fen-man, I could not pass over without many reflections; and I thought it my duty to give notice to my countrymen concerning a place which may be converted in so peculiar a manner to their advantage.*

So far is from the narrative of a traveller into *Essex*, who, be it observed, "speaks for himself," and whose account is given "without note or comment;" it being certain that every rightly affected reader will form a correct opinion of such a narrator, and of the "fearful estate" of "upland women" who marry "lowland men."

As regards the "custom of Kent," in this matter, we have the account of a "Steam-boat Companion," who, turning "to the Kentish shore," says thus:—

YENLET CREEK

Divides the isle of Grean from All-hallows, on the main land, and from the cliff marshes.

Who would believe while beholding these scenes of pleasure before us, that for six months in the year the shores of this hundred (Hoo) were only to be explored by the amphibious; that the sun is sel-

dom seen for the fog, and that every creature in love with life, flies the swamps of Hoo, preferring any station to its ague dealing vapours, its fenny filth, and muddy flats; a station, that during the winter season is destitute of every comfort, but fine eels, luscious flounders, smuggled brandy, Holland's gin, and sea-coal fire. We will here relate a whimsical circumstance that once took place in this neighbourhood while we were of the party.

It was at that time of the year when nature seems to sicken at her own infirmities, we think it was in the month of November, we were bound to Sheerness, but the fog coming on so gloomily that no man could discover his hand a yard before him, our waterman, whether by design or accident we cannot pretend to say, mistook the Thames, and rowed up the Yenlet creek. After a long, cold, and stubborn pull, protesting at the time he had never (man or boy) seen any thing so dismal, he landed us near Saint Mary's, that church yonder, with the very lofty and white spire, and then led us to an alehouse, the sign of which he called the *Red Cock and Cucumber*, and the aleman he hailed by the merry name of

John Piper,

And a very pleasant fellow John turned out to be; if he was a little hyperbolic, his manner sufficiently atoned for the transgression. The gloom of the day was soon forgotten, and the stench arising from filthy swamps less regarded. At our entrance we complained heavily of the insupportable cloud with which we had been enveloped.

"Ha! ha! ha!" sang out the landlord, to be sure it is too thick to be eaten with a spoon, and too thin to be cut with knife, but it is not so intolerable as a colding wife, or a hungry lawyer."

"Curse the fog," cried our waterman, "Bless the fog," answered our landlord, "for it has made a man of me for life."

"How do you make that appear?" we requested to know.

"Set you down, sir, by a good sea-coal fire, for we pay no pool duties here, take our grog merrily, and I'll tell you all about it presently," rejoined the tapster, when drawing a wooden stool towards us, while his wife was preparing the bowl, John Piper thus began:—

"You must know, sir, I was born in this fog, and so was my mother and her relatives for many past generations; there-

fore you will see, sir, a fog is as natural to me as a duck-pool to a dab-chick. When poor dame Piper died, I found myself exceedingly melancholy to live alone on these marshes, so determined to change my condition by taking a wife. It was very fortunate for me, sir, I knew a rich old farmer in the *uplands*, and he had three blooming daughters, and that which made the thing more desirable, he had determined to give each a portion of his honourably acquired property. The farmer had for many years been acquainted with my good father, gone to rest, and this gave me courage to lay my case before him. The elder girl was the bird for me, the farmer gave his consent, and we were married. Directly after, I quitted the uplands for the fog, with a pretty wife and five hundred golden guineas in my pocket, as good as ever bribed a lawyer to sell his client, or a parliament-man to betray his country. This was a good beginning, sir, but alas! there is no comfort without a cross; my wife had been used from her infancy to a fine keen open air, and our lowland vapours so deranged her constitution, that within nine months, Margaret left me and went to heaven.

"Being so suddenly deprived of the society of one good woman, where could I apply for another, better than to the sack from whence I drew the first sample? The death of my dear wife reflected no disgrace on me, and the old man's second daughter having no objection to a good husband, we presently entered into the bonds of holy matrimony, and after a few days of merriment, I came home with Susan, from the sweet hills to the fogs of the *lowlands*, and with four hundred as good guineas in my purse as ever gave new springs to the life of poverty. Similar causes, sir, they say produce similar effects; and this is certainly true, for in somewhere about nine months more, Susan slept with her sister.

"I ran to the *uplands* again, to condole with my poor old Nestor, and some how or other so managed the matter, that his youngest daughter, Rosetta, conceived a tender affection for Piper. I shall never forget it, sir, while I have existence; I had been there but a few days, when the good farmer, with tears in his eyes, thus addressed me: 'Piper, you have received about nine hundred pounds of my money, and I have about the same sum left; now, son, as you know how to make a good use of it, I think it is a pity it should go

out of the family; therefore, if you have a fancy for Rosetta, I will give you three hundred pounds more, and the remnant at my departure.*

"Sir, I had always an aversion to stand *shilly shally*, 'make haste and leave nothing to waste,' says the old proverb. The kind girl was consenting, and we finished the contract over a mug of her father's best October. From the hills we ran to the *fogland*, and in less than two years more, poor Rosetta was carried up the church-way path, where the three sisters, as they used to do in their infancy, lie by the side of each other; and the old man dying of grief for the loss of his favourite, I placed him at their head, and became master of a pretty property.

"A short time after, a wealthy widow from Barham, (of the same family,) came in the summer time to our place. I saw her at church, and she set her cap at Piper; I soon married her for her *Eldorado metal*, but alas! she turned out a shrew. 'Nil desperandum' said I, Piper, to myself, the *winter* is coming in good time; the winter came, and stood my friend; for the *fog* and the *ague* took her by the hand and led her to Abraham's bosom.

"An innkeeper's relict was the next I ventured on, she had possessions at Sittingbourne, and they were hardly mine before my good friend, the fog, laid Arabella 'at *all-fours*' under the turf, in St. Mary's churchyard; and now, sir, her sister, the cast-off of a rich Jew, fell into my trap, and I led her smiling, like a vestal, to the temple of Hymen; but although the most lively and patient creature on earth, she could not resist the powers of the *fog*, and I for the sixth time became a widower, with an income of three hundred a year, and half the cottages in this blessed hundred. To be brief, sir, I was now in want of nothing but a contented mind; thus, sir, through the *fog* you treated with such malignity, I became qualified for a country member. But alas! sir, there is always something unpleasant to mingle with the best of human affairs, envy is ever skulking behind us, to squeeze her gall-bag into the cup of our comforts, and when we think ourselves in safety, and may sing the song of 'O! be joyful,' our merriment ends with a 'miseracordia.'"

After a short pause, "Look, sir," said Piper, in a loud whisper, "at that woman in the bar, now making the grog, she

is my seventh wife; with her I had a fortune also, but of a different nature from all the rest. I married her without proper consideration—the wisest are sometimes overtaken; Solomon had his disappointments; would you think it, sir? she was *fogborn* like myself, and withal, is so tough in her constitution, that I fear she will hold me a tight tug to the end of my existence, and become my survivor."

"Ha! ha! ha!" interjected Mrs. Piper, (who had heard all the long tale of the tapster,) "there is no fear about that, John, and bury as many *upland husbands*, when you lie under the turf, as you, with the fog, have smothered *wives*."

Our Yorick now became chop-fallen, and a brisk wind springing up from the north-west, the fog abated, and we took to our boat.*

If there be truth in these narratives, the "*lowland lasses*" of the creeks, have good reason for their peculiar liking to "*highland laddies*;" and "*upland*" girls had better "*with*er on the virgin thorn," than marry "*lowland*" suitors and—

"Fall as the leaves do
And die in October."

Far be it from the editor, to bring the worthy "neither fish nor flesh" swains, of the Kent and Essex fens and fogs, into contempt; he knows nothing about them. What he has set down he found in "the books," and, having given his authorities, he wishes them every good they desire—save wives from the *uplands*.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 75.

July 7.

THOMAS A BECKET.

Strange to say, the name of this saint, so obnoxious to the early reformers, is still retained in the church of England calendar; the fact is no less strange that the day of his festival is the anniversary of the translation of his relics from the undercroft of the cathedral of Canterbury, in the year 1220, to a sumptuous shrine at the east end of the church, whither they attracted crowds of pilgrims, and, according to the legends of the Romish church, worked abundant miracles.

* The Steam-boat Companion, by Thomas Nichol 1823, p. 150



St. Thomas a Becket.

This engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Harding, who states that he made it from a very rare engraving. The drawing belongs to Mr. J. J. A. F., who favoured the editor by lending it for the present purpose.

St. Thomas of Canterbury, bishop and martyr, attained the primacy during the reign of Henry II. He advanced the interests of the church against the interests of the kingdom, till a parliament declared his possessions forfeited, and Becket having left the kingdom, Henry seized the revenues of the see.

It appears from an old tract that this churchman was a swordsman. He accompanied Henry in one of his campaigns with a retinue of seven hundred knights and gentlemen, kept twelve hundred horse

in his own pay, and bore his dignity with the carriage of the proudest baron. "His bridle was of silver, his saddle of velvet, his stirrups, spurs, and bosses, double-gilt. His expenses far surpassing the expenses of an earl. He fed with the fattest, was clad with the softest, and kept company with the pleasantest. And the king made him his chancellor, in which office he passed the pomp and pride of Thomas [Wolsey] Cardinal, as far as the one's shrine passeth the other's tomb in glory and riches. And, after that, he was a man of war, and captain of five or six thousand men in full harness, as bright as St. George, and his spear in his hand; and encountered whosoever came against him, and overthrew the jollyest rutter that was in all the host of France. And out of the field, hot from blood-shedding, was

he made bishop of Canterbury, and did put off his helm, and put on his mitre; put off his harness, and on with his robes; and laid down his spear, and took his cross, ere his hands were cold; and so came, with a lusty courage of a man of war, to fight another while against his prince for the pope; when his prince's cause were with the law of God and the pope's clean contrary."

After his disgrace by the king he wore a hair shirt, ate meats of the driest, excommunicated his brother bishops, and "was favoured with a revelation of his martyrdom," at Pontigni. Alban Butler says, "whilst he lay prostrate before the altar in prayers and tears, he heard a voice, saying distinctly, 'Thomas, Thomas, my church shall be glorified in thy blood.' The saint asked, 'Who art thou, Lord?' and the same voice answered, 'I am Jesus Christ, the son of the living God, thy brother.'" He then returned to England, excited rebellious commotions, and on Christmas-day, 1170, preached his last sermon to his flock, on the text, "And peace to men of good-will on earth." These are the words wherein Alban Butler expresses the "text," which, it may be as well to observe, is a garbled passage from the New Testament, and was altered perhaps to suit the saint's views and application. Room cannot be afforded in this place for particulars of his preceding conduct, or an exact description of his death, which is well-known to have been accomplished by "four knights," who, from attachment to the king, according to the brutal manners of those days, revenged his quarrel by killing St. Thomas, while at prayers in Canterbury cathedral.

The following interesting paper relates to one of the knights who slew Becket—

SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

June, 1826.

Sir,—I beg leave to transmit to you an account of the burialplace of sir William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry the Second. I regret, at the same time, that distance

from the spot precludes the possibility of my taking a drawing of the tomb, but have by me its measurement, and the inscription, which I copied with as great care as possible when there.

The parish church of Morthoe, probably built by Tracy himself, is situated on the bold and rocky coast of the north of Devon. It stands on an eminence near the sea-shore, is sheltered by hills of the north and south, but open towards the west, on which side is the fine bay of Woolacombe. The interior of the church presents the humblest appearance; its length is near 80 feet, its breadth 18, excepting the middle, which, with an aisle measures 30. On the west side is a recess, 15 feet by 14, in the centre of which is the vault, containing the remains of de Tracy. The rustic inhabitants of the parish can give no other account of the tomb than the traditionary one, that it contains the remains of a giant, to whom in the olden time, all that part of the country belonged.

The vault itself is 2 feet 4 in. high, 7 feet 6 in. long at the base; three feet and a half broad at one end of ditto, and two feet and a half, at the other. The large black slab covering the top of the vault is half a foot in thickness. Engraved on this slab is the figure of a person in robes, holding a chalice in one hand; and round the border is an inscription, which is now almost illegible. I had a drawing of the whole, which I have lost, but with the account I wrote at the time of visiting the place, I have preserved the inscription, as far as I was able to make it out.*

On the east side of the vault are three armorial bearings, and the carved figure of two nuns; on the north is the crucifixion; on the west side, there is nothing but Gothic carving; and the south end is plain.

An old and respectable farmer, residing at Morthoe, informed me that about fifty or sixty years ago "a gentleman from London" came down to take an account of the tomb, and carried away with him the skull and one of the thigh bones of de Tracy. He opened and examined the vault with the connivance of a negligent

* Unfortunately it was not discovered that some of the letters, in the inscription referred to, could not be represented by the usual Saxon types, till was too late to remedy the accident by having the engraven on wood; and hence the inscription is, necessarily, omitted.—Editor.

and eccentric minister, then resident in the parish, who has left behind him a fame by no means to be envied.

The gentleman alluded to by the worthy rector was no doubt the celebrated antiquary Gough, who, in his "Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain," has given a long account of the life and burialplace of Tracy. In his introduction to that laborious and very valuable work, page lxxiii. he says:—"The instances of figures cut in the slab, and not inlaid with metal, are always blacked, are not uncommon." Among the instances which he cites to illustrate this remark, he mentions the slab on the vault of "William de Tracy, Rector of Morthoe, Devon, 1322."—Here we find the gigantic knight dwindled to a parson; and the man whose name should be for ever remembered with gratitude by his countrymen, the hero who happily achieved a far more arduous enterprise, a work of greater glory than did the renowned but fabled saint, over the devour-

ing dragon—forgotten beneath the robe of an obscure village rector! The parish of Morthoe is, however, not a rectory, but what is called a "perpetual curacy," and the living is at present not worth much more than seventy pounds per annum.

Since I have, by the merest accident, got hold of Gough, I will extract what he records of the forgotten Tracy, as it may not be unentertaining to the lover of history to peruse a detail of the ultimate fate of one of the glorious four, who delivered their country from perhaps the greatest pest that was ever sent to scourge it.

"William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Becket, has been generally supposed, on the authority of Mr. Risdon, (p. 116.) to have built an aisle in the church of Morthoe, Devon; and to have therein an altar-tomb about 2 feet high, with his figure engraven on a grey slab of Purbeck marble, 7 feet by 3, and 7 inches thick, and this inscription, [in Saxon capitals,]

"SYRE [Guillau] ME DE TRACY [gist icy, Diu de son al] ME
EYT MERCY.

"On the upper end of this tomb is carved in relief the crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John, and on the north side some Gothic arches, and these three coats; 1. Az. 3 lions passant guardant, arg. 2. Arg. 3. two bars, G. Az. a saltire, or.—The first of these is the coat of William Camville, formerly patron of his church: the second, that of the Martins, formerly lords of Barnstaple, who had lands in this neighbourhood: the third, that of the Saint Albins, who had also estates in the adjoining parish of Georgeham.

"The figure on the slab is plainly that of a priest in his sacerdotal habit, holding a chalice between his hands, as in the act of consecration.—Bishop Capledon's register, though it does not contain the year of his institution, fixes the date of his death in the following terms, 'Anno, 1322, 16 Decr. Thomas Robertus presentat. ad eccles. de Morthoe decanem per mortem Wilhelmi de Traci, de dominic. primo post nativ. Virginis per mortem Will. de Campvill.'

"The era of the priest is therefore 40 years later than that of the knight. It does not appear by the episcopal registers that the Tracies were ever patrons of Morthoe, except in the following instances:—

"Anno, 1257, Cal. Junii, John Allworthy, presented by Henry de Traci, guardian of the lands and heirs of Ralph de Brag. Anno, 1275. Thomas Capelanus was presented to this rectory by Philip de Weston. In 1330, Feb. 5, Henry de la Mace was presented to this rectory by William de Camville. In 1381, Richard Hopkins was presented by the dean and chapter of Exeter, who are still patrons.

"It is probable that the stone with the inscription to William de Tracy did not originally belong to the altar-tomb on which it now lies; but by the arms seems rather to have been erected for the patron William de Camville, it being unusual in those days to raise so handsome a monument for a priest, especially as the altar-tomb and slab are of very different materials, and the benefice itself is of very inconsiderable value. It is also probable the monument of Traci lay on the ground, and that when this monument was broken open, according to Risdon, in the last century, this purbeck slab was placed upon the altar-tomb though it did not at first belong to it.

"The Devonshire antiquaries assert that sir William de Tracy retired to this place after he had murdered Becket. But this tradition seems to rest on no better au-

thority than the misrepresentation of the inscription here given, and because the family of Traci possessed the fourth part of a fee in Woolacombe within this parish, which is still called after their name. But the Tracies had many possessions in this country, as Bovey Traci, Nymett Traci, Bedford Traci, &c. William de Traci held the honor of Barnstaple, in the beginning of Henry the Second's reign. King John granted the Barony of Barnstaple to Henry de Traci, in the 15th of his reign; and the family seem to have been possessed of it in the reign of Henry III. I am indebted to the friendship of the present Dean of Exeter for the above observations, which ascertain the monument in question.

"I shall digress no farther on this subject than to observe of sir William de Traci, that four years after the murder of Becket he had the title of Steward, i. e. Justice of Normandy, which he held but two years. He was in arms against

King John in the last year of his reign and his estate was confiscated; but on his return to his allegiance, 2 Henry II. it was restored. He was living, 7 Henry III. (Dugd. Bar. i. 622.) consequently died about or after 1223, having survived Becket upwards of 57 years."*

Another slight mention is made of Tracy in p. 26. In describing Becket's shrine he quotes Stowe to this effect,—"The shrine of Thomas à Becket (says Stowe) was builded about a man's height all of stone, then upward of timber plait within which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of Thomas Becket's skull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his skull laid in the same wound." Gough remarks:—"He should have added the point of Sir William Traci, the four assassin's sword, which broke off again the pavement, after cutting off his skull so that the brains came out.

'In thulke stede the verthe smot, y^t the other adde er ydo,
And the point of is suerd brec in the marbreston a tuo,
Zat thulke point at Canterbury the monckes lateth wite,
Vor honor of the holi man y^t therewith was ismite.
With thulke strok he smot al of the scolle & eke the crowne
That the brain ron al ebrod in the pavement ther donne.'"

(Robert of Gloucester. p. 476)

This long extract, Mr. Editor, has, I confess, made me rather casuistical on the subject of Tracy's tomb. I shall, however, search some of the old chronicles and see if they throw any light upon the biography of our knight. Hume mentions Tracy, and his three companions, but is perfectly silent with respect to the cutting off the top of the churchman's skull. His words are, "they followed him thither, attacked him before the altar, and having cloven his head with many blows, retired without meeting any opposition." Should you, in the mean time, insert this, you will shortly hear again from

Your obedient servant,

R A. R.

Distrusting his own judgment on the subject of the preceding letter, the editor laid it before a gentleman whose erudition he could rely on for the accuracy of any opinion he might be pleased to express, and who obligingly writes as follows:—

THE TOMB AT MORTHOE.

R. A. R.'s letter, submitted to me through the kindness of Mr. Hone, certainly conveys much interesting miscellaneous information, although it proves nothing, and leaves the question, of who is actually the tenant of this tomb, pretty much where he finds it. In my humble opinion, the circumstance of technical heraldic bearings, and those moreover quartered, being found upon it, completely negatives the idea of its being the tomb of Becket's assassin. It is well known that the first English subject who ever bore arms quarterly is Hastings, earl of Pembroke, who died in the reign of Edward III. and is buried in Westminster abbey.

Family arms seem not to have been continued adopted, till towards the time of Edward I.

W. P.

* Gough's Sepul. Mon. vol. i. p. 32, 40.

The death of Becket appears to have been sincerely deplored by Henry II., inasmuch as the pope and his adherents visited the sin of the four knights upon the king, and upbraided him with his subjects by ecclesiastical fulminations. He endeavoured to make peace with the church by submitting to a public whipping. A late biographer records his penance in the following sentences :

In 1174 king Henry went on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the late archbishop Becket, with the fame of whose miracles the whole realm was now filled, and whom the pope, by a bull dated in March the year before, had declared a saint and martyr, appointing an anniversary festival to be kept on the day of his death, in order (says the bull) that, being continually applied to by the prayers of the faithful, he should intercede with God for the clergy and people of England.

Henry, therefore, desiring to obtain for himself this intercession, or to make others believe that the wrath of an enemy, to whom it was supposed that such power was given, might be thus averted from him, thought it necessary to visit the shrine of this new-created saint ; and, as soon as he came within sight of the tower of Canterbury cathedral, (July 10,) at the distance of three miles, descended from his horse, and walked thither barefoot, over a road that was full of rough and sharp stones, which so wounded his feet that in many places they were stained with his blood.

When he got to the tomb, which was then in the crypt (or under-croft) of the church, he threw himself prostrate before it, and remained, for some time, in fervent prayer ; during which, by his orders, the bishop of London, in his name, declared to the people, that “ he had neither commanded, nor advised, nor by any artifice contrived the death of Becket, for the truth of which, he appealed, in the most solemn manner, to the testimony of God ; but, as the murderers of that prelate had taken occasion from his words, so inconsiderately spoken, to commit this offence, he voluntarily thus submitted himself to the discipline of the church ”

After this he was scourged, at his own request and command, by all the monks of the convent, assembled for that purpose, from every one of whom, and from several bishops and abbots there present, he received three or four stripes.

This sharp penance being done, he

returned to his prayers before the tomb, which he continued all that day, and all the next night, not even suffering a carpet to be spread beneath him, but kneeling on the hard pavement.

Early in the morning he went round all the altars of the church, and paid his devotions to the bodies of the saints there interred ; which having performed, he came back to Becket’s tomb, where he staid till the hour when mass was said in the church, at which he assisted.

During all this time he had taken no kind of food ; and, except when he gave his naked body to be whipped, was clad in sackcloth. Before his departure, (that he might fully complete the expiation of his sin, according to the notions of the church of Rome,) he assigned a revenue of forty pounds a year, to keep lights always burning in honour of Becket about his tomb. The next evening he reached London, where he found it necessary to be blooded, and rest some days.*

NATURALISTS’ CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 62° 00

July 8.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 8, 1533, Ariosto, the celebrated Italian poet, died at Ferrara : he was born in 1474, at the castle of Reggio in Lombardy.

THE SEASON.

In high summer, persons accustomed to live “ well ” should diminish the usual quantity of their viands and fluids : wine should be taken very sparingly, and spirituous liquors seldom. Habits of indulgence at this period of the year fill many graves.

It may not be amiss to cite

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT,

From the Bahama Gazette, June 30, 1795.

WHEREAS the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance, and finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said

* Lord Lyttleton.

practice, but through the impossibility to find the liquor; he therefore begs and prays that no persons will sell him, for money or on trust, any sort of spirituous liquors, as he will not in future pay it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interests of the public's humble, serious, and sober servant,

JAMES CHALMERS.

Witness WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Nassau, June 28, 1795.

ARRIVALS EXTRAORDINARY.

At the commencement of July, 1826, hedgehogs were seen wandering along

the most public streets of Oldham, in Lancashire, during the open day. It is presumed that, as the brooks from which these animals were wont to be supplied with drink had been dried up from the long-continued drought, they were obliged to throw themselves upon the mercy and protection of their "good neighbours in the town."*

In this month we have a host of whizzing insects to prevent our lassitude becoming downright laziness. From the kind of resentment they excite, we may pretty well imagine the temper and disposition of the persons they provoke.

* Manchester Gazette.

THE DROWNING FLY.

In yonder glass behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries we hear not, yet it loudly cries,
And gentle hearts can feel its agonies!
Poor helpless victim—and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the threatening wave?
Is there no friendly hand—no helper nigh,
And must thou, little struggler—must thou die?
Thou shalt not, whilst this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee!
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore,
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er.
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join thy numerous kindred in the air.
Away it flies; resumes its harmless play;
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed;
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed.
A young and sinking family to save:
To raise the infant from destruction's wave!
To you, for help, the victims lift their eyes—
Oh! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries;
Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
O'er their devoted heads the flood may close!

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 07.

July 9.

WOLVERHAMPTON FAIR.

Every year on the ninth of July, the eve of the *great fair* of Wolverhampton, there was formerly a procession of men in antique armour preceded by musicians playing

the *fair tune*, and followed by the steward of the deanry manor, the peace officers and many of the principal inhabitants. Tradition says, the ceremony originated when Wolverhampton was a great emporium of wool, and resorted to by merchants of the staple from all parts of England. The necessity of an armed force to keep peace and order during the fair (which is said to have lasted fourteen days, but the charter says only eight,) i

not improbable. This custom of *walking the fair*, as it was called, with the armed procession, &c. was first omitted about the year 1789.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 87.

July 10.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the tenth of July, 1740, died sir Charles Crispe, bart. of Oxfordshire. He was great-grandson of sir Nicholas Crispe, bart. who spent 100,000*l.* in the service of king Charles I. and II. He took out a commission of array for the city of London, for which the parliament offered 1000*l.* reward to bring him alive or dead. The city of London sent him commissioner to Breda, to invite over king Charles II. who took him in his arms, and kissed him, and said, "Surely the city has a mind highly to oblige me, by sending over my father's old friend to invite me." He was the first who settled a trade to the coast of Africa.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 85.

July 11.

CHRONOLOGY

On the eleventh of July, 1804, general Hamilton of New-York was killed in a duel by colonel Burr, the vice-president of the United States.

MEMORANDUM.

To Men of Honour.

WHEREAS certain persons who contain the obligations of religion, are nevertheless mindful of the law of the land : And whereas it is supposed by some of such persons, that parties contemplating to fight a duel and bound over before a magistrate to keep the peace, may, notwithstanding, fight such duel in foreign parts : BE IT KNOWN, that the law which extends protection to all its subjects, can also punish them for breach of duty, and that, therefore, offences by duelling beyond sea, are indictable and punishable in manner and form, the same as if such duels were fought within the United kingdom.

After this warning against a prevailing offence, we may become acquainted with the character of an unoffending individual, through the pen of a respected friend to this work.

CHEAP TOMMY.

For the Every-Day Book.

If I forget thee, worthy old Tam Hogg,
 May I forget that ever knives were cheap :—
 If I forget thy barrow huge and steep,
 Slow as a snail, and croaking like a frog :—
 Peripatetic, stoic, "cynic dog,"
 If from my memory perish thee, or thine,
 May I be doomed to gnaw asunder twine,
 Or shave with razor that has chipped a log !
 For in thy uncouth tabernacle dwelt
 Honest philosophy ; and oh ! far more
 Religion thy unstooping heart could melt,
 Nor scorned the muse to sojourn at thy door ;
 What pain, toil, poverty didst thou endure,
 Reckless of earth so heaven might find thee pure !

In my native village of Heanor, in Derbyshire, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, there appeared a singular character, whose arrival excited a *sensation*,

Shaw's Staffordshire.
 † Gentleman's Magazine.

and became an epoch in its history. Some boys who had been strolling to a distance brought an account that a little man, with a barrow as large as a house, was coming along the lane, at "a snail's gallop." Forth sallied a troop of gazers

who found a small, thick-set, round-faced man, in an old, red, soldier's jacket, and cocked hat, sitting on the handle of his barrow, which was built and roofed after the manner of a caravan; and was a storehouse of some kind of merchandise, what they yet knew not. He sat very quietly as they came round him, and returned their greetings in a way short and dry, and which became markedly testy and impatient, as they crowded more closely, and began to ask questions. "Not too fast, my masters; not too fast! my first answer can't overtake your twentieth question." At length he rose, and, by the aid of a strong strap passed over his shoulders, heaved up the handles of his barrow, and placing his head against it, like a tortoise under a stone, proceeded at a toilsome rate of some few hundred yards per hour. This specimen of patient endurance amazed the villagers. A brawny labourer would have thought it a severe toil to wheel it a mile; yet this singular being, outdoing the phlegmatic perseverance of an ass, casting Job himself in the background for patience, from league to league, from county to county, and from year to year, urged on his ponderous vehicle with almost imperceptible progression.

It was soon found that he was not more singular in appearance, than eccentric in mind. A villager, thinking to do him a kindness, offered to wheel his barrow, but what was the surprise of the gazers to see him present the man payment when he had moved it a considerable way, and on its being refused, to behold him quietly raise the barrow, turn it round, and wheel it back to the identical spot whence the villager set out.

On reaching the hamlet, he took up his quarters in a stable, and opened his one-wheeled caravan, displaying a good assortment of cutlery ware. It was there I first saw him, and was struck with his grave and uncomplaining air, more like that of a beadle stationed to keep off intruders, than of a solicitous vender of wares. He was standing with a pair of pliers, twisting wire into scissor-chains; keeping, at the same time, a shrewd eye upon the goods. The prices were so wonderfully low that it was whispered the articles could not be good, or they were stolen: yet I did not perceive that either idea was sufficient to dissuade the people from buying, or from attempting to get them still lower. Then it was

that his character and temper showed themselves. He laid aside the good: attempted to be chaffered for, saying,—“You shall not have them at all, I tell no lies about them nor shall you.” In fact his goods were *goods*. So much so that many of them are in use in the village to this day: he desired only such a profit as would supply the necessities of one who never slept in a bed, never approached a fire for the sake of its warmth, nor ever indulged in any luxury. His greatest trial appeared to be to bear with the sordid spirit of the world. When this did not cross him he became smiling, communicative, and, strange as it may seem, exceedingly intelligent. I well recollect my boyish astonishment when he quoted to me maxims of Plato and Seneca, and when I heard him pouring out abundance of anecdote from the best sources. He had a real spirit of kindness in him, though the most immediately striking features of his mind were shrewdness and rigid notions of truth; which, as he practised it himself, he seemed to expect from the whole world. He had a tame hedgehog which partook his fare, slept in a better nest than himself, and was evidently a source of affectionate enjoyment. He was fond of children; but he had a stern spirit of independence which made him refuse gifts and favours, unless permitted to make some return. My mother frequently sent him warm messes in the wintry weather, and he brought her a scissor-chain and a candlestick of brass-wire. He was a writer of anagrams, acrostics, and so forth; and one epitaph written for one of his bystanders was,—

“Too bad for heaven, too good for hell,
So where he's gone I cannot tell.”

He always slept with his barrow chained to his leg; and on Sundays kept himself totally shut up, except during service time, standing the day through, reading his bible.

When his character was known, he grew to be a general favourite. His stable became a sort of school, where he taught, to a constant audience, more useful knowledge than has emanated from many a philosopher, modern or antique. The good-will he excited evidently pleased the old man; he came again, and again, till at length years rolled away without his reappearance, and he was considered as dead. But not so. For ten or eleven

years he was still going on his pilgrimage, a wanderer and an outcast; probably doing voluntary penance for some sin or unhappiness of youth; for he carefully kept aloof of his native country, Scotland, and though he spoke of one living sister with tearful eyes, he had not seen her for many, many years. In 1820 he had found his way to Midsomer Norton, near Bristol, where he was hooted into the town by a troop of boys, a poor, worn-down object, of the most apparent misery. This he accidentally learnt, a short time ago, from a little book, the memorial of his last days, written by the worthy clergyman of that place, and published by Simpkin and Marshall, London.

What a tale would the history of those years have displayed. What scenes of solitary travel, exhaustion, suffering, insults, and occasional sympathy and kindness, breaking, like cheering sunbeams, through the ordinary gloom. *His barrow was gone!* Poverty had wrung from him, or weakness had compelled him to abandon, that old companion of his travels. I have often thought what must have been his feelings

at that parting. Poor old man, it was his house, his friend, his dog, his everything. What energies had he not expended in propelling it from place to place. It could not have been left without a melancholy pang,—without seeming to begin a more isolated and cheerless existence. But I cannot dwell upon the subject. It is sufficient to say that he found in the rev. William Read, who wrote the little book just mentioned, an excellent friend in the time of final need. That he retained the same eccentric, yet consistent character to the last; displaying, in a concluding scene of such bodily wretchedness and sufferings as has seldom been paralleled, the same astonishing endurance, nay ebullient thankfulness of heart; and that his piety seems to have worn off much of his asperity of manner.

A didactic poem called "The Flower Knot," or, "The Guide Post," was found after his death, a composition of no ordinary merit, from which we will quote two passages, and bid a final adieu to our old friend under every name of Thomas Hogg, Tam Hogg, or Cheap Tommy

Wit.

"Pope calls it feather—does he not say right?
'Tis like a custard weak, and bears no weight;
But had it not that wiping feather been
The poet's lines had never shone so clean.
Wisdom on foot ascends by slow degrees;
But wit has wings, and soars aloft with ease.
The sweetest wine makes vinegar most sour,
So wit debased is hell's consummate power."

Hope.

"Fountain of song, it prayer begins and ends;
Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends.
Some may allege I wander from the path,
And give to Hope the proper rights of Faith.
Like love and friendship, these, a comely pair,
What's done by one, the other has a share:
When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near,
Hope's twilight comes,—Faith's day will soon appear.
Thus when the christian's contest doth begin
Hope fights with doubts, till Faith's reserves come in.
Hope comes desiring and expects relief;
Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief.
Hope balances occurrences of time;
Faith will not stop till it has reached the prime.
Just like copartners in joint stock of trade,
What one contracts is by the other paid.
Make use of Hope thy labouring soul to cheer,
Faith shall be giv'n, if thou wilt persevere."

We see all things alike with either eye,
 So Faith and Hope the self-same object spy.
 But what is Hope? or where, or how begun?
 It comes from God, as light comes from the sun."

H.

In consequence of this interesting narrative concerning Thomas Hogg, the "little book—the memorial of his last days" by the rev. Mr. Read, was procured by the editor. It is entitled "The Scottish Wanderer," and as our kind correspondent "H." has only related his own observations, probably from apprehension that his narrative might be deemed of sufficient length, a few particulars are extracted from Mr. Read's tract respecting the latter days of this "singular character."

Mr. Read commences his "Memoir of Thomas Hogg," by saying—"On Sunday the ninth of January 1820, as I was proceeding in the services of the day, my attention was attracted by a wretched object seated in the nave of the church. There was an air of devout seriousness about him, under all the disadvantages of tattered garments and squalid appearance, which afforded a favourable presentiment to my mind. When the service was over the stranger disappeared."

Mr. Read conceived that he was some poor passing beggar, who had been allured by the fire in the stove, but to his surprise on the following Sunday the same object presented himself, and took his station, as before, near the stove. He seemed to be a man deceptively with age: his head resting upon his bosom, which was partly exposed, betokened considerable infirmity. Under a coarse and dirty sackcloth frock was to be seen a soldier's coat patched in various places, which was strangely contrasted with the cleanliness of his shirt. His whole appearance was that of the lowest degree of poverty. His devout attention induced Mr. Read when the service was concluded to inquire who this old man was. "Sir," replied his informant, "he is a person who works at the blacksmith's shop; he is a remarkable man, and carries about with him a bible, which he constantly reads."

In the course of the week Mr. Read paid him a visit. He found him standing by the side of the forge, putting some links of iron-wire together, to form a chain to suspend scissors. The impres-

sions of wretchedness excited by his first appearance were greatly heightened by the soot, which, from the nature of his occupation, had necessarily gathered round his person; and after a few general observations Mr. Read went to Mr. H. S., the master of the shop, who informed him that on Tuesday the fourth of January, in the severely cold weather which then prevailed, this destitute object came to his shop, almost exhausted with cold and fatigue. In his passage through the neighbouring village of P—, he had been inhumanly pelted with snow-balls by a party of boys, and might probably have perished, but for the humanity of some respectable inhabitants of the place, who rescued him from their hands. Having reached Mr. S.'s shop, he requested permission to erect, in a shed which adjoined the shop, his little apparatus, consisting of a slight table, with a box containing his tools. The benevolent master of the premises kindly stationed him near the forge, where he might pursue his work with advantage. In the evening, when the workmen were about to retire, Mr. S. asked him where he intended to lodge that night. The old man inquired if there were any ox-stall or stable near at hand, which he might be permitted to occupy. His benefactor offered him his stable, and the poor creature, with his box and table upon his back, accompanied Mr. S. home, where as comfortable a bed as fresh straw, and shelter from the inclemency of the weather, could afford, was made up. One of Mr. S.'s children afterwards carried him some warm cider, which he accepted with reluctance, expressing his fears lest he should be depriving some part of the family of it.

The weather was very cold: the thermometer, during the past night, had been as low as six or seven degrees of Fahrenheit. In the morning he resumed his post by the side of the forge. Mr. S. allowed him to retain his station as long as he needed it; and contracted so great a regard for him, as to declare, that he never learned so complete a lesson of humility, contentment, and gratitude, as from the conduct of this man.

The poor fellow's days continued to be passed much in the manner above described; but he had exchanged the stable, at night, for the shop, which was warmer, as soon as his benevolent host was satisfied respecting his principles; and with exemplary diligence he pursued his humble employment of making chains and skewers. He usually dined on hot potatoes, or bread and cheese, with occasionally half a pint of beer. If solicited to take additional refreshment, he would decline it, saying, "I am thankful for the kindness,—but it would be *intemperate*."

At an early hour in the afternoon of the first Saturday which he spent in this village, he put by his work, and began to hum a hymn tune. Mr. S. asked him if he could sing. "No, sir," he replied. "I thought," added Mr. S., "I heard you singing." "I was only composing my thoughts a little," said the poor man, "for the sabbath."

On Mr. Read being informed of these particulars, he was induced to return to the stranger with a view to converse with him. He says "There was a peculiar bluntness in his manner of expressing himself, but it was very far removed from any thing of churlishness or incivility. All his answers were pertinent, and were sometimes given in such measured terms as quite astonished me. The following was a part of our conversation.—'Well, my friend, what are you about?' 'Making scissor-chains, sir.' 'And how long does it take you to make one?' With peculiar archness he looked up in my face, (for his head always rested upon his bosom, so that the back part of it was depressed nearly to the same horizontal plane with his shoulders,) and with a complacent smile, said, 'Ah! and you will next ask me how many I make in a day; and then what the wire costs me; and afterwards what I sell them for.' From the indirectness of his reply, I was induced to conclude that he was in the habit of making something considerable from his employment, and wished to conceal the amount of his gains." It appeared, however, that he was unable, even with success in disposing of his wares, to earn more than sixpence or sevenpence a day, and that his apparent reluctance to make known his poverty proceeded from habitual contentment.

Mr. Read asked him, why he followed a vagrant life, in preference to a station-

ary one, in which he would be better known, and more respected? "The nature of my business," he replied, "requires that I should move about from place to place, that, having exhausted my custom in one spot, I may obtain employment in another. Besides," added he, "my mode of life has at least this advantage, that if I leave my friends behind me, I leave also my enemies."

When asked his age, he replied, with a strong and firm voice, "That is a question which I am frequently asked, as if persons supposed me to be a great age—why, I am a mere boy."

"A mere boy!" repeated Mr. Read; "and pray what do you mean by that expression?"—"I am sixty-five years of age, sir; and with a light heel and a cheerful heart, hope to hold out a considerable time longer." In the course of the conversation, he said, "It is not often that I am honoured with the visits of clergymen. Two gentlemen, however, of your profession once came to me when I was at —, in —, and I expressed a hope that I should derive some advantage from their conversation. 'We are come,' said they, 'with the same expectation to you, for we understand that you know many things.' I told them that I feared they would be greatly disappointed." He then stated that the old scholastic question was proposed to him, "Why has God given us two ears and one mouth?" "I replied," said he, "that we may hear twice as much as we speak;" adding, with his accustomed modesty, "I should not have been able to have given an answer to this question if I had not heard it before."

Before they parted, Mr. Read lamented the differences that existed between persons of various religious persuasions. The old man rejoined in a sprightly tone, "No matter; there are two sides to the river." His readiness in reply was remarkable. Whatever he said implied contentment, cheerfulness, and genuine piety. Before Mr. Read took leave of him, he inquired how long he intended to remain in the village. He answered, "I do not know; but as I have house-room and fire without any tax, I am quite satisfied with my situation, and only regret the trouble I am occasioning to my kind host."

Until the twentieth of the month Mr. Read saw but little of him. On the morning of that day he met him creeping along under a vast burden; for on the pre-

ceding Monday he had set out on a journey to Bristol, to procure a fresh stock of wire, and with half a hundred weight of wire upon his back, and three halfpence in his pocket, the sole remains of his scanty fund, he was now returning on foot, after having passed two days on the road, and the intervening night before a coal-pit fire in a neighbouring village. The snow was deep upon the ground, and the scene indescribably desolate. Mr. Read was glad to see him, and inquired if he were not very tired. "A little, a little," he replied, and taking off his hat, he asked if he could execute any thing for me. An order for some trifling articles, brought him to Mr. Read on the following Wednesday, who entered into conversation with him, and says, "he repeated many admirable adages, with which his memory appeared to be well stored, and incidentally touched on the word *cleanliness*. Immediately I added, 'cleanliness is next to godliness;' and seized the opportunity which I had long wanted, but from fear of wounding his mind hesitated to embrace, to tell him of the absence of that quality in himself. He with much good nature replied, 'I believe I am *substantially* clean. I have a clean shirt every week: my business, however, necessarily makes me dirty in my person.' 'But why do you not dress more tidily, and take more care of yourself? You know that God hath given us the comforts of life that we may enjoy them. Cannot you afford yourself these comforts?' 'That question,' said he emphatically, but by no means rudely, 'you should have set out with. No, sir, I cannot afford myself these comforts.'"

Mr. Read perceiving his instep to be inflamed, and that he had a miserable pair of shoes, pressed a pair of his own upon him.

On the following day he visited him, and found him working upon his chains while sitting,—a posture in which he did not often indulge. Mr. Read looked at his foot, and found the whole leg prodigiously swollen and discoloured. It had inflamed and mortified from fatigue of walking and inclemency of the weather during the journey to Bristol. Mr. Read insisted on his having medical assistance. "The doctor is expected in the village to-day, and you *must* see him: I will give orders for him to call in upon you." "That is kind, *very* kind," he replied. At this moment an ignorant talker in the

shop exclaimed in a vexatious and offensive manner, that he would not have such a leg (taking off his hat) "for *that*, full of guineas." The old man looked up somewhat sharply at him, and said, "nor I, if I could help it." The other, however, proceeded with his ranting. The afflicted man added, "You only torture me by your observations." This was the only instance approaching to impatience—he manifested.

It appears that of late he had slept in one corner of the workshop, upon the bare earth, without his clothes, and with the only blanket he had, wrapped round his shoulders. It was designed to procure him a bed in a better abode; but he preferred remaining where he was, and only requested some clean straw. He seemed fixed to his purpose; every thing was arranged, as well as could be, for his accommodation.

Early the next morning Mr. Read found the swelling and blackness extending themselves rapidly towards the vital parts. The poor fellow was at times delirious, and convulsed; but he dozed during the greater part of the day. It was perceived from an involuntary gesture of the medical gentleman on his entrance, that he had not before witnessed many such objects. He declared there was but little hope of life. Warm fomentations, and large doses of bark and port wine were administered. A bed was provided in a neighbouring house, and Mr. Read informed the patient of his wish to remove him to it, and his anxiety that he should take the medicines prescribed. He submitted to every thing proposed, and added, "One night more, and I shall be beyond the clouds."

On the Saturday his speech was almost unintelligible, the delirium became more frequent, and his hands were often apparently employed in the task to which they had been so long habituated, making links for chains; his respiration became more and more hurried; and Mr. Read ordered that he should be allowed to remain quite quiet upon his bed. At certain intervals his mind seemed collected, and Mr. R. soothed him by kind attentions. He said, "There are your spectacles; but I do not think they have brought your bible? I dare say you would like to read it?" "By-and-by," he replied: "I am pretty well acquainted with its contents." He articulated indistinctly, appeared exhausted, and on

Sunday morning his death-knell was rung from the steeple. He died about two o'clock in the morning without a sigh. His last word was, in answer to the question, how are you?—"Happy."

A letter from a gentleman of Jedburgh, to the publishers of Mr. Read's tract, contains the following further particulars respecting this humble individual.

At school he seldom associated with those of his own age, and rarely took part in those games which are so attractive to the generality of youth, and which cannot be condemned in their own place. His declining the society of his schoolfellows did not seem to arise from a sour and unsocial temper, nor from a quarrelsome disposition on his part, but from a love of solitude, and from his finding more satisfaction in the resources of his own mind, than in all the noise and tumult of the most fascinating amusements.

He was, from his youth, noted for making shrewd and sometimes witty remarks, which indicated no ordinary cast of mind; and in many instances showed a sagacity and discrimination which could not be expected from his years. He was, according to the expressive language of his contemporaries, an "auld farrend" boy. He began at an early period to make scissor-chains, more for amusement than for profit, and without ever dreaming that to this humble occupation he was to be indebted for subsistence in the end of his days. When no more than nine or ten years of age, he betook himself to the selling of toys and some cheap articles of hardware; and gave reason to hope, from his shrewd, cautious, and economical character, that he would gradually increase his stock of goods, and rise to affluence in the world. His early acquaintances, considering these things, cannot account for the extreme poverty in which he was found at the time of his death. He appears to have been always inattentive to his external dress, which, at times, was ragged enough; but was remarkable for attention to his linen—his shirts, however coarse, were always clean. This was his general character in the days of his youth. On his last visit to Jedburgh, twenty-nine years before his death, he came with his clothes in a most wretched condition. His sisters, two very excellent women, feeling for their brother, and concerned for their own credit, got a

suit of clothes made without delay. Dressed in this manner, he continued in the place for some time, visiting old acquaintances, and enjoying the society of his friends. He left Jedburgh soon after; and, from that time, his sisters heard no more of their brother.

Hogg's father was not a native of Jedburgh. Those with whom I have conversed seem to think that he came from the neighbourhood of Selkirk, and was closely connected with the progenitor of the *Ettrick Shepherd*. He, properly speaking, had no trade; at least did not practise any: he used to travel through the country with a pack containing some hardware goods, and at one time kept a small shop in Jedburgh. All accounts agree that the father had, if not a talent for poetry, at least a talent for rhyming.

He appears to have had a most excellent mother, whom he regularly accompanied to their usual place of public worship, and to whom he was indebted for many pious and profitable instructions, which seem to have been of signal service to her son when she herself was numbered with the dead and mouldering in the dust.

During the time of his continuance in Jedburgh and its vicinity, he evinced a becoming regard to the external duties of religion; but nothing of that sublime devotion which cheered the evening of his days, and which caused such astonishing contentment in the midst of manifold privations. My own belief is, from all the circumstances of the case, that the pious efforts of his worthy mother did not succeed in the first instance, but were blessed for his benefit at an advanced period of life. The extreme poverty to which he was reduced, and the corporal ailments under which he had laboured for a long time, were like breaking up the fallow ground, and causing the seed which had been sown to vegetate.

We must here part from "the Scottish Wanderer." Some, perhaps, may think he might have been dismissed before—"for what was he?" He was not renowned, for he was neither warrior nor statesman, but to be guileless and harmless is to be happier than the ruler of the turbulent

and more honourable than the leader of an army. If his life was not illustrious, it was wise; for he could not have been seen, and sojourned in the hamlets of labour and ignorance, without exciting regard and communicating instruction. He might have been ridiculed or despised on his first appearance, but where he remained he taught by the pithy truth of his sayings, and the rectitude of his conduct: if the peripatetic philosophers of antiquity did so much, they did no more. Few among those who, in later times, have been reputed wise, were teachers of practical wisdom: the wisdom of the rest was surpassed by "Cheap Tommy's."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 64 · 07.

July 12.

A VICIOUS SWAN.

In July, 1731, "an odd accident happened in Bushy-park to one of the helpers in the king's stables, riding his majesty's own hunting horse, who was frightened by a swan flying at him out of the canal, which caused him to run away, and dash out his brains against the iron gates; the man was thrown on the iron spikes, which only entering his clothes did him no hurt. Some time before, the same swan is said to have flown at his highness the duke, but caused no disaster."*

This, which is noticed by a pleasant story in column 914 as the "swan-hopping season," is a time of enjoyment with all who are fond of aquatic pleasures. On fine days, and especially since the invention of steam-boats, crowds of citizens and suburban of London glide along the Thames to different places of entertainment on its banks.

ANNUAL EXCURSION TO TWICKENHAM.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—As it is the object of the *Every-Day Book* to preserve a faithful portraiture of the prominent features and amusements of the age, as well as the customs of the "olden time," I subjoin for insertion a brief account of an unobtruding society for the relief of the dis-

tressed; with the sincere hope that its laudable endeavours may be followed by many others.

A number of respectable tradesmen who meet to pass a few social hours at the house of Mr. Cross, Bethnal-green, impressed by the distresses of the thickly-populated district in which they reside, resolved to lay themselves and friends under a small weekly contribution, to al'ry, as far as possible, the wretchedness of their poorer neighbours. They feel much gratification in knowing that in the course of two years their exertions have alleviated the sorrows of many indigent families. Nearly four hundred friends have come forward as subscribers to assist them in their praise-worthy undertaking; yet such is the misery by which they are surrounded—such are the imperative demands on their bounty, that their little fund is continually impoverished.

In furtherance of their benevolent views they projected an annual excursion to Twickenham, sometime in the month of July; the profits from the tickets to be devoted to the *Friend-in-Need Society*. I have joined them in this agreeable trip, and regard the day as one of the happiest in my existence. A few gentlemen acted as a committee, and to their judicious arrangements much of the pleasure of the day is due. The morning was particularly favourable: at eight o'clock the "Diana" steam-packet left her moorings off Southwark-bridge, and bore away up the river with her long smoky pendant; a good band of music enlivened the scene by popular airs, not forgetting the eternal "Jagher chorus." I arrived on board just at starting, and having passed the usual "how d'ye does," seated myself to observe the happy circle. They appeared to have left "old care" behind them; the laugh and joke resounded from side to side, and happiness dwelt in every countenance. There was no unnecessary etiquette; all were neighbours and all intimate. As soon as we began to get clear of London, the beautiful scenery formed a delightful panoramic view. Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Kew, and Richmond, arose in succession; when, after staying a short time at the latter place to allow those who were disposed to land, we proceeded on to Twickenham Aite, an island delightfully situated in the middle of the Thames, where we arrived about twelve o'clock. Preparation had been

* Gentleman's Magazine.

made for our reception: the boat hauled up alongside the island for the better landing; tents were erected on the lawn; a spacious and well-stocked fruit-garden was thrown open for our pleasure; and plenty of good cheer provided by "mine host" of the "Eel-pie house." On each side of the lawn might be seen different parties doing ample justice to "ham sandwiches, and bottled cider." After the repast, the "elder" gentlemen formed into a convivial party; the "report of the society" was read; and, afterwards, the song and glee went merrily round; while the younger formed themselves in array for a country-dance, and nimbly footed to the sound of sweet music "under the greenwood tree:" the more juvenile felt equal delight at "kiss-in-the-ring," on the grass-plat.

He must have been a stoic indeed who could have viewed this scene without feelings of delight, heightened as it was by the smiles of loveliness. These sports were maintained until time called for our departure; when having re-embarked, the vessel glided heavily back, as if reluctant to break off such happy hours. The dance was again renewed on board—the same hearty laugh was again heard; there was the same exuberance of spirits in the unions; no one was tired, and all seemed to regret the quickly approaching separation. About nine o'clock we safely landed from the boat at Queenhithe stairs, and after a parting "farewell," each pursued his way home, highly delighted with the excursion of the day, enhanced as it was by the reflection, that in the pursuit of pleasure we had assisted the purposes of charity.

J. H. C.

Kingsland-road, July, 1826.

SWAN-HOPPING.

It appears that formerly—"When the citizens, in gaily-decorated barges, went up the river annually in August, to mark and count their swans, which is called swan-hopping, they used to land at Barn Elms, and, after partaking of a cold collation on the grass, they merrily danced away a few hours. This was a gala-day for the village; and happy was the lad or lass admitted into the party of the fine folks of London. This practice, as, however, been long discontinued."*

* Gentleman's Magazine.

"SWAN-HOPPING"—Explained.

The yearly visit of members of the corporation of London to the swans on its noble river, is commonly termed "Swan-hopping." This name is a vulgar and long used corruption of "Swan-upping," signifying the duties of the official visitors, which was to "take up" the swans and mark them. The ancient and real term may be gathered from the old laws concerning swans, to have been technically and properly used. They were manorial and royal birds; and in proof of their estimation in former times, a rare and valuable quarto tract of four leaves, printed in 1570, may be referred to. It mentions the "*vpping* daies;" declares what persons shall "*vp* no swannes;" and speaks of a court no longer popularly known, namely, "the king's majesties justices of sessions of swans." This curious tract is here reprinted verbatim, viz:—

THE

Order for Swannes

both by

THE STATUTES, AND BY THE AUNCIENT
ORDERS AND CUSTOMES, USED WITHIN
THE REALME OF ENGLAND.

—

THE ORDER FOR SWANNES.

- First, Ye shall enquire if there be any person that doth possesse any Swanne, and hath not compounded with the Kings Maiesty for his Marke (that is to say) six shillings eight pence, for his Marke during his life: If you know any such you shall present them, that all such Swans and Cignets, may be seized to the King.
2. Also you shall enquire, if any person doth possesse any Swan, or Cignet, that may not dispend the cleare yearly value of five Markes of Freehold, except Heire apparant to the Crowne: then you shall present him. 22 Edw. iv. cap. 6.
 3. Also, If any person or persons doe drive away any Swanne or Swannes, breeding or prouiding to breed; be it vpon his own ground; or any other mans ground: he or they so offending, shall suffer one yeeres imprisonment, and fine at the Kings pleasure, thir-

- teene shillings four pence. 11 Hen. vii.
4. If there be found any Weares vpon the Riuers, not hauing any Grates before them; It is lawfull for every Owner, Swan-Masters, or Swanne-herdes, to pull vp, or cut downe the Birth-net, or Gyarne of the said Weare or Weares.
 5. If any person, or persons, be found carrying any Swan-hooke, and the same person being no Swan-herd, nor accompanied with two Swan-herds: every such person shall pay to the King. Thirteene shillings four pence, (that is to say) Three shillings foure pence to him that will informe, and the rest to the King.
 6. The auncient custome of this Realme hath and dothe allow to every owner of such ground where any such Swan shall heirie, to take one Land-bird; and for the same, the Kings Maiestie must have of him that hath the Land-bird, Twelve pence, Be it vpon his owne ground, or any other.
 7. It is ordained, that if any person, or persons, do convey away or steale away the Egge, or Egges of any Swannes, and the same being duely proued by two sufficient witnesses, that then euery such offender shall pay to the King thirteene shillings foure pence, for euery Egge so taken out of the Nest of any Swanne.
 8. It is ordained, that euery owner that hath any Swans, shall pay euery yeare yearly for euery Swan-marke, foure pence to the Master of the Game for his Fee, and his dinner and supper free on the Upping daies: And if the saide Master of the Game faile of the foure pence, then he shall distraine the Game of euery such owner, that so doth faile of payment.
 9. If there be any person or persons, that hath Swannes, that doe heirie vpon any of their seuerall waters, and after come to the co'mon Riuer, they shall pay a Land-bird to the King, and be obedient to all Swanne Lawes: for diuers such persons doe use collusion, to defraud the King of his right.
 10. It is ordained, that euery person, hauing any Swans, shal begin yearly to mark, the Monday next after St. Peters day, and no person before; but after as conueniently may be, so that the Master of the Kings Game, or his Deputy, be present. And if any take vpon him or them, to marke any Swanne or Cignet, in other manner, to forfeit to the Kings Maiestie for euery Swan so marked fortie shillings.
 11. It is ordained, that no person or persons being Owners, or Deputies, or seruants to them, or other, shall go on marking without the Master of the Game, or his Deputie be present, with other Swan-herds next adioynning, vpon paine to forfeit to the Kings Maiesty, fortie shillings.
 12. It is ordained, that no person shall hunt any Duckes, or any other chase in the water, or neere the haunt of Swans in Fence-time, with any Dogge or Spaniels: viz. from the feast of Easter to Lammas: vpon paine for euery time so found in hunting, to forfeit sixe shillings eight pence.
 13. It is ordained, that if any person doth set any snares or any manner of Nets, Lime, or Engines, to take Bittorns or Swans, from the Feast of Easter to the Sunday after Lammas day; He or they to forfeit to the Kings Maiestie for euery time so setting, six shillings eight pence.
 14. It is ordained that no person take vp any Cignet unmarked, or make any sale of them, but that the Kings Swan-herd, or his Deputie be present, with other Swan-herds next adioynning, or haue knowledge of the same: vpon paine to forfeit to the Kings Maiestie fortie shillings.
 15. It is ordained that the Swan-herdes of the Duchie of Lancaster, shall vp no Swannes, or make any sale of them, without the Master of the Swannes or his Deputy be present: vpon paine to forfeite to the Kings Maiestie forty shillings.
 16. And in like manner, the Kings Swan-herd shal not enter into the Libertie of the Duchie, without the Duchies Swan-herd be there present: vpon the like paine to forfeite forty shillings.
 17. It is ordained, that if any Swannes or Cignets be found double marked, they shall be seaz'd to the Kings vse, till it be prooved to whom the same Swans or Cignets doe belong: And if it cannot be prooved to whome they doe belong, that then they be seazd for the King, and his Grace to be answered to the value of them.
 18. It is ordained that no person make sale of any white Swans nor make delivery of them, without the Master of the Game be present or his Deputy,

with other Swan-herds next adioyning; vpon paine to forfeit forty shillings: whereof six shillings eight pence to him that will informe: and the rest to the Kings Maiestie.

9. It is ordained, that no person shall lay Leapes, set any Nets, or Dragge, within the common streames or Riuer vpon the day time, from the Feast of the Inuention of the Crosse, vnto the Feast of Lammas: vpon paine so oft as they be found so offending, to forfeit twenty shillings.

0. It is ordained, that if the Master of the Swans, or his Deputy, do seaze, or take vp any Swa'nes, as strays, for the Kings Maiesty, that he shall keepe them in a Pit within twenty foote of the Kings streame, or within twenty foote of the common High-way, that the Kings subiects may have a sight of the said Swans so seazed, vpon paine of forty shillings.

1. It is ordained, that if any person doe raze out, counterfeit, or alter the Marke of any Swanne, to the hindering or losse of any mans Game, and any such offender duly prooved before the Kings Maiesties Commissioners of Swannes, shal suffer one yeares imprisonment, and pay three pounds six shillings eight pence, to the King.

2. It is ordained, that the Commons (that is to say) Dinner and Supper, shall not exceed above twelve pence a man at the most: If there be any Game found where the dinner or supper is holden, vpon that Riuer, the owner being absent and none there for him, the Master of the Game is to lay out eight pence for him, and he is to distraine the Game of him that faileth the payment of it.

3. It is ordained, that there shall be no forfeiture of any white Swanne or Cignet, but only to the Kings Grace, as well within the Franchise and Liberties, as without, and if any doe deliver the Swanne or Signet so seazed, to any person, but only to the Master of the Kings Game, or to his Deputy, to the Kings vse; he is to forfeit sixe shillings eight pence; and the Swannes to be restored vnto the Master of the Game.

4. It is ordained, that no person shall take any Gray Swans, or Cignets, or white Swans flying, but that he shall within foure dayes next after, deliver it, or them, to the Master of the Kings Game, and the Taker to haue for his

paines eight pence. And if he faile, and bring him not, he forfeits forty shillings to the King.

25. It is ordained, that no person, having any Game of his own shall not be Swan-herd for himselfe; nor keeper of any other mans Swannes: vpon paine to forfeit to the Kings Maiestie forty shillings.

26. It is ordained, that no Swan-herd, fisher, or fowler, shall vex any other Swan-herd, fisher or fowler, by way of action, but only before the Kings Maiesties Justices of Sessions of Swans, vpon paine of forfeiting to the Kings Grace forty shillings.

27. The Master of the Kings Game, shall not take away any vnmarked Swan coupled with any other mans Swan, for breaking of the brood: and when they doe Heirie, the one part of the Cignets to the King, and the other to the owner of the marked Swanne.

28. Also, any man whatsoever he be, that killeth any Swanne with dogge, or Spaniels, shall forfeit to the King forty shillings, the owner of the Dogge to pay it, whether he be there or no. Also, the Maister of the Swannes, is to haue for every White Swanne and Gray vpping, a penny, and for every Cignet two pence.

29. It is ordained, that if any Heirie be leyed with one Swan, the Swan and the Cignets shall be seazed for the King, till due prooffe be had whose they are, and whose was the Swan, that is away: Be it Cobbe or Pen.

30. Lastly, If there be any other misdemeanour, or offence committed or done by the owner of any Game, Swan-herd, or other per-on whatsoever, contrary to any law, ancient custome, or vsage heretofore vsed and allowed, and not before herein particularly mentioned or expressed, you shal present the same offence, that reformation may be had, and the offenders punished, according to the quantitie and qualitie of the seuerall offences.

FINIS.

God Saue the King.

It may be presumed that "the Order for Swannes" fairly illustrates the origin of the term "swan hopping;" perhaps the "order" itself will be regarded by some of the readers of the *Every-Day Book* as "a singular rarity."

“SWAN WITH TWO NECKS,”

Lad-lane.

The sign of the “Swan with two necks,” at one of our old city inns, from whence there are “passengers and parcels booked” to all parts of the kingdom, is manifestly a corruption. As every swan belonging to the king was marked, according to the swan laws, with two *nicks* or notches; so the old sign of this inn was the royal bird so marked, that is to say, “the swan with two *nicks*.” In process of time the “two nicks” were called “two necks;” an ignorant landlord hoisted the foul misrepresentation; and, at the present day, “the swan with two nicks” is commonly called or known by “the name or sign” of “the swan with two necks.”

“A Southern Tourist,” in the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” for 1793, giving an account of his summer rambles, which he calls “A naturalist’s stray in the sultry days of July,” relates that he “put up for the night at the Bush-inn, by Staines-bridge,” and describes his sojournment there with such mention of the swans as seems fitting to extract.

“*The Swan at Staines.*”

“This inn is beautifully situated: a translucent arm of the Thames runs close under the windows of the eating-rooms, laving the drooping streamers of the Babylonian willows that decorate the garden, and which half conceal the small bridge leading into it. In these windows we spent the evening in angling gudgeons for our supper, and in admiring a company of swans that were preening themselves near an aite in the river. The number of these birds on the Thames is very considerable, all swimming between Marlow and London, being protected by the dyers and vintner’s companies, whose properties they are. These companies annually send to Marlow six wherries, manned by persons authorized to count and to mark the swans, who are hence denominated swan-hoppers. The task assigned them is rather difficult to perform; for, the swans being exceeding strong, scuffling with them amongst the tangles of the river is rather dangerous, and recourse is obliged to be had to certain strong crooks, shaped like those we suppose the Arcadian shepherds to have used.”

The swan is a royal bird, and often figured in the princely pleasures of former kings of England.

In Edward the fourth’s time none was permitted to keep swans, who possessed not a freehold of at least five marks yearly value, except the king’s son: and by an act of Henry the Seventh, persons convicted of taking their eggs were liable to a year’s imprisonment, and a fine at the will of the sovereign.*

More anciently, if a swan was stolen in an open and common river, the same swan or another, according to old usage, was to be hanged in a house by the beak, and he who stole it was compelled to give the owner as much corn as would cover the swan, by putting and turning the corn upon the head of the swan, until the head of the swan was covered with corn.†

In the hard winter of 1726, a swan was killed “at Emsworth, between Chichester and Portsmouth, lying on a creek of the sea, that had a ring round its neck, with the king of Denmark’s arms on it.”‡

For indications of the weather, by the flight of the swans on the Thames, see vol. i. col. 505.

It is mentioned by the literary lord Northampton, as formerly “a paradox of simple men to thinke that a swanne cannot hatch without a cracke of thunder.”||

THE SWAN’S DEATH SONG.

The car of Juno is fabled to have been drawn by swans. They were dedicated to Venus and Apollo. To the latter, according to Banier, because they were “reckoned to have by instinct a faculty of prediction;” but it is possible that they were consecrated to the deity of music, from their fabled melody at the moment of death.

Buffon says, the ordinary voice of the tame swan is rather low than canorous. It is a sort of creaking, exactly like what is vulgarly called the swearing of a cat, and which the ancients denoted by the imitative word *drensare*. It would seem to be an accent of menace or anger; nor does its love appear to have a softer. In the

* Buffon, note.

† Cowel.

‡ Gentleman’s Magazine.

|| Brand.

"Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions" is a dissertation by M. Morin, entitled, "Why swans, which sung so well formerly, sing so ill now."

The French naturalist further remarks, that "swans, almost mute, like ours in the domestic state, could not be those melodious birds which the ancients have celebrated and extolled. But the wild swan appears to have better preserved its prerogatives; and with the sentiment of entire liberty, it has also the tones. The bursts of its voice form a sort of modulated song." He then cites the observations of the abbé Arnaud on the song of two wild swans which settled on the magnificent pools of Chantilly. "One can hardly say that the swans of Chantilly sing, they cry; but their cries are truly and constantly modulated; their voice is not sweet; on the contrary, it is shrill, piercing, and rather disagreeable; I could compare it to nothing better than the sound of a clarionet, winded by a person unacquainted with the instrument. Almost all the melodious birds answer to the song of man, and especially to the sound of instruments: I played long on the violin beside our swans, on all the tones and chords. I even struck unison to their own accents, without their seeming to pay the smallest attention: but if a goose be thrown into the basin where they swim with their young, the male, after emitting some hollow sounds, rushes impetuously upon the goose, and seizing by the neck, plunges the head repeatedly under water, striking it at the same time with his wings; it would be all over with the goose, if it were not rescued. The swan, with his wings expanded, his neck stretched, and his head erect, comes to place himself opposite to his female, and utters a cry, to which the female replies by another, which is lower by half a tone. The voice of the male passes from A (*la*) to B flat (*si bémol*); that of the female, from G sharp (*sol dièse*) to A. The first note is short and transient, and has the effect of that which our musicians call *sensible*; so that it is not detached from the second, but seems to *slip* into it. Fortunately for the ear, they do not both sing at once; in fact, if while the male sounded B flat, the female struck A, or if the male uttered A, while the female gave G sharp, there would result the harshest and most insupportable of discords. We may add, that this dialogue is subjected to a constant and

regular rhythm, with the measure of two times."

M. Grouvelle observes, that "there is a season when the swans assemble together, and form a sort of commonwealth; it is during severe colds. When the frost threatens to usurp their domain, they congregate and dash the water with all the extent of their wings, making a noise which is heard very far, and which, whether in the night or the day, is louder in proportion as it freezes more intensely. Their efforts are so effectual, that there are few instances of a flock of swans having quitted the water in the longest frosts, though a single swan, which has strayed from the general body, has sometimes been arrested by the ice in the middle of the canals."

Buffon further remarks, that the shrill and scarcely diversified notes of the loud clarion sounds, differ widely from the tender melody, the sweet and brilliant variety of our chanting birds. Yet it was not enough that the swan sung admirably, the ancients ascribed to it a prophetic spirit. It alone, of animated beings, which all shudder at the prospect of destruction, chanted in the moment of its agony, and with harmonious sounds prepared to breathe the last sigh. They said that when about to expire, and to bid a sad and tender adieu to life, the swan poured forth sweet and affecting accents, which, like a gentle and doleful murmur, with a voice low, plaintive, and melancholy, formed its funeral song. This tearful music was heard at the dawn of day, when the winds and the waves were still: and they have been seen expiring with the notes of their dying hymn. No fiction of natural history, no fable of antiquity, was ever more celebrated, oftener repeated, or better received. It occupied the soft and lively imaginations of the Greeks: poets, orators, even philosophers adopted it as a truth too pleasing to be doubted. And well may we excuse such fables; they were amiable and affecting; they were worth many dull, insipid truths; they were sweet emblems to feeling minds. The swan, doubtless, chants not its approaching end; but, in speaking of the last flight, the expiring effort of a fine genius, we shall ever, with tender melancholy, recal the classical and pathetic expression, "*It is the song of the swan!*"

Shakspeare nobly likens our island
to the eryie of the royal bird :—

————— I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest.

Nor can we fail to remember his beautiful allusions to the swan's death-song. Portia orders "sweet music" during Bassanio's deliberation on the caskets :—

Let music sound while he doth make his
choice :
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end—
Fading in music.

And after the Moor has slain his innocent bride, Æmilia exclaims while her heart is breaking, and sings—

Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the
swan,
And die in music—Willow, willow, willow.

After "King John" is poisoned, his son, prince Henry, is told that in his

dying frenzy "he sung,"—the prince answers—

————— 'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

————— The muse of "Paradise" remarks, that

————— The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly
rowes
Her state with oary feet : yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tour
The mid æreal sky.

Opportunities for observing the flight of the wild swan are seldom, and hence it is seldom mentioned by our poets. The migrations of other aquatic birds are frequent themes of their speculation.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or maize of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean's side ?
There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.
And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.
He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky the certain
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 64 · 02.

July 13.

THE CORNISH FALSTAFF.

For the Every-Day Book.

Anthony Payne, the Falstaff of the sixteenth century, was born in the manor-house at Stratton, in Cornwall, where he lived, and was buried in the north aisle of Stratton church, the 13th of July, 1691. In early life he was the humble, but favourite attendant of John, eldest son of Sir Beville Granville, afterwards earl of Bath, whom he accompanied throughout many of his loyal adventures and campaigns during the revolution and usurpation of Cromwell. At the age of twenty he measured the extraordinary height of even feet two inches, with limbs and body in proportion, and strength equal to his bulk and stature. The firmness of his mind, and his uncommon activity of person, together with a large fund of sarcastic pleasantry, were well calculated to cheer the spirits of his noble patron during many sad reverses and trying occasions which he experienced after the restoration. His lordship introduced Payne to Charles the Second; "the merry monarch" appointed him one of the yeomen of his guard. This office he held during his majesty's life; and when his lordship was made governor of the citadel of Plymouth, Payne was placed therein as a councillor. His picture used to stand in the great hall at Stowe, in the county of Cornwall, and is now removed to Penheale, another seat of the Granville family. At his death the floor of the apartment was taken up in order to remove his enormous remains. As a Cornishman, in point of size, weight, and strength he has never been equalled.

The nearest to Anthony Payne was Charles Chillcott, of Tintagel, who measured six feet four inches high, round the waist six feet nine inches, and weighed four hundred and sixty pounds. He was most constantly occupied in smoking—three pounds of tobacco was his weekly allowance; his pipe *two inches* long. One of his stockings would contain six gallons of sweat. He was much pleased with the curiosity of strangers who came to see him, and his usual address to them was,

"Come under my arm, little fellow." He died 5th of April, 1815, in his sixtieth year.

Ancient Cornish names of the Months.

JANUARY was called *Mis* (a corruption of the Latin word *mensis*, a month) *Gen-ver*, (an ancient corruption of its common name, January,) or the cold air month.

FEBRUARY, *Hu-evral*, or the whirling month.

MARCH, *Mis Merh*, or the horse month; also, *Meurz*, or *Merk*, a corruption of March.

APRIL, *Mis Ebrall*, or the primrose month; *Abrilly*, or the mackerel month; also *Epiell*, a corruption of its Latin appellative, *Aprilis*.

MAY, *Miz Me*, or the flowery month; *Me*, being obviously a corruption of May, or *Maius*, the original Latin name.

JUNE, *Miz Epham*, the summer month, or head of summer.

JULY, *Miz Gorephan*, or the chief head of the summer month.

AUGUST, *Miz East*, or the harvest month.

SEPTEMBER, *Mis Guerda Gala*, or the white straw month.

OCTOBER, *Miz Hedra*, or the watery month.

NOVEMBER, *Miz Dui*, or the black month.

DECEMBER, *Miz Kevardin*, or in Armorice *Miz Querdu*, the month following the black month, or the month also black

SAM SAM'S SON.

June 21, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 55.

July 14.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 14th of July, 1766, the Grand Junction Canal, connecting the Irish sea to the British ocean, was commenced by Mr. Brindley.

FRENCH REVOLUTION

From the destruction of the Bastille this day in the year 1789,* the commencement of the French revolution is dated.

Miss Plumptre mentions a singular allegorical picture in the *Hotel de Ville*, or Guildhall, of the city of Aix. It repre-

* See vol. i. col. 926

sented the three orders of the state—the nobles, the clergy, and the *tiers-état*—in their relative situations before the revolution. In the middle is a peasant, with the implements of his profession about him, the scythe, the reaping-hook, the *pioche*, which is a sort of pick-axe used in Provence to turn up the ground in steep parts where a plough cannot be used, a spade, a vessel for wine, &c. On his shoulders he supports a heavy burden, intended to represent the state itself; while on one side of him is a noble, and on the other an ecclesiastic, in the costume of their respective orders, who just touch the burden with one hand, while he supports it with his whole strength, and is bowed down by it. The intention of the allegory is to show, that it is on the peasantry, or *tiers-état*, that the great burden of the state presses, while the nobles and clergy are scarcely touched by it. Above the burden, which is in the form of a heart, is the motto, *nil aliud in nobis*, "There is nothing else in our power." From the costume of the figures, which is that of the sixteenth century, it is conjectured that the picture was of that date; but no tradition is preserved of the time when, or the person by whom it was executed.

This remarkable painting hung in the guard-room, on one side of the door of the room where the consuls of Aix held their meetings for the settling the impositions of the rates and taxes; a room which was consequently in theory the sanctuary of equity, the place where to each member of the community was allotted the respective proportion which in justice was demanded of him for supporting the general good of the whole. "This," says Miss Plumptre, "was a very fine piece of satire, and it is only surprising that it should have been suffered to hang there: it probably had occupied the place so long, that it had ceased from time immemorial to excite attention; but it shows that even two centuries before the revolution there were those who entertained the opinions which led finally to this tremendous explosion, and that these opinions did not then first start into existence."

ORIGIN OF THE JACOBIN CLUB.

The Brétons were even from the commencement of the revolution among the most eager in the popular cause, and the original republican party arose among them. Bailly, the first president of the

national constituent assembly, and afterwards the celebrated mayor of Paris mentions, in a posthumous work, that an association was formed at Versailles as early as in June, 1789, even before the taking of the Bastille, of the deputies of *Brétagne* to the *tiers-état*, which was known by the name of the *comité Bréton* and he goes on to say:—"This may be called the original of the society afterwards so celebrated as the *Jacobin Club* and was disapproved by all who did not belong to it. The Brétons were certainly excellent patriots, but ardent, vehement and not much given to reflection; no have I any doubt but that the first idea of establishing a republic was engendered by the overstrained notions of liberty cherished in this club. To them, consequently, must be imputed the origin of those fatal divisions which afterwards arose between the adherents of a limited monarchy, and those who would not be satisfied with any thing short of a republic;—divisions which occasioned so many and so great misfortunes to the whole country."

This province was, in the sequel, reputed to be one of the parts of France the most attached to the Bourbon interest because the arbitrary proceedings of the convention had afforded a handle for another set of anarchists to rise in opposition to them. In this conflict it would be difficult to determine on which side the greatest want of conduct was shown—which party was guilty of the greatest errors.

SUPERSTITIONS OF BRITTANY.

Like the people of Wales, who boast that their ancestors were never conquered by the Saxons, the Brétons affirm that their country alone, of all the province of Gaul, was never bowed to the Frankish yoke; and that they are the true descendants of the ancient Armoricans, its first known inhabitants. They allow the Welsh to be of the same stock as themselves, and are proud of affinity with people who, like themselves, firmly and effectually resisted a foreign yoke; but they claim precedence in point of antiquity, and consider themselves as the parent stock from which Britain was afterwards peopled. Indeed from the great resemblance between the Bréton and the Welsh, a strong argument may be drawn to conclude that they had

common origin. As Wales is to England the great repository of its ancient superstitions, so is Brittany to France. Here was the prime seat of the Druidical mysteries, nor were they banished till the conversion of the country to Christianity. In the southern provinces, when Woden and Thor ceded their places to Apollo and Diana, the gods of Roma Antica were installed in their seats, till they in their turn were displaced by the legions of the papal hierarchy: but the deities established in Brittany by the Celto-Scythian inhabitants maintained their ground till they were overpowered by the army of popish saints, whose numbers so far exceeded the Celtic deities, that it was impossible to resist the invasion. Yet if the ancient deities were conquered, and honoured no longer under their original names, their influence remained. The wonders attributed to them were not forgotten. Their remembrance was still cherished, their miracles were transferred to another set of champions, and the Thors and Wodens were revived under the names of St. Pol, St. Ferrier, &c.

The old religion of the Druids secured unbounded authority over the minds of the people. This engine was too powerful to be lightly relinquished; and the papacy instead of directing them to the sublime contemplation of one all-powerful, all-commanding governor of the universe, through whom alone all live and move and have their being, transferred to new names the ancient reveries of a supernatural agency perpetually interposing in all the petty affairs of mankind. The operators in this agency, genii, fairies, dæmons, and wizards, were all comprehended under the one denomination of saints. Enchanters and dragons were exchanged for pious solitaries and wonderful ascetics, who calmed tempests with a word, walked on the waves of the ocean as on dry land, or wafted over it upon cloaks or millstones; who metamorphosed their staves into trees, and commanded fountains to rise under their feet; by whom the sick were healed; whose shadows were pretended to have raised the dead; and whose approach might be perceived by the perfume their bodies spread throughout the air.

Two of the most illustrious and wonder-working saints of the country, *Saint Pol de Léon* and *Saint Jean du Doigt*, were established at only a short distance from

Morlaix; the former a little to the north-west of the town, the latter a little to the north-east. The town of St. Pol de Léon stands on the coast. From the boldness and beauty of the workmanship of the cathedral, it was supposed that it could hardly have been executed by mortal hands; it would have been to the honour of the saint to have ascribed it to him, as a notable worker of miracles, but, by the most fervent, the architecture is attributed to the devil.

Miss Plumtre says, "The name of this episcopal see has become familiar in England, from its bishop having made a very conspicuous figure in his emigration hither, and having here at length ended his days. I did not find the character of this prelate more popular among his fellow-countrymen in Brétagne, than it had been among his fellow-emigrants in London: they gave him the same character,—of one of the most haughty, insolent, and over-bearing among the ecclesiastical dignitaries in France; and while the Brétons had in general an almost superstitious veneration for their clergy, they regarded this bishop with very different sentiments."

The honour of having given birth to St. Pol de Léon is ascribed to England about the year 490. When a boy he gave an earnest of what might in future be expected of him. The fields of the monastery in which he was a student, were ravaged by such a number of birds, that the whole crop of corn was in danger of being devoured. St. Pol summoned the sacrilegious animals to appear before the principal of the monastery, St. Hydultus, that they might receive the correction they merited. The birds, obedient to his summons, presented themselves in a body; but St. Hydultus, being of a humane disposition, only gave them a reproof and admonition, and then let them go, even giving them his benediction at their departure. The grateful birds never after touched the corn of the monastery. In a convent of nuns hard by, situated on the sea-shore, and extremely exposed to the tempestuous winds of the north, lived a sister of St. Pol. She represented the case of the convent to her brother; when he ordered the sea to retire four thousand paces from the convent; which it did immediately. He then directed his sister and her companions to range a row of flints along the shore for a consi-

derable distance; which was no sooner done than they increased into vast rocks, they so entirely broke the force of the winds, that the convent was never after incommoded.

For some reason or other, it does not appear what, St. Pol de Léon took a fancy to travel, and walked over the sea one fine morning from England to the Isle of Batz. Immediately on landing there, by a touch of his staff—for saints used a staff instead of a wand, which was the instrument employed by fairies—he cured three blind men, two who were dumb, and one who was a cripple with the palsy.

A count de Guythure, who was governor of Batz at the saint's arrival laboured under a mortal uneasiness of mind, on account of a little silver bell belonging to the reigning king of England, the possession of which, in defiance of the injunction contained in the tenth commandment, he coveted exceedingly. St. Pol ordered a fish to swallow the bell, and bring it over: this was instantly performed; but the saint had provided a rival to himself, for the bell became a no less celebrated adept in miracles than he was, and between them both the want of physicians in the country was entirely precluded. The bell was afterwards deposited among the treasures in the cathedral of St. Pol de Léon.

But the Isle of Batz was visited with even a heavier affliction than the mortal uneasiness of its governor; it was infested by a terrible dragon, which devoured men, animals, and every thing that came in its way. St. Pol, dressed in his pontifical robes and accompanied by a young man whom he had selected for the purpose, repaired to the monster's cavern, and commanded him to come forth. He soon appeared, making dreadful hissings and howlings; a stroke of the saint's staff silenced him: a rope thrown round his neck, and an order to lead him away finished all opposition. St. Pol conducted him to the northernmost point of the island; another stroke of his staff precipitated the monster into the sea, and he never more returned.

The count de Guythure, charmed with the saint, resigned his splendid palace to him, and retired to Occismor on the

continent, the place where the town now stands. The saint converted the palace into a monastery; and, there being no water, had recourse to his staff again, and produced a fountain of fresh water still existing on the sea shore, which is not affected by the overflowing of the sea.

St. Pol was afterwards bishop of Occismor, on which occasion the place changed its name. Here he continued to work miracles, till, growing weary of mankind, he retired again to the Isle of Batz, where he died at the age of a hundred and two years. The inhabitants of the island and the people of Occismor disputed for his body; the dispute was settled by each agreeing to accept half. They were about to carry this agreement into execution, when the body suddenly disappeared, and was afterwards found on the sea-shore at Occismor, which was considered as a plain indication that the saint himself chose that for the place of his interment. Such are the kind of fables related of this saint.

An occurrence in the town of St. Pol de Léon about the end of the seventeenth century, has only this of prodigy in it, that such facts are not common. A seigneur of the neighbourhood had accumulated debts to so large an amount, that he was entirely unable to discharge them, and knew not what means to pursue for extricating himself from his embarrassments. Three of his tenants, farmers, offered to undertake the management of his affairs, if he would resign every thing in trust to them for a certain term of years; and they proffered to allow him half the revenue he had drawn from them, and with the remainder to pay off his debts, taking to themselves only what profit they might be able to derive from the speculation. The seigneur agreed to the proposal, and every part of the agreement was punctually performed by the farmers. At the term agreed on the estates were returned to the owner, not merely disencumbered, but exceedingly increased in value, and in a state of excellent cultivation, while the farmers had at the same time made a fair profit to themselves. At the final conclusion of the agreement they made a present to the seigneur's lady of eight horses, that she might come to church, as they said, in a manner suitable to her rank.

In Brittany, mingled with the legends of saints are its still more ancient superstitions. There is scarcely a rock, a fountain, a wood, or a cave, to which some tale of wonder is not attached. From thence omens and auguries are drawn regarding the ordinary occurrences of life. Every operation of nature is attributed by the Brétons to miraculous interposition: they believe that the air, the earth, and the waters are peopled with supernatural agents of all sorts and descriptions.

Likewise there are fountains, into which if a child's shirt or shift be thrown and it sinks, the child will die within the year; if it should swim, it is then put wet on the child, and is a charm against all kinds of diseases. The waters of some fountains are poured upon the ground by those who have friends at sea, to procure a favourable wind for them during four-and-twenty hours.

Another mode of procuring a favourable wind is to sweep up the dust from a church immediately after mass, and blow it towards the side on which the friends are expected to return. The croak of the raven and the song of the thrush are answers to any questions put to them; they tell how many years any one is to live, when he is to be married, and how many children he is to have. Any noise which cannot be immediately accounted for foretells some misfortune, and the howling of a dog is as sure forerunner of death in a family of Brittany as in England. The noise of the sea, or the whistling of the wind heard in the night, is the lamentation of the spirit of some one who has been drowned, complaining for want of burial.

A dæmon or spirit of some kind, called the *Teusarpouliet*, often presents himself to the people under the form of a cow, a dog, a cat, or some other domestic animal; nay, he will sometimes in his assumed form do all the work of the house.

Jean gant y Tan, "John and his fire," is a dæmon who goes about in the night with a candle on each finger, which he keeps constantly turning round very quick. What end this is to answer does not appear; there seems none, but the

pleasure of frightening any body who may chance to meet him.

Another nocturnal wanderer is a spectre in white carrying a lantern; he appears at first like a mere child, but as you look at him he increases in size every moment, till he becomes of a gigantic stature, and then disappears. Like the other he seems to have no object in his walks except to frighten people. One of the servants in the house where Miss Plumptre resided very gravely gave her an account of a rencontre which she once had with this gentleman. She had been out on an errand, and returning home over the *Place du Peuple* she saw a light coming towards her, which thought at first was somebody with a lantern; but as it came near she perceived the white figure, and it began to increase in size,—so then she knew what it was, and she put her hands before her face, and ran screaming home. Her master, she said, laughed at her for a fool, and said it was her own fancy, because he had never happened to see the spectre; nay, she did not know whether he would believe in it if he did see it; but nobody should persuade her out of her senses; she saw it as plain as ever she saw any thing in her life, and she had never ventured since to go out by herself after dark without a lantern, for the spectre never presents himself before people who carry a light.

The *Carigucl Ancou*, or "Chariot of death," is a terrible apparition covered with a white sheet, and driven by skeletons; and the noise of the wheels is always heard in the street passing the door of a house where a person is dying.

The *Buguel-nos* is a beneficent spirit of a gigantic stature, who wears a long white cloak, and is only to be seen between midnight and two in the morning. He defends the people against the devil by wrapping his cloak round them; and while they are thus protected they hear the infernal chariot whirl by, with a frightful noise, the charioteer making hideous cries and howlings: it may be traced in the air for a long time after, by the stream of light which it leaves behind it.

There are a set of ghostly washerwomen called *ar cannerz nos*, or "nocturnal

singers," who wash their linen always by night, singing old songs and tales all the time: they solicit the assistance of people passing by to wring the linen; if it be given awkwardly, they break the person's arm; if it be refused, they pull the refusers into the stream, and drown them.

In the district of Carhaix is a mountain called St. Michael, whither it is believed all dæmons cast out from the bodies of men are banished: if any one sets his foot at night within the circle they inhabit, he begins to run, and will never be able to cease all the rest of the night. Nobody therefore ventures to this mountain after dark.

The Brétons throw pins or small pieces of money into certain wells or springs, for good luck; in others the women dip their children, to render them inaccessible to pain. They watch the graves of their friends for some nights after their interment, lest the devil should seize upon them, and carry them off to his dominions

In the district of Quimperlé there is a fountain called Krignac: to drink three nights successively of this at midnight is an infallible cure for an intermittent fever; or, if it should not succeed it is a sure sign that the patient's time is come, and he has nothing to do but quietly wait the stroke of death.

If a person who keeps bees has his hives robbed, he gives them up immediately, because they never can succeed afterwards. This idea arises from an old Bréton proverb, which says, *Nesquet a chunchz, varlearch ar laër* "No luck after the robber." But why the whole weight of the proverb is made to fall upon the bee-hives, it might be difficult to determine.

In other parts of the country they tie a small piece of black stuff to the bee-hives, in case of a death in the family, and a piece of red in the case of a marriage; without which the bees would never thrive. On the death of any one, they draw from the smoke of the fire an augury whether his soul be gone to the regions of the blessed or the condemned: if the smoke be light and mount rapidly, he is gone to heaven; if it be thick and mount slowly, he is doomed to the regions below. If the left eye of a dead person

do not close, his nearest relation is to die very soon.

The Brétons have the legend of St. Guenolé, whose sister had an eye plucked out by a goose; the saint took the eye out of the goose's entrails, and restored it to its place without its appearing in any way different from what it was before.

They tell you likewise of St. Vincent Ferrier, who, while he was celebrating mass at Vannes, perceived that he had lost his gloves and parapluie; and recollecting that he had left them at Rome went thither to seek them, and returned and finished his mass, without one of his congregation having perceived his absence.

They have also a narrative of a wolf who ate up a poor man's ass. St. Malo ordered the wolf to perform the functions of the ass, which he continued to do ever after; and though sometimes shut up in the stable with the sheep, never offered to touch them, but contentedly fed on thistles, and such other provender as his predecessor used to have.

A peasant boy in the district of Lesneven was never able to pronounce any other words than *O itroun guerhes Mari*, "O lady Virgin Mary." This he was perpetually repeating, and he passed among the country people for an idiot. As he grew up he would live no longer with his parents in their cottage, but slept in the hollow of a tree, and ran about the woods making his usual cry; in the coldest weather he plunged into the water up to his neck, still uttering his usual words, and came up without receiving any injury. After he died, a lily sprang from the spot where he was interred. "A miracle!" was the immediate cry, and a church was built over the grave, dedicated to *Notre Dame de Follgout*, "Our lady of the madman of the woods," where notable miracles were afterwards performed.

Certain ruins near the coast, a little to the south of Brest, are reputed to be those of a palace which belonged to the *Courils*, a sort of pigmies, who deal in sorceries, are very malicious, and are great dancers. They are often seen by moonlight skipping about consecrated stones or any ancient druidical monument; they seize

people by the hand, who cannot help following them in all their movements; and when the spirits have made them dance as long as they please, they trip up their heels, leave them sprawling on the ground, and go laughing away.

There are in more than one place near the western coast stones set up in the same manner as those at Stonehenge. A species of genii, called *Gauries*, are supposed to dance among them; and the stones are called, in general, *Chior-gaur*, or "The giants' dance." In one of the places where some of these stones are to be seen, the people of the neighbourhood, if asked what they mean, say that it was a procession to a wedding which was all in a moment changed into stone for some crime, but they do not know what. In another place they are reputed to be the funeral procession of a miser, who received this punishment because in his lifetime he had never given any thing to the poor.

These are only a few out of the innumerable superstitions which prevail throughout Bretagne, but they are sufficient to give a perfect idea of the power which imagination has over the minds of these people.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 30.

July 15.

ST. SWITHIN.

For this saint, and his supposed miraculous power over the weather, see vol. i. p. 953.

On this day in the year 1743 died, "in earnest," the wife of one Kirkeen, who was twice at Dublin ready to be buried; but came to life to her loving husband's great disappointment, who fearing the like accident immediately put her into a coffin, had it nailed up, and buried her the next day.

As wrapp'd in death-like sleep Xantippe lay,
'Twas thought her soul had gently stole away;
Th' officious husband, with a pious care,
Made no delay her funeral pile to rear:

* Miss Plumptre.

Too fast, alas! they move the seeming dead,
With heedless steps the hasty bearers tread,
And slipping thump the coffin on the ground,
Which made the hollow womb of earth rebound;

The sudden shock unseal'd Xantippe's eyes,
O! whither do you hurry me? she cries;
Where is my spouse!—lo! the good man appears,

And like an ass hang down his dangling ears;

Unwillingly renews his slavish life,
To hug the marriage chain, and hated wife.
For ten long tedious years he felt her pow'r,
At length 'twas ended in a lucky hour;
But now the husband, wiser than before,
Fearing a fall might former life restore,
Cries, "Soft, my friends! let's walk in so'ean measure,
Nor make a toil o' that which gives us pleasure."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 62 · 60.

July 16.

SILENCE OF THE BIRDS.

Dr. Forster observes, there is one circumstance that will always render the country in July and August less pleasing than in the other summer and spring months, namely, that the birds do not sing. *Aves mutae* might be regularly entered into the calendar for these two months.

Silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talked now unto the echo of the groves.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leaf swept

Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whisperings stirred,

As loth to waken any singing bird.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 37.

July 17.

A PENANCE.

"The Times" of July 17, 1826, says that on Sunday last Isaac Gaskill, bonsetter and farmer, of Bolton-by-the-Sands, did penance for the crime of incest in the parish church of that place. As the

* Gentleman's Magazine.

punishment is not very common, we sub-join, as a matter of curiosity to some of our readers, the

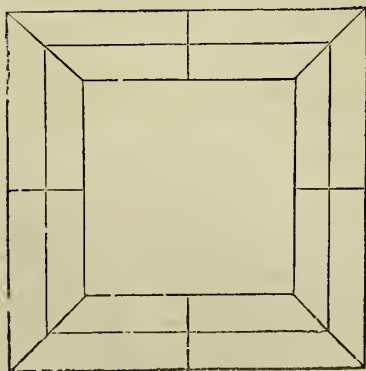
Form of Penance.

"Whereas, I, good people, forgetting my duty to Almighty God, have committed the detestable sin of incest, by contracting marriage, or rather the show or effigy of marriage, with Mary Ann Taylor, the sister of my late wife, and thereby have justly provoked the heavy wrath of God against me, to the great danger of my own soul, and the evil example of others; I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for the same, desiring Almighty God, for the merits of Jesus Christ, to forgive me both this and all other offences, and also hereafter so to assist me with his Holy Spirit, that I never fall into the like offence again; and for that end and purpose I desire you all here present to pray with me, and for me, saying, 'Our father,' &c.—*Westmoreland Chronicle.*

NINEPENNY MARL.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—There is an ancient game, played by the "shepherds of Salisbury Plain," and "village rustics" in that part of the country, called "Ninepenny Marl." Not having read any account of it in print, I hasten to describe it on your historical and curious pages. Decyphering and drawing lines on the sand and ground are of great antiquity; and where education has failed to instruct, nature has supplied amusement. The scheme, which affords the game of "Ninepenny Marl," is cut in the clay, viz. :—



or it might be drawn upon the crown of a hat with chalk. In cottages and public houses, it is marked on the side of a pair of bellows, or upon a table, and, in short, any plain surface. "Marl" is played, like cards, by two persons, each person has nine bits of pipe, or stick so as to distinguish it from those of the opponent. Each puts the pipe or stick upon one of the points or corners of the line, alternately, till they are all filled. There is much caution required in this, or your opponent will avail himself of your error, by placing his man on the very point which it is necessary you should occupy; the chief object being to make a perfect line of three, either way, and also to prevent the other player doing so. Every man that is taken is put into the square till no further move can be made. But if the vanquished be reduced to only three, he can hop and skip into any vacant place, that he may, if possible, even at the last, form a line, which is sometimes done by very wary manœuvres. However simple "Ninepenny Marl" may appear, much skill is required, particularly in the choice of the first places, so as to form the lines as perfectly and quickly as possible. This game, like cards, has its variations. But the above imperfectly described way is that to which I was accustomed when a boy. I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, many of your country readers are not wholly ignorant of the innocent occupation which "Ninepenny Marl" has afforded in the retirement of leisure; and with 'rong recollections of its attractions,

I am, Sir,

Your obliged correspondent,
* * P

P— T—, July, 1826.

P. S. "The shepherds of Salisbury Plain" are so proverbially idle, that rather than rise, when asked the road across the plain, they put up one of their legs towards the place, and say, "*Thuck woy!*" (this way)—"*Thuck way!*" (that way.)

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 17.

July 18.



The Leverian Museum.

On Friday the eighteenth of July, 1806, the sale of the magnificent collection of natural history and curiosities formed by Sir Ashton Lever, was concluded by Messrs. King and Lochee, of King-street, Covent-garden.

It is impossible to give an adequate

account of the "Leverian Museum," but its celebrity throughout Europe seems to require some further notice than a bare mention: a few facts are subjoined to convey an idea of its extent, and of the gratification the lovers of natural history and antiquities must have derived from its contemplation.

The last place wherein the Leverian collection was exhibited, was in a handsome building on the Surrey side of the Thames, near Blackfriars-bridge, consisting of seventeen different apartments, occupying nearly one thousand square yards. In these rooms were assembled the rarest productions in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, with inimitable works of art, and the various dresses, manufactures, implements of war, &c. of the Indian nations in North and South America, Otaheite, Botany-bay and other foreign parts, collected by the late captain Cook and other navigators.

The preceding engraving represents the rotunda of the museum, from a print published about twenty years before the sale took place. It is an accurate record of the appearance of that part of the edifice, until the auction, which was held on the premises, finally broke up the rare assemblage of objects exhibited. After the sale the premises were occupied for many years by the library, apparatus, and other uses of the Surrey Institution. They are now, in 1826, used for recreation of another kind. On the exterior of the building is inscribed "Rotunda Wine Rooms." It is resorted to by lovers of "a good glass of wine" and "a cigar," and there is professional singing and music in "the Rotunda" every Tue day and Thursday evening.

The last editor of Mr. Pennant's "London," in a note on his author's mention of the Leverian Museum, remarks its dispersion, by observing that "this noble collection, which it is said was offered to the British Museum for a moderate sum, was sold by auction in 1806. The sale lasted thirty-four days. The number of lots, many containing several articles, amounted to four thousand one hundred and ninety-four."

This statement is somewhat erroneous. An entire copy of the "Catalogue of the Leverian Museum," which was drawn up by Edward Donovan, Esq. the eminent naturalist, is now before the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, with the prices annexed. It forms an octavo volume of four hundred and ten pages, and from thence it appears that the sale lasted sixty-five days, instead of thirty-four, and that the lots amounted to 7879, instead of 4194, as stated by Mr. Pennant's editor

ORDER OF THE CATALOGUE.

	<i>Days.</i>
Part I. 5th May to 13th . . .	8
— II. 14th . . . 22d . . .	8
— III. 23d . . . 31st . . .	8
— IV. 2d June to 11th . . .	8
— V. 12th . . . 20th . . .	8
— VI. 21st . . . 9th July	17
Addition 10th July to 13th . . .	3
Appendix 14th . . . 18th . . .	5

Days 65

Leicester House.

The first exhibition of the Leverian Museum in London, was at "Leicester house," Leicester-square. "This house was founded," Mr. Pennant says, "by one of the Sydneys, earls of Leicester. It was for a short time the residence of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., the titular queen of Bohemia, who, on February 13, 1661, here ended her unfortunate life. It was successively the *pouting-place* of princes. The late king (George II.) when prince of Wales, after he had quarrelled with his father, lived here several years. His son, Frederick, followed his example, succeeded him in his house, and in it finished his days."

Mr. Pennant then proceeds, more immediately to our purpose, to observe, "No one is ignorant of the magnificent and instructive museum, exhibited in this house by the late sir Ashton Lever. It was the most astonishing collection of the subjects of natural history ever collected, in so short a space, by any individual. To the disgrace of our kingdom, after the first burst of wonder was over, it became neglected; and when it was offered to the public, by the chance of a guinea lottery, only eight thousand out of thirty-six thousand tickets were sold. Finally, the capricious goddess frowned on the spirited proprietor of such a number of tickets, and transferred the treasure to the possessor of only two, Mr. Parkinson." Further on, Mr. Pennant says, "I must not omit reminding the reader, that the celebrated museum collected by the late sir Ashton Lever, is transported to the southern end of *Blackfriars-bridge* by Mr. Parkinson, whom fortune favoured with it in the Leverian lottery. That gentleman built a place expressly for its reception, and disposed the rooms with so much judgment, as to give a most advantageous view of the

innumerable curiosities. The spirit of the late worthy owner seems to have been transfused into the present. He spares no pains or expense to augment a collection, before equally elegant and instructive."

Mr. Pennant, in his "History of Quadrupeds," likewise makes mention of the Leverian Museum, as "a liberal fund of inexhaustible knowledge in most branches of natural history," and he especially names "the matchless collection of animals" there exhibited, to which he had recourse while correcting the descriptions for the last edition of his work.

We have gathered from Mr. Pennant, that the Leverian Museum was disposed of by lottery, and his own opinion, as a naturalist, of its merit. The evidence whereon the committee of the house of commons founded its report in behalf of the bill, which afterwards passed and enabled sir Ashton Lever to dispose of his museum in that manner, amply testifies the opinion conceived of it by individuals fully qualified to decide on its importance.

Mr. Tennant who had been upwards of twenty years a collector of subjects of natural history, and had seen all the cabinets of curiosities, both public and private, of any note in Holland, France, and Portugal, and those at Brussels, Dresden, Brunswick, and Vienna, and had also seen the Spanish cabinet while collecting in Holland, said, that he had never seen any collection more rare, more curious, or more instructive than sir Ashton Lever's, nor any that could be compared with it; that it exceeded all others in the beauty and preservation of the numerous articles it contained, which were better selected than any he had seen elsewhere; and that it contained many specimens that could not be procured at any expense.

Sir William Hamilton gave similar testimony. Having a particular love for natural history, in different journeys to and from Naples, where he was ambassador from Great Britain, he had seen every public and private museum in Holland, France, Germany, Italy, and Sicily, and he thought sir Ashton Lever's collection was in every respect the finest.

Baron Dimsdale said he had seen the cabinets of curiosities at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and also those at Paris and Dresden, which are esteemed very curious and valuable, and that they were not, all

together, to be compared with sir Ashton Lever's museum.

After such distinguished and unquestionable testimonials respecting this collection, it would be trifling to adduce a poem in proof that it merited praise; but as a curiosity, which, on account of the youth of its author, sir Ashton Lever himself must have deemed a "curiosity," the following may be perused with interest.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO SIR ASHTON LEVER, BY A
LITTLE BOY OF TEN YEARS OLD ON
BEING FAVOURED WITH A SIGHT OF
HIS MUSEUM.

November 6, 1778.

If I had Virgil's judgment, Homer's fire,
And could with equal rapture strike the lyre,
Could drink as largely of the muse's spring,
Then would I of sir Ashton's merits sing.
Look here, look there, above, beneath, around,
Sure great Apollo consecrates the ground
Here stands a tiger, mighty in his strength,
There crocodiles extend their scaly length:
Subtile, voracious to devour their food,
Savage they look, and seem to pant for blood.
Here shells and fish, and finny dolphins seen,
Display their various colours blue and green.
View there an urn which Roman ashes bore,
And habits once that foreign nations wore.
Birds and wild beasts from Afric's burning
sand,
And curious fossils rang'd in order stand.
Now turn your eyes from them, and quick
survey,
Spars, diamonds, crystals, dart a golden ray
View apes in different attitudes appear,
With horns of bucks, and goats, and shamois
deer.

Next various kinds of monsters meet the eye;
Dreadful they seem, grim-looking as they lie.
What man is he that does not view with awe
The river-horse that gives the Tigris law?
Dauntless he looks, and, eager to engage,
Lashes his sides, and burns with steady rage.
View where an elephant's broad bulk ap-
pears,

And o'er his head his hollow trunk he rears:
He seems to roar, impatient for the fight,
And stands collected in his utmost might.
Some I have sung, much more my muse could
name;

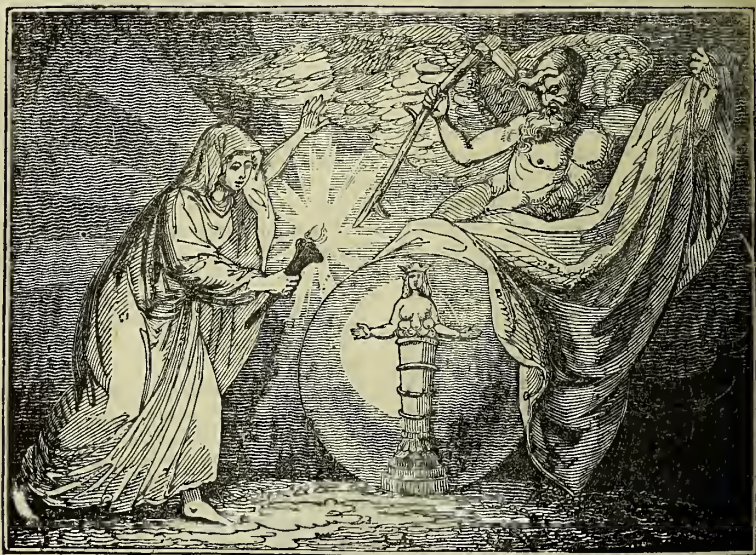
A nobler muse requires sir Ashton's fame.
I've gained my end, if you, good sir, receive
This feeble present, which I freely give.
Your well-known worth, to distant nations
told,

Amongst the sons of Fame shall be enroll'd.

T. P.*

Kennington, Nov. 8, 1778.

* Gentleman's Magazine.



Ticket of Admission to the Leberian Museum.

ISSUED BY MR. PARKINSON AFTER HE OBTAINED IT BY LOTTERY.

It seems appropriate and desirable to give the above representation of Mr. Parkinson's ticket, for there are few who retain the original. Besides—the design is good, and as an engraving it is an ornament.

And—as a memorial of the method adopted by sir Ashton Lever to obtain attention to the means by which he hoped to reimburse himself for his prodigious outlay, and also to enable the public to view the grand prize which the adventure of a guinea might gain, one of his advertisements is annexed from a newspaper of January 28, 1785.

SIR ASHTON LEVER's Lottery Tickets are now on sale at Leicester-house, every day (Sundays excepted) from Nine in the morning till Six in the evening, at One Guinea each; and as each ticket will admit four persons, either together or separately, to view the Museum, no one will hereafter be admitted but by the Lottery Tickets, excepting those who have already annual admission.

This collection is allowed to be infinitely superior to any of the kind in Europe. The very large sum expended in making it, is the cause of its being thus to be disposed

of, and not from the deficiency of the daily receipts (as is generally imagined) which have annually increased, the average amount for the last three years being 1833*l.* per annum.

The hours of admission are from Eleven till Four.

Good fires in all the galleries.

The first notice of the Leverian Museum is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1773, by a person who had seen it at Alkington, near Manchester, when it was first formed. Though many specimens of natural history are mentioned, the collection had evidently not attained its maturity. It appears at that time to have amounted to no more than "upwards of one thousand three hundred glass cases, containing curious subjects, placed in three rooms, besides four sides of rooms shelved from top to bottom, with glass doors before them." The works of art *particularized* by the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," are "a head of his present majesty, cut in cannil coal, said to be a striking likeness; indeed the workmanship is inimitable—also a drawing in Indian ink of a head of a late duke

of Bridgewater, valued at one hundred guineas—a few pictures of birds in straw, very natural, by Miss Gregg; a basket of flowers, cut in paper, a most masterly performance; the flowers are justly represented, not the least dot of the apices of the stamina wanting, or the least fault in the proportion; every part is so truly observed, that it was new to me every time I went to see it, and gave me great delight. This curious basket of flowers was executed by Mrs. Groves.

There are a great number of antique dresses and parts of dresses of our own and other nations—near two hundred species of warlike instruments, ancient and modern; but as I am no friend to fighting, of these I took no further notice, or else I might have mentioned the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and many more such desperate diabolical instruments of destruction, invented, no doubt, by the devil himself."



A Summer Scene in the Potteries.

Down in the Potteries it's "a sight,"
The whole day long, from morn till night,
To see the girls, and women grown,
The child, the damsel, and old crone
By the well-sides at work, or singing,
While waiting for the water's springing;
Telling what Francis Moore presages,
Or who did not bring home his wages.
P'rhaps one exclaims, "time runs away!"
Her neighbour cries, "Why, what's to-day?"
And, when she knows, feigns mighty sorrow—
She thought to-day would be to-morrow?
Another thinks another's daughter
Grows monstrous tall—"Halloo! the water!"

Up it rises, and they skurry,
 In a skimble skamble hurry,
 Shouting and bawling "Where's the pot?"
 "Why I was first"—"No, you were not."—
 As quick as thought they empt' the well,
 And the last comers take a spell,
 At waiting, while the others go,
 With their full pitchers, dawdling so,
 You'd think they'd nothing else to do
 But to keep looking round at you.
 However, all are honest creatures,
 And some have pretty shapes and features :
 So, if there be an end of lotteries,
 You may find prizes in the Potteries.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 52.

July 19.

K. George IV. crowned.
 Holiday at all the public offices.

"THE GLORY OF REGALITY."

This is the title of "A Historical Treatise on the Anointing and Crowning of the Kings and Queens of England, by Arthur Taylor, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. London: 1820." 8vo. pp. 440.

The present notice is designed to acquaint inquirers with the most important and satisfactory work regarding our regal ceremonies that exists. Mr. Taylor's volume is a storehouse of information concerning the kingly title and office, the regalia, the assistants at the coronation, the tenants of the crown by grand serjeantry performing services, the ceremonial, the processions, and the feast. That part of the book entitled a "Chronicle of the Coronations," is full of singular details. The "History of the Coronation Oath" is remarkably curious and interesting. There is likewise an appendix of important documents and records, a valuable index, and, according to a good old custom, which modern authors find it convenient to neglect, the reader is referred to every source of information on the subjects treated of, by a list of upwards of two hundred and thirty works resorted to, and quoted by Mr. Taylor, in the course of his labours. Few writers of the present day have achieved a monument of so much diligence as this work.—The trifling sum at which it was published can scarcely have remunerated its erudite author, beyond the expense of the paper and print and wood engravings.

Mr. Arthur Taylor is in the foremost rank of learned typographers; and, better for himself in a pecuniary view, he is printer to the corporation of London, to which office he was elected while travelling in Italy, after the publication of his "Glory of Regality."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 87.

July 20.

ST. MARGARET.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs.

Butler speaks of her merely as a virgin who is "said" to have been instructed in the faith by a christian nurse, and persecuted by her father, who was a pagan priest; that after being tormented, she was martyred by the sword "in the last general persecution;" that "her name occurs in the litany inserted in the old Roman order," and in ancient Greek calendars; that, from the east, her veneration was exceedingly propagated in England, France, and Germany during the holy wars; that "Vida, the glory of the christian muses," honoured her as "one of the titular saints of Cremona, her native city, with two hymns, begging God through her prayers" a happy death and a holy life; and that "her body now kept at Monte Fiascone, in Tuscany."

The Egyptians are not more famous for embalming, than the Romish church is celebrated for the keeping of saint bodies—with the additional reputation of a peculiar tact at discovering them. It was not at all uncommon to distinguish their bones, from other mortuary remains a few centuries after death.

We are told that St. Margaret received the crown of martyrdom in the year 278,* therefore her body, "now kept at Monte Fiascone," may be regarded to have been as well "kept" through one thousand five hundred years, as those of other saints; for it must be observed that none but saints' bodies "keep." There is not an instance of the body of any lay individual, however virtuous or illustrious, having remained to us through fifteen centuries.

The illustrious father of the order of the Jesuits, Peter Ribadeneira, rather confusedly relates that St. Margaret was devoured by the devil; and "in an other place it is sayd that he swallowed her into his bely," and that while in his inside she made the sign of the cross, and she "yssued out all hole and sounde," though it is added that this account "is apocrium." We are told that a devil appeared to her in the likeness of a man, but she caught him by the head, threw him down, set her right foot on his neck, and said, "Lye still thou fende, under the fote of a woman." In that situation the devil admitted he was vanquished, and declared he would not have cared if a young man had conquered him, but he was very vexed to have been overcome by a young woman. St. Margaret asked him what he was, and he answered that his name was Belial, that he was one of a multitude of devils who had been enclosed in a brass vessel by Solomon, and that after Solomon's death this vessel was broken at Babylon by persons who supposed it contained a treasure, when all the devils flew out and took to the air, where they were incessantly espying how to "assayle rightfull men." Then she took her foot from his neck, and said to him, "Flee hence thou wretched fende," and behold the earth opened and the fende sank.

However "right comfortable" this relation may be, there is more "delection" in that of St. Margaret being swallowed by the devil; it is a pity it is "apocrium."

July 21.

ST. VICTOR OF MARSEILLES.

We are informed by Butler that this saint was a martyr under the emperor Maximian. From his silence as to the saint's life, it is to be inferred that biographers of saints were rare, while, from his elaborate account of the saint's death, it is to be inferred that their martyrdoms were attended by able reporters.

The abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles was one of the most celebrated religious foundations in Europe. It claimed to have been the first monastery established in France. Its ruins are striking objects of curiosity to visitors of the town.

St. Victor's monastery was founded by St. Cassien, patriarch of Constantinople, in the fourth or fifth century. The spot was fixed upon by St. Cassien for his new foundation, from the ground being already considered as sacred by the Marseillais, for we are assured that Mary Magdalen and her brother Lazarus arrived in Provence with a cargo of saints, fixed their residence at Marseilles, and converted a great number of the inhabitants; and that Mary Magdalen after remaining there some time, desirous of being more secluded, withdrew to a grotto in the rock on which the abbey of St. Victor now stands. Still, pressed by crowds, she removed a league from Marseilles to the quarter of Aygalades, where afterwards was founded a monastery of the Carmes. Even here she could not find seclusion, and she finally fixed her retreat at the *Sainte Beaume*, a grotto in the mountain of St. Pilon, in a more remote part of the country where she ended her days.

On the spot sanctified by her first retreat, a chapel was erected and dedicated to the Holy Virgin under the title of "Nôtre Dame de la Confession." A little confusion seems here to have been made between Mary Magdalen, in remembrance of whom the spot was considered as sacred, and the virgin mother; for after the monastery was built, a chapel in it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, while little notice was taken of Mary the penitent.

The monastery of St. Cassien many years after the body of the celebrated St. Victor was interred there, was called the monastery of St. Victor. His coffin was said to have been cut off by order of Maximian, for having kicked down a

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 25.

* Mr. Audley.

† Golden Legend.

statue of Jupiter when required to sacrifice to it; this foot has been a relic in high esteem ever since. Afterwards his head was cut off, and the head became another relic of very high value. Various miracles are reported to have been wrought at his tomb, particularly in the cure of demoniacs.

It is also related that the tomb of the emperor Maximian, who died and was interred at Marseilles, was discovered about the middle of the eleventh century, and recognised to be his by an inscription. The body was in a leaden coffin, and found entire, having been preserved by an odoriferous liquor with which it was anointed without, and filled within. Two chalices of gold, full of the same liquor, were placed on each side of the head. As a persecutor of the christian church, his body was by order of Raimbaud, archbishop of Arles, thrown into the sea; and it is alleged that for some time after the water of the spot where it was thrown bubbled furiously, as if boiling over a fire, and cast up smoke and flames from the bosom of the deep.

There is a tradition respecting St. Victor in the archives of the abbey, that a dragon of the wood adjoining devoured every thing that came in his way, human beings as well as animals; whereupon St. Victor went forth to fight him, armed cap-à-piè, and mounted on a mettled courser, and that he slew him and freed the country from so terrible a scourge. An effigy of the saint, engaged with his fearful antagonist, was carved in stone, and placed over the porch of the great church: and the same device was adopted as the great seal of the monastery. The carving over the church porch remains to this day, though somewhat defaced: it is the exact counterpart of the English St. George and the dragon. Underneath is inscribed

Massiliam vere. (VICTOR) civisque tuere.

On the St. Victor's day, which is the twenty-first of July, there were formerly held at Marseilles a festival and procession in honour of him, called "La Triomphale." The relics of the saint were carried round the town by the prior of the monastery, attended by the whole community. At the head of the procession marched a cavalier in complete armour, highly orna-

mented, carrying a lance in one hand, and in the other the standard of the abbey, on which were the arms richly embroidered; he wore a rich scarf, and his horse had a housing of white damask, ornamented with blue crosses. This cavalier was intended to represent St. Victor. He was preceded by twelve cavaliers carrying lighted tapers, and accompanied by a band of music with drums and trumpets. Six pages followed him. As soon as the people heard the music, and saw the standard, they flocked in crowds to join the procession. As it passed along the quay of the port, all the vessels hoisted their colours, and saluted it with a discharge of cannon and musquetry; and the consuls, with the rest of the magistrates, met it at an appointed place, to pay their homage to the saint, and attend him back to the abbey.

This ceremony had been observed every year from time immemorial, till monsieur de Belsunce, the bishop of Marseilles, who distinguished himself so much in the great plague of 1720, prevailed upon the magistrates to consent to the abolition of it, for the following reason. He was about to publish a biography of the bishops, his predecessors, from the first conversion of the town to the christian faith, among whom it was necessary to include St. Victor; and not wishing him to appear otherwise than a christian bishop and martyr, he thought he would not be considered in these lights only while the people were accustomed to see him every year in a character directly opposite; so that no way appeared of making the impression he desired, except by abolishing the annual ceremony. Until then the relics of St. Victor, who was esteemed the patron saint of Marseilles were always borne in the procession. They were likewise carried in procession at the time of any public calamity; but on these occasions the armed cavalier did not make his appearance.

The *grotto*, which for a short time has been the residence of Mary Magdalen, was, on the foundation of the monastery converted into a chapel, and a tower erected to her memory. It was said that no woman could enter this chapel without being immediately struck blind; and for some centuries no female attempted to penetrate the sanctity of the place, till the celebrated queen Joan insisted

admission, when it is said she had sooner passed the portal than she was deprived of her sight. It was afterwards restored, on her putting a balustrade of solid silver round the image of the virgin. This image has been preserved, and a place has been allotted her in the church; but one of the remarkable effects of the French revolution is, that a woman can now look at it without experiencing the least inconvenience.

On the tomb of the Magdalen, which was of white marble, were many curious figures carved in relief—among others a wolf suckling two children; and in the inferior church were seven very fine marble columns of the Corinthian order. These are supposed to have been some of the many spoils of the Pagan temples, which the monks of St. Victor are known to have appropriated to their own use.

It was formerly a popular belief, that in this place were deposited the bodies of seven brothers who were not dead, but lay there to sleep till the general resurrection. What became of them at the demolition of the abbey does not appear.

Among the curiosities of the abbey of St. Victor was a well, with a small column of granite on each side of it. On one of the columns was a figure which was called the impression of the devil's claw; and the story concerning it was, that the old gentleman, being envious of the superior sanctity of the holy fathers, stole one day into the monastery with a malicious intention to corrupt them. What form he assumed is not stated by the record, but he was soon discovered, and obliged to make his escape; in doing which he stepped over these two columns, and left the impression of his claw upon one of them. The truth was, that the columns were ancient ones, and the devil's claw the remains of an acanthus' leaf.

The abbey of St. Victor was secularized under Louis XV. Formerly none but natives of Marseilles could be members of the community, and the city had the right of placing in it, a certain number of youth for education free of expense. These valuable privileges were surrendered, and the canons were in future only to be chosen from among such families of Provence, as could produce a title of a hundred and fifty years' nobility on the

paternal side. From that time the foundation assumed the title of "the noble and illustrious collegiate church of St. Victor."

In a few years afterwards, the new canons, being all nobles, petitioned the king for a badge to distinguish them from the other chapters of the province; and they obtained permission to wear a cross, or rather a star of enamel, similar to that worn by the knights of Malta, slung round the neck with a deep red ribband. In the centre of the cross was represented on one side the figure of St. Victor with the dragon, and round it "Divi Victoris Massiliensis," and on the other, the great church of the abbey, with the words "Monumentis et nobilitate insignis."

The luxury and libertinism of the new canons were matter of notoriety and scandal, and in the great overthrow of the sceptre and priesthood, the abbey of St. Victor became one of the first objects of popular vengeance. So complete was the demolition of many parts of the buildings, that even the very stones were carried away; but in the greater part fragments of the walls are still left standing. Among the ruins are many fragments of carved work, which the monks had appropriated to the decoration of their monastery. The most beautiful of these remains were deposited in the Lyceum at Marseilles.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 87.

July 22.

MAGDALENE.

This name is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs.

The character of Magdalen is ably vindicated from the common and vulgar imputation by the illustrious Lardner, in a letter to the late Jonas Hanway, wherein he urges on the eminent philanthropist, the manifest impropriety of calling a receptacle for female penitents by the name of Magdalen.

St. Mary Magdalen.

Sainte Beaume near Marseilles is a vast cavity in a mountain, thence called the

mountain of the Sainte Beaume. Here Mary Magdalen has been reputed to have secluded herself during the latter years of her life, and to have died. The spot is considered as holy ground; and in former times the pilgrimages undertaken to it from very distant parts, occasioned the cavern to be converted into a chapel dedicated to the Magdalen. About the end of the thirteenth century, a convent of Dominican friars was built close to the cavern, and the chapel was from that time served by the monks of the convent. Afterwards an *hospice*, or inn, for the accommodation of pilgrims, and travellers, was added, and in this state it remained till the revolution.

Miss Plumptre describes an interesting visit to *Sainte Beaume* :—

From Nans we soon began to ascend the lesser mountains, which form the base of the principal one, and, after pursuing a winding path for a considerable distance, came to a plain called the Plan d'Aulps, at the foot of the great mountain. The whole side of this latter is covered with wood, except an interval in one spot, which presents to the eye an enormous rock, almost perpendicular. As this opened upon us in crossing the plain, monsieur B——, who was acquainted with the spot, said, "Now you can see the convent." We looked around, but saw no signs of a habitation: "No," said he, "you must not look round, you must look upwards against the rock." We did so, and to our utter astonishment descried it about half way up this tremendous precipice; appearing, when beheld in this point of view, as if it had no foundation, but was suspended against the rock, like any thing hung upon a nail or peg. The sensation excited by the idea of a human habitation in such a place was very singular; it was a mixture of astonishment mingled with awe, and an involuntary shuddering, at the situation of persons living in a spot which had the appearance of being wholly inaccessible: it seemed as if the house could have been built only by magic, and that by magic alone the inhabitants could have been transported into it.

Having crossed the plain, we entered the wood through which the pathway that leads up to the grotto and the convent winds. A more complete or sublime scene of solitude can scarcely be con-

ceived. Though great numbers of the trees were cut down during the revolution, sufficient still remain to form a thick shade.

On arriving at the convent, we found that the appearance we had observed from below, was a deception occasioned by the distance; that it was built on a narrow esplanade on the rock, which just afforded room for the building and a walk before it, guarded on the side of the precipice by a parapet. It was indeed a formidable sight to look over this upon the precipice below. Both the convent and the inn were pillaged in the revolution, and little more than their shells remain.

The grotto is a fine specimen of the wild features of nature. The roof is a natural vault, and the silence of the place is only interrupted by the dripping of water from the roof at the further end, into a basin formed by the rock, which receives it below. This water is remarkably clear and limpid, and is warm in winter, but very cold in summer. It is considered of great efficacy in the cure of diseases, from the miraculous powers with which it is endowed through the sanctity of the place. The cures it performs are confined, therefore, to those who have faith enough to rely upon its efficacy. The great altar of the chapel was very magnificent, all of marble, enclosed within an iron balustrade. The iron is gone, but most of the marble remains, though much broken and scattered about; and what appeared remarkable was that a great many *fleurs-de-lys* in mosaic, with which the altar was decorated, were left untouched. Behind the altar is a figure in marble of the Magdalen, in a recumbent posture, with her head resting upon her right hand.

Another point of the mountain, directly above the grotto of the Sainte Beaume, is called St. Pilon: it is nearly six hundred feet higher than the esplanade on which the convent stands, and between two-thirds and three-quarters of an English mile perpendicular height above the level of the sea. It is said, that while the Magdalen was performing her penitence in the grotto, she was constantly carried up to St. Pilon by angels seven times a day to pray; and in aftertimes a chapel in form of a rotunda was erected there in commemoration of this circumstance; but

this is now destroyed. Very small models of it in bone, containing a chaplet and crucifix, used to be made at the convent, which were purchased by visitors.

Among the illustrious visitors to Sainte Beaume, were Francis I., with his mother, the queen his first wife, and the duchess of Alençon his sister. In commemoration of this visit, which was in 1516, a statue of Francis was erected in the grotto: it remained there nearly to the time of the revolution. In 1517, the duchess of Mantua, accompanied by a numerous train of attendants, made a pilgrimage thither, as she was passing through Provence; sixteen years afterwards it was visited by Eleanor of Austria, second wife to Francis, with the dauphin and the dukes of Orleans and Angoulême. In 1660 it was honoured with the presence of Louis XIV., his mother, the duke of Anjou, and the numerous train by whom they were attended in their progress through the south.

Since this period it does not appear that any persons of note visited the shrine from devotional motives; but it has always been a great object of the devotion of the Provençaux, particularly of the lower class. It was often made a part of the marriage contract among them, that the husband should accompany the wife in a pilgrimage thither, within the first year after they were married; but even if no express stipulation was made, the husband who did not do so was thought to have failed very much in the attention and regard due to his wife. Whitsun week was the usual time for making these visits, and all the avenues to the grotto were at this time thronged with company, as if it had been a fair. All the way from Nans to the grotto are little oratories by the road side at certain distances, in which there used to be pictures of the Magdalen's history.

Among the most illustrious guests the grotto ever received, must be reckoned Petrarch. He went at the solicitation of Humbert, dauphin of the Viennois, and of cardinal Colonna, very much against his own inclination. In a letter which he wrote thirty-four years afterwards to his intimate friend Philip of

Cabassole, bishop of Cavaillon, he says, "We passed three days and three nights in this holy and horrible cavern. Wearied with the society of persons whom I had accompanied spite of myself, I often wandered alone into the neighbouring forest. I had even recourse to my usual remedy for chasing the ennui which arises from being in company not perfectly agreeable to me. My imagination at such moments recurs to my absent friends, and represents them as if present with me: though my acquaintance with you was not then of long standing, yet you came to my assistance; I fancied that you were seated by me in the grotto, and invited me to write some verses in honour of the holy penitent, towards whom you had always a particular devotion; when I immediately obeyed, and wrote such as first occurred." The verses are little more than a poetical description of the place.

A carmelite friar of the seventeenth century, whose name was Jean Louis Barthelemi, but who always called himself Pierre de St. Louis, determined to amuse his solitary hours with writing a poem upon some illustrious saint. He hesitated awhile between Elias, whom he considered as the founder of his order and Mary Magdalen, a female with whom he had been enamoured before his retirement. Love at length decided the question, and he composed a poem in twelve books, which he entitled, "*The Magdalenéide, or Mary Magdalen at the Desert of the Sainte Beaume in Provence, a Spiritual and Christian Poem.*" This work cost five years of close application, and came forth one of the most whimsical effusions that ever flowed from the pen of pious extravagance. Some idea of it may be collected from a few extracts literally translated

Having treated at large of the Magdalen's irregular conduct in the early part of her life, and of her subsequent conversion, he says, "But God at length changed this coal into a ruby, this crow into a dove, this wolf into a sheep, this hell into a heaven, this nothing into something, this thistle into a lily, this thorn into a rose, this sin into grace, this impotence into power, this vice into virtue, this caldron into a mirror." Again, speaking of the thirty years which she is reputed to have passed in the grotto and the woods adjoining, deploring the sins of her youth,

he says, "The woods might make her pass for a Hamadryad, her tears might make her to be thought a Naiad;—come then, ye curious, and you may behold an aquatic nymph in the midst of a forest." And again, in a panegyric upon her penitence, is the following very extraordinary passage: "While she occupies herself in expatiating the offences of her *preterite* time, which was but *imperfect*, the *future* is destined to repair the loss;—the *present* is such that it is *indicative* of a love which mounts to the *infinitive*, and in a degree always *superlative*, turning against herself the *accusative*." The poet concludes his work by saying, "If you desire grace and sweetness in verses, in mine will you find them; and if you seek ingenious thoughts, you will find that the points of these are not blunted."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 47.

July 23

LONGEVITY.

Died, at Elderslie, on the twenty-third of July, 1826, Hugh Shaw, at the great age of 113 years. Till within the previous eighteen months he walked every Saturday to Paisley, and returned, a distance of seven miles. While able to go about, he had no other means of support than what he collected by begging from door to door. After his confinement to the house, he was supported by private bounty. Previous to the last three weeks of his life, he was able to leave his bed every day. Latterly he was blind and deaf. He is said to have left strict charges that, as he had never received parish relief, he should be buried without its aid, even if he were interred without a coffin. His funeral was attended by a number of respectable inhabitants of Paisley, and by a party of the forty-second regiment, wherein he had served.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 64 · 25.

July 24.

REMARKABLE EARTHQUAKE.

The following communication was re-

* Scotch paper.

ceived too late for insertion on the fifteenth of the month, under which day the reader will be pleased to consider it to belong.

For the Every-Day Book.

JULY 15.

On the fifteenth of July, 1757, a violent shock of an earthquake was felt on the western part of Cornwall. Its operations extended from the islands of Scilly, as far east as Leskeard, and as far as Camelford north. The noise exceeded that of thunder; the tremours of the earth were heard and seen in different mines, particularly the following:—In Carnoth Adit in St. Just, the shock was felt eighteen fathoms deep; and in Boseadzhil Downs mine, thirty fathoms. At Huel-rith mine in the parish of Lelant, the earth moved under the miners, quick, and with a trembling motion. In Herland mine, in the parish of Gwinear, the noise was heard sixty fathoms deep. In Chace-water mine, near Redruth, at seventy fathoms deep, a dull and rumbling sound. The effect on the miners may easily be conceived; they are generally a very superstitious race of men.*

Cornish Hurling.

"Hurling matches" are peculiar to Cornwall. They are trials of skill between two parties, consisting of a considerable number of men, forty to sixty aside, and often between two parishes. These exercises have their name from "hurling" a wooden ball, about three inches diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which is sometimes gilt, and has commonly a motto—"Fair play is good play." The success depends on catching the ball dexterously when thrown up, or *dealt*, and carrying it off expeditiously, in spite of all opposition from the adverse party; or, if that be impossible, throwing it into the hands of a partner, who, in his turn, exerts his efforts to convey it to his own goal, which is often three or four miles distance. This sport therefore requires a nimble hand, a quick eye, a swift foot, and skill in wrestling; as well as strength, good wind, and lungs. Formerly it was

* Friday, July 15, 1757, about seven in the evening, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Falmouth, attended with great noise, which almost every one heard, and saw the windows and things in the houses in motion. As the shock did not last above half a minute, the people were not sensible what it was till afterwards. It was thought to come from the south-west and to go eastward.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

practised annually by those who attended corporate bodies in surveying the bounds of parishes; but from the many accidents that usually attended that game, it is now scarcely ever practised. Silver prizes used to be awarded to the victor in the games.

Cornish Wrestling and the Hug.

The mode of wrestling in Cornwall is very different from that of Devonshire, the former is famous in the "hug," the latter in kicking shins. No kicks are allowed in Cornwall, unless the players who are in the ring mutually agree to it. A hat is thrown in as a challenge, which being accepted by another, the combatants strip and put on a coarse loose kind of jacket, of which they take hold, and of nothing else: the play then commences. To constitute a fair fall, both shoulders must touch the ground, at, or nearly, the same moment. To guard against foul play, to decide on the falls, and manage the affairs of the day, four or six *sticklers* (as the umpires are called) are chosen, to whom all these matters are left.

In the "Cornish hug," Mr. Polwhele perceived the Greek palæstral attitudes finely revived; two Cornishmen in the act of wrestling, bear a close resemblance to the figures on old gems and coins.

The athletic exercise of wrestling thrives in the eastern part of Cornwall, particularly about Saint Austle and Saint Columb. At the latter place resides Polkinhorne, the champion of Cornwall, and by many considered to be entitled to the championship of the four western counties. He keeps a respectable inn there, is a very good-looking, thick-set man—still he does not look the man he is—"he has that within him that surpasses show." A contest between him and Cann, the Devonshire champion, was expected to take place in the course of this summer; much "chaffing" passed between them for some time in the country papers, but it appears to be "no go;" no fault of the Cornish hero, "who was eager for the fray"—the Devonshire lad showed the "white feather" it is acknowledged by all. Polkinhorne has not practised wrestling for several years past; while Cann has carried off the prize at every place in Devon that he "showed" at. They certainly are both "good ones." Parkins, a friend of the Cornish hero, is a famous hand at these games; and so was James Warren, of Redruth, till disabled in Feb-

ruary, 1825, by over exertion on board the Cambria brig, bound for Mexico—the vessel that saved the crew and passengers of the Kent East Indiaman. He has been in a very ill state of health ever since; the East India Company and others have voted him remuneration, and many of the sufferers have acknowledged their debt of gratitude to him for saving their lives.

With a view of maintaining the superiority in amusements in which the Cornish delight, John Knill, Esq. of great eminence at St. Ives, bequeathed the income of an estate to trustees, that the same might be distributed in a variety of prizes, to those who should excel in racing, rowing, and wrestling. These games he directed should be held every fifth year for ever, around a mausoleum which he erected in 1782, on a high rock near the town of St. Ives.

The first celebration took place in July, 1801, when, according to the will of the founder, a band of virgins, all dressed in white, with four matrons, and a company of musicians, commenced the ceremony by walking in pairs to the summit of the hill, where they danced, and chanted a hymn composed for the purpose round the mausoleum, in imitation of druids around the cromlechs of the departed brave. Ten guineas were expended in a dinner at the town, of which six of the principal inhabitants partook. Some idea of the joyous scene may be conceived by reading an account of an eyewitness.

"Early in the morning the roads from Helston, Truro, and Penzance were lined with horses and vehicles of every description, while thousands of travellers on foot poured in from all quarters till noon, when the assembly formed. The wrestlers entered the ring; the troop of virgins, dressed in white, advanced with solemn step to the notes of harmony; the spectators ranged themselves along the hills; a length the mayor of St. Ives appeared in his robes of state. The signal was given the flags were displayed in waving splendour from the towers of the castle; the sight was grand. Here the wrestlers exerted their sinewy strength; there the rowers in their various dresses of blue, white, and red, urged the gilded prows of their boats through the sparkling waves—the dashing of oars—the songs of the virgins—all joined to enliven the picture. The ladies and gentlemen of Penzance returned to an elegant dinner at the Union

hotel, and a splendid ball concluded the evening entertainments."

These games were again celebrated in 1806, 1811, 1816, and 1821, with increased fervour and renewed admiration.

The following chorus was sung by the virgins :—

Quit the bustle of the bay,
Hasten, virgins, come away ;
Hasten to the mountain's brow
Leave, oh ! leave St. Ives below ;
Haste to breathe a purer air,
Virgins fair, and pure as fair.
Quit St. Ives and all her treasures,
Fly her soft voluptuous pleasures ;
Fly her sons, and all the wiles
Lurking in their wanton smiles
Fly her splendid midnight-halls,
Fly the revels of her balls ;
Fly, oh ! fly the chosen seat,
Where vanity and fashion meet.
Hither hasten ; form the ring,
Round the tomb in chorus sing,
And on the loft mountain's brow, aptly dight,
Just as we should be—all in white,
Leave all our baskets and our cares below.

The celebration of the foregoing game falls in this year, 1826. Should any thing particular transpire more than the foregoing, you shall hear from

SAM SAM'S SON.

July 20, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature. . . 63 · 70.

July 25.

ST. JAMES.

This name in the calendar refers to St. James the Great, who was so called "either because he was much older than the other James, or because our Lord conferred upon him some peculiar honours and favours."* He was put to death under Herod.

"THE DEATH FETCH."

A new piece under the title of "*The Death Fetch*," or the Student of Göttingen," was brought out on this day in 1826, at the English Opera-house, in the Strand. The following notice of its derivation, with remarks on the tendency of

the representation, appeared in the "Times" the next morning:—"It is a dramatic resurrection of the story of 'The Fetches,' which is to be found in the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' and has been introduced to the stage by Mr. Benham, the author of those tales. Considering that it is exceedingly difficult, through the medium of a dramatic entertainment to impress the minds of an audience with those supernatural imaginings, which each individual may indulge in while reading a volume of the mysterious and wonderful we think Mr. Benham has manifested considerable adroitness in adapting his novel to the stage. We think, at the same time, that his abilities might have been much better employed. The perpetuation of the idea of such absurd phantasies as fetches and fairies—witches and wizards—is not merely ridiculous, but it is mischievous. There was scarcely a child (and we observed many present who last night witnessed the '*fetch*' of double of the Göttingen student and his mistress, and who recollects the wild glare of Miss Kelly's eye, (fatuity itself, much less childhood, would have marked it, that will not tremble and shudder when the servant withdraws the light from the resting-place of the infant. Such scene cannot be useful to youth; and, leaving the skill of the actor out of the question we know not how they can give pleasure to age. This theatre was ostensibly instituted as a sort of stay and support to legitimate 'English opera;' and we feel convinced that one well-written English opera, upon the model of the old school—that school so well described by general Burgoyne, in his preface to his own excellent work, '*The Lord of the Manor*,' would do more credit to the proprietor of this theatre, and bring more money to his treasury, than 'a wilderness of *Frankensteins* and *Fetches*.'"

Rightly ordered minds will assent to the observations in the "Times." Every correct thinker, too, is aware that from causes very easily to be discovered, but not necessary to trace, the "regular houses" must adopt degrading and mischievous representations or close their doors. No is any accession to our "stock plays" to be expected; for if perchance a piece of sterling merit were written, its author would be lamentably ignorant of "the business of the stage" were he to thin

* Mr. Audley.

of "offering it." The "regular drama" is on its last legs.

Leaving the fable of the play of the "Death Fetch" altogether, and merely taking its name for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the attributes of a "fetch," recourse is had in the outset to the "Tales of the O'Hara Family." The notions of such of the good people of Ireland, as believe at this time in that "airy thing," are set forth with great clearness by the author of that work, who is a gentleman of the sister kingdom with well-founded claims to distinction, as a man of genius and literary ability. The following is extracted preparatory to other authorities regarding "fetches" in general.

A Tale of the O'Hara Family.

I was sauntering in hot summer weather by a little stream that now scarce strayed over its deep and rocky bed, often obliged to glance and twine round some large stone, or the trunk of a fallen tree, as if exerting a kind of animated ingenuity to escape and pursue its course. It ran through a valley, receding in almost uniform perspective as far as the eye could reach, and shut up at its extremity by a lofty hill, sweeping directly across it. The sides of the valley bore no traces of cultivation. Briers and furze scantily clothed them; while, here and there, a frittered rock protruded its bald forehead through the thin copse. No shadow broke or relieved the monotonous sheet of light that spread over every object. The spare grass and wild bushes had become parched under its influence; the earth, wherever it was seen bare, appeared dry and crumbling into dust; the rocks and stones were partially bleached white, or their few patches of moss burnt black or deep red. The whole effect was fiercely brilliant, and so unbroken, that a sparrow could not have hopped, or a grass-mouse raced across, even in the distance, without being immediately detected as an intrusion upon the scene.

The desertion and silence of the place, sympathized well with its lethargic features. Not a single cabin met my eye through the range of the valley; over head, indeed, the gables of one or two peeped down, half hidden by their sameness of colour with the weather-tanned rocks on which they hung, or with the

heather that thatched them; but they and their inmates were obviously unconnected with the solitude in which I stood, their fronts and windows being turned towards the level country, and thence the paths that led to them must also have diverged. No moving thing animated my now almost supernatural picture; no cow, horse, nor sheep, saunteringly grazed along the margin of my wizard stream. The very little birds flew over it, I conveniently thought, with an agitated rapidity, or if one of them alighted on the shrivelled spray, it was but to look round for a moment with a keen mistrustful eye; and then bound into its fields of air, leaving the wild branch slightly fluttered by his action. If a sound arose, it was but what its own whispering waters made; or the herdsboy's whistle faintly echoed from far-off fields and meadows; or the hoarse and lonesome caw of the rook, as he winged his heavy flight towards more fertile places.

Amid all this light and silence, a very aged woman, wildly habited, appeared, I know not how, before me. Her approach had not been heralded by any accompanying noise, by any rustle among the bushes, or by the sound of a footstep; my eyes were turned from the direction in which she became visible, but again unconsciously recurring to it, fixed on the startling figure.

She was low in stature, emaciated, and embrowned by age, sun, or toil, as it might be; her lank white hair hung thickly at either side of her face; a short red mantle fell loosely to her knees; under it a green petticoat descended to within some inches of her ankles; and her arms, neck, head, and feet, were bare. There she remained, at the distance of only about twenty yards, her small grey eyes vacantly set on mine; and her brows strenuously knit, but, as I thought, rather to shadow her sight from the sun, than with any expression of anger or agitation. Her look had no meaning in it; no passion, no subject. It communicated nothing with which my heart or thought held any sympathy; yet it was long, and deep, and unwincing. After standing for some time, as if spell-bound by her gaze, I felt conscious of becoming uneasy and superstitious in spite of myself; yet my sensation was rather caused by excitement than by fear, and saluting the strange visitant, I advanced towards her. She stood on a broad slab in the centre of the bed of the

stream, but which was now uncovered by the water. I had to step from stone to stone in my approach, and often wind round some unusually gigantic rock that impeded my direct course; one of them was, indeed, so large, that when I came up to it, my view of the old woman was completely impeded. This roused me more: I hastily turned the angle of the rock; looked again for her in the place she had stood—but she was gone.—My eye rapidly glanced round to detect the path she had taken. I could not see her.

Now I became more disturbed. I leaned my back against the rock, and for some moments gazed along the valley. In this situation, my eye was again challenged by her scarlet mantle glittering in the sunlight, at the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the spot where she first appeared. She was once more motionless, and evidently looked at me. I grew too nervous to remain stationary, and hurried after her up the stony bed of the stream.

A second time she disappeared; but when I gained her second resting-place, I saw her standing on the outline of the distant mountain, now dwindled almost to the size of a crow, yet, boldly relieved against the back-ground of white clouds, and still manifested to me by her bright red mantle. A moment, and she finally evaded my view, going off at the other side of the mountain. This was not to be borne: I followed, if not courageously, determinedly. By my watch, to which I had the curiosity and presence of mind to refer, it took me a quarter of an hour to win the summit of the hill; and she, an aged woman, feeble and worn, had traversed the same space in much less time. When I stood on the ridge of the hill, and looked abroad over a widely-spreading country, unsheltered by forest, thicket, or any other hiding-place, I beheld her not.

Cabins, or, to use the more poetical name, authorized by the exquisite bard of "O'Connor's child," *sheelings*, were now abundantly strewed around me, and men, women, and children, at work in the fields, one and all assured me no such person had, that day, met their notice, and added, it was impossible she could have crossed without becoming visible to them. I never again beheld (excepting in my dreams) that mysterious visitant, nor have ever been able to ascertain who or what she was.

After having spoken to the peasants, I

continued my walk, descending the breast of the mountain which faced the valley but now avoiding the latter, and sauntering against the thready current of the stream, with no other feeling than I can recollect, but an impatience to ascertain its hidden source. It led me all round the base of the hill. I had a book in my pocket, with which I occasionally sat down, in an inviting solitude; when tired of it, I threw pebbles into the water, or traced outlines on the clouds; and the day insensibly lapsed, while I thus rioted in the utter listlessness of, perhaps, a diseased imagination.

Evening fell. I found myself, in its deepest shades, once more on the side of the mountain opposite that which turned towards the valley. I sat upon a small knoll, surrounded by curves and bumps wild and picturesque in their solitude. I was listening to the shrill call of the plover which sounded far and faint along the dreary hills, when a vivid glow of lightning, followed by a clattering thunder crash, roused me from my reverie. I was glad to take shelter in one of the cabins, which I have described as rather numerous strewed in that direction.

The poor people received me with an Irish *cead mille phalteagh*—"a hundred thousand welcomes"—and I soon sat in comfort by a blazing turf fire, with eggs butter, and oaten bread, to serve my need as they might.

The family consisted of an old couple joint proprietors of my house of refuge, a son and daughter, nearly full grown and a pale, melancholy-looking girl of about twenty years of age, whom I afterwards understood to be niece to the old man, and since her father's death, under his protection. From my continued inquiries concerning my witch of the glen our conversation turned on superstitions generally. With respect to the ancient lady herself, the first opinion seemed to be—"the Lord only knows what she was:"—but a neighbour coming in, and reporting the sudden illness of old Grace Morrissey, who inhabited a lone cabin on the edge of the hill, my anecdote instantly occurred to the auditory, one and all and now, with alarmed and questioning eyes, fixed on each other, they concluded I had seen her "fetch:" and determined amongst themselves that she was to die before morning.

The "fetch" was not entirely new to me, but I had never before been afforded

so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its exact nature and extent among the Irish peasantry. I asked questions, therefore, and gathered some—to me—valuable information.

In Ireland, a “fetch” is the supernatural fac-simile of some individual, which comes to ensure to its original a happy longevity, or immediate dissolution; if seen in the morning the one event is predicted; if in the evening, the other.

During the course of my questions, and of the tales and remarks to which they gave rise, I could observe that the pale, silent girl, listened to all that was said with a deep, assenting interest: or, sighing profoundly, contributed only a few melancholy words of confirmation. Once, when she sighed, the old man remarked—“No blame to you, Moggy mavourneen, fur it’s you that lives to know it well, God help you, this blessed night.” To these words she replied with another long-drawn aspiration, a look upwards, and an agitation of feature, which roused my curiosity, if not my sympathy, in no ordinary degree. I hazarded queries, shaped with as much delicacy as I could, and soon learned that she had seen, before his death, the “fetch” of her beloved father. The poor girl was prevailed on to tell her own story; in substance as follows:—

Her father had, for some days, been ill of a fever. On a particular evening, during his illness, she had to visit the house of an acquaintance at a little distance, and for this purpose, chose a short cut across some fields. Scarcely arrived at the stile that led from the first into the second field, she happened to look back, and beheld the figure of her father rapidly advancing in her footsteps. The girl’s fear was, at first, only human; she imagined that, in a paroxysm, her father had broken from those who watched his feverish bed; but as she gazed, a consciousness crept through her, and the action of the vision served to heighten her dread. It shook its head and hand at her in an unnatural manner, as if commanding her to hasten on. She did so. On gaining the second stile, at the limit of the second field, she again summoned courage to look behind, and again saw the apparition standing on the first stile she had crossed, and repeating its terrible gesticulations. Now she ran wildly to the cottage of her friend, and only gained the threshold when she fainted. Having recovered,

and related what she saw, a strong party accompanied her by a winding way, back to her father’s house, for they dared not take that one by which she had come. When they arrived, the old man was a corpse; and as her mother had watched the death-struggle during the girl’s short absence, there could be no question of his not having left his bed in the interim.

The man who had come into us, and whom my humble host called “gossip,” now took up the conversation, and related, with mystery and pathos, the appearance to himself of the “fetch” of an only child. He was a widower, though a young man, and he wept during the recital. I took a note of his simple narrative, nearly in his own words; and a rhyming friend has since translated them into metre.

The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her bady to keep;
I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o’er it to weep

’Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so ashy pale;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee
Out in the sharp fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away;
Or sung me the merry lark’s mountain song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket
bowers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue;
I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her
cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break,
Through the blue-bell that strove to shade
it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains, lonely;
I was far from my darling, ah! many long
miles,
And I thought of her, and her only;

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear;
I spoke to my child! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow—
I knew her “fetch!” she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.

Our young readers are required to observe that these "Tales of the O'Hara Family" are merely tales, invented to amuse the mind, or create wonder. Yet things of this sort are still believed by ignorant people, and in the dark ages they were credited, or affected to be credited, by those who ought to have known better. Mr. Brand has heaped together a great many of these superstitions.

Besides general notices of death, certain families were reputed to have particular warnings; some by the appearance of a bird, and others by the figure of a tall woman in white, who shrieked about the house. This in Ireland is called the *baushee*, or "the shrieking woman."

In some of the great families an admonishing demon or genius was supposed to be a visitor. The family of Rothmurchas is alleged to have had the *bodach an dun*, "the ghost of the hill;" and the Kinchardines "the spectre of the bloody hand." Gartinberg-house was said to have been haunted by Bodach Gartin, and Tulloch Gorms by *Maug Monlack*, or "the girl with the hairy left hand."

The highlanders, like the Irish, imagined their deaths to have been foretold by the cries of the *benshi*, or "the fairies' wife," along the paths that their funerals were to take.

In Wales—the exhalations in churchyards, called corpse candles, denoted coming funerals. Very few of the good people of Carmarthen died without imagining they saw their corpse candles, or death-lights.

In Northumberland, the vulgar saw their *waff*, or "whiff," as a death token, which is similar to the Scotch *wraith*, or the appearance of a living person to himself or others.

In some parts of Scotland, the "fetch" was called the *fye*. It was observed to a woman in her ninety-ninth year, that she could not long survive. "Aye," said she, with great indignation, "what *fye-token* do you see about me?" This is quoted by Brand from the "Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. xxi. p. 150; and from the same page he cites an anecdote to show with what indifference death is sometimes contemplated.

James Mackie, by trade a wright, was asked by a neighbour for what purpose he had some fine deal in his barn. "It is timber for my coffin," quoth James. "Sure," replies the neighbour, "you mean not to make your own coffin. You have neither resolution nor ability for the task." "Hout away man," says James, "if I were once begun, I'll soon ca't by hand." The hand, but not the heart, failed him, and he left the task of making it to a younger operator.

This anecdote brought to Mr. Brand's remembrance what certainly happened in a village in the county of Durham, where it is the etiquette for a person not to go out of the house till the burial of a near relation. An honest simple countryman, whose wife lay a corpse in his house, was seen walking slowly up the village: a neighbour ran to him, and asked "Where in heaven, John, are you going?" "To the joiner's shop," said poor John, "to see them make my wife's coffin; it will be a little diversion for me."

In Cumberland, *wraiths* are called *swarths*, and in other places "fetches." Their business was to appear at the moment preceding the death of the person whose figure they assumed. "Sometimes," says Brand, "there is a greater interval between the appearance and the death."

According to Dr. Jamieson, the appearance of the *wraith* was not to be taken as indicating immediate death, "although, in all cases, it was viewed as a premonition of the disembodied state." The season of the day wherein it was seen, was understood to presage the time of the person's departure. If early in the morning, it was a token of long life and even old age; if in the evening, it indicated that death was at hand.

A worthy old lady of exceeding veracity, frequently acquainted the editor of the *Every-Day Book* with her supposed superhuman sights. They were habitual to her. One of these was of an absent daughter, whom she expected on a visit, but who had not arrived, when she left her chamber to go to a lower part of the house. She was surprised on meeting her on the stairs, for she had not heard the street door opened. She expressed her surprise, the daughter smiled and stood aside to let her mother pass, who naturally as she descended, reached

out her hand to rest it on her daughter's arm as assistance to her step; but the old lady mistook and fell to the bottom of the stairs. In fact her daughter was not there, but at her own home. The old lady lived some years after this, and her daughter survived her; though, according to her mother's imagination and belief, she ought to have died in a month or two.

In 1823, the editor of this work being mentally disordered from too close application, left home in the afternoon to consult a medical friend, and obtain relief under his extreme depression. In Fleet-street, on the opposite side of the way to where he was walking, he saw a pair of legs devoid of body, which he was persuaded were his own legs, though not at all like them. A few days afterwards when worse in health, he went to the same friend for a similar purpose, and on his way saw himself on precisely the same spot as he had imagined he had seen his legs, but with this difference that the person was entire, and thoroughly a likeness as to feature, form, and dress. The appearance seemed as real as his own existence. The illusion was an effect of disordered imagination.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 64 · 20.

July 26.

ST. ANN.

She was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and is a saint of great magnitude in the Romish church. Her name is in the church of England calendar, and the almanacs.

There are curious particulars concerning Ann and her husband St. Joachim, in vol. i. col. 1008.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 67.

July 27.

FALL OF NANNEU OAK.

This is a remarkable incident in the annals of events relating to the memorials of past times.

THE HAUNTED OAK OF NANNEU,

Near Dolgelly, in Merionethshire.

On the twenty-seventh of July, 1813, sir Richard Colt Hoare, bart., the elegant editor of "*Giraldus Cambrensis*," was at *Nanneu*, "the ancient seat of the ancient family of the *Nanneus*," and now the seat of sir Robert Williams Vaughan, bart. During that day he took a sketch of a venerable oak at that place, within the trunk of which, according to Welsh tradition, the body of Howel Sele, a powerful chieftain residing at *Nanneu*, was immured by order of his rival Owen Glyndwr. In the night after the sketch was taken, this aged tree fell to the ground. An excellent etching of the venerable baronet's drawing by Mr. George Cuitt of Chester, perpetuates the portrait of this celebrated oak in its last moments. The engraving on the next page is a mere extract from this masterly etching.

It stood alone, a wither'd oak
Its shadow fled, its branches broke;
Its riven trunk was knotted round,
Its gnarled roots o'erspread the ground
Honours that were from tempests won,
In generations long since gone,
A scanty foliage yet was seen,
Wreathing its hoary brows with green,
Like to a crown of victory
On some old warrior's forehead grey,
And, as it stood, it seem'd to speak
To winter winds in murmurs weak,
Of times that long had passed it by
And left it desolate, to sigh
Of what it was, and seem'd to wail,
A shadeless spectre, shapeless, pale.

*Mrs. Radcliffe.**

The charm which compels entrance to Mr. Cuitt's print within every portfolio of taste, is the management of his point in the representation of the beautiful wood and mountain scenery around the tree, to which the editor of the *Every-Day Book* would excite curiosity in those who happen to be strangers to the etching. But this gentleman's fascinating style is independent of the immediate object on which he has exercised it, namely, "the spirit's Blasted Tree," an oak of so great fame, that sir Walter Scott celebrates its awful distinction among the descendants of our aboriginal ancestors, by the lines of "*Marmion*," affixed to the annexed representation.

* See this lady's "*Posthumous Works*," vol. iv. *Stonehenge* stanza 53, from whence these lines are capriciously altered.



**Ceubren yr Eylll,
THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.**

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legions wild of woe and fear,
To Cambria look—the peasant see,
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
And shun “the spirit’s Blasted Tree.”

Marmion.

“The spirit’s Blasted Tree” grew in a picturesque part of Wales, abounding with local superstitions and memorials of ancient times. At the distance of a few miles from the beautiful valley of *Tal y Lyn*, the aspect of the country is peculiarly wild. The hills almost meet at their basis, and change their aspect. In-

stead of verdure, they have a general rude and savage appearance. The sides are broken into a thousand forms; some are spiring and sharp pointed; but the greater part project forward, and impend in such a manner as to render the apprehension of their fall tremendous. A few bushes grow among them, but their dusky colour as well as the darkness of the rocks only add horror to the scene. One of the precipices is called *Pen y Delyn*, from its resemblance to a harp. Another is styled *Y Lladron*, or "the Thieves' Leap," from a tradition that thieves were brought here and thrown down. On the left is the rugged and far-famed height of *Cader Idris*, and beneath it a small lake called *Llyn y tri Gruenyn*, or "the lake of the Three Grains," which are three vast rocks tumbled from the neighbouring mountain, which the peasants say were "Three Grains" that had fallen into the shoe of the great *Idris*, and which he threw out here, as soon as he felt them hurting his foot.

From thence, by a bad road, Mr. Pennant, in one of his "Tours in Wales," reached *Nannau*. "The way to *Nannau* is a continual ascent of two miles; and perhaps it is the highest situation of any gentleman's house in Britain. The estate is covered with fine woods, which clothe all the sides of the dingles for many miles."

The continuation of Mr. Pennant's description brings us to our tree as he saw it: "On the road side is a venerable oak in its last stage of decay, and pierced by age into the form of a gothic arch; yet its present growth is twenty-seven feet and half. The name is very classical, *Deryn Ceubren yr Ellyll*, 'the hollow oak, the haunt of demons.' How often has not warm fancy seen the fairy tribe revel round its trunk! or may not the visionary eye have seen the Hamadryad burst from the bark of its coeval tree."

The inscription beneath Mr. Cuitt's print mentions, that when sir Richard Colt Hoare sketched this oak, it was within the kitchen-garden walls of sir Robert W. Vaughan.

"Above *Nannau*," Mr. Pennant mentions "a high rock, with the top incircled with a dike of loose stones: this had been a British post, the station, perhaps, of a meteyrant, it being called *Moel Orthwyn*, or 'the Hill of Oppression.'" Mr. Pennant says, the park is "remarkable for its very small but very excellent venison:" an affirmation which may be taken for

correct, inasmuch as the tour of an anti-quary in such a region greatly assists tasteful discrimination. Within the park Mr. Pennant saw "a mere compost of cinders and ashes," the ruins of the house of Howel Sele, whose body is alleged to have been buried in "the spirit's Blasted Tree" by Owen Glyndwr.

Owen Glyndwr, or Glendower, is rendered popular in England by the most popular of our dramatic poets, from whom it may be appropriate to take the outlines of his poetical character, in connection with the legend of Howel Sele's singular burial.

The first mention of Owen Glyndwr, in the works of our great bard, is in "King Richard II." by Henry of Lancaster, afterwards king Henry IV. Before he passes over into Wales, he says in the camp at Bristol—

————— Come lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices,
A while to work, and after, holiday.

This line relating to Glendower, Theobald deemed an interpolation on Shakspeare, and it has been so regarded by some subsequent commentators. We have "Owen Glendower," however, as one of the dramatis personæ in "Henry IV." wherein he is first mentioned by the earl of Westmoreland as "the irregular and wild Glendower:" king Henry calls him "the great magician, damn'd Glendower;" Hotspur terms him "great Glendower;" and Falstaff tells prince Henry—

"There's villainous news abroad—that same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado—and swore the devil his true liegeman—he is there too; that devil Glendower. Art thou not horribly afraid?"

In the conference between "Glendower" and his adherents, he says to Henry Percy:—

————— Sit good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale; and,
with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets; and—at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shak'd like a coward—

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened
fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;

And all the courses of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son.

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.—

I can call spirits from the vasty deep—

I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

On occasion of the chiefs taking leave of their wives, before they separate for battle with the king, Glendower gives proof of his supernatural powers. The wife of Mortimer proposes to soothe her husband by singing to him in her native Welsh, if he will repose himself.

Mort. With all my heart, I'll sit—

Glend. Do so.

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and
attend.

[*The music plays.*]

Het. Now, I perceive, the devil understands
Welsh—

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Without going into the history of Owen Glyndwr, it may be observed that he claimed the throne of Wales, and that the presages which Shakspeare ascribed to his birth, are the legends of old chronicles. Howel Sele, of Nanneu, was his first cousin, yet he adhered to the house of Lancaster, and was therefore opposed to Owen's pretensions. The abbot of Cymmer, in hopes of reconciling them, brought them together, and apparently effected his purpose. Howel was reckoned the best archer of his day. Owen while walking out with him observed a doe feeding, and told him there was a fine mark for him. Howel bent his bow, and, pretending to aim at the doe, suddenly turned and discharged the arrow full at the breast of Glyndwr, who wearing armour beneath his clothes received no hurt. He seized on Sele for his treachery, burnt his house, and hurried him away from the place; nor was it known how he was disposed of till forty

years after, when the skeleton of a large man, such as Howel, was discovered in the hollow of the great oak before described; wherein it was supposed Owen had immured him in reward of his perfidy. While Owen was carrying him off, his rescue was attempted by his relation Gryffydd ap Geoynd of Ganllwyd in Arddudwy, but he was defeated by Owen, with great loss of men, and his houses of Berthlwyd and Cefn Coch were reduced to ashes*.

Sir Walter Scott to illustrate his line in "*Marmion*," inserts, among the notes on that poem, a legendary tale by the Rev. George Warrington with this preface:—

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele and Owen Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other. The story is somewhat changed and softened, more favourable to the characters of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible in the park of Nanneu, now belonging to sir Robert Vaughan, baron in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymmer. The former is retained, as more general used.

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

Ceubren yr Ellyll.

Through Nannau's Chace as Howel passed
A chief esteemed both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind

Starting, he bent an eager ear,—

How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chace,
And all at home his hunter train.

Then sudden anger flash'd his eye,

And deep revenge he vowed to take
On that bold man who dared to force
His red deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy chief! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer?

Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they winged their way;
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They croak,—they scent their destined prey.

Ill omened bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wonderous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

Blinded by rage alone he passed,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid:
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delayed.

A peasant marked his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne,
He saw him near a blasted oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days passed o'er, no tidings came;—
Where should the chief his steps delay?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, and wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the chief once more
Some saw him on high Moel's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chained the hearer's tongue;
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Of by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse, and steward grey,
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the fluttering spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the blasted oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

And, to this day, the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter's storm;
The lady shed the widowed tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling
As o'er the mind illusions play,—
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steered his way.

'Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rain and clouds deface,
Dreary bleak Robell's tract appeared,
And dull and dank each valley's space.

Loud o'er the wier the hoarse flood fell,
And dashed the foamy spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frowned the evening sky.

A stranger passed Llanelltid's bourne,
His dark-grey steed with sweat besprent,
Which, wearied with the lengthened way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reached,—the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall
Quick sprang the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clamorous call

"O! lead me to your lady soon;
Say,—it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she loved so well."

Then, as he crossed the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear:
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
And touched the notes for grief's worn ear

The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellowed sorrow marked her look:
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sighed and spoke:—

"O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unfettered flow!

"Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief:
E'en in the worst events of life,
Suspense removed is some relief.

"Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's foe;
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty chief lies low.

"E'en from the day, when, chained by fate,
By wizard's dream or potent spell,
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
'Reft of his aid the Percy fell;—

"E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

"Vanquished at length, the Glyndwr fled
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

"Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
He gained by toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led!

"To penury extreme, and grief,
The chieftain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

"To Sele's sad widow bear the tale
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give but *his* corse to sacred earth,
Then may my parting soul be blest.'—

"Dim waxed the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke
And weak that arm, still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

"How could I *then* his mandate bear
Or how his last behest obey?
A rebel deemed, with him I fled;
With him I shunned the light of day.

"Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoiled my land,
Desperate, I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

"O, had thy long lamented lord
The holy cross and banner viewed,
Died in the sacred cause! who fell
Sad victim of a private feud!

"Led, by the ardour of the chace,
Far distant from his own domain;
From where Garthmaelan spreads her shades,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

"With head aloft, and antlers wide,
A red buck roused, then crossed in view,
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

"With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, poured his rage,
Reveled the chief as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

"Glyndwr for once restrained his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But softened words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

"They fought; and doubtful long the fray!
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound!
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

"How could we hope for wished retreat
His eager vassals ranging wide?
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried?

"I marked a broad and blasted oak,
Scorched by the lightning's livid glare
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivelled arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sin.)
Aloft we raised the hapless chief,
And dropped his bleeding corpse within "

A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below,
While horror-struck the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorbed!—she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wild-fire o'er the mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet ran:
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale,—behold the man.

He led them near the blasted oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew
The peasant's work with trembling haste,
And lay the whitened bones to view!—

Back they recoiled!—the right hand still,
Contracted, grasped a rusty sword;
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,
And proudly decked their slaughtered lord.

They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites, and prayers addressed;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang
And gave the angry spirit rest.

It must be remembered that the re-
history of Howel Sele's death is to
collected from Mr. Pennant's account
their sudden feud already related; thou-
he by no means distinctly states wheth-
Glyndwr caused him to be placed in the
oak after he had been slain, or "im-
mured" him alive and left him to perish.
It is rather to be inferred that he was
condemned by his kinsmen to the lat-
fate. According to Pennant he perished
in the year 1402, and we see that his liv-
ing place survived him, pierced a
hallowed by the hand of time, upward
of four centuries.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S OAK.

In an elegant volume called "*Syl-
Sketches*," a companion to the park and
the shrubbery, with illustrations from
works of the poets by the author of
Flora Domestica," there is a delight-
ful assemblage of poetical passages on
oak, with this memorial of a very ce-
lebrated one:—

"An oak was planted at Penshurst
the day of sir Philip Sidney's birth,
which Martyn speaks as standing in
time, and measuring twenty-two
round. This tree has since been *fel-*
it is said by *mistake*; would it be
possible to make a similar *mistake* v-
regard to the *mistaker*?"

"Several of our poets have celebrated this tree: Ben Jonson in his lines to Pushhurst, says,—

'Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;

Thy mount to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high seats have made,

Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade,
That taller tree which of a nut was set,
At his great birth where all the muses met.
There in the withered bark are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames.'

"It is mentioned by Waller:—

'Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth.'

'Southey says, speaking of Pushhurst—

—'Sidney here was born.
Sidney than whom no greater, braver man,
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage, and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when its perishable part
Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath mouldered now, but Sidney's name
Endureth in his own immortal works.'

"This tree was frequently called the 'bare oak,' by the people of the neighbourhood, from a resemblance it was supposed to bear to the oak which gave name to the county of Berkshire. Tradition says, that when the tenants went to the park gates as it was their custom to do to meet the earl of Leicester, when they visited that castle, they used to adorn their hats with boughs from this tree. Within the hollow of its trunk was a seat which contained five or six persons with ease and convenience."

THE OAK OF MAMRE.

We are told that this oak was standing in the fourth century. Isidore affirms that when he was a child in the reign of the emperor Constantius, he was shown a turpentine tree very old, which declared its age by its bulk, as the tree under which Abraham dwelt; that the heathens had a surprising veneration for it, and distinguished it by an honourable appellation.* Some affirm that it existed within the last four centuries.

At the dispersion of the Jews under Adrian, about the year 134, "an incredible number of all ages and sexes were sold at the same price as horses, in a very famous fair called the fair of the *turpentine tree*: whereupon the Jews had an abhorrence for that fair." St. Jerome mentions the place at which the Jews were sold under the name of "Abraham's tent;" where, he says, "is kept an annual fair very much frequented." This place "on Mamre's fertile plains," is alleged to have been the spot where Abraham entertained the angels.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 50.

July 28.

ST. DECLAN.

The festival of this saint, who was the first bishop of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, is held on the twenty-fourth of the month. The brief memoir of St. Declan, by Alban Butler, did not seem to require notice of him on that day; but the manner wherein the feast was celebrated in 1826, is so remarkably particularized in an Irish paper, as to claim attention.

Ardmore and its Patron.

St. Declan is represented to have been the friend and companion of St. Patrick, and, according to tradition, Ardmore was an episcopal see, established in the fifth century by St. Declan, who was born in this county, and was of the family of the Desii. He travelled for education to Rome, resided there for some years, was afterwards ordained by the pope, returned to his own country about the year 402, and about that time founded the abbey and was made bishop of Ardmore. He lived to a great age; and his successor, St. Ulthan, was alive in the year 550. A stone, a holy well, and a dormitory, in the churchyard, still bear the name of St. Declan. "St. Declan's stone" is on the beach; it is a large rock, resting on two others, which elevate it a little above the ground. On the twenty-fourth of July, the festival of the saint, numbers of the lowest class do penance on their bare knees around the stone, and some, with

* Bayle, art. Abraham.

* Bayle, art. Barcochebas.

great pain and difficulty, creep under it, in expectation thereby of curing or preventing, what it is much more likely to create, rheumatic affections of the back. In the churchyard is the "dormitory of St. Declan," a small low building, held in great veneration by the people in the neighbourhood, who frequently visit it in order to procure some of the earth, which is supposed to cover the relics of the saint.*

On the twenty-fourth of July, 1826, several thousand persons of all ages and both sexes assembled at Ardmore. The greater part of the extensive strand, which forms the western side of the bay, was literally covered by a dense mass of people. Tents and stands for the sale of whiskey, &c. were placed in parallel rows along the shore; the whole at a distance bore the appearance of a vast encampment. Each tent had its green ensign waving upon high, bearing some patriotic motto. One of large dimensions, which floated in the breeze far above the others, exhibited the words "Villiers Stuart for ever."

At an early hour, those whom a religious feeling had drawn to the spot, commenced their devotional exercises by passing under the holy rock of St. Declan. The male part of the assemblage were clad in trowsers and shirts, or in shirts alone; the females, in petticoats pinned above the knees, and some of the more levout in chemises only. Two hundred and ninety persons of both sexes thus prepared, knelt at one time indiscriminately around the stone, and passed separately under it to the other side. This was not effected without considerable pain and difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the passage, and the sharpness of the rocks. Stretched at full length on the ground on the face and stomach, each devotee moved forward, as if in the act of swimming, and thus squeezed or dragged themselves through. Upwards of eleven hundred persons of both sexes, in a state of half nudity, were observed to undergo the ceremony in the course of the day. A reverend gentleman, who stood by part of the time, was heard to exclaim, "O, great is their faith." Several of their reverences passed and re-passed to and from the chapel close by the "holy rock," during the day. The "holy rock," of so great veneration, is believed to be endued with

miraculous powers. It is said to have been wafted from Rome upon the surface of the ocean, at the period of St. Declan's founding his church at Ardmore, and to have borne on its top a large bell for the church tower, and vestments for the saint.

At a short distance from this sacred memorial, on a cliff overhanging the sea, is the well of the saint. Thither the crowds repair after the devotions at the rock are ended. Having drank plentifully of its water, they wash their legs and feet in the stream which issues from it, and, telling their beads, sprinkle themselves and their neighbours with the fluid. These performances over, the grave of the patron saint is then resorted to. Hundreds at a time crowded around it, and crush each other in their eagerness to obtain a handful of the earth which is believed to cover the mortal remains of Declan. A woman stood breast high in the grave, and served out a small portion of its clay to each person requiring it, from whom in return she received a penny or halfpenny for the love of the saint. The abode of the saint's earthly remains has sunk to the depth of nearly four feet, its clay having been scooped away by the finger nails of the pious. A human skull of large dimensions was placed at the head of the tomb, before which the people bowed, believing it to be the identical skull of the tutelar saint.

This visit to St. Declan's grave completed the devotional exercises of a day held in greater honour than the sabbath, by those who venerate the saint's name, and worship at his shrine. The tents which throughout the day, from the duties paid to the "patron," had been thronged with the devotionalists of the morning, resounded from evening till daybreak, with sounds inspired by potations of whiskey; and the scene is so characterised by its reporter as to seem exaggerated.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 63° 35'.

July 29.

ST. MARTHA.

On the festival of this saint of the Romish church, a great fair is held at Beaucaille, in Languedoc, to which merchants

* Ryland's History of Waterford.

* Waterford Mail.

and company resort from a great distance round. It is a great mart for smugglers and contraband traders, and is the harvest of the year both to Beaucaire and Tarascon; for, as the former is not large enough to accommodate the influx of people, Tarascon, in Provence, which is separated from it by the Rhone, is generally equally full.

Tarascon, according to a popular tradition, has its name from a terrible beast, a sort of dragon, known by the name of the *tarasque*, which, in ancient days, infested the neighbourhood, ravaging the country, and killing every thing that came in its way, both man and beast, and eluding every endeavour made to take and destroy it, till St. Martha arrived in the town, and taking compassion on the general distress, went out against the monster, and brought him into the town in chains, when the people fell upon him and slew him.

St. Martha, according to the chronicles of Provence, had fled from her own country in company with her sister Mary Magdalen, her brother Lazarus, and several other saints both male and female. They landed at Marseilles, and immediately spread themselves about the country to preach to the people. It fell to the lot of St. Martha to bend her steps towards Tarascon, where she arrived at the fortunate moment above mentioned. She continued to her dying day particularly to patronise the place, and was at her own request interred there. Her tomb is shown in a subterranean chapel belonging to the principal church. It bears her figure in white marble, as large as life, in a recumbent posture, and is a good piece of sculpture, uninjured by the revolution. In the church a series of paintings represent the escape of St. Martha and her companions from their persecutors, their landing in Provence, and some of their subsequent adventures. She is the patron saint of Tarascon.

It is presumed that the story of a beast ravaging the neighbouring country had its origin in fact; but that instead of a dreadful dragon it was a hyena. Bouche, however, in his *Essai sur l'Histoire de Provence*, while he mentions the popular tradition of the dragon, makes no mention of the supposed hyena, which he probably

would have done had there been any good ground for believing in its existence.

Be this as it may, the fabulous story of the dragon was the occasion of establishing an annual festival at Tarascon, the reputed origin of which seems no less fabulous than the story itself. According to the tradition, the queen, consort to the reigning sovereign of the country, unaccountably fell into a deep and settled melancholy, from which she could not be roused. She kept herself shut up in her chamber, and would not see or be seen by any one; medicines and amusements were in vain, till the ladies of Tarascon thought of celebrating a festival, which they hoped, from its novelty might impress the mind of their afflicted sovereign.

A figure was made to represent the "tarasque," with a terrible head, a terrible mouth, with two terrible rows of teeth, wings on its back, and a terrible long tail. At the festival of St. Martha, by whom the "tarasque" was chained, this figure was led about for eight days successively, by eight of the principal ladies in the town, elegantly dressed, and accompanied by a band of music. The procession was followed by an immense concourse of people, in their holyday clothes; and during the progress, alms were collected for the poor. All sorts of gaieties were exhibited; balls, concerts, and shows of every kind—nothing, in short, was omitted to accomplish the purpose for which the festival was instituted.

And her majesty condescended to be amused: that hour her melancholy ceased, and never after returned. Whether the honour of this happy change was wholly due to the procession, or whether the saint might not assist the efforts of the patriotic ladies of Tarascon, by working a miracle in favour of the restoration of the queen's health, is not on record; but her malady never returned; and the people of Tarascon were so much delighted by the procession of the "tarasque," that it was determined to make the festival an annual one.

This festival was observed till the revolution; but in "the reign of terror," the people of Arles, between whom and those of Tarascon a great jealousy and rivalry had for many years subsisted, came in a body to the latter place, and, seizing the "tarasque," burnt it in the market-place.

This piece of petty spite sadly chagrined the Tarasconians. Their "tarasque" was endeared to them by its antiquity, as well as by the amusement it afforded them. For four years the festival of the "tarasque" remained uncelebrated, when an attempt was made to reestablish it; a new "tarasque" was procured by subscription among the people; but this also was seized by the Arletins, and carried over the river to Beaucaire, where it remained ever since.

"However," said a hostess of Tarascon to Miss Plumptre, "since Buonaparte has happily restored order in France, we are looking forward to better times, and hope before the next festival of St. Martha, to be permitted to reclaim our 'tarasque,' and renew the procession."

"Ah, ladies," she added, "you have no idea how gay and how happy we all used to be at that time! The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the men and the women, all the same! all laughed, all danced, all sung; there was not a sad face in the town. The ladies were all so emulous of leading the 'tarasque!' They were all dressed alike; one was appointed to regulate the dress, and whatever she ordered the rest were obliged to follow. Sometimes the dresses were trimmed with gold or silver, sometimes with lace, so rich, so grand! God knows whether we shall ever see such times again. Ah! it

as only because we were so happy that the people of Arles envied us, and had such a spite against us; but they have no reason to envy us now, we have had sorrow enough: ninety-three persons were guillotined here, and you may think what trouble that has spread among a number of families. I myself, ladies, have had my share of sorrow. My husband was not indeed guillotined, but he was obliged to fly the town to avoid it: he never quitted France, but went about from place to place where he was not known, working and picking up a livelihood as well as he could; and it is only since Buonaparte has been first consul that he has ventured to return. Besides, every thing that I had of any value, my linen, my mattresses, my silver spoons and forks, were all taken away by the requisition, and I can only hope to have things comfortably about me again by degrees, if we are so lucky as to get tolerable custom to our inn." And then she entered upon a long string of apologies for the state of her house. "She

was afraid," she said, "that we should find things very uncomfortable, but it was not in her power to receive ladies and gentlemen as she had been used to do before her misfortunes. A few years hence, if Buonaparte should but live, she hoped, if we should happen to pass that way again, we should see things in a very different state."*

THE SEASON.

"Now," we perceive in the "Mirror of the Months," that, "*now*, on warm evenings after business hours, citizens of all ages grow romantic; the single, wearing away their souls in sighing to the breezes of Brixton-hill, and their soles in getting there; and the married, sipping syllabub in the arbours of White Conduit-house, or cooling themselves with hot rolls and butter at the New River Head.

"Now, too, moved by the same spirit of romance, young patricians, who have not yet been persuaded to banish themselves to the beauty of their paternal groves, fling themselves into funnies, and fatigue their *ennui* to death, by rowing up the river to Mrs. Grange's garden, to eat a handful of strawberries in a cup-full of cream.

"Now, adventurous cockneys swim from the Sestos of the Strand stairs to the Abydos of the coal-barge on the opposite shore, and believe that they have been rivalling Lord Byron and Leander—not without wondering, when they find themselves in safety, why the lady for whom the latter performed a similar feat is called the Hero of the story, instead of the Heroine.

"Finally,—now pains-and-pleasure-taking citizens hire cozey cottages for six weeks certain in the Curtain-road, and ask their friends to come and see them 'in the country.'"

The Feast of Cherries.

There is a feast celebrated at Hamburg, called the "feast of cherries," in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a victory, obtained in the following manner:—In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with an immediate destruction, when one

of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city.

The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "victory!"—and hence, the "feast of cherries" is an annual commemoration of humane feelings.*

TO THE GNAT.

For the Every-Day Book.

Native of Ponds! I scarce could deem
Thee worthy of my praise,
Wert thou not joyous in the beam
Of summer's closing days.

But who can watch thy happy bands
Dance o'er the golden wave,
And be not drawn to fancy's lands,—
And not their pleasures crave?

Small as thou art to vulgar sight,
In beauty thou art born:—
Thou waitest on my ears at night,
Sounding thine insect horn.

The sun returns—his glory spreads
In heaven's pure flood of light;
Thou makest thine escape from beds,
And risest with a *bite*.

Where'er thy lancet draws a vein,
'Tis always sure to swell;
A very molehill raised with pain
As many a maid can tell.

Yet, for thy brief epitome
Of love, life, tone and thrall;
I'd rather have a *bump* from thee,
Than *Spurzheim*, or from *Gall*.

J. R. P.

Fish.

It is noted by Dr. Forster, that towards the end of July the fishery of pilchards begins in the west of England. Through August it continues with that of mullets, red surmallets, red gurnards, and several other fish which abound on our south-west coasts. In Cornwall, fish is so cheap and so commonly used as an

article of food, that we remember so lately as August, 1804, the then rector of Boconnoc used to have turbot for supper, which he considered as a good foundation for a large bowl of posca, a sort of weak punch drank in that country. Having witnessed on this day in 1822, the grand Alpine view of the lake of Geneva, and the Swiss and Savoyard mountains behind it, from Mount Jura, we are reminded to present the reader with the following excellent lines which we have met with in "Fables, by Thomas Brown, the Younger," London, 1823.

VIEW OF THE ALPS AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA FROM THE JURA.

'Twas late, the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Axious to reach that splendid view
Before the daybeams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where they are told
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turned to the sun, who now began
To call in all his outpost rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.

Oh! how I wished for Joshua's power
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no, the sun still less became,
Diminished to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of
flame
That on the apostles' heads descended.

'Twas at this instant, while there glowed
This last intensest gleam of light,
Suddenly through the opening road
The valley burst upon my sight;
That glorious valley with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced and mute as they
Of Israel think the assembled world
Will stand upon the awful day,
When the ark's light, aloft unfurled
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deepfelt awe forget,
The ecstasy that thrilled me then.

* Phillips's Account of Fruits.

"Twas all the unconsciousness of power
 And life, beyond this mortal hour ;
 Those mountings of the soul within
 At thoughts of heaven, as birds begin
 By instinct in the cage to rise,
 When near their time for change of skies ;
 That proud assurance of our claim
 To rank among the sons of light,
 Mingled with shame ! oh, bitter shame !
 At having risked that splendid right,
 For aught that earth, through all its range
 Of glories, offers in exchange !

"Twas all this, at the instant brought,
 Like breaking sunshine o'er my thought ;
 "Twas all this, kindled to a glow
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
 Thus purely ever, man might grow,
 Even upon earth, a thing divine,
 And be once more the creature made
 To walk unstained the Elysian shade.

No, never shall I lose the trace
 Of what I've felt in this bright place :
 And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
 Should I, oh God ! e'er doubt thy power,
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,
 At the same calm and glowing hour ;
 And here, at the sublimest shrine
 That nature ever reared to thee,
 Rekindle all that hope divine,
 And feel my immortality.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63° 80°.

July 30.

THE OLD GATES OF LONDON.

On the 30th of July, 1760, the materials of the three following city gates were sold before the committee of city lands to Mr. Blagden, a carpenter in Coleman-street, viz.—

Aldgate, for	£177 10s.
Cripplegate,	91 0
Ludgate,	148 0 *

NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM—

BISHOP AUCKLAND CUSTOM.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

July 30, 1826.

Dear Sir,—In the "Times," of the twenty-second instant, there is the following paragraph, copied from the Newcastle paper. "The bishop of Durham arrived at his castle at Bishop Auckland, on

Friday last. On his entering into the county at Croft-bridge, which separates it from the county of York, he was met by the officers of the see, the mayor and corporation of Stockton, and several of the principal nobility and others of the county. Here a sort of ceremony was performed, which had its origin in the feudal times," &c.

The origin of the ceremony above alluded to is this. About the commencement of the fourteenth century, sir John Conyers slew with his *falchion* in the fields of Sockburne, a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or flying serpent, that devoured men, women, and children. The then owner of Sockburne, as a reward for his bravery, gave him the manor with its appurtenances to hold for ever, on condition that he met the lord bishop of Durham, with this *falchion*, on his first entrance into his diocese, after his election to that see. And in confirmation of this tradition, there is painted in a window of Sockburne church, the *falchion* just now spoken of; and it is also cut in marble, upon the tomb of the great ancestor of the Conyers', together with a dog and the monstrous worm or serpent, lying at his feet. When the bishop first comes into his diocese, he crosses the river Tees, either at the Ford of Nesham, or Croft-bridge, at one of which places the lord of the manor of Sockburne, or his representative, rides into the middle of the river, if the bishop comes by Nesham, with the ancient *falchion* drawn in his hand, or upon the middle of Croft-bridge; and then presents it to the bishop, addressing him in the ancient form of words. Upon which the bishop takes the *falchion* into his hands, looks at it, and returns it back again, wishing the lord of the manor his health and the enjoyment of his estate.

There are likewise some lands at Bishop's Auckland, called *Pollard's* lands, held by a similar service, viz showing to the bishop one *fawchon*, at his first coming to Auckland after his consecration. The form of words made use of is, I believe, as follows:—

"My Lord,—On behalf of myself as well as of the several other tenants of *Pollard's* lands, I do humbly present your lordship with this *fawchon*, at your first coming here, wherewith as the tradition goeth, *Pollard* slew of old, a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by the per-

* Britl C'ronologist.

formance of this service these lands are holden."

The drawing of the *falchion* and tomb in Sockburne church, I have unfortunately lost, otherwise it should have accompanied this communication: perhaps some of your numerous readers will be able to furnish you with it.

I remain,

Dear Sir, &c.

J. F.

The editor joins in his respected correspondent's desire to see a representation in the *Every-Day Book*, of "the falchion and tomb in Sockburne church." A *correct* drawing of it shall be accurately engraven, if any gentleman will be pleased to communicate one: such a favour will be respectfully acknowledged.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 57.

July 31.

MAYOR OF BARTLEMASS.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

July 4, 1826.

Sir,—The following is a brief notice of the annual mock election of the "mayor of Bartlemass," at Newbury, in Berkshire.

The day on which it takes place, is the first Monday after St. Anne's; therefore, this year if not discontinued, and I believe it is not, it will be held on the thirty-first day of July. The election is held at the Bull and Dog public-house, where a dinner is provided; the principal dishes being bacon and beans, have obtained for it the name of the "bacon and bean feast." In the course of the day a procession takes place. A cabbage is stuck on a pole and carried instead of a mace, accompanied by similar substitutes for the other emblems of civic dignity, and there is, of course, plenty of "rough music." A "justice" is chosen at the same time, some other offices are filled up, and the day ends by all concerned getting completely "how came ye so."

In the same town, a mock mayor and justice are likewise chosen for Norcutt-

lane, but whether on the same day or not I cannot say; how long these customs have existed, or whence they originated I do not know; they were before I, or the oldest man in the town, can remember.

A SHOEMAKER.

THE SEASON.

By the "Mirror of the Months," the appearance of natural scenery at this season is brought before us. "The corn-fields are all redundant with waving gold—gold of all hues—from the light yellow of the oats, (those which still remain uncut,) to the deep sunburnt glow of the red wheat. But the wide rich sweeps of these fields are now broken in upon, here and there, by patches of the parched and withered looking bean crops; by occasional bits of newly ploughed land, where the rye lately stood; by the now darkening turnips—dark, except where they are being fed off by sheep flocks; and lastly by the still bright-green meadows, now studded every where with grazing cattle, the second crops of grass being already gathered in.

"The woods, as well as the single timber trees that occasionally start up with such fine effect from out of the hedge-rows, or in the midst of meadows and corn-fields, we shall now find sprinkled with what at first looks like gleams of scattered sunshine lying among the leaves, but what, on examination, we shall find to be the new foliage that has been put forth since midsummer, and which yet retains all the brilliant green of the spring. The effect of this new green, lying in sweeps and patches upon the old, though little observed in general, is one of the most beautiful and characteristic appearances of this season. In many cases, when the sight of it is caught near at hand, on the sides of thick plantations, the effect of it is perfectly deceptive, and you wonder for a moment how it is, that while the sun is shining so brightly *every where*, it should shine so much *more* brightly on those particular spots"

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . 63 · 57.



AUGUST.

The ears are fill'd, the fields are white,
 The constant harvest-moon is bright
 To grasp the bounty of the year,
 The reapers to the scene repair,
 With hook in hand, and bottles slung,
 And dowlas-scrips beside them hung.
 The sickles stubble all the ground,
 And fitful hasty laughs go round;
 The meals are done as soon as tasted,
 And neither time nor viands wasted.
 All over—then, the barrels foam—
 The "Largess"-cry, the "Harvest-home!"

The "Mirror of the Months" likens August to "that brief, but perhaps best period of human life, when the promises of youth are either fulfilled or forgotten and the fears and forethoughts connected with decline have not yet grown strong

enough to make themselves felt; and consequently when we have nothing to do but look around us, and be happy." For it is in this month that the year "like a man at forty, has turned the corner of its existence; but, like him, it may still fancy itself young, because it does not begin to feel itself getting old. And perhaps there is no period like this, for encouraging and bringing to perfection that habit of tranquil enjoyment, in which all true happiness must mainly consist: with *pleasure* it has, indeed, little to do; but with *happiness* it is every thing."

The author of the volume pursues his estimate by observing, that "August is that debateable ground of the year, which is situated exactly upon the confines of summer and autumn; and it is difficult to say which has the better claim to it. It is dressed in half the flowers of the one, and half the fruits of the other; and it has a sky and a temperature all its own, and which vie in beauty with those of the spring. May itself can offer nothing so sweet to the senses, so enchanting to the imagination, and so soothing to the heart, as that genial influence which arises from the sights, the sounds, and the associations, connected with an August evening in the country, when the occupations and pleasures of the day are done, and when all, even the busiest, are fain to give way to that 'wise passiveness,' one hour of which is rife with more real enjoyment than a whole season of revelry. Those who will be wise (or foolish) enough to make comparisons between the various kinds of pleasure of which the mind of man is capable, will find that there is none (or but one) equal to that felt by a true lover of nature, when he looks forth upon her open face silently, at a season like the present, and drinks in that still beauty which seems to emanate from every thing he sees, till his whole senses are steeped in a sweet forgetfulness, and he becomes unconscious of all but that *instinct of good* which is ever present with us, but which can so seldom make itself felt amid that throng of thoughts which are ever busying and besieging us, in our intercourse with the living world. The only other feeling which equals this, in its intense quietude, and its satisfyingfulness, is one which is almost identical with it,—where the accepted lover is gazing unobserved, and almost unconsciously, on the face of his mistress, and tracing their sweet evidences of that mys-

terious union which already exists between them.

"The whole face of nature has undergone, since last month, an obvious change; obvious to those who delight to observe all her changes and operations, but not sufficiently striking to insist on being seen generally by those who can read no characters but such as are written in a *text* hand. If the general *colours* of all the various departments of natural scenery are not changed, their *hues* are; and if there is not yet observable the infinite variety of autumn, there is as little the extreme monotony of summer. In one department, however, there *is* a general change, that cannot well remain unobserved. The rich and unvarying green of the corn-fields has entirely and almost suddenly changed to a still richer and more conspicuous gold colour; more conspicuous on account of the contrast it now offers to the lines, patches, and masses of green with which it every where lies in contact, in the form of intersecting hedge-rows, intervening meadows, and bounding masses of forest. These latter are changed too; but in *hue* alone, not in colour. They are all of them still green; but it is not the fresh and tender green of the spring, nor the full and satisfying, though somewhat dull, green of the summer; but many greens, that blend all those belonging to the seasons just named, with others at once more grave and more bright; and the charming variety and interchange of which are peculiar to this delightful month, and are more beautiful in their general effect than those of either of the preceding periods: just as a truly beautiful woman is perhaps more beautiful at the period immediately before that at which her charms begin to wane, than she ever was before. Here, however, the comparison must end; for with the year its incipient decay is the signal for it to put on more and more beauties daily, till, when it reaches the period at which it is on the point of sinking into the temporary death of winter, it is more beautiful in general appearance than ever."

August 1.

LAMMAS DAY.

Though the origin of this denomination is related in vol. i. col. 1063, yet it seems proper to add that *Lammas* or *Lambmas* day obtained its name from a mass ordained to St. Peter, supplicating his bene-

diction on lambs, in shearing season, to preserve them from catching cold. St Peter became patron of lambs, from Christ's metaphorical expression, "Feed my lambs," having been construed into a literal injunction.* Raphael makes this misconstruction the subject of one of his great cartoons, by representing Christ as speaking to Peter, and pointing to a flock of lambs.

Lammas Towers in Mid-Lothian.

There was a Lammas festival, which prevailed in the Lothians from very early times among the young persons employed during summer in tending the herds at pasture. The usage is remarkable.

It appears that the herdsmen within a certain district, towards the beginning of summer, associated themselves into bands, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more. Each of these communities agreed to build a *tower* in some conspicuous place, near the centre of their district, which was to serve as the place of their rendezvous on Lammas day. This tower was usually built of sods; for the most part square, about four feet in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point at the top, which was seldom above seven or eight feet from the ground. In building it, a hole was left in the centre for admitting a flag-staff, on which to display their colours. The tower was usually begun to be built about a month before Lammas, and was carried up slowly by successive additions from time to time, being seldom entirely completed till a few days before Lammas; though it was always thought that those who completed their's soonest, and kept it standing the longest time before Lammas, behaved in the most gallant manner, and acquired most honour by their conduct.

From the moment the foundation of the tower was laid, it became an object of care and attention to the whole community; for it was reckoned a disgrace to suffer it to be defaced; so that they resisted, with all their power, any attempts that should be made to demolish it, either by force or fraud; and, as the honour that was acquired by the demolition of a tower, if affected by those belonging to another, was in proportion to the disgrace of suffering it to be demo-

lished, each party endeavoured to circumvent the other as much as possible and laid plans to steal upon the tower unperceived, in the night time, and leave it with the ground. Great was the honour that such a successful exploit conveyed to the undertakers; and, though the tower was easily rebuilt, and was soon put into its former state, yet the news was quickly spread by the successful adventurers, through the whole district, which filled it with shouts of joy and exultation, while their unfortunate neighbours were covered with shame. To ward off this disgrace, a constant night-guard was kept at each tower, which was made stronger and stronger, as the tower advanced; so that frequent night skirmishes ensued at these attacks, but were seldom of much consequence, as the assailants seldom came in force to make an attack in this way, but merely to succeed by surprise; as soon, therefore, as they saw they were discovered they made off in the best manner they could.

To give the alarm on these, and other occasions, every person was armed with a "tooting horn;" that is, a horn perforated in the small end, through which wind can be forcibly blown from the mouth, so as to occasion a loud sound and, as every one wished to acquire a great dexterity as possible in the use of the "tooting horn," they practised upon it during the summer, while keeping their beasts; and towards Lammas they were so incessantly employed at this business, answering to, and vying with each other, that the whole country rang continually with the sounds; and it must not doubt have appeared to be a very harsh and unaccountable noise to a stranger who was then passing through it.

As the great day of Lammas approached, each community chose or from among themselves for their captain and they prepared a stand of colours to be ready to be then displayed. For this purpose, they usually borrowed a fir table napkin of the largest size, from some of the farmer's wives within the district; and, to ornament it, they borrowed ribbons, which they tacked upon the napkin in such fashion as best suited their fancy. Things being thus prepared they marched forth early in the morning on Lammas day, dressed in their best apparel, each armed with a stout cudgel and, repairing to their tower, there di-

played their colours in triumph; blowing horns, and making merry in the best manner they could. About nine o'clock they sat down upon the green; and each taking from his pocket, bread and cheese, or other provisions, made a hearty breakfast, drinking pure water from a well, which they always took care should be near the scene of banquet.

In the mean time, scouts were sent out towards every quarter, to bring them notice if any hostile party approached; for it frequently happened, that on that day the herdsmen of one district went to attack those of another district, and to bring them under subjection to them by main force. If news were brought that a hostile party approached, the horns sounded to arms, and they immediately arranged themselves in the best order they could devise; the stoutest and boldest in front, and those of inferior prowess behind. Seldom did they wait the approach of the enemy, but usually went forth to meet them with a bold countenance, the captain of each company carrying the colours, and leading the van. When they met, they mutually desired each other to lower their colours in sign of subjection. If there appeared to be a great disproportion in the strength of the parties, the weakest usually submitted to this ceremony without much difficulty, thinking their honour was saved by the evident disproportion of the match; but, if they were nearly equal in strength, none of them would yield, and it ended in blows, and sometimes bloodshed. It is related, that, in a battle of this kind, four were actually killed, and many disabled from work for weeks.

If no opponent appeared, or if they themselves had no intention of making an attack, at about mid day they took down their colours, and marched with horns sounding, towards the most considerable village in their district; where the lasses, and all the people, came out to meet them, and partake of their diversions. Boundaries were immediately appointed, and a proclamation made, that all who intended to compete in the race should appear. A bonnet ornamented with ribbons was displayed upon a pole, as a prize to the victor; and sometimes five or six started for it, and ran with as great eagerness as if they had been to gain a kingdom; the prize of the second race was a pair of garters, and the third a knife. They then amused themselves for

some time, with such rural sports as suited their taste, and dispersed quietly to their respective homes before sunset.

When two parties met, and one of them yielded to the other, they marched together for some time in two separate bodies, the subjected body behind the other; and then they parted good friends, each performing their races at their own appointed place. Next day, after the ceremony was over, the ribbons and napkin that formed the colours, were carefully returned to their respective owners, the tower was no longer a matter of consequence, and the country returned to its usual state of tranquillity.

The above is a faithful account of this singular ceremony which was annually repeated in all the country, within the distance of six miles west from Edinburgh, about thirty years before Dr. Anderson wrote, which was in the year 1792. How long the custom prevailed, or what had given rise to it, or how far it had extended on each side, he was uninformed. He says, "the name of Lammas-towers will remain, (some of them having been built of stone,) after the celebration of the festival has ceased. This paper will at least preserve the memory of what was meant by them. I never could discover the smallest traces of this custom in Aberdeenshire, though I have there found several towers of stone, very like the Lammas-towers of this country; but these seem to have been erected without any appropriated use, but merely to look at. I have known some of those erected in my time, where I knew for certain that no other object was intended, than merely to amuse the persons who erected them."^{*}

THE COBBLERS' FESTIVAL AT PARIS ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1641.

A rare old "broadside" in French, printed at the time, with a large and curious wood-cut at the head, now before the editor, describes a feast of the cobblers of Paris in a burlesque manner, from whence he proposes to extract some account of their proceedings as closely as may be to the original.

First, however, it is proper to observe that the wood engraving, on the next page, is a fac-simile of one third, and by far the most interesting portion of the original.

* Dr. James Anderson, in *Trans. Soc. Antiq. Sc.*



Festival of the Cobblers of Paris, August 1, 1641.

The entire occupation of the preceding page by a cut, which is the first of the kind in the *Every-Day Book*, may startle a few readers, but it must gratify every person who regards it either as a faithful transcript of the most interesting part of a very rare engraving, or as a representation of the mode of feasting in the old pot-houses of Paris.

Nothing of consequence is lost by the omission of the other part of the engraving; for it is merely a crowd of smaller figures, seated at the table, eating and drinking, or reeling, or lying on the floor inebriated. The only figure worth notice, is a man employed in turning spit, and he has really so lack-a-daisical an appearance, that it seems worth while to give the top corner of the print in fac-simile.



We perceive from the page-cut that at the period when the original was executed, the French landlords "chalked up the score" as ours do, and that cobblers had music at their dinners as well as their letters. The band might not be so complete, but it was as good as they could get, and the king and his nobles could not have more than money could procure. The two musicians are of some consideration, as well suited to the scene; or is the mendicant near them to be disregarded; he is only a little more needy, and, perhaps, a little less importunate than certain suitors for court favours. The singer who accompanies himself on the guitar at the table, is tricked out with a banding ruff and "uffles, and ear-rings, &c.

and seems a "joculator" of the first order;—and laying aside his dress, and the jaunty set of his hat, which we may almost imagine had been a pattern for a recent fashion, his face of "infinite humour" would distinguish him any where. However rudely the characters are cut, they are well discriminated. The serving man, with a spur on one foot and without a shoe on the other, who pours wine into a glass, is evidently a person—

"contented in his station
who minds his occupation."

Vandyke himself could scarcely have afforded more grace to a countess, than the artist of the feast has bestowed on a cobbler's wife.

From the French of the author who drew up the account referring to the engraving, we learn that on the first day of August, 1641, the "Society of the Trade of Cobblers," met in solemn festival (as, he observes, was their custom) in the church of St. Peters of Arsis, where, after having bestowed all sorts of praises on their patron, they divided their consecrated bread between them, with which not one third of them was satisfied; for while going out of the church they murmured, while the others chuckled.

After interchanging the reciprocal honours, they were accustomed to pay to each other, (which we may fairly presume to have been hard blows,) many of the most famous of their calling departed to a pot-house, and had a merry-making. They had all such sorts of dishes at their dinner as their purses would afford; particularly a large quantity of turnip-soup, on account of the number of persons present; and as many ox-feet and fricasees of tripe, as all the tripe-shops of the city and its suburbs could furnish, with various other dishes which the reporter says he does not choose to name, lest he should give offence to the fraternity. He mentions cow-beef, however, as one of the delicacies, and hints at their excesses having disordered their stomachs and manners. He speaks of some of them having been the masters, and of others as more than the masters, for they denominated themselves *Messieurs le Jurez*, of their honourable calling. He further says, that to know the whole history of their assembly, you must go to Gently at the sign of St Peter, where, when at

leisure, they all play together at bowls. He adds, that it is not necessary to describe them all, because it is not the custom of this highly indispensable fraternity to do kindness, and they are always indignant at strong reproaches.

Finally, he says, "I pray God to turn them from their wickedness." He subjoins a song which he declares if you read and sing, will show he has told the truth, and that you will be delighted with it. He alleges, that he drew it up to make you better acquainted with the scene represented in the wood-cut, in order that you might be amused and laugh. Whether it had that tendency cannot be determined, for unluckily the song, which no doubt was the best part, has perished from the copy of the singular paper now described.

LAMMAS DAY

Exeter Lammas Fair.

The charter for this fair is perpetuated by a glove of immense size, stuffed and carried through the city on a very long pole, decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c. and attended with music, parish beades, and the mobility. It is afterwards placed on the top of the Guildhall, and then the fair commences; on the taking down of the glove, the fair terminates.

P.

RIPPON LAMMAS FEAST.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—If the following sketch of St. Wilfrid's life, as connected with his feast at Rippon, be thought sufficiently interesting for insertion, you will oblige an old contributor.

The town of Rippon owes its rise to the piety of early times, for we find that Eata, abbot of Melross and Lindisfarne, in the year 661 founded a monastery there, for which purpose he had lands given him by Alchfrid, at that time king of Deira, and afterwards of the Northumbrians; but before the building was completed, the Scottish monks retired from the monastery, and St. Wilfrid was appointed abbot in 663, and soon afterwards raised to the see of York. This prelate was then in high favour with Oswy and Egfrid, kings of Northumberland, and the principal nobility, by whose liberality he rose to such a degree of

opulence as to vie with princes, and enable him to build several rich monasteries but his great pomp and immense wealth having drawn upon him the jealousy of the king and the archbishop of Canterbury, he was exiled. After an absence of ten years he was allowed to return to his see, and died in the monastery of Oundle in 711, aged seventy-six, and was interred there. In 940, his remains were removed to Canterbury, by Odo, archbishop of that see. Amongst all the miracles recorded of Wilfrid by the authors of his life,* one, if true, was very extraordinary, and would go far to convert the most obdurate pagan. It is said, that at this time, God so blessed the holy man's endeavours towards the propagation of the faith, that, on a solemn day for baptizing some thousands of the people of Sussex, the ceremony was not soon ended but the heavens distilled such plentiful showers of rain, that the count was relieved by it from the most prodigious famine ever heard of. So great was the drought, and provision so scarce, that in the extremity of hunger, fifty at a time joined hand in hand and flung themselves into the sea, in order to avoid the danger of famine by land. But by Wilfrid's means their bodies and souls were preserved.

The town of Rippon continues to this day to honour the memory of its benefactor by an annual feast. On Saturday following Lammas-day, the effigy of St. Wilfrid is brought into the town with great ceremony, preceded by music when the people go out to meet it in commemoration of the return of their favourite saint and patron from exile. The following day called St. Wilfrid's Sunday is dedicated to him. On Monday and Tuesday there are horse-races for small sums only; though formerly there were plates of twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty pounds.†

The following is a literal copy of part of an advertisement from the "Newcastle Courant" August 28, 1725.

TO BE RUN FOR. The usual four mile course on Rippon Common, in the county of York, according to articles. Monday the thirteenth of September a piece of twenty guineas by any horse, mare or gelding that was no more than five years old the last grass, to be certified by the breeders.

* V. Wilfridi inter xx Scriptores.
† Gentleman's Magazine.

each horse to pay two guineas entrance, run three heats, the usual four miles' course for a heat, and carry nine stone, besides saddle and bridle. On Tuesday the fourteenth, **THE LADY'S PLATE** of fifteen pounds' value by any horse, &c. *Women* to be the riders: each to pay one guinea entrance, three heats, and twice about the common for a heat."

During the feast of St. Wilfrid, which continues nearly all the week, the inhabitants of Rippon enjoy the privilege of rambling through the delightful grounds of "Studley Royal," the seat of Mrs. Laurence, a lady remarkable for her amiable character and bounty to the neighbouring poor. On St. Wilfrid's day the gates of this fairy region are thrown open, and all persons are allowed to wander where they please.

No description can do justice to the exuberant distribution of nature and art which surrounds one on every side on entering these beautiful and enchanting grounds; the mind can never cease to wonder, nor the eye tire in beholding them.

The grounds consist of about three hundred acres, and are laid out with a taste unexcelled in this country. There is every variety of hill and dale, and a judicious introduction of ornamental buildings with a number of fine statues; among them are Hercules and Antæus, Roman wrestlers, and a remarkably fine dying gladiator. The beauties of this terrestrial paradise would fill a volume, but the chief attraction is the grand monastic ruin of Fountain's abbey. This magnificent remain of olden time is preserved with the utmost care by the express command of its owner, and is certainly the most perfect in the kingdom. It is seated in a romantic dale surrounded by majestic oaks and firs. The great civility of the persons appointed to show the place, is not the least agreeable feeling on a visit to Studley Royal.

I am, &c.

J. J. A. F.

DISSENTERS' FESTIVAL.

The first of August, as the anniversary of the death of queen Anne, and the accession of George I., seems to have been accepted with rejoicing by the dissenters. In the year 1733, they held a great meeting in London, and several other parts of the kingdom to celebrate the day, it being

that whereon the "schism bill" was to have taken place if the death of the queen had not prevented it. If this bill had passed into a law, dissenters would have been debarred the liberty of educating their own children.*

DOGGET'S COAT AND BADGE.

Also in honour of this day there is a rowing match on the river Thames, instituted by Thomas Dogget an old actor of celebrity, who was so attached to the Brunswick family, that sir Richard Steele called him "a whig up to the head and ears."

In the year after George I. came to the throne, Dogget gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six watermen on the first day of August, being the anniversary of that king's accession to the throne. This he continued till his death, when it was found that he had bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for in honour of the day by six young watermen whose apprenticeships had expired the year before. This ceremony is every year performed on the first of August, the claimants setting out, at a signal given, at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and rowing from the Old Swan, near London-bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea.†

Broughton, who was a waterman, before he was a prize-fighter, won the first coat and badge.

This annual rowing-match is the subject of a ballad-opera, by Charles Dibdin, first performed at the Haymarket, in 1774, called "The Waterman, or the First of August." In this piece Tom Tugg, a candidate for Dogget's coat and badge, sings the following, which was long a popular

SONG.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,

Who at Blackfriars-bridge used for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and delighting each eye:

He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flocked in his boat so readily,

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Jones's Biographia Dramaticæ.

And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry!

'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;

He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall :
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,

For loving, or liking, he little did care,

For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,

He was plied by a damsel so lovely and charming,

That she smiled, and so straightway in love he did fall;

And, would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to night before to-morrow :

And how should this waterman ever know care,

When he's married and never in want of a fare?

Tom Tug wins Dogget's coat and badge under the eyes of his mistress, who sits with her friends to see the rowing-match from an inn window overlooking the river; and, with the prize, he wins her heart.

DOGGET.

Colley Cibber calls Dogget "a prudent, honest man," and relates anecdotes highly to our founder's honour. One of them is very characteristic of Dogget's good sense and firmness.

The lord chamberlain was accustomed to exercise great power over actors. In king William's reign he issued an order that no actor of either company should presume to go from one to the other without a discharge, and the lord chamberlain's permission; and messengers actually took performers who disobeyed the edict into custody. Dogget was under articles to play at Drury-lane, but conceiving himself treated unfairly, quitted the stage, would act no more, and preferred to forego his demands rather than hazard the tediousness and danger of the law to recover them. The manager, who

valued him highly, resorted to the authority of the lord chamberlain. "Accordingly upon his complaint, a messenger was immediately despatched to Norwich, where Dogget then was, to bring him up in custody. But doughty Dogget, who had money in his pocket, and the cause of liberty at his heart, was not in the least intimidated by this formidable summons. He was observed to obey it with a particular cheerfulness, entertaining his fellow-traveller, the messenger, all the way in the coach (for he had protested against riding) with as much humour as a man of his business might be capable of tasting. And, as he found his charges were to be defrayed, he, at every inn, called for the best dainties the country could afford, or a pretended weak appetite could digest. At this rate they jollily rolled on, more with the air of a jaunt than a journey, or a party of pleasure than of a poor devil in durance. Upon his arrival in town, he immediately applied to the lord chief justice Holt for his *habeas corpus*. As his case was something particular, that eminent and learned minister of the law took a particular notice of it: for Dogget was not only discharged, but the process of his confinement (according to common fame) had a censure passed upon it in court."

"We see," says Cibber, "how naturally power, only founded on custom, is apt, where the law is silent, to run into excesses; and while it laudably pretends to govern others, how hard it is to govern itself."*

Scarcely any thing is known of this celebrated performer, but through Cibber with whom he was a joint patentee in Drury-lane theatre. They sometime warmly differed, but Cibber respected his integrity and admired his talents. The accounts of Dogget in "Cibber's Apology," are exceedingly amusing, and the book is now easily accessible, for it forms the first volume of "Autobiography, collection of the most instructive and amusing lives written by the parties themselves;"—a work printed in an elegant form, and published at a reasonable price, and so arranged that every life may be purchased separately.

Cibber says of Dogget, "He was a golden actor.—He was the most an original, and the strictest observer of nature

* Autobiography, 1826, 18mo. vol. i. p. 202.

of all his contemporaries. He borrowed from none of them; his manner was his own; he was a pattern to others, whose great merit was, that they had sometimes tolerably imitated him. In dressing a character to the greatest exactness he was remarkably skilful; the least article of whatever habit he wore, seemed in some degree to speak and mark the different humour he presented; a necessary care in a comedian, in which many have been too remiss or ignorant. He could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety to make him so. His greatest success was in characters of lower life, which he improved from the delight he took in his observations of that kind in the real world. In songs and particular dances, too, of humour, he had no competitor. Congreve was a great admirer of him, and found his account in the characters he expressly wrote for him. In those of Fondlewife, in his 'Old Bachelor,' and Ben, in 'Love for Love,' no author and actor could be more obliged to their mutual masterly performances." Dogget realized a fortune, retired from the stage, and died, endeared to watermen and whigs, at Eltham, in Kent, on the twenty-second of September, 1721.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 64° 77°.

August 2

CHRONOLOGY.

Thomas Gainsborough, eminent as a painter, and for love of his art, died on the second of August, 1788. His last words were, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party." He was buried, by his own desire, near his friend Kirby, the author of the Treatise on "Perspective," in the grave-yard of Kew chapel.

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, where his father was a clothier, and nature the boy's teacher. He passed his mornings in the woods alone; and in solitary rambles sketched old trees, brooks, a shepherd and his flock, cattle, or whatever his fancy seized on. After painting several landscapes, he arrived in London and received instructions from Gravelot and Hayman: he lived in Hatton-Garden, married a lady with 200*l.* a year went to Bath, and painted portraits for five guineas, till the demand for his talent enabled him gradu-

ally to raise the price to a 100*l.* He settled in Pall-mall in 1774, with fame and fortune.

Gainsborough, while at Bath, was chosen a member of the Royal Academy on its institution, but neglected its meetings. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is most difficult to determine." His aerial perspective is uncommonly light and beautiful. He derived his grace and elegance from nature, rather than manners; and hence his paintings are inimitably true and bewitching. Devoted to his art, he regretted leaving it; just before his death, he said, "he saw his deficiencies, and had endeavoured to remedy them in his last works."

No object was too mean for Gainsborough's pencil; his habit of closely observing things in their several particulars, enabled him to perceive their relations to each other, and combine them. By painting at night, he acquired new perceptions: he had eyes and saw, and he secured every advantage he discovered. He etched three plates; one for "Kirby's Perspective;" another an oak tree with gypsies; and the third, a man ploughing on a rising ground, which he spoiled in "biting in;" the print is rare.

In portraits he strove for natural character, and when this was attained, seldom proceeded farther. He could have imparted intelligence to the features of the dullest, but he disdained to elevate what nature had forbidden to rise; hence, if he painted a butcher in his Sunday-coat, he made him, as he looked, a respectable yeoman; but his likenesses were chiefly of persons of the first quality, and he maintained their dignity. His portraits are seldom highly finished, and are not sufficiently estimated, for the very reason whereon his reputation for natural scenery is deservedly high. Sir Joshua gave Gainsborough one hundred guineas for a picture of a girl and pigs, though its artist only required sixty.*

Gainsborough had what the world calls eccentricities. They resulted rather from his indulgence in study, than contempt for the usages of society. It was well for Gainsborough that he could disregard the courtesies of life without disturbance to his happiness, from those with whom manners are morals.

A series of "Studies of Figures" from Gainsborough's "Sketch Books," are executed in lithography, in exact imitation of his original drawings by Mr. Richard Lane. Until this publication, these drawings were unknown. Mr. Lane's work is to Gainsborough, what the prints in Mr. Otley's "Italian School of Design," are to Raphael and Michael Angelo. Each print is so perfect a fac-simile, that it would be mistaken for the original drawing, if we were not told otherwise. This is the way to preserve the reputation of artists. Their sketches are often better than their paintings; the elaboration of a thought tends to evaporate its spirit.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 64·95.

August 3.

CHRONOLOGY.

Michael Adanson, an eminent naturalist of Scottish extraction, born in April, 1727, at Aix, in Provence, died at Paris on the third of August, 1806. Needham, at one of his examinations, presented Adanson, then a child, with a microscope, and the use of the instrument gave the boy a bias to the science which he distinguished as a philosopher. His parents destined him for the church, and obtained a prebend's stall for him, but he abandoned his seat, made a voyage to Senegal in 1757, and published the result of his labours in a natural history of that country. This obtained him the honour of corresponding member in the Academy of Sciences. In 1763, his "Famille des Plantes" appeared; it was followed by a design of an immense general work, which failed from Louis XV., withholding his patronage. He formed the project of a settlement on the African coast for raising colonial produce without negro slavery, which the French East India company refused to encourage: he refused to communicate his plan to the English, who, after they had become martyrs of Senegal, applied for it to Adanson, through lord North. He declined invitations from the courts of Spain and Russia, and managed as well as he could with pensions derived from his office of royal censor, his place in the academy, and other sources inadequate to the expense of forming his im-

mense collections. He was reduced to poverty by the revolution. The French invited him to join it as a member; he answered, "he had no shoes." This procured him a small pension, whereon he subsisted till his death.*

So early as thirteen years of age, Adanson began to write notes on the natural histories of Aristotle and Pliny; but soon quitted books to study nature. He made a collection of thirty-three thousand existences, which he arranged in a series of his own. This was the assiduous labour of eight years. Five years spent at Senegal, gave him the opportunity of augmenting his catalogue. He extended his researches to subjects of commercial utility, explored the most fertile and best situated districts of the country, formed a map of it, followed the course of the Niger, and brought home with him an immense collection of observations, philosophical, political, moral, and economical, with an addition to his catalogue of about thirty thousand hitherto unknown species, which with his former list, and subsequent additions brought the whole number to more than ninety thousand.

The arrangement of Adanson's "Famille des Plantes," is founded upon the principle, "that if there is in nature a system which we can detect, it can only be founded on the totality of the relations of characters, derived from all the parts and qualities of plants." His labours are too manifold to be specified, but their magnitude may be conceived from his having laid before the academy, in 1773, the plan of his "Universal Natural Encyclopædia," consisting of one hundred and twenty manuscript volumes, illustrated by seventy-five thousand figures, in folio. In 1776, he published in the "Supplement of the first Encyclopædia," by Diderot and D'Alembert, the articles relative to natural history and the philosophy of the sciences, comprised under the letters A B. C. In 1779, he journeyed over the highest mountains in Europe, whence he brought more than twenty thousand specimens of different minerals, and charts of more than twelve hundred leagues of country. He was the possessor of the most copious cabinet in the world.

Adanson's first misfortune from the revolution was the devastation of his experimental garden, in which he had cultivated one hundred and thirty kinds of mulberry to perfection; and thus the labour of the best part of his life was overthrown in an instant. One privation succeeded another, till he was plunged in extreme indigence, and prevented from pursuing his usual studies for want of fire and light. "I have found him in winter (says his biographer) at nine in the evening, with his body bent, his head stooped to the floor, and one foot placed upon another, before the glimmering of a small brand, writing upon this new kind of desk, regardless of the inconvenience of an attitude which would have been a torment to any one not excited by the most inconceivable habit of labour, and inspired with the ecstasy of meditation."

Adanson's miserable condition was somewhat alleviated by the minister Benzech; but another minister, himself a man of letters, Francois de Neufchateau, restored Adanson to the public notice, and recommended him to his successors. The philosopher, devoted to his studies, and apparently little fitted for society, sought neither patron nor protector; and indeed he seems never to have been raised above that poverty, which was often the lot of genius and learning in the stormy period of the revolution. His obligations to men in power were much less than to a humbler benefactor, whose constant and generous attachment deserves honourable commemoration. This was Anne-Margaret-Roux, the wife of Simon Henry, who, in 1783, at the age of twenty-eight, became the domestic of Adanson, and from that time to his death, stood in the place to him of relations, friends, and fortune. During the extremity of his distress, when he was in want of every necessary, she waited upon him during the day, and passed the night, without his knowledge, in labours, the wages of which she employed in the purchase of coffee and sugar, without which he could do nothing. At the same time, her husband, in the service of another master in Picardy, sent every week bread, meat, and vegetables, and even his savings in money, to supply the other wants of the philosopher. When Adanson's accumulated infirmities rendered the cares of the wife insufficient, Simon Henry came and assisted her, and no more quitted him. From the time of his residence at Sene-

gal, Adanson was exceedingly sensible of cold and humidity; and from inhabiting a ground floor, without cellars, in one of the lowest streets in Paris, he was continually labouring under rheumatic affections. The attitude in which he read and wrote, which was that of his body bent in an arm-chair, and his legs raised high on each side of the chimney-place, contributed to deposit humours upon his loins, and the articulations of his thighs. When he had again got a little garden, he used to pass whole days before his plants, sitting upon his crossed legs; and he often forgot, in the ardour of study, to go to bed. This mode of life occasioned an osseous disease in the right thigh. In January, 1806, as he was standing by his fire, he perceived his thigh bend, and would have fallen, had he not been supported by his devoted domestic. He was put to bed, the limb was replaced, and he was attended with the utmost assiduity by the faithful pair, who even tore up their own linen for his dressings. Except his surgeon, they were the only human beings he saw during the last six months of his life—a proof how little he had cultivated friendship among his equals. Napoleon informed of his wretched situation, sent him three thousand livres, which his two attendants managed with the greatest fidelity. Whilst confined to his bed, he continued his usual occupation of reading and writing, and was seen every morning with the pen in his hand, writing without spectacles, in very small characters, at arm's length. The powers of his understanding were entire when he expired.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 64 · 25.

August 4.

LONG BOWLS.

On the fourth of August, 1739, a farmer of Croydon undertook for a considerable wager, to bowl a skittle-bowl from that town to London-bridge, about eleven miles, in 500 times, and performed it in 445 †

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 63 · 72.

* Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

August 5.

ST. JAMES'S DAY, *Old Style.*

It is on this day, and not on St. James's day new style, as mistakingly represented in vol. i. col. 878, that oysters come in.

OYSTER DAY.

For the Every-Day Book.

Greengrocers rise at dawn of sun—
August the fifth—come haste away!
To Billingsgate the thousands run,—
'Tis Oyster Day!—'tis Oyster Day!

Now at the corner of the street
With oysters fine the tub is filled;
The cockney stops to have a treat
Prepared by one in opening skilled.

The pepper-box, the cruet,—wait
To give a relish to the taste;
The mouth is watering for the bait
Within the pearly cloisters chased.

Take off the beard—as quick as thought
The pointed knife divides the flesh;—
What plates are laden—loads are bought
And eaten raw, and cold, and fresh!

Some take them with their steak for sauce,
Some stew, and fry, and scollop well;
While, Leperello-like, some toss;
And some in gutting them excel.*

Poor creatures of the ocean's wave!
Born, fed, and fatted for our prey;—
E'en boys, your shells when parted, crave,
Perspective for the "Grotto day."

With watchful eye in many a band
The urchin wights at eve appear;
They raise their "lights" with voice and hand—
"A grotto comes but once a year!"

Then, in some rustic gardener's bed
The shells are fixed for borders neat;
Or, crushed within a dustman's shed,
Like deadmen's bones 'neath living feet.

*. *. P.

* See the supper scene in "Don Giovanni,"—also the Irishman's joke of eating the oysters and taking his master the shells. Speaking of "Oysters"—the song sung by Grimaldi senior,—"An oyster crossed in love,"—has been very popular.

CHRONOLOGY.

Sir Reginald Bray, the architect of king Henry the seventh's chapel, died August 5, 1503. His family came into England with the Conqueror, and flourished in Northampton and Warwickshire. He was second son to sir Richard

Bray, a privy counsellor to king Henry VI. In the first year of Richard III. Reginald had a general pardon, for having adhered, it is presumed, to Henry VI. He favoured the advancement of the earl of Richmond to the throne as Henry VII. who made him a knight banneret, probably on Bosworth field. At this king's coronation he was created a knight of the bath, and afterwards a knight of the garter.

Sir Reginald Bray was a distinguished statesman and warrior. He served at the battle of Blackheath in 1497, on the Cornish insurrection under lord Audley, part of whose estates he acquired by grant. He was constable of Oakenham castle in Rutlandshire, joint chief justice of the forests south of Trent, high steward of the university of Oxford, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and high treasurer. Distinguished by the royal favour he held the Isle of Wight for his life at an annual rent of three hundred marks and died possessed of large estates, under a suspicious sovereign who extorted large sums from his subjects when there was very little law to control the royal will. His administration was so just as to procure him the title of "the father of his country." To his skill in architecture we are indebted for the most eminent ecclesiastical ornament of the metropolis—the splendid chapel founded by Henry in his lifetime at Westminster; and he conducted the chapel of St. George, at Windsor palace, to its completion.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 47.

August 6.

TRANSFIGURATION.

For this denomination of the day see vol. i. col. 1071.

It is alleged that this festival was observed at Rome in the fifth century though not universally solemnized until in 1457 pope Calixtus III. ordained its celebration to commemorate the raising of the siege of Belgrade by Mahomet II.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

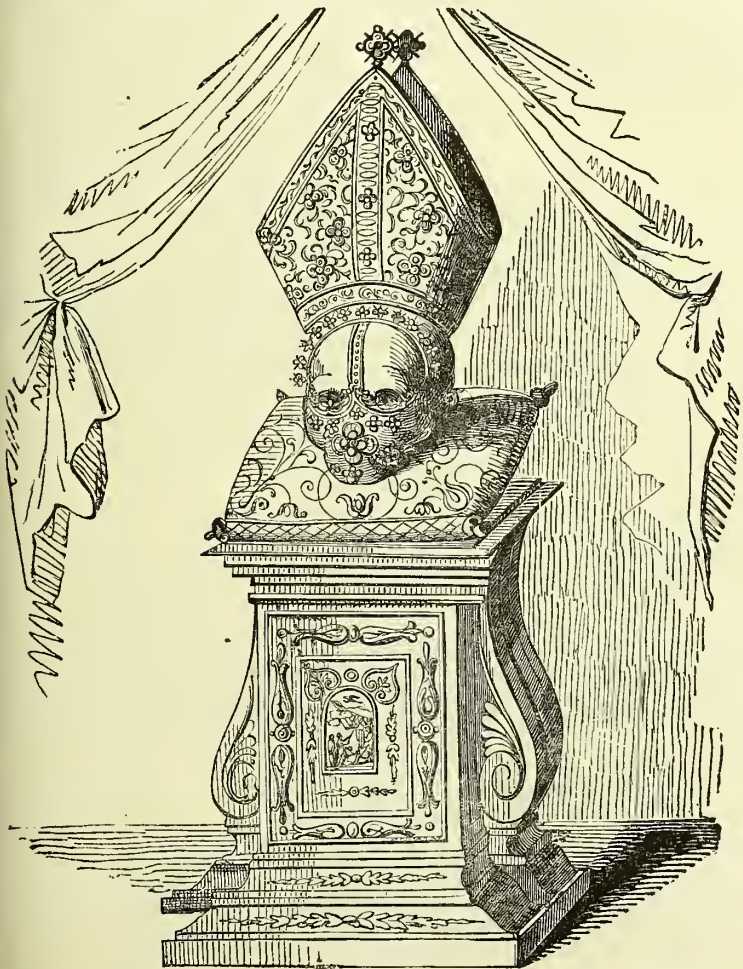
Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 37.

August 7.

NAME OF JESUS.

A festival in honour of the *name* of Jesus appears was anciently held on the second Sunday in Epiphany, from whence it was removed at the reformation to this

day, and the name of St. Donatus expunged by the English reformers to make room for it. That saint's name had previously been substituted for that of St. Afra, to whom the day had first been dedicated in honour of her martyrdom.



Caput Sancti Adalderonis.

Ausburg cathedral was rebuilt by St. Ulric to whom and St. Afra jointly it was dedicated: a Latin folio with engravings by Kilian describes its magnificence.* In

the church were preserved the skulls of several saints, blazing with jewellery, mitred or crowned, reposing on embroidered cushions, and elevated on altars or reliquaries. One of these is selected as a specimen of the sumptuous adornment of deceased mortality in Roman catholic churches.

* Basilica S S. Udalrici et Afre, Imperialis Monasterii eid. S. Benedicti Augustæ Vindel. Historice descripta; edit. secunda. August. Vindel. 1653.

ST. AFRA.

This saint is alleged to have suffered martyrdom under Dioclesian. She had led an abandoned life at Augsburg, but being required to sacrifice to the heathen deities she refused; wherefore, with certain of her female companions, she was bound to a stake in an island on the river Lech, and suffocated by smoke from vine branches. She is honoured as chief patroness of Augsburg.

ST. ULRIC.

This saint was bishop of Augsburg, which city he defended against the barbarians by raising walls and erecting fortresses around it, and died in 973, surrounded by his clergy, while lying on ashes strewed on the floor in the form of a cross.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
mean Temperature . . . 63 · 20.

August 8.

THE SEASON.

This time of the year is usually remarkably fine. The rich glow of summer is seldom in perfection till August. We now enjoy settled hot weather, a glowing sky, with varied and beautiful, but not many clouds, and delightfully fragrant and cool evenings. The golden yellow of the ripe corn, the idea of plenty inspired by the commencing harvest of wheat, the full and mature appearance of the foliage, in short the *tout ensemble* of nature at this time is more pleasing than perhaps that of any of the other summer months.

One of the editors of the "Perennial Calendar," inserts some verses which he found about this time among his papers; he says they are "evidently some parody," and certainly they are very agreeable.

INFANTINE RECOLLECTIONS

In Fancy how dear are the scenes of my childhood
Which old recollections recal to my view!
My own little garden, its plants, and the wild wood,
The old paper Kite that my Infancy flew.

The cool shady Elm Grove, the Pond that was by it,
My small plaything Mill where the rain torrent fell;
My Father's Pot Garden, the Drying Ground nigh it,
The old wooden Pump by the Melon ground well.

That Portugal Laurel I hail as a treasure,
For often in Summer when tired of play,
I found its thick shade a most exquisite pleasure,
And sat in its boughs my long lessons to say.

There I first thought my scholarship somewhat advancing,
And turning my Lilly right down on its back,
While my thirst for some drink the Sun's beams were enhancing
I shouted out learnedly—*Da mihi lac*.

No image more dear than the thoughts of these baubles,
Ghigs, Peg Tops, and Whip Tops, and infantine games
The Grassplot for Ball, and the Yewwalk for Marbles,
And the arbours for whoop, and the vine trellis frames.

Those three renowned Poplars, by Summer winds waved
By Tom, Ben, and Ned, that were planted of yore,
Twixt the times when these Wights were first breeched and first shaved
May now be hewn down, and may waver no more!

How well I remember, when Spring flowers were blowing,
 With rapture I cropt the first Crocuses there !
 Life seemed like a Lamp in eternity glowing,
 Nor dreamt I that all the green boughs would be sear.

In Summer, while feasting on Currants and Cherries,
 And roving through Strawberry Beds with delight,
 I thought not of Autumn's Grapes, Nuts, and Blackberries,
 Nor of Ivy decked Winter cold shivering in white.

E'en in that frosty season, my Grandfather's Hall in,
 I used to sit turning the Electric Machine,
 And taking from Shockbottles shocks much less galling,
 If sharper than those of my manhood I ween.

The Chesnuts I picked up and flung in the fires,
 The Evergreens gathered the hot coals to choke ;
 Made reports that were emblems of blown up desires,
 And warm glowing hopes that have ended in smoke.

How oft have I sat on the green bench astonished
 To gaze at Orion and Night's shady car,
 By the starspangled Sky's Magic Lantern admonished
 Of time and of space that were distant afar !

But now when embarked on Life's rough troubled ocean,
 While Hope with her anchor stands up on the bow,
 May Fortune take care of my skiff put in motion,
 Nor sink me when coyly she steps on the prow.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 . 97.

August 9.

THE EAGLE—A ROYAL BIRD.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" records that, on August the ninth, 1734 a large eagle was taken near Carlton, in Kent, by a taylor: its wings when expanded were

three yards eight inches long. It was claimed by the lord of the manor, but afterwards demanded by the king's falconer as a royal bird and carried to court.

It was formerly a custom with itinerant showmen, who had tolerably sized eagles among their "wonders of nature," to call them "Eagles of the Sun."

TO THE SUN.

Most glorious orb ! that wert a worship, ere
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd !
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
 Themselves in orisons ! Thou material God !
 And representative of the Unknown—
 Who chose thee for His shadow ! Thou chief star !
 Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays ;
 Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
 And those who dwell in them ! for near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
 Even as our outward aspects ;—thou dost rise,
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well !

Byron

SUNSET.

We walked along the pathway of a field,
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky :
There now the sun had sunk ; but lines of
gold

Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight lay
On the brown massy woods : and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly
rose

Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering over-
head.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

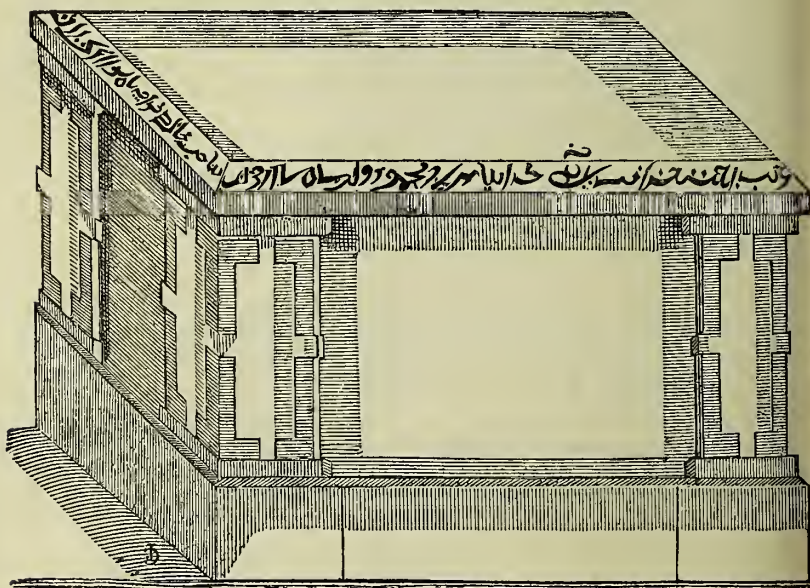
Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 45.

August 10.

This is the festival day of St. Lawrence.

CHRONOLOGY.

Old Anthony Munday, the pleasant
continuator of Stow's "Survey," ren-
ders this day remarkable by a curious
notice.



Coya Shawsware's Tomb.

This is an exactly reduced fac-simile representation of the wood-cut in Stow, and the following is Anthony Munday's story :—

"This monument, or that of which this is a shadow, with their characters engraven about it, stands in Petty France, at the west end of the lower churchyard of St. Botolphes, Bishopsgate, (not within, but without the walls, the bounds of our consecrated ground,) and was erected to the memory of one *Coya Shawsware*, a Persian merchant, and a principal servant

and secretary to the Persian ambassador, with whom he and his sonne came over. He was aged forty-four, and buried the tenth of August, 1626 : the ambassador himself, young Shawsware his sonne, and many other Persians (with many expressions of their infinite love and sorrow) following him to the ground between eight and nine of the clocke in the morning. The rites and ceremonies that (with them) are done to the dead, were chiefly performed by his sonne, who, sitting crosse-legged at the north end of the

grave, (for his tombe stands north and south,) did one while reade, another while sing; his reading and singing intermixt sighing and weeping: and this, with other things that were done in the grave in private (to prevent with the sight the relation) continued about halfe an houre.

"But this was but this dayes businesse: for, as this had not beene enough to performe to their friend departed, to this place and to this end (that is, prayer, and other funcrall devotions) some of them came every morning and evening at sixe and sixe, for the space of a moneth together; and had come (as it was then imagined) the whole time of their abode here in England, had not the rudenesse of our people disturbed and prevented their purpose."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 63 · 69.

August 11.

Dog Days end.

CLOUDS.

Clouds are defined to be a collection of vapours suspended in the atmosphere, and rendered visible.

Although it be generally allowed that clouds are formed from the aqueous vapours, which before were so closely united with the atmosphere as to be invisible, it is not easy to account for the long continuance of some very opaque clouds without dissolving; or to assign the reason why the vapours, when they have once begun to condense, do not continue to do so till they at last fall to the ground in the form of rain or snow, &c. It is now known that a separation of the latent heat from the water, of which vapour is composed, is attended with a condensation of that vapour in some degree; in such case it will first appear as a smoke, mist, or fog; which, if interposed between the sun and earth, will form a cloud; and the same causes continuing to operate, the cloud will produce rain or snow. It is however abundantly evident that some other cause beside mere heat or cold is concerned in the formation of clouds, and the condensation of atmospherical vapours. This cause is esteemed in a great

measure the electrical fluid; indeed electricity is now so generally admitted as an agent in all the great operations of nature, that it is no wonder to find the formation of clouds attributed to it; and this has accordingly been given by Beccaria as the cause of the formation of all clouds whatsoever, whether of thunder, rain, hail, or snow.

But whether the clouds are produced, that is, the atmospheric vapours rendered visible, by means of electricity or not, it is certain that they do often contain the electric fluid in prodigious quantities, and many terrible and destructive accidents have been occasioned by clouds very highly electrified. The most extraordinary instance of this kind perhaps on record, happened in the island of Java, in the East Indies, in August, 1772. On the eleventh of that month, at midnight, a bright cloud was observed covering a mountain in the district called Cheribou, and several reports like those of a gun were heard at the same time. The people who dwelt upon the upper parts of the mountain not being able to fly fast enough, a great part of the cloud, eight or nine miles in circumference, detached itself under them, and was seen at a distance, rising and falling like the waves of the sea, and emitting globes of fire so luminous, that the night became as clear as day. The effects of it were astonishing; every thing was destroyed for twenty miles round; the houses were demolished; plantations were buried in the earth; and two thousand one hundred and forty people lost their lives, besides one thousand five hundred head of cattle, and a vast number of horses, goats, &c.

The *height* of the clouds is not usually great: the summits of high mountains being commonly quite free from them, as many travellers have experienced in passing these mountains. It is found that the most highly electrified clouds descend lowest, their height being often not more than seven or eight hundred yards above the ground; and sometimes thunderclouds appear actually to touch the ground with one of their edges; but the generality of clouds are suspended at the height of a mile, or little more, above the earth.

The *motions* of the clouds, though often

directed by the wind, are not always so, especially when thunder is about to ensue. In this case they are seen to move very slowly, or even to appear quite stationary for some time. The reason of this probably is, that they are impelled by two opposite streams of air nearly of equal strength; and in such cases it seems that both the aerial currents ascend to a considerable height; for Messrs. Charles and Robert, when endeavouring to avoid a thunder cloud, in one of their aerial voyages with a balloon, could find no alteration in the course of the current, though they ascended to the height of four thousand feet above the earth. In some cases the motions of the clouds evidently depend on their electricity, independent of any current of air whatever. Thus, in a calm and warm day, small clouds are often seen meeting each other in opposite directions, and setting out from such short distances, that it cannot be supposed that any opposite winds are the cause. Such clouds, when they meet, instead of forming a larger one, become much smaller, and sometimes quite vanish; a circumstance most probably owing to the discharge of opposite electricities into each other. And this serves also to throw some light on the true cause of the formation of clouds; for if two clouds, the one electrified positively, and the other negatively, destroy each other on contact, it follows that any quantity of vapour suspended in the atmosphere, while it retains its natural quantity of electricity, remains invisible, but becomes a cloud when electrified either plus or minus.

The *shapes* of the clouds are probably owing to their electricity; for in those seasons in which a great commotion has been excited in the atmospherical electricity, the clouds are seen assuming strange and whimsical shapes, that are continually varying. This, as well as the meeting of small clouds in the air, and vanishing upon contact, is a sure sign of thunder.

The *uses* of the clouds are evident, as from them proceeds the rain that refreshes the earth, and without which, according to the present state of nature, the whole surface of the earth must become a mere desert. They are likewise useful as a screen interposed between the earth and the scorching rays of the sun, which are

often so powerful as to destroy the grass and other tender vegetables. In the most secret operations of nature too, where the electric fluid is concerned, the clouds bear a principal share; and chiefly serve as a medium for conveying that fluid from the atmosphere into the earth, and from the earth into the atmosphere: in doing which, when electrified to a great degree, they sometimes produce very terrible effects; an instance of which is related above.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 63° 35.

August 12.

K. GEORGE IV. BORN.

On the twenty-fifth of August, 1761 the princess Charlotte of Mecklinburg Strelitz, embarked with her attendants at Cuxhaven, on board the royal yacht, under the salute of a squadron destined to convey her to England, as the affianced bride of his majesty George III. On the twenty-eighth, she sailed, and after the day, no despatches were received until she arrived at Harwich, on the sixth of September.

The court was in some concern lest the tediousness of her voyage might have affected her health; but her highness, during her tedious passage, continued in very good health and spirits, often diverting herself with playing on the harpsichord, practising English tunes, and endearing herself to those who were honoured with the care of her person. She had been twice in sight of the British coast, and as often driven off by contrary winds; one day in hopes of landing on English ground, and the next in danger of being driven to the coasts of Norway. Her arrival, therefore, was a desirable event; but as it was night when she came to Harwich, her highness slept on board, and continued there till three in the afternoon the next day, during which time her route had been settled, and instructions received as to the manner of her proceeding to St. James's.

At her landing, she was received by the mayor and aldermen of Harwich, in their usual formalities. About five o'clock she came to Colchester, and stopped at the house of Mr. Enew, where she was re-

* Dr. Hutton.

ceived and waited upon by Mrs. Enew and Mrs. Pebow; but captain Best attended her with coffee, and lieutenant John Seaber with tea. Being thus refreshed, she proceeded to Witham, where she arrived at a quarter past seven, and stopped at lord Abercorn's, and his lordship provided as elegant an entertainment for her as the time would admit. During supper, the door of the room was ordered to stand open, that every body might have the pleasure of seeing her highness, and on each side of her chair stood the lords Harcourt and Anson. She slept that night at his lordship's house.

A little after twelve o'clock next day, her highness came to Romford, where the king's coach and servants met her; and after stopping to drink coffee at Mr. Dutton's where she was waited upon by the king's servants, she entered the king's coach. The attendants of her highness were in three other coaches. In the first were some ladies of Mecklenburgh, and in the last was her highness, who sat forward, and the duchess of Ancaster and Hamilton backward.

On the road she was extremely courteous to every body, showing herself, and bowing to all who seemed desirous of seeing her, and ordering the coach to go extremely slow through the towns and villages as she passed, that as many as would might have a full view of her. The carriages were attended by an incredible number of spectators, both on horse and foot, to Stratford-le-Bow and Mile-end, where they turned up Dog-row, and prosecuted their journey to Hackney turnpike, then by Shoreditch church, and up Old-street to the City-road, across Islington, along the New-road into Hyde-park, down Constitution-hill into St. James's park, and then to the garden-gate of the palace, where she was received by all the royal family. She was handed out of the coach by the duke of York, and met in the garden by his majesty, who in a very affectionate manner raised her up and saluted her, as she was going to pay her obeisance, and then led her into the palace, where she dined with his majesty, the princess dowager, and the princess Augusta. After dinner her highness was pleased to show herself with his majesty in the gallery and other apartments fronting the park.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the procession began to the chapel-royal. Her highness was attended by six dukes'

daughters as bride-maids; her train was supported by the daughters of six earls, and she was preceded by one hundred and twenty ladies in extremely rich dresses, who were handed into the chapel by the duke of York. The marriage ceremony was performed by the archbishop of Canterbury. The duke of Cumberland gave the princess's hand to his majesty, and, immediately on the joining of their hands, the park and tower guns were fired. There was afterwards a public drawing-room; but no one was presented. The metropolis was illuminated, and there were the utmost public demonstrations of joy.

On the following day, the ninth of September, there was the most brilliant court at St. James's ever remembered.

On the fourteenth, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council of London, waited on their majesties and the princess dowager of Wales, with their addresses of congratulation. On the same day the chancellor and university of Cambridge presented the university address, and in the evening, about a quarter after six, their majesties went to Drury-lane theatre in chairs, and most of the royal family in coaches, to see the "Rehearsal;" they were attended by the horse guards. The theatre was full almost as soon as the doors were opened. Of the vast multitude assembled, not a fiftieth part gained admission. Never was seen so brilliant a house; the ladies were mostly dressed in the clothes and jewels they wore at the royal marriage.

On the twelfth of August, 1762, at twenty-four minutes after seven, an heir apparent to the throne afterwards king George IV., was born. The archbishop of Canterbury was in the room, and certain great officers of state in a room adjoining, with the door open into the queen's apartment. The person who waited on the king with the news, received a present of a five hundred pound bank bill.*

On this occasion, congratulatory addresses flowed in on their majesties from every part of the kingdom.

The quakers' address was presented to his majesty on the first of October, and read by Dr. Fothergill, as follows:—

* Gentleman's Magazine.

George the Third, king of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

The humble address of his Protestant subjects, the people called Quakers.

May it please the king,

The satisfaction we feel in every event that adds to the happiness of our sovereign, prompts us to request admittance to the throne, on the present interesting occasion.

The birth of a prince, the safety of the queen, and thy own domestic felicity increased, call for our thankfulness to the Supreme Dispenser of every blessing; and to the king our dutiful and unfeigned congratulations.

In the prince of Wales we behold another pledge of the security of those inestimable privileges, which we have enjoyed under the monarchs of thy illustrious house—kings, distinguished by their justice, their clemency, and regard to the prosperity of their people: a happy presage, that under their descendants, our civil and religious liberties will devolve, in their full extent, to succeeding generations.

Long may the Divine Providence preserve a life of so great importance to his royal parents, to these kingdoms, and to posterity; that formed to piety and virtue, he may live beloved of God and man, and fill at length the British throne with a lustre not inferior to his predecessors.

The King's answer.

I take very kindly this fresh instance of your duty and affection, and your congratulations on an event so interesting to me and my family. You may always rely on my protection.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 64 · 35.

August 13.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 13, 1783.—The eminent lawyer, John Dunning (lord Ashburton) died. He was the second son of an attorney at Ashburton, in Devonshire, where he was born, October 18, 1731, educated at the free-school there, and articled to his father. Preferring the principles to the practice of the law, he obtained admission to the bar, and attended on the court and circuits

without briefs, till, in 1759, he drew a memorial in behalf of the East India company against the claims of the Dutch, which was deemed a masterpiece in language and reasoning, and brought him into immediate notice. His able arguments against general warrants obtained him high reputation, and he was engaged in almost every great case. He became successively recorder of Bristol, member for Calne, and solicitor-general, which office he surrendered on the resignation of his friend lord Shelburne. When this nobleman returned to power he made Mr. Dunning chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and a peer of parliament. At the bar he was a most eloquent and powerful orator, and in the house of commons a distinguished opponent of the American war. He is reputed to have been the soundest common and constitutional lawyer of his time.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 77.

August 14.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 14, 1794, died George Colman *the elder*, an elegant scholar, and dramatist. He was born in 1733, at Florence, where his father was appointed resident from Great Britain to the court of Tuscany. He received his education at Westminster-school, and Christchurch-college, Oxford, where he became acquainted with Lloyd, Churchill, and Bonnel Thornton. In conjunction with the latter he wrote "the Connoisseur," which procured him many eminent literary friendships. By the advice of lord Bath he went to the bar, but neglected its duties to court the muses. His fame as a dramatist is maintained by the "Clandestine Marriage," the "Provoked Husband," and the "Jealous Wife." He wrote several other pieces for the stage, translated Terence, and Horace's "Art of Poetry," and became manager of Covent-garden theatre, and afterwards the patentee of the little theatre in the Haymarket, which he managed till paralysis impaired his faculties, and he sunk into a state of helplessness, from whence he never recovered.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 27.

* General Biographical Dictionary, vol. i. p. 673.

August 15.

ASSUMPTION, B. V. M.

This Romish festival is retained in the church of England calendar.

Our old acquaintance Barnaby Googe gives times of this festival from Naogeorgus:—

The blessed virgin Marie's feast,
hath here his place and time,
Wherein departing from the earth,
she did the heavens clime;
Great bundels then of hearbes to Church,
the people fast doe beare,
The which against all hurtfull things,
the priest doth hallow theare.
Thus kindle they and nourish still,
the people's wickednesse,
And vainly make them to beleewe
whatsoever they expresse:
For sundrie witchcrafts by these hearbs
ar wrought, and divers charmes,
And cast into the fire, are thought
to drive away all harmes,
And every painefull grieve from man,
or beast, for to expell,
Farre otherwise than nature, or
the worde of God doth tell.

There is a volume printed at Amsterdam, 657, entitled, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph; or the Devout Pilgrim of the Everlasting blessed Virgin Mary, in his Holy Exercises, Affections, and Elevations, upon the sacred Mysteries of Jesus, Maria, Joseph." From this curious book an amusing extract may be adduced, as a specimen of the language employed by certain writers of the Romish church in their addresses to the virgin:—

"You, O Mother of God, are the spiritual Paradise of the second Adam; the delicate cabinet of that divine marriage which was made betwixt the two natures; the great hall wherein was celebrated the world's general reconciliation; you are the nuptial bed of the eternal word; the bright cloud carrying him who hath the cherubins for his chariot; the fleece of wool filled with the sweet dew of heaven, whereof was made that admirable robe of our royal shepherd, in which he was touchsafed to look after his lost sheep; you are the maid and the mother, the humble virgin and the high heaven both together; you are the sacred bridge whereby God himself descended to the earth; you are

that piece of cloth whereof was composed the glorious garment of hypostatical union, where the worker was the Holy Ghost, the hand the virtue of the Most High, the wool the old spoils of Adam, the woof your own immaculate flesh, and the shuttle God's incomparable goodness, which freely gave us the ineffable person of the word incarnate.

"You are the container of the incomprehensible; the root of the world's first, best, and most beautiful flower; the mother of him who made all things; the nurse of him who provides nourishment for the whole universe; the bosom of him who unfolds all being within his breast; the unspotted robe of him who is clothed with light as with a garment; you are the sally-port through which God penetrated into the world; you are the pavilion of the Holy Ghost; and you are the furnace into which the Almighty hath particularly darted the most fervent sunbeams of his dearest love and affection.

"All hail! fruitful earth, alone proper and only prepared to bring forth the bread corn by which we are all sustained and nourished; happy leaven, which hath given relish to Adam's whole race, and seasoned the paste whereof the true life-giving and soul-saving bread was composed; ark of honour in which God himself was pleased to repose, and where very glory itself became sanctified; golden pitcher, containing him who provides sweet manna from heaven, and produces honey from the rock to satisfy the appetites of his hungry people; you are the admirable house of God's humiliation, through whose door he descended to dwell among us; the living book wherein the Father's eternal word was written by the pen of the Holy Ghost. You are pleasing and comely as Jerusalem, and the aromatical odours issuing from your garments outvie all the delights of Mount Lebanon; you are the sacred pix of celestial perfumes, whose sweet exhalations shall never be exhausted; you are the holy oil, the unextinguishable lamp, the unfading flower, the divinely-woven purple, the royal vestment, the imperial diadem, the throne of the divinity, the gate of Paradise, the queen of the universe, the cabinet of life, the fountain ever flowing with celestial illustrations.

"All hail! the divine lantern encompassing that crystal lamp whose light outshines the sun in its midday splendour; the spiritual sea whence the world's richest pearl was extracted; the radiant

sphere enclosing him within your sacred folds, whom the heavens cannot contain within their vast circumference ; the celestial throne of God, more glistering than that of the glorious cherubims, the pure temple, tabernacle, and seat of the divinity.

" You are the well-fenced orchard, the fruitful border, the fair and delicate garden of sweet flowers, embalming the earth and air with their odoriferous fragrance, yet shut up and secured from any enemy's entrance and irruption ; you are the holy fountain, sealed with the signet of the most sacred Trinity, from whence the happy waters of life inflow upon the whole universe ; you are the happy city of God, whereof such glorious things are everywhere sung and spoken."^{*}

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES

One of the highest mountains of the chain that encircles the territory of Marseilles, has upon its summit a very singular rock, which appears exactly like the ruin of an old castle. This mountain derived its name from a chapel about half-way up, dedicated to the holy virgin, under the name of " Notre Dame des Anges," but destroyed during the revolution. On the day of the Assumption, there is held on the mountain in the vicinity of the chapel, what is called in the Provençal tongue, a *roumaragi*, which is a country feast. The people from the neighbouring parts assemble on the spot, dressed in their Sunday clothes, where they join in dancing, playing at bowls, of which the Provençaux are passionately fond, quoits, running races, and other rural sports. Every village in Provence has a similar fête on some day in the year. In case of the village being named after any saint, which is very common, as St. Joseph, St. Barnabé, St. Zacharie, St. Louis, and many others, the *roumaragi* is held on that saint's day. That on the mountain of Notre Dame des Anges is held on the Assumption, on account of the chapel having been dedicated to the holy virgin. During the revolution there was a general suspension of these festivals, but to the great joy of the Provençaux, they were resumed under Napoleon.†

PAGEANT OF THE ASSUMPTION AT ROUEN.

It is related in Mr. Dawson Turner's "Tour through Normandy," that formerly a pageant in honour of the virgin was held in the archbishopric of Rouen. Des Marêts, the governor of Dieppe, in 1443, established it in honour of the final expulsion of the English. The first master of the *Guild of the Assumption* was the founder of it, under whose auspices and direction it was conducted.

About midsummer the principal inhabitants used to assemble at the *hotel ville*, or townhouse of Dieppe, and there they selected the girl of the most exemplary character to represent the Virgin Mary, and with her six other young women, to act the parts of the daughters of Sion. The honour of figuring in this drama was greatly coveted ; and the historian of Dieppe gravely assures us, that the earnestness felt on the occasion mainly contributed to the preservation of the purity of manners and that genuine piety which subsisted in this town longer than in any other of France ! But the election of the virgin was not sufficient : a representative of St. Peter was also to be found among the clergy ; and the laity were far favoured, that they were permitted to furnish the eleven other apostles.

This done, upon the fourteenth of August the virgin was laid in a cradle of the form of a tomb, and was carried early in the morning, (of the fifteenth,) attended by her suite of either sex, to the church of Jacques ; while, before the door of the master of the guild, was stretched a large carpet, embroidered with verses in letters of gold, setting forth his own good qualities, and his love for the holy Mary. Hither also, as soon as *lauds* had been sung, the procession repaired from the church, and then it was joined by the vernor of the town, the members of the guild, the municipal officers, and the clergy of the parish of St. Remi. They attended, they paraded the town, singing hymns, which were accompanied by a band. The procession was increased by the great body of the inhabitants ; and its impressiveness was still further augmented by numbers of the youth of either sex, who assumed the garb and attributes of their patron saints, and mixed in the immediate train of the principal actors. They then again repaired to the church, where the *Deum* was sung by the full choir, in con-

* Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*.

† Miss Plumtre.

memoration of the victory over the English; and high mass was performed, and the sacrament administered to the whole party.

During the service, a scenic representation was given of the *Assumption of the Virgin*. A scaffolding was raised, reaching nearly to the top of the dome, and supporting an azure canopy intended to emulate the "spangled vault of heaven;" and about two feet below the summit of it appeared, seated on a splendid throne, an old man as the image of the Father Almighty, a representation equally absurd and impious, and which could alone be tolerated by the votaries of the worst superstitions of popery. On either side four pasteboard angels, of the size of men, coated in the air, and flapped their wings in cadence to the sounds of the organ; while above was suspended a large triangle, at whose corners were placed three smaller angels, who, at the intermission of each office, performed upon a set of little bells the hymn of "Ave Maria gratia Dei plena per Secula," &c., accompanied by a larger angel on each side with trumpet. To complete this portion of the spectacle, two others, below the old man's feet, held tapers, which were lighted as the services began, and extinguished at their close; on which occasions the figures were made to express reluctance by turning quickly about; so that it required some dexterity to apply the extinguishers. At the commencement of the mass, two of the angels by the side of the Almighty descended to the foot of the altar, and, placing themselves by the tomb, in which a pasteboard figure of the virgin had been substituted for her living representative, gently raised it to the feet of the Father. The image, as it mounted, from time to time, lifted its head and ex-

tended its arms, as if conscious of the approaching beatitude; then, after having received the benediction, and been encircled by another angel with a crown of glory, it gradually disappeared behind the clouds. At this instant a buffoon, who all the time had been playing his antics below, burst into an extravagant fit of joy; at one moment clapping his hands most violently, at the next stretching himself out as if dead. Finally he ran up to the feet of the old man, and hid himself under his legs, so as to show only his head. The people called him Grimaldi, an appellation that appears to have belonged to him by usage; and it is a singular coincidence, that the surname of the noblest family of Genoa the Proud, thus assigned by the rude rabble of a seaport to their buffoon, should belong of right to the sire and son, whose *mops* and *mowes* afford pastime to the upper gallery at Covent-garden.

Thus did the pageant proceed in all its grotesque glory; and, while

These laboured nothings in so strange a style
Amazed th' unlearned, and made the learned smile,

the children shouted aloud for their favourite Grimaldi; the priests, accompanied with bells, trumpets, and organs, thundered out the mass; the pious were loud in their exclamations of rapture at the devotion of the virgin, and the whole church was filled with a hoarse and confused murmuring sound. The sequel of this, as of most other similar representations, was a hearty dinner

—
This adoration of the virgin, so prevalent in Romish worship, is adverted to in a beautiful passage of "Don Roderick

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partake
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels

The silence of the earth, the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
 Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Toward eternity the attempered mind
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
 And to the virgin mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Southey.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 62.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 62 65.

August 16.

CHRONOLOGY

August 16, 1678, died Andrew Marvel, a man who "dared be honest in the worst of times." He was the son of a clergyman at Hull in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1620. In 1633, he was sent to Trinity-college, Cambridge; in 1657, he became assistant to Milton in his office of Latin secretary to Cromwell; and at the restoration he was chosen to represent his native town in the house of commons.

His conduct was marked by inflexible adherence to the principles of liberty, and his wit as a writer was levelled at the corruptions of the court; yet Charles II. courted his society for the pleasure of his conversation. He lived in a mean lodging in an obscure court in the Strand, where he was visited by lord Danby, at the desire of the king, with his majesty's request, to know in what way he could serve him; Marvel answered, it was not in the king's power to serve him. Lord Danby in the course of conversation assured him of any place he might choose; Marvel replied, he could not accept the offer without being unjust to his country by betraying its interests, or ungrateful to the king by voting against him. Before lord Danby took leave he told him his majesty had sent him a thousand pounds as a mark of his private esteem. Marvel did not need the assurance; he refused the money, and after his noble visitor departed, borrowed a guinea which he wanted of a friend. This great man after having served his constituents for twenty successive years in parliament, was buried at their expense in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

August 17.

BALL AND CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

August 17, 1736, died Mr. Niblett master of the copper mills at Mitcham Surrey, renowned in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and in this column, for having made the ball and cross of St. Paul's cathedral, London.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 63 · 52

August 18.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 18, 1746, William, earl of Kilmarnock, aged forty-two, and Arthur baron Balmerino, aged fifty-eight, were beheaded on Tower-hill, as traitors, for levying war against king George II., in behalf of the pretender.

At the foot of a flight of stairs in the tower, lord Kilmarnock met lord Balmerino, and embracing him said, "My lord I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." At the Tower-gate the sheriffs gave receipts for their bodies to the lieutenant, who, as usual, said "God bless king George," whereon the earl of Kilmarnock bowed; lord Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless king James." They were preceded by the constable of the Tower hamlets, the knight-marshal, men, tipstaves, and the sheriff's office, the sheriffs walking with their prisoners followed by the tower warders, and guard of musqueteers. Two hearses, a mourning coach terminated the procession, which passed through lines of soldiers to the scaffold on the south side

* Gentleman's Magazine

of the hill, around which the guards formed an area, and troops of horse wheeled off, and drew up in their rear five deep.

The lords were conducted to separate apartments in a house facing the scaffold, and their friends admitted to see them. The rev. Mr. Hume, a near relative of the earl of Hume, with the rev. Mr. Foster, an amiable dissenting minister, who never recovered the dismal effect of the scene, assisted the earl of Kilmarnock; the chaplain of the tower, and another clergyman of the church of England accompanied lord Balmerino, who on entering the house, hearing several of the spectators ask, "which is lord Balmerino?" answered with a smile, "I am lord Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service." Earl Kilmarnock spent an hour with Mr. Foster in devotional exercises, and afterwards had a conference with lord Balmerino, who on their taking leave said, "My dear lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay this reckoning alone: once more farewell for ever!"

As lord Kilmarnock proceeded to the scaffold attended by his friends, the multitude showed the deepest signs of pity and commiseration. Struck by the sympathy of the immense assemblage, and the variety of dreadful objects on the stage of death, his coffin, the heading-block, the axe, and the executioners, he turned to Mr. Hume and said, "Hume! this is terrible," but his countenance and voice were unchanged. The black baize over the rails of the scaffold was removed, that the people might see all the circumstances of the execution, and a single stroke from the headsman, separated him from the world.

Lord Balmerino in the mean time having solemnly recommended himself to the Supreme Mercy, conversed cheerfully with his friends, took wine, and desired them to drink to him "ane degree ta haiven." The sheriff entered to inform him that all was ready, but was prevented by the lordship inquiring if the affair was over with lord Kilmarnock. "It is," said the sheriff. He then inquired, and being informed, how the executioner performed his office, observed, "It was well done;" turning himself to the company, he said, "Gentlemen I shall detain you no longer," and saluted them with unaffected cheerfulness. He mounted the scaffold with so easy an air, as to astonish the spectators. No circumstance in his whole deportment showed the least fear or

regret, and he frequently reproved his friends for discovering either, upon his account. He walked several times round the scaffold, bowed to the people, went to his coffin, read the inscription, and with a nod, said "it is right;" he then examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest." Putting on his spectacles, and taking a paper out of his pocket, he read it with an audible voice, and then delivering it to the sheriff, called for the executioner, who appearing, and being about to ask his lordship's pardon, he interrupted him with "Friend, you need not ask my forgiveness, the execution of your duty is commendable," and gave him three guineas, saying, "Friend, I never was rich, this is all the money I have now, and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat," which he then took off, together with his neckcloth, and threw them on his coffin. Putting on a flannel waistcoat, provided for the purpose, and taking a plaid cap out of his pocket, he put it on his head, saying he died "a Scotchman." He knelt down at the block, to adjust his posture, and show the executioner the signal for the stroke. Once more turning to his friends, and looking round on the crowd, he said, "Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember, sir, (said he to a gentleman who stood near him,) that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I should show any signs of fear."

Observing the axe in the executioner's hand as he passed him, he took it from him, felt the edge, and returning it, clapped the executioner on the shoulder to encourage him. He then tucked down the collar of his shirt and waistcoat, and showed him where to strike, desiring him to do it resolutely, for "in that," said his lordship, "will consist your kindness."

Passing to the side of the stage, he called up the wardour, to whom he gave some money, asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near.

Immediately; without trembling or changing countenance, he knelt down at the block, and with his arms stretched out, said, "O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, and receive my soul," he gave the signal by letting them fall. His firmness and intrepidity, and the unexpected suddenness of the signal, so surprised the executioner, that the blow was not given with strength

enough to wound him very deep; another blow immediately given rendered him insensible, and a third completed the work of death.

Lord Balmerino had but a small estate. His lady came to London, and frequently attended him during his confinement in the Tower. She was at dinner with him when the warrant came for his execution the Monday following. Being very much shocked, he desired her not to be concerned. "If the king had given me mercy," he said, "I should have been glad of it; but since it is otherwise, I am very easy, for it is what I have expected, and therefore it does not at all surprise me." She was disconsolate, and rose immediately from table; on which he started from his chair, and said, "Pray, my lady, sit down, for it shall not spoil my dinner."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 64 · 17.

August 19.

EARWIGS.

It is noted in the "Historical Chronicle" of the "Gentleman's Magazine," on the nineteenth of August, 1755, under the head, "Strond," that at that time there were such quantities of *earwigs* in that vicinity that they destroyed not only the flowers and fruits, but the cabbages, were they ever so large. The houses, especially the old wooden buildings, were swarming with them. The cracks and crevices were surprisingly full, they dropped out in such multitudes that the floors were covered; the linen, of which they are very fond, were likewise full, as was also the furniture, and it was with caution that people eat their provisions, for the cupboards and safes were plentifully stocked with the disagreeable intruders.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 72.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

August 20.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the twentieth of August, 1589 James VI. of Scotland afterwards James I. of England married the princess Anne of Denmark, daughter to Frederick II. She became the mother of the ill-fated Charles I.

LOVE TOKENS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—It was the custom in England in "olden tyme," as the ancient chronicles have it, for "enamoured maydes and gentilwomen," to give to their favourite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the centre. The finest of these favours were edged with narrow gold lace, or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats, or at the breast. These favours became at last so much in vogue, that they were sold ready made in the shops in Elizabeth's time, from sixpence to sixteen-pence a piece. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen, and accepted by their fair mistresses; thus ascribed in an old comedy of the time:—

Given earrings we will wear
Bracelets of our lover's hair;
Which they on our arms shall twist
(With our names carved) on our wrists.

I am, &c.

H. M. LANDER

King's Bench Walk, Temple.

For the Every-Day Book.

AN EVENING WALK.

Love Lane.

"Tis fitter now to ease the brain,
To take a quiet walk in a green lane.

Byron.

This observation of our matchless bard the idol and delight of our own times though just, few I fear follow—either from want of inclination, or what is as bad want of time. But there are some whose hours of toil, mental and bodily, do not preclude them from seeking the tranquil haunts of nature. With me, after nervous irritability and mental excitement, it has been, and is a favourite en-

payment, to quit the dusky dwellings of man, and wander among the fields and green lanes of our southern shore, while the sun is declining, and stillness begins to settle around.

Listlessly roving, whither I cared not, I have sauntered till I felt my unquiet sensations gradually subside, and a pleasing calmness steal upon me. I am now of nothing more annoying than that nervous thrilling or trembling, which runs through the whole frame after the mind has been troubled; it seems to me like the bubbling and restless swell of the ocean after a storm—one mass of fretful and impatient water, knowing not how to compose itself. But to come to the green fields. There is a lane leading from the grove at Camberwell called the love-lane; it is well so called—long, winding, and quiet, with scenery around so beautifully soft—the lover might wander with the mistress of his soul for hours in undisturbed enjoyment. This lane is dear to me, for with it is linked all my early associations—the bird—the butterfly—the wild white rose—my first love. The bird is there still, the butterfly hovers here, and the rose remains; but where is my first love? I may not ask. Echo will not answer, “where!” yet I may in imagination behold her—I call up the shadowy joys of former times, and like the beautiful vision in “Manfred,” she stands before me:—

A thousand recollections in her train
Of joy and sorrow, ere the bitter hour
Of separation came, never again
To meet in this wide world as we have met,
To feel as we have felt, to look, to speak,
To think alone as we have thought allow'd.

What happy feelings have been ours in that quiet lane! We have wandered arm in arm, gazed on the scenery, listened to the bird. We have not spoken, but

our eyes have met, and thoughts too full for utterance, found answers there. Those days are gone; yet I love to wander there alone, even now; to press the grass that has been pressed by her feet, to pluck the flower from the hedge where she plucked it, to look on the distant hills that she looked on, rising in long smooth waves, when not a sound is heard save the “kiss me dear,” which some chaffinch is warbling to his mate, or the trickling of waters seeking their sandy beds in the hollows beneath the hedgerows. I strolled thither a few evenings ago: the sun was softly sinking, and the bright crimson which surrounded him, fading into a faint orange, tinged here and there with small sable clouds; the night-cloud was advancing slowly darkly on; afar in the horizon were

The light-ships of the sky
Sailing onward silently.

One bird, the lark, was singing his evening song among the cool grass; softly, sweetly, it died away, and all was silent deep tranquillity; a pleasing coolness came on the faint breeze over the neighbouring fields, pregnant with odours, refreshing as they were fragrant. It was twilight; the green of the distant hills changed to a greyish hue, their outlines were enlarged, the trees assumed a more gigantic appearance, and soft dews began to ascend; faint upshootings of light in the eastern horizon foretold the rising of the moon; she appeared at length above the clouds, and a deeper stillness seemed to come with her, as if nature, like man at the presence of a lovely woman, was hushed into silent admiration; the grey clouds rolled away on each side of her as rolls the white foam of the ocean before the bows of the vessel; her course was begun, and,

“Silently beautiful, and calmly bright
Along her azure path I saw her glide
Heedless of all those things that neath her light
In bliss or woe or pain or care abide.
Wealth, poverty, humility, and pride,
All are esteemed as nothing in her sight,
Nor make her for one moment turn aside.
So calm philosophy unmoved pursues
Throughout the busy world its quiet way;
Nor aught that folly wiles or glory woos,
Can tempt awhile its notice or its stay:
Above all earthly thoughts its way it goes
And sinks at length in undisturbed repose.”

Coldly and calmly the full orb glided through the stillness of heaven. My thoughts were of the past, of the millions who had worshipped her, of the many she had inspired—of Endymion, of the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil, of Diana of the Ephesians, of the beautiful descriptions of her by the poets of every age, of every clime. The melancholy yet pleasing feeling which came on me I can hardly describe: my disquietude had ceased; an undisturbed calmness succeeded it; my thoughts were weaned from the grosser materiality of earth, and were soaring upward in silent adoration. I felt the presence of a divinity, and was for a moment happy. Ye who are careworn, whose minds are restless, go at the peaceful hour of eve to the green fields and the hedge-clothed lanes. If you are not poets, you will feel as poets; if you doubt, you will be convinced of Supreme Power and Infinite Love; and be better in head and heart for your journey.

S. R. J.

SONG.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL, 1590.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed it sighing cries
Heigh ho!*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 92.

August 21.

MERLIN'S CAVE, AND STEPHEN DUCK.

We are told on the thirtieth of June, 1735, that her majesty (the queen of George II.) ordered "Mr. Rysbrack to make the bustos in marble of all the kings of England from William the Conqueror, in

order to be placed in her new building in the gardens at Richmond."

On the twenty-first of August, in the same year, we learn that the figures her majesty had ordered for Merlin's cave were placed therein, viz. 1.—Merlin at table with conjuring books and mathematical instruments, taken from the face of Mr. Ernest, page to the prince of Wales; 2.—King Henry VIIIth's queen, and 3.—Queen Elizabeth, who came to Merlin for knowledge, the former from the face of Mrs. Margaret Purcell, and the latter from Miss Paget's; 4.—Minerva from Mrs. Poyntz's; 5.—Merlin's secretary from Mr. Kemp's, one of his royal highness the duke's grenadiers; and 6.—witch, from a tradesman's wife at Richmond. Her majesty ordered also a choice collection of English books to be placed therein; and appointed Mr. Stephen Duck to be cave and library keeper, and his wife to be an office of trust and employment.*

Stephen Duck was a versifying thrasher whom she got appointed a yeoman of the guard, and afterwards obtained orders for and the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. The poor fellow sought happiness at the wrong end, and drowned himself in 1706.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly?

I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek;
I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,
Amid the sons of want and toil.

Yet, in the circles of the great,
Where fortune's gifts are all combined,
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
Since then from wealth and pomp you flee
I ask but competence and thee!

Lady Manners.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 61 · 65

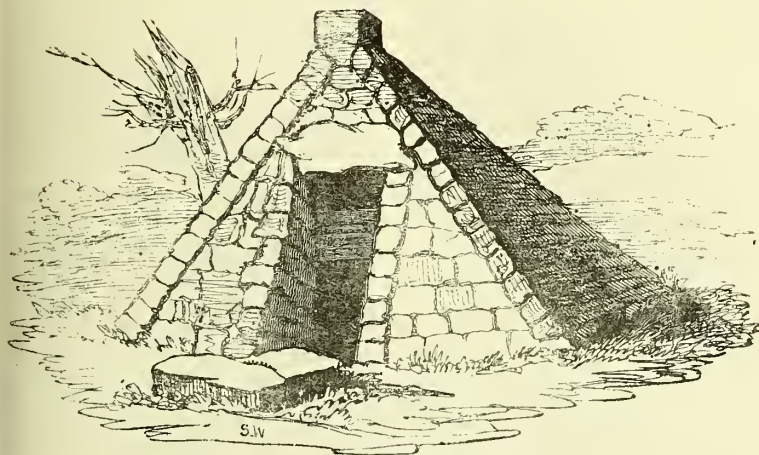
August 22.

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

This is the anniversary of the memorable conflict wherein Richard III. lost his life and crown.

* Communicated by C. T.

* Gentleman's Magazine.



King Richard's Well.

For the Every-Day Book.

The well of which the above is a representation, is situate on the spot where the celebrated battle of Bosworth field was fought, by which, the long-existing animosities between the rival houses of York and Lancaster were finally closed. The king is said, during the heat of the engagement, to have refreshed himself with water from this spring. A few years ago a subscription was entered into, for the purpose of erecting some memorial of this circumstance, and the late learned Dr. Parr being applied to, furnished an inscription, of which the following is a copy.

AQVA . EX . HOC . PVTEO . HAVSTA
SITIM . SEDAVIT
RICARDVS . TERTIVS . REX . ANGLIAE
CVM . HENRICO . COMITE . DE . RICHMONDIA
ACERRIME . ATQVE . INFENSISIME
PRAELIANS
ET . VITA . PARITER . AC . SCEPTRO
AVTE . NOCTEM . CARITVRVS
XI KAL . SEPT . A . D . MCCCCLXXXV .

TRANSLATION.

Richard the III. King of England, most eagerly and hotly contending with Henry, Earl of Richmond, and about to lose before night both his sceptre and his life, quenched his thirst with water drawn from this well.—August 22, 1485.

The Roman month was divided into kalends, nones, and ides, all of which were

reckoned backwards. The kalends are the first day of the month.—Thus the first of September being the kalends of September, the thirty-first of August would be *pridie kalendarum*, or the second of the kalends of September; the thirtieth of August would then be the third of the kalends of September. Pursuing this train the twenty-second of August, and the xi of the kalends of September will be found to correspond.

The battle of Bosworth field was fought on the twenty-second of August, 1485. "on a large flat spacious ground," says Burton, "three miles distant from this town." Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed at Milford-haven on the sixth of August, and arrived at Tamworth on the eighteenth. On the nineteenth he had an interview with his father-in-law, lord Stanley, when measures were converted for their further operations. On the twentieth, he encamped at Atherstone, and on the twenty-first, both armies were in sight of each other the whole day. Richard entered Leicester with his army on the sixteenth, having the royal crown on his head; he slept at Elmesthorpe on the night of the seventeenth. On the eighteenth he arrived at Stapleton, where he continued till Sunday the twenty-first. The number of his forces exceeded sixteen thousand—those of Richmond did not amount to five thousand. On each side the leader addressed his troops with a splendid oration

which was scarcely finished" says an old historian, "but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and brushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death!" The first conflict of the archers being over, the armies met fiercely with sword and bills, and at this period Richmond was joined by lord Stanley, which determined the fortune of the day.

In this battle, which lasted little more than two hours, above one thousand persons were slain on the side of Richard. Of Richmond's army, scarcely one hundred were killed, amongst whom, the principal person was sir William Brandon, his standard bearer. Richard is thought to have despised his enemy too much, and to have been too dilatory in his motions. He is universally allowed to have performed prodigies of valour, and is said to have fallen at last by treachery, in consequence of a blow from one of his followers. His body was thrown across a horse, and carried, for interment, to the Greyfriars at Leicester. He was the only English monarch, since the conquest, that fell in battle, and the second who fought in his crown. Henry V. appeared in his at Agincourt, which was the means of saving his life, (though, probably, it might provoke the attack,) by sustaining a stroke with a battle-axe, which cleft it. Richard's falling off in the engagement, was taken up and secreted in a bush, where it was discovered by sir Reginald Bray and placed upon Henry's head. Hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, at each end of Henry's tomb in Westminster-abbey.

In 1644, Bosworth field became again the scene of warfare; an engagement, or rather skirmish, taking place between the parliamentary and royal forces, in which the former were victorious without the loss of a single individual.

G. J.

The late Mr. William Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, wrote an account of "The Battle of Bosworth Field," which Mr. Nichols published, and subsequently edited with considerable additions. Mr. Hutton apprehended that the famous well where Richard slaked his thirst would sink into oblivion. A letter

from Dr. Parr to Mr. Nichols, dated Hatton, September 13, 1813, removes these apprehensions:—

"As to Bosworth Field, six or seven years ago I explored it, and I found Dick's Well, out of which the tradition is that Richard drank during the battle. It was in dirty, mossy ground, and seemed to me in danger of being destroyed by the cattle. I therefore bestirred myself to have it preserved, and to ascertain the owner. The bishop of Down spoke to the archbishop of Armagh, who said that the ground was not his. I then found it not to be Mrs. Pochin's. Last year I traced it to a person to whom it had been bequeathed by Dr. Taylor, formerly rector of Bosworth. I went to the spot, accompanied by the rev. Mr. Lynes, of Kirkby-Malory. The grounds had been drained. We dug in two or three places without effect. I then applied to a neighbouring farmer, a good intelligent fellow. He told me his family had drawn water from it for six or seven years, and that he would conduct me to the very place. I desired him to describe the signs. He said there were some large stones, and some square wood, which went round the well at the top. We dug, and found things as he had described them; and having ascertained the very spot, we rolled in the stones, and covered them with earth. Now lord Wentworth, and some other gentlemen, mean to fence the place with some strong stones, and to put a large stone over it with the following inscription; and you may tell the story if you please.

"Yours, &c.

"S. PARR."

The inscription is given in the preceding notice of the battle of Bosworth by G. J., who likewise obligingly transmits the drawing of the well in its present state.

The editor is highly favoured by the interesting communication from a gentleman profoundly erudite in genealogical lore.

For the Every-Day Book.

The ravages inflicted by the all-subduing hand of time are not more distinctly traceable in the deserted hall of the dismantled castle, and the mouldering fane of the dilapidated abbey, than in the downfall or extinction of ancient and distinguished races of nobility, who in ages

ong past by have shook the senate and
heid, have scattered plenty o'er a smiling
land, or, as alas! is too frequently the
melancholy reverse, shut the gates of
mercy on mankind,

Considerations of this nature have
suggested a review of the few families
remaining in our peerage, whose ancestors
enjoyed that distinction.

"Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their antient rage on Bosworth's purple field."

The protracted duration and alternated
reverses of the contest between the houses
of Lancaster and York, added to the ran-
corous inveteracy indispensably inherent
in a barbarous age, will account for the
comparatively rare sprinkling of the im-
mediate descendants of the followers and
councillors of the Plantagenets in our
present house of peers. In France, on
the other hand, the contemporary struggle
for the throne laid between an indisputed
native prince, Charles VII. and a foreign
competitor, our Henry VI. The cour-
tesies of war (imperfect even as they
existed in those days) were allowed fairer
play, and those who escaped the immedi-
ate edge of the foeman's sword were not
handed over to the axe of the executioner.

The awful mortality which befell one
eminent branch of our gallant Plantage-
nets at the period in question, is recorded
in emphatic terms by their animated and
faithful chronicler, Shakspeare:—

"Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold."

*List of English Peerages now existing
on the Roll, of which the Date of Creation
is prior to the Accession of Henry VII.*

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Beaufort, as Baron de Bote-
tourt.

Marquis Townshend, as Baron de
Ferrars.

Marquis of Hastings, as Baron Hast-
ings.

Earl of Shrewsbury.

Earl of Berkeley, as Baron Berkeley.

Earl Delawarr, as Baron Delawarr and
West.

Earl of Abergavenny, as Baron Aber-
gavenny.

Baroness de Roos.

Baron Le Despencer

Baron de Clifford.

Baron Audley.

Baron Clinton.

Baron Dacre.

Baron de la Zouche.

Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby.

Baroness Grey de Ruthyn.

Baron Stourton.

*List of Families now invested with the
Dignity of Peerage, whose Ancestors in
the Male Line, enjoyed the Peerage be-
fore the Accession of Henry VII.*

Where a well-grounded doubt exists,
an asterisk is prefixed to the name.

Howard

* Spencer

* Montagu

Clinton

Talbot

Stanley

Hastings

Grey

Berkeley

Windsor

Lumley

West

Neville

Devereux

Courtenay

Stourton

Clifford

Willoughby

* Basset

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 50.

August 23.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 23, 1305, sir William Wallace,
"the peerless knight of Elleslie," who
bravely defended Scotland against Ed-
ward I. was executed by order of that
monarch on Tower-hill. This distin-
guished individual is popular in England
five hundred years after his death, through
the well-known ballad

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," &c.

THE SEASON.

Swallows are now preparing for their
departure. On this day, in 1826, the
editor observed hundreds of them collecting
so high in the air that they seemed of the
size of flies; they remained wheeling
about and increasing in number upwards

ot an hour before dusk, when they all took their flight in a south-western direction.

CHELDONIZING, OR SWALLOW SINGING.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book

Sir,—The recent, and it is hoped still continued subscriptions in aid of suffering humanity, induce an observation, that to the very remote origin of collecting general alms, may be traced most of the mummeries practised in Christendom in the gothic centuries, and in the English counties, even till within our own memory. Among the Rhodians one method of soliciting eleemosynary gifts, called cheldonizing, or swallow-singing, is corroboratory of the assertion. This benevolence, or voluntary contribution, was instituted by Cleobulus of Lindos, at a time when public necessity drove the Lindians to the expedient of soliciting a general subscription. Theognis speaks of cheldonizing as taking place among the sacred rites practised at Rhodes in the month Boëdromion, or August, and deriving its name from the customary song:—

The swallow, the swallow is here,
With his back so black, and his belly so white;
He brings on the pride of the year,
With the gay months of love and the days of delight.

Come, bring out the good humming stuff,
Of your nice tit-bits let the swallow partake,
Of good bread and cheese give enough,
And a slice of your right Boëdromiou cake.

Our hunger, our hunger it twinges,
So give my good masters, I pray;
Or we'll pull off your door from its hinges,
And, ecod! we'll steal young madam away.

She's a nice little pocket-piece darling,
And faith 'twill be easy to carry her hence;
Away with old prudence so snarling,
And toss us down freely a handful of pence.

Come, let us partake of your cheer,
And loosen your purse strings so nearty;
No crafty old grey beards are here,
And see we're a merry boy's party,
And the swallow, the swallow is here!

Plutarch refers to another Rhodian custom, which is particularly mentioned by Phœnix of Colophon, a writer of iam-

bics, who describes the practice being that of certain men going about to collect donations for the crow, and singing or saying—

My good, worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Some oatmeal, or barley, or wheat, for the crow;
A loaf or a penny, or e'en what you will,
As fortune your pockets may happen to fill.

From the poor man a grain of his salt may suffice,
For your crow swallows all, and is not very nice;
And the man who can now give his grain and no more,
May another day give from a plentiful store.

Come, my lad, to the door, Plutus nods to our wish,
And our sweet little mistress comes out with a dish;
She gives us her figs, and she gives us a smile,
Heaven bless her, and guard her from sorrow and guile;

And send her a husband of noble degree,
And a boy to be danc'd on his grand-daddy's knee;
And a girl like herself to rejoice her good mother,
Who may one day present her with just such another.

God bless your dear hearts all a thousand times o'er!
Thus we carry our singing to door after door;
Alternately chanting, we ramble along,
And treat all who give, or give not, a song.

The song thus concludes—

My good, worthy masters, a pittance bestow,
Your bounty, my good, worthy mistresses throw;
Remember the crow, he is not very nice,
Do but give as you can, and the gift will suffice.

Pamphilus of Alexandria, in his chapter on names, says these men making collections for the crow, were called coronistæ, or crow-mummers; and their song were named coronismata, as Hagnooles the Rhodian, relates in his work, entitled "Coronistæ."

—I am, &c.

J. H. B.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62 · 92.

August 24.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

For St. Bartholomew, see vol. i. col. 1131.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

This horrible slaughter is noticed in the same volume at the same place. For particulars of the probable amount of the persons massacred, and the different accounts of historians, the reader is referred to a most able article in the "Edinburgh Review, June, 1826," on the extraordinary misrepresentations of the event and its perpetrators in Mr. Lingard's "History of England."

A RESIDENT IN THE FLEET.

On the twenty-fourth of August, 1736, a remarkably fat boar was taken up in coming out of Fleet Ditch into the Thames: it proved to be a butcher's, near Smithfield-bars, who had missed him five months, all which time, it seems, he had been in the common sewer, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas.*

THE FIRST PIGS IN SCOTLAND.

Within the last century (probably about 1720) a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, called the "Gudeman o' the Brow," received a young swine as a present from some distant part; which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. This pig having strayed across the Lochar into the adjoining parish of Carlavroc, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a living creature, that she had never seen or heard of before, approaching her straight from the shore as if it had come out of the sea, and ran home to the village of Blackshaw screaming. As she ran, the pig ran snorking and grunting after her, seeming glad that it had met with a companion. She arrived at the village so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself, a crowd of people had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them, that "There was a diel came out

of the sea with two horns in his head and chased her, roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off." A man called Wills Tom, an old schoolmaster, said if he could see it he would "cunger the diel," and got a bible and an old sword. The pig immediately started behind his back with a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright, that his hair stood upright in his head, and he was obliged to be carried from the field half dead.

The whole crowd ran some one way and some another; some reached the house-tops, and others shut themselves in barns and byres. At last one on the house-top called out it was "the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumphy," he having seen it before. Thus the affray was settled, and the people reconciled, although some still entertained frightful thoughts about it, and durst not go over the door to a neighbour's house after dark without one to set or cry them. One of the crowd who had some compassion on the creature, called out, "give it a tork of straw to eat, it will be hungry."

Next day the pig was conveyed over the Lochar, and on its way home, near the dusk of evening, it came grunting up to two men who were pulling thistles on the farm of Cockpool. Alarmed at the sight, they mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home, but the pig getting between them and the houses, caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochar moss, where one of their horses was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved. The night being dark, they durst not part one from the other to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly; nor durst they speak above their breath for fear of being devoured. At day-break next morning they took a different course, by Cumlongon castle, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said that they had seen a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head, and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had not galloped away, it would have torn them to pieces. One of their wives said, "Hout man, it has been the Gudeman of the Brow's grumphy; it frightened them a' at the Blackshaw yesterday, and poor Meggie Anderson maist lost her wits, and is ay out o' ne fit into anither sin-syne."

* Gentleman's Magazine.

The pig happened to lay all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about day-break set forward on its journey for the Brow. One Gabriel Gunion, mounted on a long-tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair of creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig, which went nigh among the horse's feet and gave a snork. The colt, being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off sneering, with his tail on his "riggin," at full gallop. Gabriel cut the slings and dropt the creels, the colt soon dismounted his rider, and going like the wind, with his tail up, never stopped till he came to Barnkirk point, where he took the Solway Frith and landed at Bownes, on the Cumberland side. Gabriel, by the time he got up, saw the pig within sight, took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cumlongon wood in time to hide himself, where he staid all that day and night, and next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful story! The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedgehog. He lost his fish; the colt was got back, but never did more good; and Gabriel fell into a consumption, and died about a year afterwards.

About the same time a vessel came to Glencaple quay, a little below Dumfries, that had some swine on board; one of them having got out of the vessel in the night, was seen on the farm of Newmains next morning. The alarm was spread, and a number of people collected. The animal got many different names, and at last it was concluded to be a "brock" (a badger). Some got pitchforks, some clubs, and others old swords, and a hot pursuit ensued; the chase lasted a considerable time, owing to the pursuers losing heart when near their prey and retreating. One Robs Geordy having rather a little more courage than the rest, ran "neck or nothing," forcibly upon the animal, and run it through with a pitchfork, for which he got the name of "stout hearted Geordy" all his life after. A man, nearly a hundred years of age, who was alive in 1814, in the neighbourhood where this happened, declared that he remembered the Gudeman of the Brow's pig, and the circumstances related, and he said it was the first swine ever seen in that country.*

* Henderson on the Breeding of Swine 1814, 8vo.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61° 80.

August 25.

ISLINGTON CATTLE MARKET.

August 25, 1746, a distemper which arose among the horned cattle, broke out afresh in the parts adjacent to London, and "the fair for the sale of Welsh cattle near Islington was kept at Barnet."*

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The following letter from a lady claims the attention of every good housewife at this particular season.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Westbury, Wiltshire, Aug. 15, 1826

Sir,—The importance that I attach to the above *sweet* subject,—the uses of "a jam" even may be important,—induces me to offer you the option of republishing a few lines on the occasion, which first appeared in a very condensed form last autumn, in the "Examiner" newspaper. I am anxious to obtain further celebrity, and a wider circulation of the merits which this wholesome dainty justly lay claim, and the success that attended my former little notice of it, encourage me to persevere; for I was informed that after the publication alluded to, the "Herald" copied it, and that subsequently it was cried in the streets of your dingy metropolis.

I can only judge of the prevailing quantity of the kindly blackberry, by the vast profusion that enriches our woody vales, where nature seems resolved to solace herself for the restrictions to which she has been confined by the dreary downs that skirt our beautiful vicinity; and where Falstaff must surely have originated his happy expression of "reasons being plenty as blackberries!" But I am keeping you too long from the subject. The method of preparing the delicate conserve that forms so large a portion of my children's favourite *adjunctive* aliment, is so simple, that it can be achieved by the merest novice in the *nice* department of "domestic management."

* Gentleman's Magazine.

Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse moist sugar for three quarters of an hour,* keeping the mass stirred constantly. It is a mistake to suppose that a stewpan is a necessary vehicle on the occasion; the commonest tin saucepan will answer the purpose equally well. The more luxurious preserves being made with *white* sugar, and that of equal weight with the fruit, are necessarily unwholesome; but the cheapness of this homely delicacy, besides its sanative properties renders it peculiarly desirable for scantily furnished tables. It has been a "staple commodity" in my family for some years past, and with the exception of *treacle*, I find it the most useful aliment in "regulating the bowels" of my children;—you as a "family man," sir, will excuse, nay, appreciate the observation, and all your readers who have "*their quivers full of them*," will not disdain the *gratis* prescription that shall supersede the *guinea fee*! Indeed, to the sparing use of butter, and a liberal indulgence in *treacle* and *blackberry jam*, I mainly attribute the extraordinary health of my young family. The prodigal use, or rather the abuse, of butter that pervades all classes, has often surprised me: the very cottage children, whose tattered apparel bespeaks abject poverty, I continually meet munching their "*hunks*" of bread, smeared with butter; how much should I rejoice to see, because I know its superiority in every respect, my favourite jam substituted! But *cottage children* are far from being objects of my compassion, for they live in the "country," which comprehensive word conveys delicious ideas of sun, fresh air, exercise, flowers, shady trees, and this wholesome fruit clustering about them, and inviting their chubby fingers at every healthful step. My pity is reserved for their forlorn little brethren, doomed to breathe the unwholesome atmosphere of crowded manufactories, and close narrow alleys in populous cities! What a luxury would a supper be twice a week, for instance, to the poor little "bottoms" in Spitalfields.† Who knows but they might re-

ceive their first taste for Shakspeare while being fed, like their great prototype in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," with blackberries! "*Dewberries*," which Titania ordered for the refreshment of her favourite, are so nearly allied to their glossy neighbours, that when the season is far advanced the two are not easily distinguished. Shakspeare, who knew every thing, was of course aware that the dewberry ripens earlier than the blackberry; namely, in the season for "*apricots*." It must be confessed that nothing but the associations that are connected with the elegant and romantic name "*dewberry*," fit only for the mouth of a fairy to pronounce, could induce me to give a preference to the latter; they are not so numerous, nor consequently so useful. I own I am sanguine respecting the *general* introduction of blackberries into the London street cries. What an innovation they would cause! what a rural sight, and sound, and taste, and smell, would they introduce into that wilderness of houses! What a conjuring up of happy feelings—almost as romantic as those that are inspired by "*bilberries*, ho!" When I resided in London, I recollect the wild, and exquisite, and undefinable sensations that were excited by the peculiar and un-city-like cry of these "*whorts*."* I used to look out at the blue-frocked boys who sold them, with their heavy country faces; capacious "*gabardines*," that hinted of Caliban; round hats, that knew no touch of form; and unaccountable laced up boots; with as much astonishment, as if I had beheld and heard purveyors from the wilderness shouting "*Manna!*" which we all know is "*angel's food!*"

I have taken up sadly too much of your time, sir, I feel assured. I intended but to name the method of making blackberry jam, to assure you of its salubrity, and to request you to recommend its general use:—and I have only now to request that you will not suffer the very imperfect manner in which I, who cannot write for the public eye, have handled the subject to deter you from doing it justice.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

I. J. T.

P. S. It has just occurred to me to say, why should not grocers, confectioners,

* If the berries be gathered in wet weather, an hour will not be too long a time to boil them.

† I have heard of the distress among the weavers, and heaven forbid that I should speak lightly of their calamities!—But eat they *must*, and eat they *do*; and if reduced to *bread*, so called, butter, or cheese, is included; it is this I regret, for jam would be cheaper as well as more wholesome, and should be purchased at the shops as other articles of consumption are.

* As they are called, near the uncultivated moorland waste where they grow. *Wortleberry* is the correct name.

fruiterers, and chandlers, speculate in the "new article," and provide a store of it to meet a probable demand? I should

think it might be sold, with a reasonable profit, at sixpence or eightpence a pound



Drawing of the Lottery in Guildhall, 1751.

DEATH OF THE LOTTERY.

In the spring, and for three weeks after midsummer, 1826, the lottery-office keepers incessantly plied every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, and its dependencies, with petitions to make a fortune in "the last lottery that can be drawn." Men paraded the streets with large printed placards on poles, or pasted on their backs, announcing "All Lotteries End for Ever! 18th of July." The walls were stuck, and hand-bills were thrust into the hands of street passengers, with the same heart-rending intelligence, and with the solemn assurance that the demand for tickets and shares was immense! Their prices had so risen, were so rising, and would be so far beyond all calculation, that to get shares or tickets at all, they must be instantly purchased! As the time approached, a show was got up to proclaim that the deplorable "Death of the Lottery," would certainly take place on the appointed day; but on some ac-

count or other, the pathetic appeal of the benevolent contractors was disregarded, and the gentlemen about to be "turned off," were as unheeded, and as unlamented as criminals, who say or sing in their last moments—

"Gentlefolks all
Pity our fall!
Have pity all,
Pity our fall!"

At length the stoney-hearted public were "respectfully" informed that "the lords of the treasury had issued a *"re-prieve,"* and that the "drawing" and "quartering" and so forth was, "postponed from Tuesday, 18th July," to some dull day in October, "when Lotteries will finish for ever!"

Of late years lotteries have been drawn at Coopers'-hall. Formerly they were drawn at the place, and in the manner exhibited in the preceding representation, after an engraving by Cole.

PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS. *By George Cruikshank.* London: Published by George Cruikshank, Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville. 1826.

"In the name of wonder," a reader may inquire, "is the *Every-Day Book* to be a Review." By no means;—but "George Cruikshank" is a "remarkable person;" his first appearance in the character of an author is a "remarkable event," in the August of 1826; and, as such, deserves a "remarkable notice."

Every reader is of course aware, that, as certainly as a hazel-rod, between the fingers of a gifted individual, discovers the precious metals and waters beneath the earth, so certainly, a phrenological adept, by a discriminating touch of the nodosities on the surface of the head, detects the secret sources, or "springs of human action." To what extent Mr. Cruikshank has attained this quality, or whether he is under obligations to Dr. Combe for "a touch" of his skill, or has bowed his head to Mr. De Ville for "a cast" in plaster, is not so clear, as that his "Phrenological Illustrations" will be as popular, and assuredly as lasting as the science itself—"Cruikshank and Craniology—for ever!"

Be it observed, however, that "Craniology," which alliterates so well with "Cruikshank," was only a "proper" term, while the disciples of doctors Gall and Spurzheim were traversing the exterior of the cranium; but after they had gained a knowledge of the interior, and classified and arranged their discoveries, they generalized the whole, and relinquished the term "craniology" for the denomination "phrenology." This change was obviously imperative, because "craniology" signifies no more than an acquaintance with the outside of the head, and "phrenology" implies familiarity with its contents.

Still, however, the incipient phrenologist must avail himself of "craniology," as an introduction to the nobler science. To him it is as necessary a guide as topography is to a student in geology, who without that requisite, and supposing him ignorant of the characters of mountains may lose his way, and be found vainly boring Schehalion, or sinking a shaft within the crater of an exhausted volcano. To prevent such mistakes in "phrenology," the "estate under the hat" has been

thoroughly explored, and divided and subdivided: names and numbers have been assigned to each portion, and the entire globe of the microcosm accurately measured, and mapped, "according to the latest surveys."

Mr. Cruikshank's "Illustrations of Phrenology" form a more popular introduction to the science than its most ardent admirers could possibly hope. He acknowledges his obligations to doctors Gall and Spurzheim, and implicitly adopts their arrangement of the "organs;" a word, by the by, that signifies those convexities which may be seen by the eye, or touched by the finger, on the exterior of the greater convexity called the head; and which are produced, or thrown up thereon, by the working or heaving of the ideas internally. From this process it appears that a man "bores" his own head, so as to form concavities within and convexities without; and, in the same way, by the power of speech, "bores" the heads of his friends. The term "to bore," however, as commonly used, signifies "to bother," or "perplex and confound," and therefore is not admitted in the nomenclature of "phrenology," which condescends to level every "bump," to the right understanding of the meanest capacity.

Of Mr. Cruikshank's proficiency or rank in the phrenological school, the writer of this article is incompetent to judge; but, as regards his present work, whether he be a master, or only a monitor, is of little consequence; he seems well grounded in rudiments, and more he does not profess to teach. Instead of delivering a mapped head in plaister of Paris with his book, he exhibits an engraving of three "bare polls," or polls sufficiently bare to discover the position of every convexity or "organ" whereon he duly marks their numbers, according to the notation of doctors Gall and Spurzheim. From hence we learn that we have nine propensities, nine sentiments, eleven knowing faculties, and four reflecting faculties. Adhering to the doctrinal enumeration and nomenclature of the "organs" worked out, or capable of being worked out, by these propensities, sentiments, and faculties, on every human head, he wisely prefers the Baconian as the best method of teaching "the new science," and exhibits the effects of each of the thirty-three "organs" in six sheets of etchings by himself, from his own views of each "organ."

It is now proper to hint at the mode wherein the artist has executed his design, and to take each organ according to its number, and under its scientific term.

I.—AMATIVENESS.

Mr. Cruikshank seems to imagine that this organ may induce a declaration of undivided attachment to an intermediate object, in order to arrive at the object *sincerely* desired: under the circumstances represented, this deviation of "amativeness" may be denominated "cupboard love."

II.—PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

The tendency of this perplexing organ hastens the necessity of extending our "colonial policy." This sketch is full of life and spirit.

III.—INHABITIVENESS.

The subject of the artist's point, a "tenant for life," doubtless has an amazing development of the organ.

IV.—ADHESIVENESS.

Is "enough to frighten a horse." This organ will be further observed on presently.

V.—COMBATIVENESS.

Its vigorous cultivation is displayed with much animation.

VI.—DESTRUCTIVENESS.

A familiar illustration of this organ is derived from a common occurrence in almost every market-town. Its contemplation, and a few recent incidents, suggest a query or two. A bull ran into a china shop, but instead of proceeding to the work of demolition, threw his eye around the place, thrust his horn under the arm of a richly painted vase, and ran briskly into the street with his prize. Was this act ascribable to the organ of "colour," or that of "covetiveness?" An *ox* walked into a well-furnished parlour, and withdrew without doing further mischief than ogling himself in the looking-glass. Were these "stolen" looks occasioned by "covetiveness," or "self-love?" Another of the *bos* tribe rapidly passed men, women, and children, ran up the steps to an open street door, hurried through the passage, ascended every flight of the stair-case, nor stopped till he had gained the front attic, from whence he put his head through the window, and looked down from his proud eminence, over the parapet, upon

his "followers." On this third example may be quoted what Mr. Cruikshank says of another organ, "*Inhabitiveness*. To this organ is ascribed, in man, *Self Love*, and in other animals, *Physical height*. The artist has endeavoured to give *his* idea of *inhabitiveness* in plate 2." On comparing the anecdote last related, with the artist's idea in the plate he refers to, it is clear that, on this occasion, his view might have been more *elevated*. In the last-mentioned bull, "*Inhabitiveness*" seems to have been the prevailing organ. Separately considering the three animals, and their general character, and the tempting objects by which each was surrounded, without their inanimation of any action to denote the existence of "destructiveness," a question arises, whether counteracting organs may not be cultivated in such animals, to the extent of neutralizing the primary development.

VII.—CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

This is so elegant an exhibition of the propensity in connection with certain vegetable tendencies, that it is doubtful whether developments from the action of the sap in plants, may not admit of classification with our own.

VIII.—COVETIVENESS.

In this representation, the countenance of a boy is frightfully impressed by the incessant restlessness of the "organ," combined with "cautiousness." See No. XII.

IX.—SECRETIVENESS.

Exhibits one of the advantages of this "propensity" in the sex.

X.—SELF LOVE.

Narcissus himself could not be more strongly marked, than this "heart-breaking" personage.

XI.—APPROBATION. See No. XXXIII.

XII.—CAUTIOUSNESS.

Prudence and indecision are here united by a decisive touch. The accessory, which assists this "procedure of the human understanding," is exceedingly

———'light and airy;
Brisk as a bee, blithe as a fairy.'

XIII.—BENEVOLENCE.

A "benevolent" individual, receiving loud acknowledgments from the object of his favours.

XIV.—VENERATION.

Mr. Cruikshank says, that "Dr. Ga

observed this organ chiefly in persons with bald heads." The artist satisfactorily exemplifies, that when its absence occurs in Englishmen, it is a rare exception to the rational character.

XV.—HOPE

This sentiment is always allegorized with an anchor, and Mr. Cruikshank represents a poor animal under its influence, "brought to an anchor."

XVI.—IDEALITY.

Mr. Cruikshank says, that "Mr. Forster calls this the organ of *mysterizingness*. It is supposed that a peculiar development of this organ, which is remarkably conspicuous in all poets, occurs in persons who are disposed to have visions, see ghosts, demons, &c." The artist represents certain appearances, which will be recognised as "familiars."

XVII.—CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

"According to Dr. Spurzheim, this is the organ of *righteousness*;" but, "Dr. Forster thinks there is no organ of *conscience*." Mr. Cruikshank exemplifies the latter opinion, by the surprise of a female on receiving "an unexpected offer." It will not surprise the reader if he looks at the print.

XVIII.—FIRMNESS.

"Firmness," he regards in the light of a character now being consigned rapidly to oblivion." But, "while there is life there is hope," and the character alluded to cannot be destroyed without the annihilation of "adhesiveness," which Mr. Cruikshank defines in the language of the science, and "has endeavoured to give a strong but faithful illustration of, in plate No. IV."

XIX.—INDIVIDUALITY.

A more select specimen could not have been produced.

XX.—FORM.

This is well represented. "Persons," says Mr. Cruikshank, "endowed with this organ, are fond of seeing pictures, &c." They may likewise be frequently detected in jelly-rooms, and the upper boxes of the theatres.

XXI.—SIZE.

Remarkably developed in "a great man now no more!"

XXII.—WEIGHT.

A compliment from the artist, "to

which he is confident no loyal man will offer an objection."

XXIII.—COLOUR

As a specimen of art, this is the most successful of the illustrations.

XXIV.—SPACE.

An enlarged view of a deep seated organ, bottomed on the character of a people whom we have outrivalled.

XXV.—ORDER.

This organ as a ruling power, is placed by Mr. Cruikshank in the hand; its development manifestly generates "Veneration."

XXVI.—TIME.

In Mr. Cruikshank's words, "the artist's illustration of it will be familiar to every one."

XXVII.—NUMBER.

A portrait of an individual in whom the power of this organ is supposed to have been preeminent.

XXVIII.—TUNE.

This organ, according to the artist, produces rectitude in the dog.

XXIX.—LANGUAGE.

XXX.—COMPARISON.

The organ of "Comparison" is exemplified by full developements from "Long Acre," and "Little St. Martin's-lane," within one door from the residence of "Mr. Thomas Rodd, bookseller, Great Newport-street," whose stock of books, large as it is, cannot furnish any thing like the "words that burn," in the artist's representation of "LANGUAGE."*

XXXI.—CAUSALITY.

"This is nothing more than the organ of *Inquisitiveness*," and the artist himself exercises it, by gently feeling his reader's pulse.

* Mr. Rodd seldom adventures in paper and print, yet he has put forth a "second edition, with considerable additions," of a curious and useful little volume bearing the modest title of "An Attempt at a Glossary of some words used in Cheshire, communicated to the Society of Antiquarians. By Roger Wilbraham, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A. London, 1826," royal 18mo. pp. 120

If a person desires to collect books, or to be acquainted with the writers on any given subject, ancient or modern, rare or common, I know of no one to whom he can apply more successfully, or on whom he can rely for judgment and integrity more implicitly, than Mr. Thomas Rodd. His mind is as well stored with information, as his shop is with good authors, in every class of literature; and he is as ready to communicate his knowledge gratuitously, as he is to part with his books at reasonable prices "to those who choose to buy them."—*Edw. Forster*

avoided and fenced round, from an opinion that Jupiter had either taken offence at them, and fired upon them the marks of his displeasure, or that he had by this means pitched upon them as sacred to himself. The ground thus fenced about, was called by the Romans *bidental*. Lightning was much observed in augury, and was a good or bad omen, according to the circumstances attending it.*

When a stormy cloud, which is nothing but a heap of exhalations strongly electrified, approaches near enough to a tower, or a house, or a cloud not electrified; when it approaches so near, that a spark flies from it, this occasions the explosion, which we call a clap of thunder. The light we then see is the lightning, or the thunderbolt. Sometimes we see only a sudden and momentary flash, at other times it is a train of fire, taking different forms and directions. The explosion attending the lightning, shows that it is the vapours which occasion the thunder; by taking fire suddenly, they agitate and dilate the air violently. At every electrical spark a clap is heard. The thunder is sometimes composed of several claps or prolonged and multiplied by echoes.

As soon as we see a flash of lightning, we have only to reckon the seconds in a watch, or how often our pulse beats, between the flash and the clap. Whoever can reckon ten pulsations between the lightning and the thunder, is still at the distance of a quarter of a league from the storm; for it is calculated that the sound takes nearly the time of forty pulsations, in going a league. The lightning does not always go in a direct line from top to bottom. It often winds about and goes zigzag, and sometimes it does not lighten till very near the ground. The combustible matter which reaches the ground, or takes fire near it, never fails to strike. But sometimes it is not strong enough to approach us, and like an ill-charged cannon, it disperses in the atmosphere and does no harm. When, on the contrary, the fiery exhalations reach the ground, they sometimes make terrible havoc.

We may judge of the prodigious force of the lightning by the wonderful effects it produces. The heat of the flame is such, that it burns and consumes every thing that is combustible. It even melts metals, but it often spares what is contained in them, when they are of a substance not

too close to leave the passage free. It is by the velocity of the lightning that the bones of men and animals are sometime calcined, while the flesh remains unhurt. That the strongest buildings are thrown down, trees split, or torn up by the root, the thickest of walls pierced, stones and rocks broken, and reduced to ashes. It is to the rarification and violent motion of the air, produced by the heat and velocity of the lightning, that we must attribute the death of men and animals found suffocated, without any appearance of having been struck by lightning.

"Experience teaches us, that the rain which falls when it thunders, is the most fruitful to the earth. The saline and sulphurous particles which fill the atmosphere during a storm, are drawn down by the rain, and become excellent nourishment for the plants; without mentioning the number of small worms, seeds, and little insects which are also drawn down in thunder showers, and are with the help of a microscope, visible in the drop of water.*

In August, 1769, a flash of lightning fell upon the theatre at Venice, in which were more than six hundred persons. Besides killing several of the audience, it put out the candles, singed a lady's hair and melted the gold case of her watch and the fringe of her robe. The earrings of several ladies were melted, and the stones split; and one of the performer in the orchestra, had his violincello shattered in a thousand splinters, but received no damage himself.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 97.

August 26.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 26th of August, 1635, died Lope de Vega, called the "Spanish Phoenix," aged sixty-three years. His funeral was conducted with princely magnificence by his patron, the duke of Susa, and his memory was celebrated with suitable pomp in all the theatres of Spain.

Lope de Vega was the rival and conqueror of Cervantes in the dramatic art yet in his youth he embarked in the celebrated Spanish armada, for the invasion

* Ency. Brit.

* Sturm.

† Annual Register.

England, and spent part of his life in civil and military occupations.

His invention is as unparalleled in the story of poetry, as the talent which enabled him to compose regular and well-constructed verse with as much ease as prose. Cervantes, on this account, styled him a prodigy of nature. His verses flowed freely, and such was his confidence in his countrymen, that as they applauded his writings, which were unrestrained by critical notes, he refused conformity to any restrictions. "The public," he said, "paid for the drama, and the taste of those who paid should be suited."

He required only four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts, abounding in intrigues, prodigies, interesting situations, and interspersed with sonnets and other versified accompaniments. In general the theatrical manager carried away what De Vega wrote before he had time to revise it, and a hasty applicant often arrived to prevail on him to commence a new piece immediately. In some instances he composed a play in the short space of three or four hours. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two thousand original dramas. According to his own testimony he wrote an average five sheets every day, and at this rate he must have produced upwards of twenty millions of verses.

He was enriched by his talents, and his fame procured him distinguished honours. He is supposed at one time to have possessed upwards of a hundred thousand ducats, but he was a bad economist, for the poor of Madrid shared his purse. He was elected president of the ritual college in that capital; and Pope Urban VIII. sent him the degree of doctor in divinity with a flattering letter, and bestowed on him the cross of Malta; he was also appointed fiscal of the apostolic chamber, and a familiar of the inquisition, an office regarded singularly honourable at that period. Whenever he appeared in the streets, boys ran shouting after him; he was surrounded by crowds of people, all eager to gain a sight of the "prodigy of nature;" and those who could not keep pace with the multitude, stood and gazed on him with wonder as he passed.

Lope de Vega's inexhaustible fancy and fascinating ease of composition, communicated that character to Spanish comedy; and all subsequent Spanish writers trod

in his footsteps, until its genius was banished by the introduction of the French taste into Spain.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60° 77°.

August 27.

1688. A DATE IN PANYER-ALLEY.

The editor has received a present from Mr. John Smith of a wood block, engraved by himself, as a specimen of his talents in that department of art, and in acknowledgment of a friendly civility he is pleased to recollect at so long a distance from the time when it was offered, that it only dwelt in his own memory.

The impression from this engraving, and the accompanying information, will acquaint the reader with an old London "effigy" which many may remember to have seen. It is the only cut in the present sheet; for an article on a popular amusement, which will require a considerable number of engravings, is in preparation, and the artists are busily engaged on them.

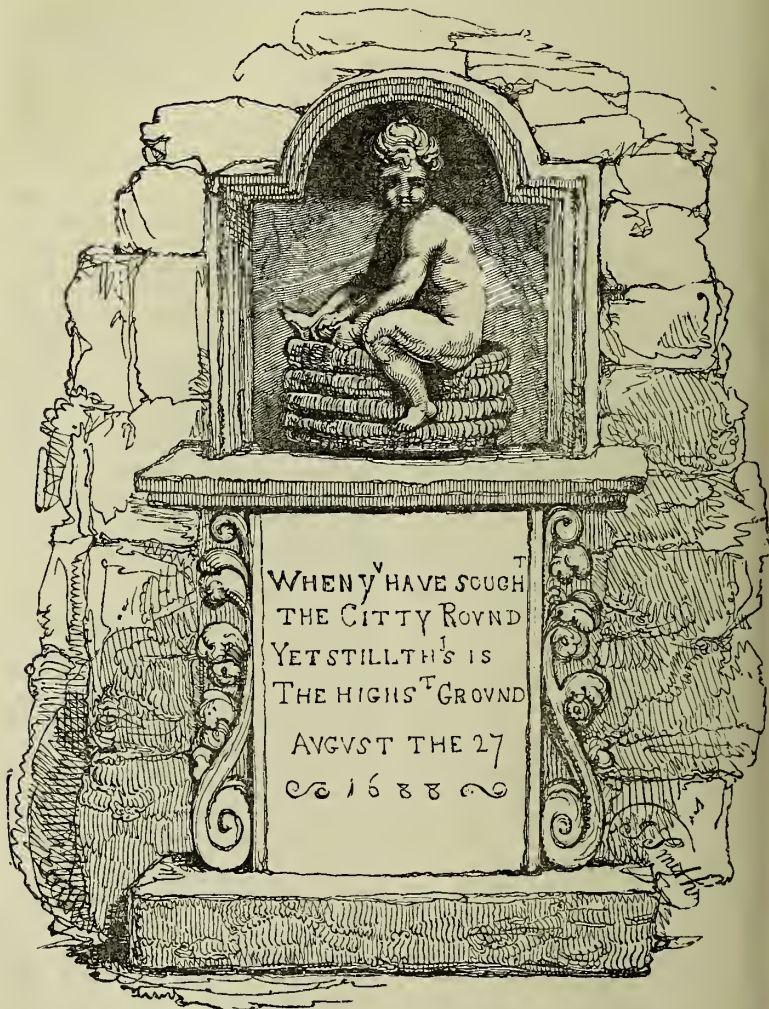
Concerning this stone we must resort to old Stow. According to this "honest chronicler," he peregrinated to where this stone now stands, and where in his time stood "the church of St. Michael ad Bladudum, or at the *corne* ('corruptly,' he says, 'at the *querne*,') so called, because in place thereof, was sometime a corne-market. At the west end of this parish church is a small passage for people on foot thorow the same church;" and he proceeds to throw the only light that seems to appear on this stone, "and west from the said church, some distance, is another passage out of Paternoster-row, and is called (of such a *signe*) Panyer-alley, which commeth out into the north, over against Saint Martin's-lane."

It is plain from Stow's account, that Panyer-alley derived its name from "a *signe*," but what that "signe" was we are ignorant of. It may have been a tavern-sign, and this stone *may* have been the ancient sign in the wall of the tavern. It represents a boy seated on a panyer pressing a bunch of grapes between his hand and his foot. By some people it is called "the Pick-my-toe." The inscription mentions the date when it was either

* Bouterwek.

repaired or put up in its present situation in a wall on the east side of the alley, and

affirms that the spot is the highest ground of the city.



The Effigy in Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row.

While we are at this place, it is amusing to remark what Stow observes of Ivy-lane, which runs parrallel with Panyer-alley westward. He says, that "Ivie-lane" was "so called of *ivie* growing on the walls of the prebend's houses," which were situated in that lane; "but now," speaking of his own days, "the lane is replenished on both sides with faire

houses, and divers offices have been ther kept, by registers, namely, for the prerogative court of the archbishop of Cantu bury, the probate of wils, which is no removed into Warwicke-lane, and als for the lord treasurer's remembrance the exchequer, &c."

Hence we see that in Ivy-lane, now place of mean dwelling, was one of the

great offices at present in Doctors' Commons, and another of equal importance belonging to the crown; but the derivation of its name from the ivy on the walls of the prebends' houses, an adjunctive ornament that can scarcely be imagined by the residents of the closely confined neighbourhood, is the pleasantest part of the narration.

And Stow also tells us of "Mount-goddard-street," which "goeth up to the north end of Ivie-lane," of its having been so called "of the tippling there, and the goddards mounting from the tappe to the table, from the table to the mouth, and some times over the head."

Goddards.

These were cups or goblets made with a cover or otherwise. In "Tancred and Gismunda," an old play, we are told, "Lucrece entered, attended by a maiden of honour with a covered *goddard* of gold, and, drawing the curtains, she offered unto Gismunda to taste thereof." So also Gayton, in his "Festivous Notes on Don Quixote," mentions—

"A *goddard*, or an anniversary spice bowl,
Drank off by th' gossips."

Goddard, according to Camden, means "godly the cup," and appears to Mr. Archdeacon Nares, who cites these authorities to have been a christening cup. That gentleman can find no certain account of the origin of the name.

Perhaps *goddard* was derived from "godward:" we had looking godward, and thinking godward, and perhaps drinking godward, for a benediction

might have been usual at a christening or solemn merry-making; and from thence godward drinking might have come to the godward cup, and so the *goddard*.

THE CUCKOO.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—If the following "Address to the Cuckoo," from my work on birds, should suit the pages of the *Every-Day Book*, it is quite at your service.

Of the cuckoo, I would just observe, that I do not think, notwithstanding all that Dr. Jenner has written concerning it, its natural history is by any means fully developed. I have had some opportunities of observing the habits of this very singular bird, and in me there is room for believing that, even when at maturity, it is sometimes, if not frequently, *fed by other birds*. It is very often attended by one, two, or even more, small birds, during its flight, for what purpose is not, I believe, at present known. The "*wry-neck*," *junx torquilla*, called in some provinces the "cuckoo's maiden," is said to be one of these. Perhaps it may be novel information to your readers to be told, that there is a bird in the United States of America, called "*Cowpen*," *emberiza pecoris*, by Wilson, which lays her eggs in other bird's nests, in a similar way to the cuckoo in this country: the "*cowpen*" is, however, a much smaller bird than the cuckoo.

I am, &c.

JAMES JENNINGS.

*Dalby-terrace, City-road,
August 28, 1826.*

TO THE CUCKOO.

Thou monotonous bird! whom we ne'er wish away,
Who hears thee not pleas'd at the threshold of May
Thy advent reminds us of all that is sweet,
Which nature, benignant, now lays at our feet;
Sweet flowers—sweet meadows—sweet birds and their loves;
Sweet sunshiny mornings, and sweet shady groves;
Sweet smiles of the maiden—sweet looks of the youth,
And sweet asseverations, too, prompted by truth;
Sweet promise of plenty throughout the rich vale;
And sweet the bees' humming in meadow and vale;
Of the summer's approach—of the presence of spring
For ever, sweet cuckoo! continue to sing.
Oh, who then, dear bird! could e'er wish thee away,
Who hears thee not pleas'd at the threshold of May

As every trait in the natural history of birds is interesting, I beg leave to state that I shall be greatly obliged to any reader of the *Every-Day Book* for the communication of any *novel* fact or information concerning this portion of the animal kingdom, of which suitable acknowledgment will be made in my work. I understand the late lord Erskine wrote and printed for private circulation, a poem on the rook. Can any of your readers oblige me with a copy of it, or refer me to any person or book so that I might obtain a sight of it? J. J.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 35.

August 28.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Of this father of the church, whose name is in the church of England calendar, there is a memoir in vol. i. col. 1144.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 28th of August, 1736, a man passing the bridge over the Savock, near Preston, Lancashire, saw two large flights of birds meet with such rapidity, that one hundred and eighty of them fell to the ground. They were taken up by him, and sold in Preston market the same day.

HOAX AT NORWICH.

The following bill was in circulation in Norwich and the neighbourhood for days previous, and on the evening of August 28, 1826, 20,000 sagacious people from the city and country around, on foot, on horseback, in chaises, gigs, and other vehicles, collected below the hill to witness the extraordinary performance.

“St. James’s-hill, back of the Horse-barracks.

“The public are respectfully informed that signor Carlo Gram Villecrop, the celebrated Swiss mountain-flyer, from Geneva and Mont Blanc, is just arrived in this city, and will exhibit, with a Tyrolese pole fifty feet long, his most astonishing gymnastic flights, never before witnessed in this country. Signor Villecrop has had the great honour of exhibiting his most extraordinary feats on the continent before the king of Prussia, Emperor of Austria, the Grand duke of Tuscany, and

all the resident nobility in Switzerland. He begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he has selected St. James’s-hill and the adjoining hills for his performances, and will first display his remarkable strength, in running up the hill with his Tyrolese pole between his teeth. He will next lay on his back, and balance the same pole on his nose, chin, and different parts of his body. He will climb up on it with the astonishing swiftness of a cat, and stand on his head at the top; on a sudden he will leap three feet from the pole without falling, suspending himself by a shenese cord only. He will also walk on his head, up and down the hill, balancing his pole on one foot. Many other feats will be exhibited, in which signor Villecrop will display to the audience the much admired art of toppling, peculiar only to the peasantry of Switzerland. He will conclude his performance by repeated flights in the air, up and down the hill, with a velocity almost imperceptible, assisted only by his pole, with which he will frequently jump the astonishing distance of forty and fifty yards at a time. Signor Villecrop begs to assure the ladies and gentlemen who honour him with their company, that no money will be collected till after the exhibition, feeling convinced that his exertions will be liberally rewarded by their generosity. The exhibition to commence on Monday, the 28th of August, 1826, precisely at half-past 5 o’clock in the evening.”

Signor Carlo Gram Villecrop did not make his appearance. The people were drawn together, and the whole ended, as the inventor designed, in a “hoax.”

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 55.

August 29.

St. John Baptist beheaded.

The anniversary of the baptist’s decollation is in the church of England calendar. His death is known to have been occasioned by his remonstrance to Herod against his notorious cruelties. “In consequence of this,” says Mr. Audley, “Herod imprisoned him in the castle of Machærus, and would have put him to death, but was afraid of the people. Herodias also would have killed John, had it been in her power. At length, on Herod’s birthday, Salome, the daughter of Hero-

dias, by her former husband, Philip, danced before him, his captains, and chief estates, or the principal persons of Galilee. This so pleased Herod, that he "promised her, with an oath, whatsoever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom." Hearing this, she ran to her mother and said, "what shall I ask?" The mother, without hesitation, replied, "the head of John the Baptist." Herod was exceedingly sorry when he heard such a request; but out of regard to his oaths and his guests, he immediately sent an executioner to behead John in prison. This was instantly done, and the head being brought in a charger, was given to Salome; and she, forgetting the tenderness of her sex, and the dignity of her station, carried it to her mother.

Jerome says, that "Herodias treated the baptist's head in a very disdainful manner, pulling out the tongue which she imagined had injured her, and piercing it with a needle." Providence, however, as Dr. Whitby observes, interested itself very remarkably in the revenge of this murder on all concerned. Herod's army was defeated in a war occasioned by his marrying Herodias, which many Jews thought a judgment on him for the death of John. Both he, and Herodias, whose ambition occasioned his ruin, were afterwards driven from their kingdom, and died in banishment, at Lyons, in Gaul. And if any credit may be given to Nicephorus, Salome, the young lady who made the cruel request, fell into the ice as she was walking over it, which, closing suddenly, cut off her head.

It is added by Mr. Audley, that the abbot Villeloin says in his memoirs, "the head of St. John the Baptist was saluted by him at Amiens, and it was the *fifth* or *sixth* he had had the honour to kiss"

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY.

Lord Orford, in a letter dated the 29th of August, says, "I have just been reading a new public history of the colleges of Oxford, by Anthony Wood, and there found a feature in a character that always offended me, that of archbishop Chicheley, who prompted Henry V. to the invasion of France, to divert him from squeezing the overgrown clergy. When that priest meditated founding All Souls college, and 'consulted his friends, who seem to have been honest men, what great matters of

piety he had best perform to God in his old age, he was advised by them to build an hospital for the wounded and sick soldiers, that daily returned from the wars then had in France.' I doubt his grace's friends thought as I do of his artifice.—'But,' continues the historian, 'disliking these motions, and valuing the welfare of the deceased more than the wounded and diseased, he resolved with himself to promote his design—which was to have masses said for the king, queen, and himself, &c., while living, and for their souls when dead;' and that mummery, the old foolish rogue, thought more efficacious than ointments and medicines for the wretches he had made! and of the chaplains and clerks he instituted in that dormitory, one was to teach grammar, and another prick song. How history makes one shudder and laugh by turns!"

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—I trouble you with an account of an eccentric character, which may, perhaps, amuse some of your numerous readers, if it should meet your approbation.

Yours, most respectfully,

C. C—y, M. R. C. S. E.

Ashton Under Lyne,

July 17th, 1826.

BILLY BUTTERWORTH.

Near the summit of a small hill, called Gladwick Lowes, situated on the borders of Lancashire, near the populous town of Oldham, commanding a very extensive prospect, stands the solitary, yet celebrated hut of "Billy Butterworth." The eccentric being who bears this name from his manner of dressing an immense beard reaching to his girdle, and many other singularities, has obtained the name of the "hermit," though from the great numbers that daily and hourly visit him from all parts, he has no real claim to the title.

Billy Butterworth's hut is a rude building of his own construction, a piece of ground having been given him for the purpose. In the building of this hut, the rude hand of uncultivated nature laughed to scorn the improvements of modern times, for neither saw, nor plane, nor level, nor trowel, assisted to make it appear gracious in the eye of taste; a rude heap of stones, sods of earth, moss, &c. without nails or mortar are piled to-

gether in an inelegant, but perfectly convenient manner, and form a number of apartments. The whole building is so firmly put together, that its tenant fears not the pelting of a merciless storm, but snug under his lowly roof appears equally content with the smiles or frowns of fortune.

To give a proper description of the hermit's hut, would be very difficult, but a brief sketch will enable the reader to form a pretty good idea of the object. It is surrounded by a fancy and kitchen garden, fancifully decorated with rude seats, arches, grottos, &c., a few plaister of Paris casts are here and there placed so as to have a pleasing effect. The outer part of the hut consists of the hermit's chapel, in which is a half-length figure of the hermit himself. To this chapel the hermit retires at certain hours, in devotion to his Maker; besides the chapel is an observatory, where the hermit amuses his numerous visitors, by exhibiting a small and rather imperfect camera obscura of his own construction, by which he is enabled to explain the surrounding country for four or five miles. Near the camera obscura is a raised platform, almost on a level with the roof of the hermitage—this he calls "the terrace." From the terrace there is a beautiful view of country.—The towns of Ashton-under-Lyne, Stockport, Manchester, lie in the distance, with the adjacent villages, and the line of Yorkshire hills, from among which "*Wild Bank*" rises majestically above its neighbours. The hermit makes use of this situation, to give signals to the village at the foot of the hill, when he wishes to be supplied with any article of provision for the entertainment of his visitors, such as liquors, cream, sallads, bread, &c.; of confectinary, he has generally a good stock.

We next come to his summer arbours, which are numerous in his garden, and furnished with table and seats for parties to enjoy themselves separately, without interfering with others. The dovehouse is placed in the garden, where he keeps a few beautiful pairs of doves. Of the out-buildings, the last we shall describe, is the carriage-house. The reader smiles at the word "carriage" in such a situation, and would be more apt to believe me had I said a wheel-barrow. But no! grave reader, "Billy Butterworth" runs his carriage, which is of the low gig kind, drawn by an ass, and on some extra visits, by two asses. A little boy, called Adam, is the postillion as

there is only seating for one in the carriage. The boy acts as a waiter in busy times. In this carriage "Billy Butterworth" visits his wealthy neighbours, and meets with a gracious reception. He frequently visits the earl of Stamford, earl de Wilton, &c. &c. From his grotesque dress and equipage, he excites mirth to a great degree.

The inner part of this hermit's hut consists of many different apartments, all of which are named in great style; such as the servants' hall—pavilion—drawing-room—dining-room—library, &c. &c. The walls are lined with drapery, tastefully hung, and the furniture exhibits numerous specimens of ancient carved woodwork. Pictures of all sorts from the genuine oil painting, &c. prints of good line engraving down to the common caricature daubs, are numerously hung in every part of the hut. Natural curiosities are so placed, as to excite the curiosity of the gazing ignoramus.

"Billy Butterworth" is himself a tall man, of rather a commanding figure, with dark hair and dark sparkling eyes. His countenance is of a pleasing but rather melancholy appearance, which is increased by an immensely long black beard which makes him an object of terror to the neighbouring children. On the whole, although he is now in the evening of life, the remains of a once handsome man are very evident. His dress is varied according to the seasons, but always resembling the costume in king Charles's days; a black cap, black ostrich feather and buckle, long waistcoat, jacket with silk let into the sleeves, small clothes of the same, and over the whole a short mantle.

"Billy Butterworth" has practised these whims, if I may call them so, for twelve or fourteen years in this solitary abode. His reason for this manner of life is not exactly known, but he seems to acknowledge in some degree, that a disappointment in love has been the cause. Let that rest as it will, he has a handsome property, accumulated, it is said, by these eccentric means. Indeed he acknowledged to the author of this, that on fine days in summer, he has realized from selling sweetmeats, and receiving gifts from visitors, five guineas a day. He is so independent now that he will not receive a present from friends. He is communicative as long as a stranger will listen, but if the stranger is inquisitive he ceases to converse any thing more. He is polite and

well informed on general topics, and has evidently read much.

While the hermit was lately on a journey to his friends, a mischievous wag advertised "the hut," &c. to be let. The day fixed upon being rainy, no bidders made their appearance. I send you a copy of the advertisement from a printed one in my possession.

TO BE LET,

For a term of years, or from year to year; and may be entered upon immediately, all that hut, garden, and premises, with the appurtenances, situate at Gladwick Lowes, near Oldham, in the county of Lancaster, now occupied as an

HERMITAGE,

By Mr. Wm. Butterworth.

This romantic spot being the only place of fashionable resort in the vicinity of the populous town of Oldham, and the unrivalled reputation which it has so long deservedly enjoyed, render it peculiar desirable to any gentleman who may wish to acquire an independency at a trifling risk. The motive for the intended removal of the present proprietor is, his having already secured a comfortable competency, joined to a desire of giving some gentleman of a disposition similar to his own, an opportunity of participating in the advantages which he has so long derived from this delightful retirement.

Among the many curiosities with which his sequestered hut abounds, may be particularized the following valuable articles.

His celebrated self-constructed Bed.

A Table,

which is supposed formerly to have belonged to some of the ancient saxon monarchs, and was presented to Mr. B., by her grace the duchess of Beaufort.

Praxitele's stature of Jupiter Ammon, brought from Greece, by the right honourable the earl of Elgin, and came into the hands of the present possessor, through the medium of the duke of Devonshire, after it had, for a considerable period, formed one of the most permanent ornaments of his grace's splendid mansion, Chatsworth house.

A capital portrait of Mrs. Siddons, painted by B. West, Esq, P. R. A.

A most excellent and peculiarly constructed Camera Obscura, which distinctly represents objects at the distance of thirty miles.

A sonorous Speaking Trumpet, wonderfully adapted to the present situation.

A brace of pistols, formerly the property of Blind Jack of Knaresborough, by whom they were cut out of solid rock.

A very ancient and most curious Trebuchet, a relic of Ptolemy the Third's Sarcophagus.

A variety of coins, medals, shells, fossils, and other mineral productions, tastefully classified and arranged.

It would be very desirable if the above could be disposed of with the hermitage, but if not, Mr. B. would be willing to enter into a separate agreement for them. For further particulars, apply to Mr. W. B.

N.B. The stock of pop, peppermint, gingerbread, and Eccles cakes, with the signboards, dials, inscriptions, rams' horns, and other tasteful and appropriate decorations, will be required to be taken at a valuation.

To be let Monday August 29 1825.

A HOAX "IN CHANCERY."

There is a spirit of waggery which contributes to public amusement, and occasionally annoys individual repose. The following lines are in a journal of this day 1826.

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"Up!" said the spirit, and ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
All glimmering o'er with a *doubtful* light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back;
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of
hay:

When the spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, sir Everard Home)—
All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing;
Some were lame—some wanted *hearing*;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they had'n't a leg to stand upon.

Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a *point of law* were spinning;
Or balanced aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
Lead at each end, like a tight rope dancer.—
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please
'em;—

Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em;
All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move on.
“These,” said the spirit, “you plainly see,
“Are what they call suits in Chancery!”

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty *Vellutis* sung;
Or an Irish dump (“the words by *Moore*”)
At an amateur concert scream'd in score;—
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this limbo dwell!
It seem'd like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes *Æneas* in hell did see;
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off and left the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
“Give us our legs!—give us our legs!”
Touched with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
When the spirit replied with a grin of glee,
“'Tis the cry of the suitors in Chancery!”

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckoned his embryo hand,
And then mov'd and mov'd, as he way'd it o'er,
But they never got on one inch more,
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like *Ariels*' round old *Prospero*—
Saying, “dear master, let us go,”
But still old *Prospero* answer'd “No.”
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf,
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While over as many old papers he turn'd,
As *Hume* e'er moved for or *Omar* burn'd.
He talk'd of his virtue—though some, less
nice,

(He own'd with a sigh) prefer'd his *Vice*—
And he said, “I think”—“I doubt”—“I
hope”—

Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I could'nt, for the soul of me, understand.
Amaz'd and poz'd, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjurer's mutterings, made such a
din,

That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—
Found the spirit, the imps, and the conjurer fled,
And bless'd my stars right pleas'd to see,
That I was'nt, as ye, in Chancery.

For several years before the appearance of his solemn “*Aids to Reflection*” in 1825, Mr. Coleridge had been to the world “as though he was not;” and since

that “*Hand-book*” of masterly sayings his voice has ceased from the public. Forgotten he could not be, yet when he was remembered it was by inquiries concerning his present “doings,” and whispers of his “whereabout.” On a sudden the preceding verses startle the dull town, and dwelling on the lazy ear, as being, according to their printed ascription, “by the author of *Christabel*.” In vindication of himself against the misconception of the wit of their real author, the imputed parent steps forth in the following note.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Grove, Highgate, Tuesday Evening.

Sir,—I have just received a note from a city friend, respecting a poem in “*The Times*” of this morning ascribed to me. On consulting the paper, I see he must refer to “*A Vision*,” by the author of “*Christabel*.” Now, though I should myself have interpreted these words as the author, I doubt not, intended them, viz., as a part of the fiction; yet with the proof before me that others will understand them literally, I should feel obliged by your stating, that till this last half hour the poem and its publication were alike unknown to me; and I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

This little “affair” exemplifies that it is the fortune of talent to be seldom comprehended.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 61·45

August 30.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 30, 1750. Miss *Flora Macdonald* was married to a gentleman of the same name related to sir *Alexander Macdonald*, bart. This lady is celebrated in Scottish annals for having heroically and successfully assisted the young Pretender to escape, when a price was set upon his head. Her self-devotion is minutely recorded in the late Mr. *Boswell*'s “*Ascanius*,” and *Johnson* has increased her fame by his notice of her person and character, in his “*Tour to the Hebrides*.”

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 62·95.

August 31.

GRASSHOPPERS.

It was observed at the end of August, 1742, great damage was done to the pastures in the country, particularly about Bristol by swarms of grasshoppers; and the like happened in the same year at Pennsylvania to a surprising degree.*

In 1476, "Grasshoppers and the great rising of the river Isula did spoyle al Poland"†

Grasshoppers are infested by a species of "insect parasites" thicker than a horse hair, and of a brown colour. It consumes the intestines, and at first sight in the body of the grasshopper, has been mistaken for the intestines themselves.

The eminent entomologist who mentions this fact, observes that "insects generally answer the most beneficial ends,

and promote in various ways, and in an extraordinary degree, the welfare of man and animals." The evils resulting from them occur partially when they abound beyond their natural limits, "God permitting this occasionally to take place, not merely with punitive views, but also to show us what mighty effects he can produce by instruments seemingly the most insignificant: thus calling upon us to glorify his power, wisdom, and goodness, so evidently manifested, whether he relaxes or draws tight the reins by which he guides insects in their course, and regulates their progress; and more particularly to acknowledge his overruling Providence so conspicuously exhibited by his measuring them, as it were, and weighing them, and taking them out, so that their numbers, forces, and powers, being annually proportioned to the work he has prescribed to them, they may neither exceed his purpose, nor fall short of it."*

* Gentleman's Magazine.
† Bateman's Doome.

* Kirby and Spence's Entomology.

THE VALLEY OF NIGHTINGALES.

A Scene near the Hotwells, Bristol.†

"Then said I, master, pleasant is this place
And sweet are those melodious notes I hear;
And happy they, among man's toiling race,
Who, of their cares forgetful, wander near."

Bowles.

To those who might not happen to know St. Vincent's rocks, Clifton, and the very beautiful scenery near the Hotwells, Bristol, it might be desirable to state that the river Avon winds here through a sinuous defile, on one side of which "the rocks" rise perpendicularly in a bold yet irregular manner, to the height of many hun-

dred feet; the opposite side is not so bold, but it is, nevertheless, extremely beautiful, being clothed in many places with wood, and has besides a VALLEY, through which you may ascend to Leigh Down. This valley has been named the "*Valley of Nightingales*," no doubt, in consequence of those birds making it their resort.

"Where foliaged full in vernal pride
Retiring winds thy favourite vale;
And faint the moan of Avon's tide,"
Remurmurs to the nightingale."

C. A. Elton's Poems, Disappointment.

In a note, Mr. ELTON informs us that his stanza alludes to the "Valley of Nightingales opposite St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton." The lovers of the picturesque will here find ample gratification. If, in the following poem, the truth in natural history be a little exceeded in reference to a *troop* of nightingales, it is hoped that the poetical licence will be pardoned.

The vicinity of the Hotwells has been lately much improved by a carriage drive beneath and around those rocks.

† From "*Ornithologia; or the Birds, a Poem, with an introduction to their natural history, and copious notes*," by James Jennings, author of *Observations on the Dialects of the West of England*," &c. &c. This work has been for some time ready for the press, but its appearance is delayed in consequence of the depressed state of trade.

Seest thou yon tall rocks where, midst sunny light beaming,
 They lift up their heads and look proudly around ;
 While numerous *choughs*, with their cries shrill and screaming,
 Wheel from crag unto crag, and now o'er the profound !

Seest thou yonder VALLEY where gushes the fountain ;
 Where the *nightingales* nestling harmoniously sing ;
 Where the *navis* and *merle* and the merry *lark* mounting,
 In notes of wild music, now welcome the spring.

Seest thou yonder shade, where the *woodbine* ascending,
 Encircles the *hawthorn* with amorous twine,
 With the *bryony* scandent, in gracefulness blending ;
 What sweet mingled odours scarce less then divine !

Hearst thou the blue *ring-dove* in yonder tree cooing ;
 The *red-breast*, the *hedge-sparrow*, warble their song ;
 The *cuckoo*, with sameness of note ever wooing ;
 Yet ever to pleasure such notes will belong !

And this is the VALLEY OF NIGHTINGALES ;—listen
 To those full-swelling sounds, with those pauses between,
 Where the bright waving shrubs, midst the pale hazels, glisten,
 There oft may a troop of the songsters be seen.

Seest thou yon proud ship on the stream adown sailing,
 O'er ocean, her course, to strange climes she now bends ;
 Oh ! who may describe the deep sobs or heart-wailing
 Her departure hath wrought amongst lovers and friends ?

The rocks now re-echo the songs of the sailor
 As he cheerfully bounds on his watery way ;
 But the maiden !—ah ! what shall that echo avail her,
 When absence and sorrow have worn out the day ?

Behold her all breathless, still gazing, pursuing,
 And waving, at times, with her white hand adieu ;
 On the rock now she sits, with fixed eye, the ship viewing :
 No picture of fancy—but often too true.

Dost thou see yon flush'd HECTIC, of health poor remainder,
 With a dark hollow eye, and a thin sunken cheek ;
 While AFFECTION hangs o'er him with thoughts that have pained her,
 And that comfort and hope, still forbid her to speak ?*

Yes, FRIENDSHIPS ! AFFECTIONS ! ye ties the most tender !
 Fate, merciless fate, your connection will sever ;
 To that tyrant remorseless—all, all must surrender !
 I once had a SON—HERE we parted for ever !†

Now the sun, o'er the earth, rides in glory uncloud
 The rocks and the valleys delightedly sing ;
 The BIRDS in wild concert, in yonder wood shrouded,
 Awake a loud CHORUS to welcome the spring.

And this is the valley of nightingales ;—listen
 To those full-swelling sounds, with those pauses between,
 Where the bright waving shrubs, midst the pale hazels, glisten,
 There oft may a troop of the songsters be seen.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature . . . 61 · 72.

* The hot wells are, unfortunately, too often the last resort of the consumptive.
 † A promising youth who died some years since at Berbice.



Harvest-Home at Hawkesbury on Cotswold.

The last in-gathering of the crop
Is loaded, and they climb the top,
And there huzza with all their force,
While Ceres mounts the foremost horse:
“Gee-up!” the rustic goddess cries,
And shouts more long and loud arise;
The swagging cart, with motion slow,
Reels careless on, and off they go!

HARVEST-HOME is the great August festival of the country. An account of this universal merry making may commence with a communi-

cation from a lady, which the engraving is designed to illustrate.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Westbury, Wiltshire, August 8, 1826.

Sir,—The journal from whence I extract the following scene was written nearly two years ago, during a delightful excursion I made in company with one “near and dear,” and consequently before your praiseworthy endeavours to perpetuate old customs had been made public. Had my journey taken place during the present harvest month, the trifle I now send should have been better worth your perusal, for I would have investigated for *your* satisfaction a local custom, that *to me* was sufficiently delightful in a passing glance.

I am, Sir, &c.

I. J. T

HAWKESBURY HARVEST HOME.

September, 1824.—After dinner, at Wotton-under-edge, we toiled up the side and then struck off again towards the middle of the hills, leaving all beauty in the rear; and from thence, until our arrival at Bath the next day, nothing is worth recording, but one little pleasing incident, which was the celebration of a harvest-home, at the village of Hawkesbury, on the top of Cotswold.

As we approached the isolated hamlet, we were “aware” of a *Maypole*—that unsophisticated trophy of innocence, gaiety, and plenty; and as we drew near, saw that it was decorated with flowers and ribands fluttering in the evening breeze. Under it stood a waggon with its full complement of men, women, children, flowers, and corn; and a handsome team of horses tranquilly enjoying their share of the finery and revelry of the scene; for scarlet bows and sunflowers had been lavished on their winkers with no niggard hand. On the first horse sat a damsel, no doubt intending to represent Ceres; she had on, of course, a white dress and straw bonnet—for could Ceres or any other goddess appear in a rural English festival in any other costume? A broad yellow sash encompassed a waist that evinced a glorious and enormous contempt for classical proportion and modern folly in its elaborate dimensions.

During the rapid and cordial glance that I gave this questionable scion of so

graceful a stock, I ascertained two or three circumstances—that she was good-natured, that she enjoyed the scene as a downright English joke, and that she had the most beautiful set of teeth I ever beheld. What a stigma on all tooth-doctors, tooth-powders, and tooth-brushes. There was something very affecting in this simple festival, and I felt my heart heave, and that the fields looked indistinct for some minutes after we had lost sight of its primitive appearance; however it may now, I thought, be considered by the performers as a “good joke,” it had its origin, doubtless, in some of the very finest feelings that can adorn humanity—hospitality, sociality, happiness, contentment, piety, and gratitude.

Our fair correspondent adds:—

P. S.—Intelligence could surely be obtained from the spot, or the neighbourhood, of the manner of celebrating the festival; it is probably peculiar to the range of the Cotswold; and a more elaborate account of so interesting a custom would, doubtless, be valuable to yourself, sir, as well as to your numerous readers. I can only regret that my ability does not equal my will, on this or any other subject, that would forward your views in publishing your admirable *Every-Day Book*.

The editor inserts this hint to his readers in the neighbourhood of Cotswold, with a hope that it will induce them to oblige him with particulars of what is passing under their eyes at this season every day. He repeats that accounts of these, or any other customs in any part of the kingdom, will be especially acceptable.

Another correspondent has obligingly complied with an often expressed desire on this subject.

HARVESTING ON SUNDAY.

London, August 4, 1826.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—As you request, on the wrapper of your last part, communications, &c., respecting harvest, I send you the following case of a very singular nature, that came before the synod of Glasgow and Ayr.

In the harvest of 1807, there was a great deal of wet weather. At the end of one of the weeks it brightened up and a driving wind prepared

being housed. The rev. Mr. Wright, minister of Mayhole, at the conclusion of the forenoon service on the following sabbath-day, stated to his congregation, that he conceived the favourable change of the weather might be made use of to save the harvest on that day, without violating the sabbath. Several of his parishioners availed themselves of their pastor's advice. At the next meeting of presbytery, however, one of his reverend brethren thought proper to denounce him, as having violated the fourth commandment; and a solemn inquiry was accordingly voted by a majority of the presbytery. Against this resolution, a complaint and appeal were made to the synod at the last meeting. Very able pleadings were made on both sides, after which it was moved and seconded,—“That the synod should find that the presbytery of Ayr have acted in this manner, in a precipitate and informal manner, and that their sentence ought to be reversed.” It was also moved and seconded,—“That the synod find the presbytery of Ayr have acted properly, and that it should be remitted to them to take such further steps in this business as they may judge best.” After reasoning at considerable length, the synod, without a vote, agreed to set aside the whole proceedings of the presbytery in this business.*

This subject reminds me of the following verses to urge the use of “the time present.”

DELAYS.

By Robert Southwell, 1595.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks behind;
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and constant reader,
R. R.

We are informed on the authority of Macrobius, that among the heathens, the masters of families, when they had got in their harvest, were wont to feast with their servants, who had laboured for them in tilling the ground. In exact conformity to this, it is common among Christians, when the fruits of the earth are gathered in, and laid in their proper repositories, to provide a plentiful supper for the harvest men and the servants of the family. At this entertainment, all are in the modern revolutionary idea of the word, perfectly equal. Here is no distinction of persons, but master and servant sit at the same table, converse freely together, and spend the remainder of the night in dancing, singing, &c., in the most easy familiarity. Bourne thinks the origin of both these customs is Jewish, and cites Hospinian, who tells us that the heathens copied after this custom of the Jews, and at the end of their harvest, offered up their first-fruits to the gods, for the Jews rejoiced and feasted at the getting in of the harvest.

This festivity is undoubtedly of the most remote antiquity. That men in all nations, where agriculture flourished, should have expressed their joy on this occasion by some outward ceremonies, has its foundation in the nature of things. Sowing is hope; reaping, fruition of the expected good. To the husbandman, whom the fear of wet, blights, &c. had harrassed with great anxiety, the completion of his wishes could not fail of imparting an enviable feeling of delight. Festivity is but the reflex of inward joy, and it could hardly fail of being produced on this occasion, which is a temporary suspension of every care.*

Mr. Brand brings a number of passages to show the manner of celebrating this season.

One of the “Five hundred points of husbandry” relates to August.

Grant harvest-lord more, by a penny or two,

To call on his fellowes the better to doo:

Give gloves to thy reapers a *Larges* to crie,
And daily to loiterers have a good eie.

Tusser.

“Tusser Redivivus,” in 1744, says, “He that is the lord of harvest, is generally some stayed sober-working man, who understands all sorts of harvest-work.

* Literary Panorama, 1807.

* Brand's Popular Antiquities.

If he be of able body, he commonly leads the swarth in reaping and mowing. It is customary to give gloves to reapers, especially where the wheat is thistly. As to crying a *Largess*, they need not be reminded of it in these our days, whatever they were in our author's time."

Stevenson, in his "Twelve Moneths," 1661, mentions under August, that "the furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers; the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and the tabor are now busily set a-work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O! 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbours make good cheer; and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth."

THE HOCK CART, OR HARVEST HOME.

Come sons of summer, by whose toile
We are the Lords of wine and oile;
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands,
Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
Come forth, my Lord, and see the cart,
Drest up with all the country art.
See here a maukin, there a sheeth
As spotlesse pure as it is sweet:
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad, all, in linnen, white as lillies,
The harvest swaines and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart heare how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some blesse the cart; some kisse the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some crosse the fill-horse; some with great
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat:
While other rusticks, lesse attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on brave boyes, to your Lord's hearth
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
You shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your feast, fat beefe:
With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon, which makes full the neale;
With sev'rall dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumentie.
And for to make the merrie cheere
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout
beece

Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Than to the plough, the commonwealth;
Next to your flailles, your fanes, your fatts
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and the crookt sythe
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe,
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindfull that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient oxen unto the yoke,
And all goe back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
And, you must know, your Lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.
And that this pleasure is like raine,
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine.
But for to make it spring againe.

Herrick.

Hoacky is brought
Home with hallowin,
Boys with plumb-cake
The cart following.

Poor Robin, 1676.

Mr. Brand says, "the respect shown to servants at this season, seems to have sprung from a grateful sence of their good services. Every thing depends at this juncture on their labour and despatch. Vacina, (or Vacuna, so called as it is said *à vacando*, the tutelar deity, as it were, of rest and ease,) among the ancients, was the name of the goddess to whom rustics sacrificed at the conclusion of harvest. Moësin tells us, that popery, in imitation of this, brings home her chaplets of corn, which she suspends on poles, that offerings are made on the altars of her tutelar gods, while thanks are returned for the collected stores, and prayers are made for future ease and rest. Images too of straw or stubble, he adds, are wont to be carried about on this occasion; and that in England he himself saw the rustics bringing home in a cart, a figure made of corn, round which men and women were singing promiscuously, preceded by a drum or pipe."

The same collector acquaints us that Newton, in his "Tryall of a Man's owne Selfe," (12mo. London, 1602,) under breaches of the second commandment, censures "the adorning with garlands, or presenting unto any image of any saint whom thou hast made speciall choice of to be thy patron and advocate, the firstlings of thy increase, as corne and graine, and other oblations."

Ceres

As we were returning, says Hentzner, in 1598, to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest-home; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres. This they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn.

"I have seen," says Hutchinson in his "History of Northumberland," "in some places, an image apparelled in great finery, crowned with flowers, a sheaf of corn placed under her arm, and a scytle in her hand, carried out of the village in the morning of the conclusive reaping day, with music and much clamour of the reapers, into the field, where it stands fixed on a pole all day, and when the reaping is done, is brought home in like manner. This they call the harvest queen, and it represents the Roman Ceres."

Mr. Brand says, "an old woman, who in a case of this nature is respectable authority, at a village in Northumberland, informed me that not half a century ago, they used every where to dress up something similar to the figure above described, (by Hutchinson,) at the end of harvest, which was called a harvest doll, or *kern baby*. This northern word is plainly a corruption of corn baby, or image, as is the *kern* supper, of corn supper. In Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' p. 20. b. 'an ill kerned or saved harvest' occurs."

At Wellington in Devonshire, the clergyman of the parish informed Mr. Brand, that when a farmer finishes his reaping, a small quantity of the ears of the last corn are twisted or tied together into a curious kind of figure, which is brought home with great acclamations, hung up over the table, and kept till the next year. The owner would think it extremely unlucky to part with this, which is called "a knack." The reapers whoop and hollow "a knack! a knack! well cut! well bound! well shocked!" and, in some places, in a sort of mockery it is added, "well scattered on the ground." A countryman gave a somewhat different account, as follows: "When they have cut the corn, the reapers assemble together: 'a knack' is made, which one placed in the middle of the company holds

up, crying thrice 'a knack,' which all the rest repeat: the person in the middle then says—

'Well cut! well bound!

Well shocked! well saved from the ground.'

He afterwards cries 'whoop,' and his companions holloo as loud as they can."

"I have not," says Mr. Brand, "the most distant idea of the etymology of the 'knack,' used on this occasion. I applied for one of them. No farmer would part with that which hung over his table; but one was made on purpose for me. I should suppose that Moresin alludes to something like this when he says, 'Et spiceas papatus (habet) coronas, quas videre est in domibus,' &c."

It is noticed by Mr. Brand, that Purchas in his "Pilgrimage," speaking of the Peruvian superstitions, and quoting Acosta, tells us, "In the sixth moneth they offered a hundred sheep of all colours, and then made a feast, bringing the mayz from the fields into the house, which they yet use. This feast is made, coming from the farm to the house, saying certain songs, and praying that the mayz may long continue. They put a quantity of the mayz (the best that groweth in their farms) in a thing which they call *pirva*, with certain ceremonies, watching three nights. Then do they put it in the richest garment they have, and, being thus wrapped and dressed, they worship this *pirva*, holding it in great veneration, and saying, it is the mother of the mayz of their inheritance, and that by this means the mayz augments and is preserved. In this moneth they make a particular sacrifice, and the witches demand of this *pirva* if it hath strength enough to continue until the next year; and if it answers no, then they carry this *maiz* to the farm whence it was taken, to burn, and make another *pirva* as before: and this foolish vanity still continueth."

On this Peruvian "*pirva*," the rev. Mr. Walter, fellow of Christ's-college, Cambridge, observes to Mr. Brand, that it bears a strong resemblance to what is called in Kent, an *ivy girl*, which is a figure composed of some of the best corn the field produces, and made, as well as they can, into a human shape; this is afterwards curiously dressed by the women, and adorned with paper trimmings, cut to resemble a cap, ruffles, handker-

chief, &c. of the finest lace. It is brought home with the last load of corn from the field upon the waggon, and they suppose entitles them to a supper at the expense of their employers.

“Crying the Mare.”

This custom is mentioned by Mr. Brand as existing in Hertfordshire and Shropshire. The reapers tie together the tops of the last blades of corn, which they call “mare,” and standing at some distance, throw their sickles at it, and he who cuts the knot, has the prize, with acclamations and good cheer. Blount adds, respecting this custom, that “after the knot is cut, then they cry with a loud voice three times, ‘I have her.’ Others answer as many times, ‘what have you?’—‘A mare, a mare, a mare.’—‘Whose is she,’ thrice also.—‘J. B.’ (naming the owner three times.)—‘Whither will you send her?’—‘To J. a Nicks,’ (naming some neighbour who has not all his corn reaped;) then they all shout three times, and so the ceremony ends with good cheer. In Yorkshire, upon the like occasion, they have a harvest dame; in Bedfordshire, a Jack and a Gill.”

Having been preceded “into the bosom of the land” by a lady, and become acquainted with accounts from earlier chroniclers of harvest customs, we now pay our respects to the communications of other correspondents, who have been pleased to comply with our call for information.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND SUFFOLE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—With pleasure I have read your entertaining and instructing collection from its commencement, and I perceive you have touched upon a subject in one of your sheets, which in my youth used to animate my soul, and bring every energy of my mind and of my body into activity; I mean, harvest.

Yes, sir, in my younger days I was introduced into the society of innocence and industry; but, I know not how it was, Dame Fortune kicked me out, and I was obliged to dwell in smoke and dirt, in noise and bustle, in wickedness and strife compared with what I left;

but I forgive her, as you know she is blind. May I, Mr. Editor, converse with you in this way a little?

In Gloucestershire this interesting season is thus kept. Of course the good man of the house has informed the industrious and notable dame the day for harvest-home; and she, assisted by her daughters, makes every preparation to keep out famine and banish care—the neighbours and friends are invited, ho cakes of Betty’s own making, and such butter that Sukey herself had churned tea, ale, syllabub, gooseberry wine, &c. And what say you? Why, Mr. Editor, this is nothing, this is but the beginning—the grand scene is out of doors. Look yonder, and see the whole of the troop of men, women, and children congregated together. They are about to bring home the last load. You have seen election chairings, Mr. Editor; these are mere jokes to it. This load should come from the furthest field, and that it should be the smallest only just above the rails, a large bough is placed in the centre, the women and children are placed on the load, boys on the horses, they themselves trimmed with cowslips and boughs of leaves, and with shouts of “harvest-home,” the horse are urged forward, and the procession comes full gallop to the front of the farm house, where the before happy party are waiting to welcome home the last load. Now, he who has the loudest and the clearest voice, mounts upon a neighbouring shed, and with a voice which would do credit to your city crier, shout aloud—

We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, *Harvest home!*

and thus, sir, the whole assembly shout “huzza.” The strong ale is then put round, and the cake which Miss made with her own hands:—the load is then driven round to the stack-yard or barn, and the horses put into the stable. John puts on a clean white frock, and William a clean coloured handkerchief: the boys grease their shoes to look smart, and all meet in the house to partake of the harvest supper, when the evening is spent in cheerfulness. Here, Mr. Editor, is pomp without pride, liberality without ostentation, cheerfulness without vice, merriment without guilt, and happiness without alloy.

They say that old persons are old fools:

and although I am almost blind, yet I cannot resist telling you of what I have also seen in my boyish days in *Suffolk*. I do not mean to be long, sir, but merely to give you a few particulars of an ancient custom, which I must leave you to finish, so that while you take a hearty pinch of snuff (I know you don't like tobacco) I shall have completed.

At the commencement of harvest one is chosen to be "my lord." He goes first in reaping, and mowing, and leads in every occupation. Now, sir, if you were to pass within a field or two of this band of husbandmen, "my lord" would leave the company, and approaching you with respect, ask of you a *largess*. Supposing he succeeded, which I know he would, he would hail his companions, and they would thus acknowledge the gift: my lord would place his troop in a circle, suppose fifteen men, and that they were reaping, each one would have a hook in his hand, or, if hoeing of turnips, he would bring his hoe. My lord then goes to a distance, mounts the stump of a tree, or a gate post, and repeats a couplet (forgive the treachery of my memory, for I forget the words). The men still standing in the circle listen with attention to the words of my lord, and at the conclusion each with his reap-hook pointing with his right hand to the centre of the circle, and with intent as if watching and expecting, they utter altogether a groan as long as four of your breves (if you go by notes): then, as if impelled together, their eyes are lifted to the heavens above them, their hooks point in the same direction, and at the same time they change the doleful groan to a tremendous shout, which is repeated three distinct times.

The money thus got during harvest, is saved to make merry with at a neighbouring public-house, and the evening is spent in shouting of the *largess*, and joyful mirth.

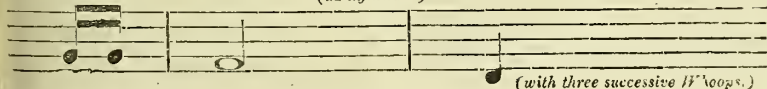
I am, Sir, &c.
S. M.

Another correspondent presents an interesting description of usages in another county.

Hallo!

Lar - - - - - gess.

(*ad infinitum.*)



NORFOLK.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

— Norfolk, August, 14, 1826.

Sir,—In this county it is a general practice on the first day of harvest, for the men to leave the field about four o'clock, and retire to the alehouse, and have what is here termed a "whet;" that is, a sort of drinking bout to cheer their hearts for labour. They previously solicit any who happen to come within their sight with, "I hope, sir, you will please to bestow a *largess* on us?" If the boon is conceded the giver is asked if he would like to have his *largess* hallooed; if this is assented to, the hallooing is at his service.

At the conclusion of wheat harvest, it is usual for the master to give his men each a pot or two of ale, or money, to enable them to get some at the alehouse, where a cheerful merry meeting is held amongst themselves.

The *last*, or "horkey load" (as it is here called) is decorated with flags and streamers, and sometimes a sort of *kern baby* is placed on the top at front of the load. This is commonly called a "ben;" why it is so called, I know not, nor have I the smallest idea of its etymon, unless a person of that name was dressed up and placed in that situation, and that, ever after, the figure had this name given to it. This load is attended by all the party, who had been in the field, with hallooing and shouting, and on their arrival in the farmyard they are joined by the others. The mistress with her maids are out to gladden their eyes with this welcome scene, and bestir themselves to prepare the substantial, plain, and homely feast, of roast beef and plumb pudding.

On this night it is still usual with some of the farmers to invite their neighbours, friends, and relations, to the "*horkey supper*." Smiling faces grace the festive board; and many an ogling glance is thrown by the rural lover upon the nut-brown maid, and returned with a blushing simplicity, worth all the blushes ever made at court. Supper ended, they leave the room, (the cloth, &c. are removed,) and out of doors they go, and a hallooing "*largess*" commences—thus

The men and boys form a circle by taking hold of hands, and one of the party standing in the centre, having a *gotch** of horkey ale placed near him on the ground, with a horn or tin sort of trumpet in his hand, makes a signal, and "halloo! lar-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ge-ess" is given as loud and as long as their lungs will allow, at the same time elevating their hands as high as they can, and still keeping hold. The person in the centre blows the horn one continued blast, as long as the "halloo-largess." This is done three times, and immediately followed by three successive whoops; and then the *gluss*, commonly a *horn* one, of spirit-stirring ale, freely circles. At this time the hallooing-largess is generally performed with three times three.

This done, they return to the table, where foaming nappy ale is accompanied by the lily taper tube, and weed of India growth; and now mirth and jollity abound, the horn of sparkling beverage is put merrily about, the song goes round, and the joke is cracked. The females are cheerful and joyous partakers of this "flow of soul."

When the "juice of the barrel" has exhilarated the spirits, with eyes beaming cheerfulness, and in true good rustic humour, the lord of the harvest accompanied by his lady, (the person is so called who goes second in the reap, each sometimes wearing a sort of disguise,) with two plates in his hand, enters the parlour where the guests are seated, and solicits a largess from each of them. The collection made, they join their party again at the table, and the lord recounting to his company the success he has met with, a fresh zest is given to hilarity, a dance is struck up, in which, though it can hardly be said to be upon the "light fantastic toe," the stiffness of age and rheumatic pangs are forgotten, and those who have passed the grand climactic, feel in the midst of their teens.

Another show of *disguising* is commonly exhibited on these occasions, which creates a hearty rustic laugh, both loud and strong. One of the party habited as a female, is taken with a violent pang of the toota ache, and the doctor is sent for. He soon makes his appearance, mounted on the back of one of the other men as a horse, having in his hands a common milking stool, which he bears upon, so as

to enable him to keep his back in nearly a horizontal position. The doctor brings with him the tongs, which he uses for the purpose of extracting the tooth: this is a piece of tobacco pipe adapted to the occasion, and placed in the mouth; a fainting takes place from the violence of the operation, and the bellows are used as a means of causing a reviving hope.

When the ale has so far operated that some of the party are scarcely capable of keeping upon their seat, the ceremony of drinking healths takes place in a sort of glee or catch; one or two of which you have below. This health-drinking generally finishes the horkey. On the following day the party go round among the neighbouring farmers (having various coloured ribands on their hats, and steeple or sugar-loaf formed caps, decked with various coloured paper, &c.,) to taste *their horkey beer*, and solicit largess of any one with whom they think success is likely. The money so collected is usually spent at the alehouse at night. To this "largess money spending," the wives and sweethearts, with the female servants of their late masters, are invited; and a tea table is set out for the women, the men finding more virtue in the decoction of Sir John Barleycorn, and a pipe of the best Virginia.

I have put together what now occurs to me respecting harvest-home, and beg to refer you to Bloomfield's "Wild Flowers," in a piece there called the "Horkey;" it is most delightfully described.

The glee or catch at the health-drinking is as follows:—

Here's a health unto our master,
He is the finder of the feast:
God bless his endeavours,
And send him increase,
And send him increase, boys,
All in another year.

Here's your master's good health
So drink off your beer;
I wish all things may prosper,
Whate'er he takes in hand;
We are all his servants,
And are all at his command.

So drink, boys, drink,
And see you do not spill;
For if you do,
You shall drink two,
For 'tis your master's will.

Another Health Drinking.

Behold, and see, his glass is full,
At which he'll take a hearty pull.

He takes it out with such long wind,
That he'll not leave one drop behind.

Behold and see what he can do,
He has not put it in his shoe ;
He has not drank one drop in vain,
He'll slake his thirst, then drink again.

Here's a health unto my brother John,
It's more than time that we were gone ;
But drink your fill, and stand your ground,
This health is called the plough-boys round.

To this may be added the following.

A Health Drinking.

There was a man from London came,
With a rum-bum-bum-bare-larum ;
Drink up your glass for that's the game,
And say ne'er a word, except—Mum.

The great object is to start something
which will catch some unguarded reply
in lieu of saying "Mum," when the party
so unguardedly replying, is fined to drink
two glasses.

For the beginning of Harvest there is
this

Harvest Song.

Now Lammas comes in,
Our harvest begin,
We have done our endeavours to get the
corn in ;
We reap and we mow
And we stoutly blow
And cut down the corn
That did sweetly grow.

The poor old man
That can hardly stand,
Gets up in the morning, and do all he can,
Gets up, &c.
I hope God will reward
Such old harvest man.

But the man who is lazy
And will not come on,
He slights his good master
And likewise his men ;
We'll pay him his wages
And send him gone,
For why should we keep
Such a lazy drone.

Now harvest is over
We'll make a great noise,
Our master, he says,
You are welcome, brave boys ;
We'll broach the old beer,
And we'll knock along,
And now we will sing an old harvest song.

I shall be happy if this will afford the
readers of the *Every-Day Book* any in-
formation concerning the harvest customs
of this county. I am, Sir, &c.

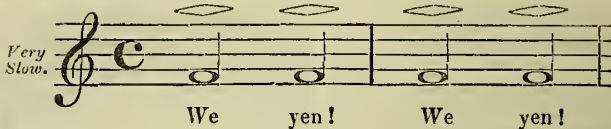
G. H. E.

A valuable correspondent transmits a
particular account of his country custom,
which will be read with pleasure.

DEVON.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—As the harvest has now become
very general, I am reminded of a circum-
stance, which I think worthy of communi-
cating to you. After the wheat is all cut,
on most farms in the north of Devon, the
harvest people have a custom of "crying
the neck." I believe that this practice is
seldom omitted on any large farm in that
part of the country. It is done in this
way. An old man, or some one else well
acquainted with the ceremonies used on
the occasion, (when the labourers are
reaping the last field of wheat,) goes round
to the shocks and sheaves, and picks out
a little bundle of all the best ears he can
find ; this bundle he ties up very neat
and trim, and plats and arranges the
straws very tastefully. This is called "the
neck" of wheat, or wheaten-ears. After
the field is cut out, and the pitcher once
more circulated, the reapers, binders, and
the women, stand round in a circle. The
person with "the neck" stands in the cen-
tre, grasping it with both his hands. He
first stoops and holds it near the ground,
and all the men forming the ring, take off
their hats, stooping and holding them
with both hands towards the ground.
They then all begin at once in a very pro-
longed and harmonious tone to cry "the
neck !" at the same time slowly raising
themselves upright, and elevating their
arms and hats above their heads ; the
person with "the neck" also raising it on
high. This is done three times. They
then change their cry to "wee yen !" —
"way yen !" — which they sound in the
same prolonged and slow manner as be-
fore, with singular harmony and effect,
three times. This last cry is accompanied
by the same movements of the body and
arms as in crying "the neck." I know
nothing of vocal music, but I think I may
convey some idea of the sound, by giving
you the following notes in gamut.



Let these notes be played on a flute with perfect *crescendos* and *diminuendoes*, and perhaps some notion of this wild sounding cry may be formed. Well, after having thus repeated "the neck" three times, and "wee yen" or "way yen" as often, they all burst out into a kind of loud and joyous laugh, flinging up their hats and caps into the air, capering about and perhaps kissing the girls. One of them then gets "the neck," and runs as hard as he can down to the farmhouse, where the dairy-maid, or one of the young female domestics, stands at the door prepared with a pail of water. If he who holds "the neck" can manage to get into the house, in any way unseen, or openly, by any other way than the door at which the girl stands with the pail of water, then he may lawfully kiss her; but, if otherwise, he is regularly soured with the contents of the bucket. On a fine still autumn evening, the "crying of the neck" has a wonderful effect at a distance, far finer than that of the Turkish muezzin, which lord Byron eulogizes so much, and which he says is preferable to all the bells in Christendom. I have once or twice heard upwards of twenty men cry it, and sometimes joined by an equal number of female voices. About three years back, on some high grounds, where our people were harvesting, I heard six or seven "necks" cried in one night, although I know that some of them were four miles off. They are heard through the quiet evening air, at a considerable distance sometimes. But I think that the practice is beginning to decline of late, and many farmers and their men do not care about keeping up this old custom. I shall always patronise it myself, because I take it in the light of a thanksgiving. By the by, I was about to conclude, without endeavouring to explain the meaning of the words, "we yen!" I had long taken them for Saxon, as the people of Devon are the true Saxon breed. But I think that I am wrong. I asked an old fellow about it the other day, and he is the only man who ever gave me a satisfactory explanation. He says, that the object of crying "the neck" is to give the surrounding country notice of the end of harvest, and

that they mean by "we yen!" *we have ended*. It may more probably mean "we end," which the uncouth and provincial pronunciation has corrupted into "we yen!"

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R. A. R.

July, 1826.

P. S. In the above hastily written account, I should have mentioned that "the neck" is generally hung up in the farmhouse, where it remains sometimes three or four years. I have written "we yen," because I have always heard it so pronounced; they may articulate it differently in other parts of the country.

ESSEX.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—As harvest has begun in various counties, I beg leave to give you a description of what is called the "harvest supper," in Essex, at the conclusion of the harvest.

After the conclusion of the harvest, a supper is provided, consisting of roast beef and plum pudding, with plenty of strong ale, with which all the men who have been employed in getting in the corn regale themselves. At the beginning of the supper, the following is sung by the whole of them at the supper.

Here's a health to our master,
The lord of the feast,
God bless his endeavours,
And send him increase;
May prosper his crops, boys,
That we may reap another year,
Here's your master's good health, boys,
Come, drink off your beer.

After supper the following:—

Now harvest is ended and supper is past,
Here's our mistress's good health, boys,
Come, drink a full glass;
For she is a good woman, she provides us
good cheer,
Here's your mistress's good health, boys,
Come, drink off your beer.

The night is generally spent with great mirth, and the merry-makers seldom disperse till "Bright Phœbus has mounted his chariot of day."

I am, &c.

AN ESSEX MAN AND SUBSCRIBER

It is the advice of the most popular
of our old writers on husbandry, that—

In harvest time, harvest folke,
servants and all,
Should make, altogether,
good cheere in the hall :
And fill out the black bole,
of bleith to their song,
And let them be merry
all harvest time long.
Once ended thy harvest,
let none be beguilde,
Please such as did please thee,
man, woman, and child.
Thus doing, with alway
such help as they can,
Thou winnest the praise
of the labouring man.

Tusser.

"Tusser Redivivus" says, "This, the poor labourer thinks, crowns all ; a good supper must be provided, and every one that did any thing towards the Inning must now have some reward, as ribbons, laces, rows of pins to boys and girls, if never so small, for their encouragement, and, to be sure, plumb-pudding. The men must now have some better than best drink, which, with a little tobacco and their screaming for their *largesses*, their business will soon be done."

Harvest Goose.

For all this good feasting,
yet art thou not loose,

Til Ploughman thou givest
his *harvest home goose* ;
Though goose goe in stubble,
I passe not for that,
Let goose have a goose,
be she lean, be she fat.

Tusser.

Whereon "Tusser Redivivus" notes, that "the goose is forfeited, if they overthrow during harvest." A MS. note on a copy of Brand's "Antiquities," lent to the editor, cites from Boys's "Sandwich," an item "35 Hen. VIII. Spent when we ete our harvyst goose iij^s. vid. and the goose x^d."

In France under Henry IV. it is cited by Mr. Brand from Seward, that "after the harvest, the peasants fixed upon some holiday to meet together and have a little regale, (by them called the *harvest gosling*;) to which they invited not only each other, but even their masters, who pleased them very much when they condescended to partake of it."

According to information derived by Mr. Brand, it was formerly the custom at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, for each farmer to drive furiously home with the last load of his corn, while the people ran after him with bowls full of water in order to throw on it ; and this usage was accompanied with great shouting.

HARVEST-HOME.

Who has not seen the cheerful harvest-home,
Enliv'ning the scorch'd field, and greeting gay
The slow decline of Autumn. All around
The yellow sheaves, catching the burning beam,
Glow, golden lustre ; and the trembling stem
Of the slim oat, or azure corn-flow'r,
Waves on hedge-rows shady. From the hill
The day-breeze softly steals with downward wing,
And lightly passes, whisp'ring the soft sounds
Which moan the death of Summer. Glowing scene !
Nature's long holiday ! Luxuriant, rich,
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks
Their graces, now mature, and wonder-fraught !
Hail ! season exquisite !—and hail, ye sons
Of rural toil !—ye blooming daughters !—ye
Who, in the lap of hardy labour rear'd,
Enjoy the mind unspotted ! Up the plain,
Or on the side-long hill, or in the glen,
Where the rich farm, or scatter'd hamlet, shows
The neighbourhood of peace ye still are found,
A merry and an artless throng, whose souls
Beam thro' untutor'd glances. When the dawn

Unfolds its sunny lustre, and the dew
 Silvers the out-stretch'd landscape, labour's sons
 Rise, ever healthful,—ever cheerily,
 From sweet and soothing rest; for fev'rish dreams
 Visit not lowly pallets! All the day
 They toil in the fierce beams of fervid noon—
 But toil without repining! The blithe song
 Joining the woodland melodies afar,
 Flings its rude cadence in fantastic sport
 On Echo's airy wing! the pond'rous load
 Follows the weary team: the narrow lane
 Bears on its thick-wove hedge the scatter'd corn,
 Hanging in scanty fragments, which the thorn
 Purloin'd from the broad waggon.

To the brook
 That ripples, shallow, down the valley's slope,
 The herds slow measure their unvaried way;—
 The flocks along the heath are dimly seen
 By the faint torch of ev'ning, whose red eye
 Closes in tearful silence. Now the air
 Is rich in fragrance! fragrance exquisite!
 Of new-mown hay, of wild thyme dewy wash'd,
 And gales ambrosial, which, with cooling breath,
 Ruffle the lake's grey surface. All around
 The thin mist rises, and the busy tones
 Of airy people, borne on viewless wings,
 Break the short pause of nature. From the plain
 The rustic throngs come cheerily, their loud din
 Augments to mingling clamour. Sportive hinds,
 Happy! more happy than the lords ye serve!—
 How lustily your sons endure the hour
 Of wintry desolation; and how fair
 Your blooming daughters greet the op'ning dawn
 Of love-inspiring spring!

Hail! harvest-home!
 To thee, the muse of nature pours the song,
 By instinct taught to warble! Instinct pure,
 Sacred, and grateful, to that pow'r ador'd,
 Which warms the sensate being, and reveals
 The soul, self-evident, beyond the dreams
 Of visionary sceptics! Scene sublime!
 Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures;
 Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart
 Delights unspeakable! Where seas and skies,
 And hills and vallies, colours, odours, dews,
 Diversify the work of nature's God!

Mrs. Robinson.

It was formerly the custom in the parish of Longforgan, in the county of Perth North Britain, to give what was called a *maiden feast*. "Upon the finishing of the harvest the last handful of corn reaped in the field was called *the maiden*. This was generally contrived to fall into the hands of one of the finest girls in the field, and was dressed up with ribands, and brought home in triumph with the music of fiddles or bagpipes. A good dinner was given to the

whole band, and the evening spent in joviality and dancing, while the fortunate lass who took the *maiden* was the queen of the feast; after which this handful of corn was dressed out generally in the form of a cross, and hung up with the date of the year, in some conspicuous part of the house. This custom is now entirely done away, and in its room each shearer is given sixpence and a loaf of bread. However, some farmers, when all their corns are brought in, give their servants a dinner

and a jovial evening, by way of harvest-home."^{*}

The festival of the in-gathering in Scotland, is poetically described by the elegant author of the "British Georgics."

* Statistical Account of Scotland.

THE KIRN.

Harvest Home.

The fields are swept, a tranquil silence reigns,
And pause of rural labour, far and near.
Deep is the mooring's hush ; from grange to grange
Responsive cock-crows, in the distance heard,
Distinct as if at hand, soothe the pleased ear ;
And oft, at intervals, the flail, remote,
Sends faintly through the air its deafened sound.

Bright now the shortening day, and blythe its close,
When to the *Kirn* the neighbours, old and young,
Come dropping in to share the well-earned feast.
The smith aside his ponderous sledge has thrown,
Raked up his fire, and cooled the hissing brand
His sluice the miller shuts ; and from the barn
The threshers hie, to don their Sunday coats.
Simply adorned, with ribands, blue and pink,
Bound round their braided hair, the lasses trip
To grace the feast, which now is smoking ranged
On tables of all shape, and size, and height,
Joined awkwardly, yet to the crowded guests
A seemly joyous show, all loaded well :
But chief, at the board-head, the haggis round
Attracts all eyes, and even the goodman's grace
Prunes of its wonted length. With eager knife,
The quivering globe he then prepares to broach ;
While for her gown some ancient matron quakes,
Her gown of silken woof, all figured thick
With roses white, far larger than the life,
On azure ground,—her grannam's wedding garb,
Old as that year when Sheriffmuir was fought.
Old tales are told, and well-known jests abound,
Which laughter meets half way as ancient friends,
Nor, like the worldling, spurns because thread bare

When ended the repast, and board and bench
Vanish like thought, by many hands removed,
Up strikes the fiddle ; quick upon the floor
The youths lead out the half-reluctant maids,
Bashful at first, and darning through the reels

With timid steps, till, by the music cheered,
 With free and airy step, they bound along,
 Then deftly wheel, and to their partner's face,
 Turning this side, now that, with varying step.
 Sometimes two ancient couples o'er the floor,
 Skim through a reel, and think of youthful years.

Meanwhile the frothing bickers,* soon as filled,
 Are drained, and to the gauntress† oft return,
 Where gossips sit, unmindful of the dance.
 Salubrious beverage! Were thy sterling worth
 But duly prized, no more the alembic vast
 Would, like some dire volcano, vomit forth
 Its floods of liquid fire, and far and wide
 Lay waste the land; no more the fruitful boon
 Of twice ten shrievedoms, into poison turned,
 Would taint the very life blood of the poor,
 Shrivelling their heart-strings like a burning scroll.

Grahame.

In the island of Minorca, "Their harvests are generally gathered by the middle of June; and, as the corn ripens, a number of boys and girls station themselves at the edges of the fields, and on the tops of the fence-walls, to fright away the small birds with their shouts and cries. This puts one in mind of Virgil's precept in the first book of his 'Georgics,'

'Et sonitu terrebis aves,'—

and was a custom, I doubt not, among the Roman farmers, from whom the ancient Minorquins learned it. They also use for the same purpose, a split reed, which makes a horrid rattling, as they shake it with their hands."

In Northamptonshire, "within the liberty of Warkworth is Ashe Meadow, divided amongst the neighbouring parishes, and famed for the following customs observed in the mowing of it. The meadow is divided into fifteen portions, answering to fifteen lots, which are pieces of wood cut off from an arrow, and marked according to the landmarks in the field. To each lot are allowed eight mowers, amounting to one hundred and twenty in the whole. On the Saturday sevensnight after midsummer-day, these portions are laid out by six persons, of whom two are chosen from Warkworth, two from Over-

thorpe, one from Grimsbury, and one from Nethercote. These are called field-men and have an entertainment provided for them upon the day of laying out the meadow, at the appointment of the lord of the manor. As soon as the meadow is measured, the man who provides the feast attended by the hay-ward of Warkworth brings into the field three gallons of ale. After this the meadow is run, as the term it, or trod, to distinguish the lots and, when this is over, the hay-ward brings into the field a rump of beef, six penny loaves, and three gallons of ale, and is allowed a certain portion of hay in return though not of equal value with his provision. This hay-ward and the master of the feast have the name of crocus-men. In running the field each man hath a be allowed to assist him. On Monday morning lots are drawn, consisting some of eight swaths and others of four. Of the first and last carry the garlands. The two first lots are of four swaths, and while these are mowing, the mowers go double and, as soon as these are finished, the following orders are read aloud:—'Oyez, Oyez, I charge you, under God, and in his majesty's name, that you keep the king's peace in the lord of the manor's behalf, according to the orders and customs of this meadow. No man or woman shall go before the two garlands; if y

* Beakers.

† Wooden frames on which beer casks are set.—*Johnson.*

no, you shall pay your penny, or deliver your scythe at the first demand, and this so often as you shall transgress. No man, or men, shall mow above eight swaths over their lots, before they lay down their scythes and go to breakfast. No man, or men, shall mow any farther than Monks-holm-brook, but leave their scythes there, and go to dinner; according to the custom and manner of this manor. God save the king! The dinner, provided by the lord of the manor's tenant, consists of three cheesecakes; three cakes, and a new-milk cheese. The cakes and cheesecakes are of the size of a winnowing-sieve; and the person who brings them is to have three gallons of ale. The master of the feast is paid in hay, and is farther allowed to turn all his cows into the meadow on Saturday morning till eleven o'clock; that by this means giving the more milk the cakes may be made the bigger. Other like customs are observed in the mowing other meadows in this parish.*

Harvest time is as delightful to look on to us, who are mere spectators of it, as it was in the golden age, when the gatherers and the rejoicers were one. Now, therefore, as then, the fields are all alive with figures and groups, that seem, in the eye of the artist, to be made for pictures—pictures that he can see but one fault in; (which fault, by the by, constitutes their only beauty in the eye of the farmer;) namely, that they will not

stand still a moment, for him to paint them. He must therefore be content, as we are, to keep them as studies in the storehouse of his memory.

Here are a few of those studies, which he may practise upon till doomsday, and will not then be able to produce half the effect from them that will arise spontaneously on the imagination, at the mere mention of the simplest words which can describe them:—The sunburnt reapers, entering the field leisurely at early morning, with their reaphooks resting on their right shoulders, and their beer-kegs swinging to their left hands, while they pause for a while to look about them before they begin their work.—The same, when they are scattered over the field: some stooping to the ground over the prostrate corn, others lifting up the heavy sheaves and supporting them against one another while the rest are plying their busy sickles, before which the brave crop seems to retreat reluctantly, like a half-defeated army.—Again, the same collected together into one group, and resting to refresh themselves, while the lightening keg passes from one to another silently, and the rude clasp-knife lifts the coarse meal to the ruddy lips.—Lastly, the piled-up wain, moving along heavily among the lessening sheaves, and swaying from side to side as it moves; while a few, whose share of the work is already done, lie about here and there in the shade, and watch the near completion of it.*

* Bridges' Northamptonshire.

* Mirror of the Months.

KENTISH HOP PICKING.

Who first may fill

The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops.
 Nor ought retards, unless invited out
 By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
 Leander leads Latitia to the scene
 Of shade and fragrance—Then th' exulting band
 Of pickers, male and female, seize the fair
 Reluctant, and with boisterous force and brute,
 By cries unmov'd, they bury her in the bin.
 Nor does the youth escape—him too they seize,
 And in such posture place as best may serve
 To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts
 They rend the echoing air, and from them both
 (So custom has ordain'd) a largess claim.

Smart.



SEPTEMBER.

The harvest-men ring Summer out
With thankful song, and joyous shout ;
And, when September comes, they hail
The Autumn with the flapping flail.

This besides being named "gerst-monat" by the Anglo-Saxons,* they also called *haligemonath*, or the "holy-month," from an ancient festival held at

this season of the year. A Saxon menology, or register of the months, (in Warton's addition to Hickes,) mentions it under that denomination, and gives its derivation in words which are thus literally translated "*haligemonath*—for that ou

* See vol. . p. 1147.

forefathers, the while they heathens were, on this month celebrated their *devil-gild*." To inquire concerning an exposition which appears so much at variance with this old name, is less requisite than to take a calm survey of the month itself.

I at my window sit, and see
Autumn his russet fingers lay
On every leaf of every tree ;
I call, but summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting goddess flies,
And, pointing where espaliers shoot,
Deserve my parting gift, she cries,
I take the leaves, but not the fruit.

Still, at this season—

The rainbow comes and goes,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;—
But yet we know, where'er we go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

"I am sorry to mention it," says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, "but the truth must be told even in a matter of age. The year then is on the wane. It is 'declining into the vale' of months. It has reached 'a certain age.'—It has reached the summit of the hill, and is not only looking, but descending, into the valley below. But, unlike that into which the life of man declines, *this* is not a vale of tears; still less does it, like that, lead to that inevitable bourne, the kingdom of the grave. For though it may be called (I hope without the semblance of profanation) 'the valley of the shadow of death,' yet of death itself it knows nothing. No—the year steps onward towards its temporary decay, if not so rejoicingly, even more majestically and gracefully, than it does towards its revivification. And if September is not so bright with promise, and so buoyant with hope, as May, it is even more imbued with that spirit of serene repose, in which the only true, because the only continuous enjoyment consists. Spring 'never *is*, but always *to be* blest;' but September is the month of consummations—the fulfiller of all promises—the fruition of all hopes—the era of all completeness.

"The sunsets of September in this country are perhaps unrivalled, for their infinite variety, and their indescribable

beauty. Those of more southern countries may, perhaps, match or even surpass them, for a certain glowing and unbroken intensity. But for gorgeous variety of form and colour, exquisite delicacy of tint and pencilling, and a certain placid sweetness and tenderness of general effect, which frequently arises out of a union of the two latter, there is nothing to be seen like what we can show in England at this season of the year. If a painter, who was capable of doing it to the utmost perfection, were to dare depict on canvas one out of twenty of the sunsets that we frequently have during this month, he would be laughed at for his pains. And the reason is, that people judge of pictures by pictures. They compare Hobbima with Ruysdael, and Ruysdael with Wynants, and Wynants with Wouvermans, and Wouvermans with Potter, and Potter with Cuyp; and then they think the affair can proceed no farther. And the chances are, that if you were to show one of the sunsets in question to a thorough-paced connoisseur in this department of fine art, he would reply, that it was very beautiful, to be sure, but that he must beg to doubt whether it was *natural*, for he had never seen one like it in any of the old masters!"

In the "Poetical Calendar" there is the following address "to Mr. Hayman," probably Francis Hayman, the painter of Vauxhall-gardens, who is known to us all, through early editions of several of our good authors, "with copper-plates, designed by Mr. Hayman."

AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

Yet once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay
To gild the fading scene!
Thy rays invigorate the spring,
Bright summer to perfection bring,
The cold inclemency of winter cheer,
And make th' autumnal months the mildest
of the year.

'Ere yet the russet foliage fall
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below:
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold!
How mix'd the many chequer'd shades be-
tween
The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay vivid
green!

How splendid all the sky! how still!
 How mild the dying gale!
 How soft the whispers of the rill,
 That winds along the vale!
 So tranquil nature's works appear,
 It seems the sabbath of the year:
 As if, the summer's labour past, she chose
 This season's sober calm for blandishing re-
 pose.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
 When busy days are past;
 Man, verging gradual from his prime,
 Meets sacred peace at last:
 His flowery spring of pleasures o'er,
 And summer's full-bloom pride no more,
 He gains pacific autumn, mild and bland,
 And dauntless braves the stroke of winter's
 palsied hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
 Involv'd in wintry gloom,
 And lo! another spring shall smile,
 A spring eternal bloom:
 Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
 In the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where due rewards on virtue are bestow'd,
 And reap'd the golden fruits of what his au-
 tumn sow'd.

It is remarked by the gentleman-usher of the year, that "the fruit garden is one scene of tempting profusion.

"Against the wall, the grapes have put on that transparent look which indicates their complete ripeness, and have dressed their cheeks in that delicate bloom which enables them to bear away the bell of beauty from all their rivals. The peaches and nectarines have become fragrant, and the whole wall where they hang is 'musical with bees.' Along the espaliers, the rosy-cheeked apples look out from among their leaves, like laughing children peeping at each other through screens of foliage; and the young standards bend their straggling boughs to the earth with the weight of their produce.

"Let us not forget to add, that there is *one* part of London which is never out of season, and is never more *in* season than now. Covent-garden market is still the garden of gardens; and as there is not a month in all the year in which it does not contrive to belie something or other that has been said in the foregoing pages, as to the particular season of certain flowers, fruits, &c., so now it offers the flowers and the fruits of every season united. How it becomes possessed of all these, I shall not pretend to say: but thus much I am bound to add by way of

information,—that those ladies and gentlemen who have country-houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham-common, Camberwell-grove, may now have the pleasure of eating the best fruit out of their own gardens—provided they choose to pay the price of it in Covent-garden market."*

The observer of nature, where nature can alone be fully enjoyed, will perceive that, in this month, "among the birds we have something like a renewal of the spring melodies. In particular, the thrush and blackbird, who have been silent for several weeks, recommence their songs, bidding good bye to the summer, in the same subdued tone in which they hail her approach—wood-owls hoot louder than ever; and the lambs bleat shriller from the hill-side to their neglectful dam and the thresher's flail is heard from the unseen barn; and the plough-boy's whistle comes through the silent air from the distant upland; and snakes leave the last year's skins in the brakes—literally creeping out at their own mouths; and acorns drop in showers from the oaks, every wind that blows; and hazel-nuts ask to be plucked, so invitingly do they look forth from their green dwelling and, lastly, the evenings close in thick quickly upon the walks to which the serene beauty invites us, and the morning get chilly, misty, and damp."

Finally, "another singular sight belonging to this period, is the occasional showers of gossamer that fall from the upper regions of the air, and cover everything like a veil of woven silver. You may see them descending through the sunshine, and glittering and flickering in it, like rays of another kind of light. If you are in time to observe them before the sun has dried the dew from off the earth in the early morning, they look like robes of fairy tissue-work, gemmed with innumerable jewels."†

SEPTEMBER.

An Ode.

Farewell the pomp of Flora! vivid scene!

Welcome sage Autumn, to invert the year
 Farewell to summer's eye-delighted green!

Her verdure fades—autumnal blasts are near
 The silky wardrobe now is laid aside,
 With all the rich regalia of her pride.

And must we bid sweet Philomel adieu ?
 She that was wont to charm us in the grove ?
 Must Nature's livery wear a sadder hue,
 And a dark canopy be stretch'd above ?
 Yes—for September mounts his ebon throne,
 And the smooth foliage of the plain is gone.

Libra, to weigh the harvest's pearly store,
 The golden balance poizes now on high,
 The calm serenity of Zephyr o'er,
 Sol's glittering legions to th' equator fly,
 At the same hour he shows his orient head,
 And, warn'd by Thetis, sinks in Ocean's bed.

Adieu ! ye damask roses, which remind
 The maiden fair-one, how her charms decay ;
 Ye rising blasts, oh ! leave some mark behind,
 Some small memorial of the sweets of May ;
 Ah ! no—the ruthless season will not hear,
 Nor spare one glory of the ruddy year.

No more the waste of music sung so late
 From every bush, green orchestre of love,
 For now their winds the birds of passage wait,
 And bid a last farewell to every grove ;
 While those, whom shepherd-swains the sleep-
 ers call,
 Choose their recess in some sequester'd wall.

Yet still shall sage September boast his pride,
 Some birds shall chant, some gayer flowers
 shall blow,
 Nor is the season wholly unallied
 To purple bloom ; the haler fruits shall grow,
 The stronger plants, such as enjoy the cold,
 And wear a livelier grace by being old.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 63 · 69.

September 1.

GILES.

This popular patron of the London district, which furnishes the "Mornings at Bow-street" with a large portion of amusement, is spoken of in vol. i. col. 1149.

Until this day partridges are protected by act of parliament from those who are "privileged to kill."

Application for a License.

In the shooting season of 1821, a fashionably dressed young man applied to sir Robert Baker for a license to kill—not *game*, but *thieves*. This curious application was made in the most serious and business-like manner imaginable.

"Can I be permitted to speak a few words to you, sir?" said the applicant. "Certainly, sir," replied sir Robert. "Then I wish to ask you, sir, whether, if I am attacked by thieves in the streets or roads, I should be justified in using fire-arms against them, and putting them to death?" Sir Robert Baker replied, that every man had a right to defend himself from robbers in the best manner he could ; but at the same time he would not be justified in using fire-arms, except in cases of the utmost extremity. "Oh ! I am very much obliged to you, sir ; and I can be furnished at this office with a license to carry arms for that purpose?" The answer, of course, was given in the negative, though not without a good deal of surprise at such a question, and the inquirer bowed and withdrew.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's
 joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the *rural game* ;
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Out-stretched, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the
 gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's
 eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,
 Immediate brings them from the towering
 wing,
 Dead to the ground : or drives them wide-
 dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the
 wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the
 waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

So sings the muse of "The Seasons" on
the one side; on the other, we have "the
ay of the last minstrel" in praise of
"Fowling," the "rev. John Vincent, B. A.
curate of Constantine, Cornwall," whose
"passion for rural sports, and the beau-
ties of nature," gave birth to "a poem
where nature and sport were to be the
only features of the picture," and wherein
he thus describes.

Full of th' expected sport my heart beats
high,
And with impatient step I haste to reach
The stubbles, where the scatter'd ears afford
A sweet repast to the yet heedless game.
How my brave dogs o'er the broad furrows
bound,
Quart'ring their ground exactly. Ah! that
point

Answers my eager hopes, and fills my breast
With joy unspeakable. How close they lie!
Whilst to the spot with steady pace I tend.
Now from the ground with noisy wing they
burst,

And dart away. My victim singled out,
In his aerial course falls short, nor skims
Th' adjoining hedge o'er which the rest unhurt
Have pass'd. Now let us from that lofty hedge
Survey with heedful eye the country round;
That we may bend our course once more to
meet

The scatter'd covey: for no marker waits
Upon my steps, though hill and valley here,
With shrubby copse, and far extended brake
Of high-grown furze, alternate rise around.

Inviting is the view,—far to the right
In rows of dusky green, potatoes stretch,
With turnips mingled of a livelier hue.
Towards the vale, fenced by the prickly furze
That down the hill irregularly slopes,
Upwards they seem'd to fly; nor is their flight
Long at this early season. Let us beat,
With diligence and speed restrain'd, the
ground,
Making each circuit good.

Near yonder hedge-row where high grass
and ferns
The secret hollow shade, my pointers stand.
How beautiful they look! with outstretch'd
tails,

With heads immovable and eyes fast fix'd,
One fore-leg rais'd and bent, the other firm,
Advancing forward, presses on the ground!
Convolt'd and flutt'ring on the blood stain'd
earth,

The partridge lies:—thus one by one they fall,
Save what with happier fate escape untouch'd,

And o'er the open fields with rapid speed
To the close shelt'ring covert wing their way.

When to the hedge-rows thus the birds
repair,

Most certain is our sport; but oft in brakes
So deep they lie, that far above our head
The waving branches close, and vex'd we hear
The startled covey one by one make off.
Now may we visit some remoter ground;
My eager wishes are insatiate yet,
And end but with the sun.

Yet happy he,
Who ere the noon tide beams inflame the skies
Has bagg'd the spoil; with lighter step he
treads,

Nor faints so fast beneath the scorching ray.
The morning hours well spent, should mighty
toil

Require some respite, he content can seek
Th' o'er-arching shade, or to the friendly farm
Betake him, where with hospitable hand
His simple host brings forth the grateful
draught

Of honest home-brew'd beer, or cider cool.
Such friendly treatment may each fowler find
Who never violates the farmer's rights,
Nor with injurious violence, invades
His fields of standing corn. Let us forbear
Such cruel wrong, though on the very verge
Of the high waving field our days should point

The pen of a country gentleman com-
municates an account of a remarkable
character created by "love of the gun."

THE LOSCOE MISER.

For the Every-Day Book.

About sixty years ago, at Loscoe, a
small village in Derbyshire, lived James
Woolley, notorious for three things, the
very good clocks he made, his eccentric
system of farming, and the very great
care he took of his money. He was, like
Elwes and Dancer, an old bachelor, and
for the same reason, it was a favourite
maxim with him, and ever upon his lips
that "fine wives and fine gardens are
mighty expensive things:" he conse-
quently kept at a very respectful distance
from both. He had, indeed, an uncon-
querable dread of any thing "fine," o-
that approached in any way that awful
and ghost-like term "expensive."

It would seem that Woolley's avaricious
bias, was not, as is generally the case, his
first ruling passion, though a phrenolo-
gist, might entertain a different opinion.
"When young," says Blackner in his His-
tory of Nottinghamshire, "he was partial
to shooting; but being detected at his
sport upon the estate of the deprivileged

William Andrew Horne, Esq. of Butterley who was executed on the 11th of December, 1759, at Nottingham, for the murder of a child) and compelled by him to pay the penalty, he made a vow never to cease from labour, except when nature compelled him, till he had obtained sufficient property to justify him in following his favourite sport, without dreading the frowns of his haughty neighbour. He accordingly fell to work, and continued it till he was weary, when he rested, and to it again,"—a plan which he pursued without any regard to night or day. He denied himself the use of an ordinary bed, and of every other comfort, as well as necessary, except of the meanest kind. But when he had acquired property to qualify him to carry a gun, he had lost all relish for the sport; and he continued his labour at clock-making, except when he found an opportunity of trafficking in land, till he had amassed a considerable fortune, which he bequeathed to one of his relations. I believe he died about 1770."

It must have been a singular spectacle to any one except Woolley's neighbours, who were the daily observers of his habits, to have seen a man worth upwards of £10,000, up at five in the morning brushing away with his bare feet the dew as he stretched up his cows from the pasture, his shoes and stockings carefully held under his arm to prevent them from being injured by the wet; though, by the by, a glance at them would have satisfied anyone they had but little to fear from the dew or any thing else. A penny loaf boiled in a small piece of linen, made him an excellent pudding; this with a half-penny worth of small beer from the village alehouse was his more than ordinary dinner, and rarely sported unless on holydays, or when he had a friend or tenant to share the luxury.

Once in his life Woolley was convicted of liberality. He had at great labour and expense of time made, what he considered, a clock of considerable value, and, as it was probably too large for common purposes, he presented it to the corporation of Nottingham, for the exchange. In return he was made a freeman of the town. They could not have conferred on him a greater favour: the honour mattered not—but election-dinners were things which powerfully appealed through his stomach to his heart. The first he attended was productive of a ludicrous incident. His

shabby and vagrant appearance nearly excluded him from the scene of good-eating, and even when the burgesses sat down to table, no one seemed disposed to accommodate the miserly old gentleman with a seat. The chairs were quickly filled: having no time to lose, he crept under the table and thrusting up his head forced himself violently into one, but not before he had received some heavy blows on the bare skull.

The most prominent incident in his history, was a ploughing scheme of his own invention. He had long lamented that he kept horses at a great expense for the purposes of husbandry. To have kept a saddle-horse would have been extravagant—and at last fancying he could do without them, they were sold, and the money carefully laid by. This was a triumph—a noble saving! The winter passed away, and his hay and corn-stacks stood undiminished; ploughing time however arrived, and his new plan must be carried into effect. The plough was drawn from its inglorious resting-place, and a score men were summoned from the village to supply the place of horses. At the breakfast-table he was not without fears of a famine—he could starve himself, but a score of brawny villagers, hungry, and anticipating a hard day's work, would eat, and drink too, and must be satisfied. They soon proceeded to the field, where a long continued drought had made the ground almost impenetrable; the day became excessively hot, and the men tugged and puffed to little purpose; they again ate heartily, and drank more good ale than the old man had patience to think of; and difficult as it was, to force the share through the unyielding sward, it was still more difficult to refrain from laughing out at the grotesque figure their group presented. They made many wry faces, and more wry furrows, and spoiled with their feet what they had not ploughed amiss. But this was not all. Had a balloon been sent up from the field it could scarcely have drawn together more intruders; he tried, but in vain, to keep them off; they thronged upon him from all quarters; his gates were all set open or thrown off the hooks; and the fences broken down in every direction. Woolley perceived his error; the men, the rope traces, and the plough were sent home in a hurry, and with some blustering, and many oaths, the trespassers were got rid of. The fences were mended, and the gates re-

placed, and having to his heart's content gratified his whim, he returned to the old-fashioned custom of ploughing with horses, until in his brains' fertility he could discover something better and less "expensive!"

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 60° 40.

September 2.

LONDON BURNT, 1666.

This notice in our almanacs was descriptively illustrated in vol. i. col. 1150, 165.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, 1826.

Another year arrives, and spite of corporation "resolutions," and references to "the committee," and "reports," and "recommendations," to abolish the fair, it is held again. "Now," says an agreeable observer, "Now arrives that Saturnalia of nondescript noise and nonconformity, 'Bartlemy fair;'—when that prince of peace-officers, the lord mayor, changes his sword of state into a sixpenny trumpet, and becomes the lord of misrule and the patron of pickpockets; and lady Holland's name leads an unlettered mob instead of a lettered one; when Mr. Richardson maintains, during three whole days and a half, a managerial supremacy that must be not a little enviable even in the eyes of Mr. Elliston himself; and Mr. Gynge holds, during the same period, a scarcely less distinguished station as the Apollo of servant-maids; when 'the incomparable (not to say *eternal*) young Master Saunders' rides on horseback to the admiration of all beholders, in the person of his eldest son; and when all the giants in the land, and the dwarfs too, make a general muster, and each proves to be, according to the most correct measurement, at least a foot taller or shorter than any other in the fair, and in fact, the only one worth seeing,—'all the rest being impostors!' In short, when every booth in the fair combines in itself the attractions of all the rest, and so perplexes with its irresistible merit the rapt imagination of the half-holiday school-boys who have got but sixpence to spend upon the whole, that they eye the out-sides of each in a state of pleasing despair, till their leave of absence is expired twice over, and then return home filled with visions of giants and gingerbread-

nuts, and dream all night long of what they have not seen."*

The almanac day for Bartholomew fair, is on the third of the month, which this year fell on a Sunday, and it being prescribed that the fair shall be proclaimed "on or before the third," proclamation was accordingly made, and the fair commenced on Saturday the second of September, 1826. Its appearance on that and subsequent days, proves that it is going out like the lottery, by force of public opinion; for the people no longer buy lottery tickets even in "the last lottery," nor pay as they used to do at "Bartlemy fair." There were this year only three shows at sixpence, and one at twopence; all the rest were "only a penny."

The *sixpenny* shows were, Clarke, with riders and tumblers; Richardson, with his tragi-comical company, enacting "Paul Pry;" and wicked Wombwell, with his fellow brutes.

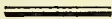
In the *twopenny* show were four lively little crocodiles about twelve inches long, hatched from the eggs at Peckham, by steam; two larger crocodiles; four cages of fierce rattle snakes; and a dwarf lady.

In the *penny* shows were a glass-blower, sitting at work in a glass wig, with rows of curls all over, making pretty little tea-cups at threepence each, and miniature tobacco pipes for a penny; he was assisted by a wretched looking female, who was a sword-swallower at the last figure, and figured in this by placing her feet on hot iron, and licking a poker nearly red hot with her tongue. In "Brown's grand company from Paris," there were juggling, tight-rope dancing, a learned horse, and playing on the salt-box with a rolling-pin, to a tune which is said to be peculiar to the pastime. The other penny shows were nearly as last year, and silver-haired ladies and dwarfs, more plentiful and less in demand than learned pigs, who, on that account, drew "good houses."

In this year's fair there was not one "up-and-down," or "round-about."

The west side of Giltspur-street was an attractive mart to certain "men of letters;" for the ground was covered with "relics of literature." In the language of my informant, for I did not visit the fair myself, there was a "path of genius" from St. Sepulchre's church to Cock-lane. He mentions that a person, apparently an

gent of a religious society, was anxiously busy in the fair distributing a bill entitled—"Are you prepared to die?"



ROMAN REMAINS AT PENTONVILLE, and THE WHITE CONDUIT.

I am not learned in the history or the science of phrenology, but, unless I am mistaken, surely in the days of "cranio-logy," the organ of inhabiteness" was called the organ of "travelling." Within the last minute I have felt my head in search of the development. I imagine it must be very palpable to the scientific, or I not only incline to wander but to locate. However that may be, I cannot find it myself—for want, I suppose, of a topographical view of the cranium, and I have not a copy of Mr. Cruikshank's "Illustrations of Phrenology" to refer to.

At home, I always sit in the same place, and I can make my way to it without disturbing the children; all of whom, by the way, (I speak of the younger ones,) are great sticklers for rights of sitting, and urge their claims on each other with a persistence which takes all my authority to abate. I have a habit, too, at a friend's house of always preferring the seat I dropped into on my first visit; and the same elsewhere. The first time I went to the Chapter Coffee-house, some five-and-twenty years ago, I accidentally found myself alone with old Dr. Buchan, in the same box; it was by the fireplace on the left from Paternoster-row door: poor Robert Heron presently afterwards entered, and then a troop of the doctor's familiars dropped in, one by one; and I sat in the corner, a stranger to all of them, and therefore a silent auditor of their pleasant disputations. At my next appearance I forbore from occupying the same seat, because it would have been an intrusion on the literary community; but I got into the adjoining box, and that always, for the period of my then frequenting the house, was my coveted box. After an absence of twenty years, I returned to the "Chapter," and involuntarily stepped to the old spot; it was pre-occupied; and in the doctor's box were other faces, and talkers of other things. I strode away to a distant part of the room to an inviting vacancy, which, from that accident, and my propensity, became my desirable sitting place at every future visit. My strolls abroad are of the same character. I pre-

fer walking where I walked when novelty was charming; where I can have the pleasure of recollecting that I formerly felt pleasure—of rising to the enjoyment of a spirit hovering over the remains it had animated.

One of my oldest, and therefore one of my still-admired walks is by the way of Islington. I am partial to it, because, when I was eleven years old, I went every evening from my father's, near Red Lion-square, to a lodging in that village "for a consumption," and returned the following morning. I thus became acquainted with Canonbury, and the Pied Bull, and Barnesbury-park, and White Conduit-house; and the intimacy has been kept up until presumptuous takings in, and enclosures, and new buildings, have nearly destroyed it. The old site seems like an old friend who has formed fashionable acquaintanceships, and lost his old heart-warming smiles in the constraint of a new face.

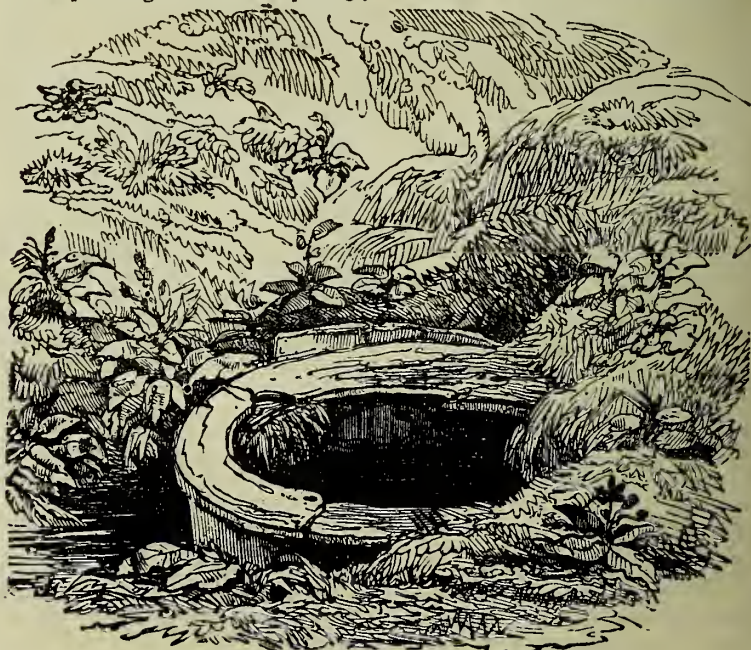
In my last Islington walk, I took a survey of the only remains of the Roman encampment, near Barnesbury-park. This is a quadrangle of about one hundred and thirty feet, surrounded by a fosse or ditch, about five-and-twenty feet wide, and twelve feet deep. It is close to the west side of the present end of the New Road, in a line with Penton-street; immediately opposite to it, on the east side of the road, is built a row of houses, at present uninhabited, called Minerva-place. This quadrangle is supposed to have been the prætorium or head quarters of Suetonius, when he engaged the British queen, Boadicea, about the year 60. The conflict was in the eastward valley below, at the back of Pentonville. Here Boadicea, with her two daughters before her in the same war-chariot, traversed the plain, haranguing her troops; telling them, as Tacitus records, "that it was usual to the Britons to war under the conduct of women," and inciting them to "vengeance for the oppression of public liberty, for the stripes inflicted on her person, for the defilement of her virgin daughters;" declaring "that in that battle they must remain utterly victorious or utterly perished." Such was the firm purpose of her who was a woman; the men, if they pleased, might still enjoy life and bondage." The slaughter was terrible, eighty thousand of the Britons were left dead on the field; it terminated victoriously for the Romans, near Gray's-inn-lane, at the place called "Battle Bridge," in commemoration of the event.



Prætorium of the Roman Camp near Pentonville.

The pencil of the artist has been employed to give a correct and picturesque representation as it now appears, in September, 1826, of the last vestige of the Roman power in this suburb. The view is taken from the north-east angle of the prætorium. Until within a few years the ground about it was unbroken; and, even now, the quadrangle itself is surprisingly

complete, considering that nearly eighteen centuries have elapsed since it was formed by the Roman soldiery. In a short time the spirit of improvement will entirely efface it, and houses and gardens occupy its site. In the fosse of this station, which is overrun with sedge and brake, there is so pretty a "bit," to use an artist's word, that I have caused it to be sketched.



The Old Well in the Fosse.

This may be more pleasantly regarded when the ancient works themselves have vanished. Within a few yards of the western side of the fosse, and parallel with it, there is raised a mound or rampart of earth. It is in its original state and covered with verdure. In fine mornings a stray valitudinarian or two may be seen pacing its summit. Its western slope

has long been the Sunday resort of Irishmen for the game of foot-ball.

Getting back into the New Road, its street which stands on fields I rambled in when a boy, leads to "White Conduit-house," which derives its name from a building still preserved, I was going to say, but I prefer to say, still standing.



The White Conduit.

Mr. Joseph Fussell who resides within sight of this little edifice, and whose pencil took the Roman general's station, and the well, also drew this Conduit; and his neighbour, Mr. Henry White, engraved the three, as they now present themselves to the reader's eye.

The view of the "White Conduit" is from the north, or back part, looking towards Pentonville, with Pancias new church and other buildings in the distance. It was erected over a head of water that formerly supplied the Charter-house, and bore a stone in front inscribed "T. S." the initials of Sutton, the founder, with his arms, and the date "1641."*

About 1810, the late celebrated Wm. Huntington, S.S., of Providence chapel,

who lived in a handsome house within sight, was at the expense of clearing the spring for the use of the inhabitants; but, because his pulpit opinions were obnoxious, some of the neighbouring vulgar threw loads of soil upon it in the night, which rendered the water impure, and obstructed its channel, and finally ceasing to flow, the public was deprived of the kindness he proposed. The building itself was in a very perfect state at that time, and ought to have been boarded up after the field it stood in was thrown open. As the new buildings proceeded it was injured and defaced by idle labourers and boys, from mere wantonness and reduced to a mere ruin. There was a kind of upper floor or hayloft in it, which was frequently a shelter to the houseless wanderer. A few years ago some poor

* Nelson's History of Islington.

creatures made it a comfortable hostel for the night, with a little hay. Early in the morning a passing workman perceived smoke issuing from the crevices, and as he approached heard loud cries from within. Some mischievous miscreants had set fire to the fodder beneath the sleepers, and afterwards fastened the door on the outside: the inmates were scorched by the fire, and probably they would all have been suffocated in a few minutes, if the place had not been broken open.

The "White Conduit" at this time merely stands to shame those who had the power, and neglected to preserve it. To the buildings grown up around, it might have been rendered a neat ornament, by planting a few trees and enclosing the whole with an iron railing, and have stood as a monument of departed worth. This vicinity was anciently full of springs and stone conduits; the erections have long since gone to decay, and from their many waters, only one has been preserved, which is notoriously deficient as a supply to the populous neighbourhood. During the heats of summer the inhabitants want this common element in the midst of plenty. The spring in a neighbouring street is frequently exhausted by three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the handle of the pump is then padlocked till the next morning, and the grateful and necessary refreshment of spring-water is not to be obtained without going miles in search of another pump. It would seem as if the parochial powers in this quarter were leagued with publicans and sinners, to compel the thirsty to buy deleterious beer and bowel-disturbing "pop," or to swallow the New River water fresh with impurities from the thousands of people who daily cleanse their foul bodies in the stream, as it lags along for the use of our kitchens and tea-tables.

"White Conduit-house," has ceased to be a recreation in the good sense of the word. Its present denomination is the "Minor Vauxhall," and its chief attraction during the passing summer has been Mrs. Bland. She has still powers, and if their exercise here has been a stay and support to this sweet melodist, so far the establishment may be deemed respectable. It is a ground for balloon-flying and skittle-playing, and just maintains itself above the very lowest, so as to be one of the most doubtful places of public resort. Recollections of it some years ago are more in its favour. Its tea-gardens then in summer afternoons, were well accustomed by tradesmen and their families; they are now comparatively deserted, and instead, there is, at night, a starveling show of odd company and coloured lamps, a mock orchestra with mock singing, dancing in a room which decent persons would prefer to withdraw their young folks from if they entered, and fire-works "as usual," which, to say the truth, are usually very good.

Such is the present state of a vicinage which, "in my time," was the pleasantest near spot to the north of London. The meadow of the "White Conduit" commanded an extensive prospect of the Hampstead and Highgate hills, over beautiful pastures and hedge-rows which are now built on, or converted into brick clamps, for the *material* of irruption on the remaining glades. The pleasant views are wholly obstructed. In a few short years, London will distend its enormous bulk to the heights that overlook its proud city; and, like the locusts of old, devour every green field, and nothing will be left to me to admire, of all that I admired.

ELEGY

Written in Bartlemy Fair, at Five o'clock in the morning, in 1810

The clock-bell tolls the hour of early day.
 The lowing herd their Smithfield penance dree,
 The watchman homeward plods his weary way
 And leaves the fair—all solitude to me!

Now the first beams of morning glad the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save when the sheep-dog bays with hoarse affright.
 And brutal drovers pen the unwilling folds.

Save that where sheltered, or from wind or shower,
 The lock'd-out 'prentice, or frail nymph complain,
 Of such as, wandering near their secret bower,
 Molest them, sensible in sleep, to pain.

Beneath those ragged tents—that boarded shade,
 Which late display'd its stores in tempting heaps;
 There, children, dogs, cakes, oysters, all are laid,
 There, guardian of the whole, the master sleeps.

The busy call of care-begetting morn,
 The well-slept passenger's unheeding tread;
 The showman's clarion, or the echoing horn,
 Too soon must rouse them from their lowly bed.

Perhaps in this neglected booth is laid
 Some head volcanic, oft discharging fire!
 Hands—that the rod of *magic* lately sway'd;
 Toes—that so nimbly danc'd upon the wire.

Some clown, or pantaloons—the gazers' jest,
 Here, with his train in dirty pageant stood:
 Some tired-out posture-master here may rest,
 Some conjuring swordsman—guiltless of his blood!

The applause of listening cockneys to command,
 The threats of city-marshal to despise;
 To give delight to all the grinning band,
 And read their merit in spectators' eyes,

Is still their boast;—nor, haply, theirs alone,
 Polito's lions (though now *dormant* laid)
 And human monsters, shall acquire renown,
 The spotted Negro—and the armless maid!

Peace to the youth, who, slumbering at the *Bour*,
 Forgets his present lot, his perils past:
 Soon will the crowd again be thronging there,
 To view the man on wild Sombbrero cast.

Careful their booths, from insult to protect,
 These furl their tapestry, late erected high;
 Nor longer with prodigious pictures deck'd,
 They tempt the passing youth's astonish'd eye.

But when the day calls forth the belles and beaux,
 The cunning showmen each device display,
 And many a clown the useful notice shows,
 To teach ascending strangers—*where to pay*.

Sleep on, ye imps of merriment—sleep on!
 In this short respite to your labouring train;
 And when this time of annual mirth is gone,
 May ye enjoy, in peace, your hard-earned gain! *

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 • 40.

September 3.

PURTON FAIR, WILTS.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.
August 18, 1826.

Dear Sir,—Perhaps you, or some of your readers, may be acquainted with a small village in the north of Wiltshire, called *Purton*, very pleasantly situated, and dear to me, from a child it; being the place where I passed nearly all my boyish days. I went to school there, and there spent many a pleasant hour which I now think of with sincere delight; and perhaps you will not object to a few particulars concerning a fair held there on the first day of May and the third day of September in every year.

The spot whereon *Purton* fair is annually celebrated, is a very pleasant little green called the “close,” or play-ground, belonging to all the unmarried men in the village. They generally assemble there every evening after the toils of the day to recreate themselves with a few pleasant sports. Their favourite game is what they call *backwording*, in some places called *singlestick*. Some few of the village have the good fortune to be adepts in that *noble art*, and are held up as beings of transcendent genius among the rustic admirers of that noted science. They have one whom they call their umpire, to whom all disputes are referred, and he 2'ways, with the greatest possible impartiality, decides them.

About six years ago a neighbouring farmer, whose orchard joins the green, thought that his orchard might be greatly improved. He accordingly set to work, pulled down the original wall, and built a new one, not forgetting to take in several feet of the green. The villagers felt great indignity at the encroachment, and resolved to claim their rights. They waited till the new wall should be complete, and in the evening of the same day a party of about forty marched to the spot armed with great sticks, pickaxes, &c., and very deliberately commenced breaking down the wall. The owner on being apprised of what was passing, assembled all his domestics and proceeded to the spot, when a furious scuffle ensued, and several serious accidents happened. At last, however, the aggressor finding he could not succeed, proposed a settlement; he entirely removed the new wall on the following day, and returned it to the place where the old one stood.

On the morning of the fair, as soon as the day begins to dawn, all is bustle and confusion throughout the village. Gipsies are first seen with their donkies approaching the place of rendezvous; then the village rustics in their clean white Sunday smocks, and the lasses with their Sunday gowns, caps, and ribands, hasten to the green, and all is mirth and gaiety.

I cannot pass over a very curious character who used regularly to visit the fair, and I was told by an ancient inhabitant that he had done so for several years. He was an old gipsy who had attained to high favour with all the youngsters of the place, from his jocular habits, curious dress, and the pleasant stories he used to relate. He called himself “*Corey Dyne*,” or “*Old Corey*,” and those are the only names by which he was known. He was accustomed to place a little hat on the ground, from the centre of which rose a stick about three feet high, whereon he put either halfpence or a small painted box, or something equally winning to the eye of his little customers. There he stood crying, “Now who throws with poor old Corey—come to Corey—come to Corey Dyne; only a halfpenny a throw, and only once a year!” A boy who had purchased the right to throw was placed about three feet from the hat, with a small piece of wood which he threw at the article on the stick, and if it fell in the hat, (which by the by it was almost invariably sure to do,) the thrower lost his money; but if out of the hat, on the ground, the article from the stick was claimed by the thrower. The good humour of “*Old Corey*” generally ensured him plenty of custom. I have oftentimes been a loser with him, but never a winner. I believe that no one in all *Purton* knows from whence he is, although every body is acquainted with him.

There was a large show on the place, at which the rustics were wont to gaze with surprise and admiration. The chief object of their wonder was our “*punch*.” They could not form the slightest idea how little wooden figures could talk and dance about; they supposed that there must be some life in them. I well remember that I once undertook to set them right, but was laughed at and derided me for my presumption and boast of *superior knowledge*.

There was also another very merry fellow who frequented the fair by the name of “*Mr. Merryman*” He obtained

great celebrity by giving various imitations of birds, &c., which he would very readily do after collecting a sufficient sum "to clear his pipe," as he used to say. He then began with the nightingale, which he imitated very successfully, then followed the blackbird—linnet—gold-finch—robin—geese and ducks on a rainy morning—turkies, &c. &c. Then, perhaps, after collecting some more money "to clear his pipe," he would imitate a jackass, or a cow. His excellent imitation of the crow of a cock strongly affected the risible muscles of his auditors.

The amusements last till near midnight, when the rustics, being exhilarated with the effects of good strong Wiltshire ale, generally part after a few glorious battles.

The next day several champions enter the field to contest the right to several prizes, which are laid out in the following order:—

1st. A new smock.

2nd. A new hat with a blue cockade.

3rd. An inferior hat with a white cockade.

4th. A still inferior hat without a cockade.

A stage is erected on the green, and at five o'clock the sport commences; and a very celebrated personage, whom they call their *umpshire*, (umpire,) stands high above the rest to award the prizes. The candidates are generally selected from the best players at singletick, and on this occasion they use their utmost skill and ingenuity, and are highly applauded by the surrounding spectators. I must not forget to remark that on this grand, and to them, interesting day, the inhabitants of Purton do not combat against each other. No—believe me, sir, they are better acquainted with the laws of chivalry. Purton produces four candidates, and a small village adjoining, called Stretton, sends forth four more. These candidates are representatives of the villages to which they respectively belong, and they who lose have to pay all the expenses of the day; but it is to the credit of the sons of Purton I record, that for seven successive years their candidates have been returned the victors. The contest generally lasts two hours, and, after that, the ceremony of chairing the representatives takes place, which is thus performed:—Four chairs made with the boughs of trees are in waiting, and the conquerors are placed therein and carried through the village with every possible demonstration of joy,

the inhabitants shouting "Purton for ever! huzza! my boys, huzza!" and waving boughs over their triumphant candidates. After the chairing they adjourn to the village public-house, and spend the remainder of the evening as before.

The third day is likewise a day of bustle and confusion. All repair to a small common, called the cricket ground, and a grand match takes place between the Purton club and the Stretton club; there are about twenty candidates of a side. The vanquished parties pay a shilling each to defray the expense of a cold collation, which is previously provided in a pleasant little copse adjoining the cricket-ground, and the remainder of the day is spent convivially.

I remember hearing the landlord of the public-house at Purton, (which is situated on one side of the green,) observe to a villager, that during the three days' merriment he had sold six thousand gallons of strong beer and ale; the man of course doubted him, and afterwards very sarcastically remarked to me, "It's just as ay, measter, for he to zay zix thousand gallons as dree thousand!" Does not this, good Mr. Editor, show a little genuine Purton wit?

I have now, my dear sir, finished, and have endeavoured to describe three pleasant days spent in an innocent and happy manner; and if I have succeeded in affording you any service, or your readers any amusement, I am amply rewarded. Allow me to add I feel such an affection for old Purton, that should I at any time in my life visit Wiltshire, I would travel twenty miles out of my road to ramble once more in the haunts of my boyhood.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

August, 18, 1826.

C. T.

P. S. Since writing the above I have received a letter from a very particular friend who went to Purton school five years, to whom I applied for a few extra particulars respecting the fair, &c., and he thus writes, "Dear C. You seem to think that with the name I still retain all the characteristics and predilections of a *hodge*; and therefore you seek to me for information respecting the backword-playing, fair, &c. Know that as to the first, it is (and has been for the last two years) entirely done away with, as the principal 'farmers' in the place 'done

like it, and so don't suffer it. As to the fair, where lads and lasses meet in their best gowns, and ribands, and clean smocks, you must know, most assuredly, more of it than I do, as I seldom troubled about it. You must bear in mind that this fair is exactly the same as that held in the month of May, but as no notice has been taken of it by Mr. Hone in either of his volumes, I suppose it very little matters whether your description is of the fair held in May or September."

I have to lament, my dear sir, the discontinuance of the ancient custom of backwording at Purton village; but so

long as they keep up their fairs, the other loss will not be so much felt. C. T.

August 30, 1826.

I forgot to mention in my particulars of Purton-fair, that Old Corey, and the other celebrated worthies, only come to the September fair, as the May fair is disregarded by them, it being a fair principally for the sale of cattle, &c. and the September fair is entirely devoted to pleasure. Perhaps you can introduce this small piece of intelligence, together with the following doggrel song written for the occasion.

C. T.

TO THE WORTHY AND RESPECTABLE INHABITANTS OF PURTON,

This song is most respectfully inscribed,

By their ever true and devoted humble servant,

CHARLES TOMLINSON.

SONG.

PURTON FAIR.

Come, neighbours, listen, I'll sing you a song,
Which, I assure you, will not keep you long;
I'll sing a good song about old Purton fair,
For that is the place, lads, to drive away care.

The damsels all meet full of mirth and of glee,
And they are as happy as happy can be;
Such worth, and such beauty, fairs seldom display,
And sorrow is banished on this happy day.

There's the brave lads of Purton at backword so clever,
Who were ne'er known to flinch, but victorious ever;
The poor boys of Stretton are basted away,
For Purton's fam'd youths ever carry the day.

'Tis "Old Corey Dyne," who wisely declares,
Stretton's lads must be beaten at all Purton's fairs;
They can't match our courage, then, huzza! my boys,
To still conquering Purton let's kick up a noise.

"Old Corey's" the merriest blade in the fair,
What he tells us is true, so, prithee, don't stare;
"Remember poor Corey, come, pray have a throw,
'Tis but once a year, as you very well know."

But—here ends my song, so let's haste to the green,
'Tis as pretty a spot as ever was seen;
And if you are sad or surrounded with care,
Haste quickly! haste quickly! to OLD PURTON FAIR.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 61.07.

September 4.

HOW TO KEEP APPLES.

Gather them dry, and put them with clean straw, or clean chaff, into casks; cover them up close, and put them into a cool dry cellar. Fruit will keep perfectly good a twelvemonth in this manner.

How to mark your fruit.

Let the cultivator of choice fruit cut in paper the initial letters of his name, or any other mark he likes; and just before his peaches, nectarines, &c. begin to be coloured, stick such letters or mark with gum-water on that side of the fruit which is next the sun. That part of the rind which is under the paper will remain green, in the exact form of the mark, and and so the fruit be known wheresoever 'ound, for the mark cannot be obliterated.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 59 · 92.

September 5.

OLD BARTHOLOMEW.

This day has been so marked in our almanacs since the new style.

THE SEASON.

We may expect very pleasant weather during this month. For whether the summer has been cold, warm, or showery, September, in all latitudes lying between 45 and 55 degrees north, produces, on an average, the finest and pleasantest weather of the year: as we get farther south the pleasantest temperature is found in October; more northward than 55 degrees the chills of autumn are already arrived, and we must look for temperature to August.*

THE GYMNASIUM.

For the Every-Day Book.

Hæc opera atque hæ sunt generosi Principis artes.
Juv. Sat. 8. L. 224.

Let cricket, tennis, fives, and ball,
The active to amusement call;
Let sportsmen through the fields at morn
Discharge the gun and sound the horn,—
Gymnastic sport shall fill my hours,
Renew my strength and tone my powers.

* Perennial Calendar.

I learn to climb, to walk and run,
I make defence, and dangers shun;
Now quick, now slow, now poised on high.
I stand in air and vault the sky;
The sailor's skill, the soldier's part,
I compass by Gymnastic art.

All life's concerns require that health
Should be secured to gather wealth;
That limb and muscle, nerve and vein,
Should vigorous force and motion gain—
Seek the Gymnasium,—try the plan,
And be the strong and graceful man.

The Olympic games, of Grecian birth,
Gave many a youth athletic worth;
Hence Romans shone;—hence Britons fought,
The Picts and Vandals influence caught;
The lance, the spear, and arrow flew,
And prove what deeds Gymnastics do.

With ease the horseman learns to ride
And keep his hobby in his pride;
Bloodless the feats are here pursued,
And vanquished contests are renewed.
Hey for Gymnastics!—'tis the rage
Both with the simple and the sage.

Clias, and Voelker as the chief,
Each makes his charge and gives relief;
Each points his pupils to the goal,
And, more than Parry, gains the pole:—
Up and be trim!—the sport is fine,—
Fling down the gauntlet,—mount the line.

Caleidoscopes were once the taste,—
Velocipedes were rode for haste,—
Those fed the eye with pleasing views,
These ran the streets and tithed their dues;
Thrown to the shade like fashions past,
Gymnastics reign, for they are last.

Nature with art is like a tower,
Strong in defence in every hour;
Nature with art can nearly climb
The Alp and Appenine of time;
Make life more lasting, life more bold,
By true Gymnastic skill controlled.

J. R. PRIOR

Sept. 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 60 · 35.

September 6.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 6th of September, 1734, died in France, the Sieur Michael Tourant, aged ninety-eight, of whom it is said he never eat salt, and had none of the infirmities of old age.*

* Gentleman's Magazine.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE IN CALIGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*

Sir,—As a subscriber to your highly entertaining work, I take the liberty of sending you the following.

In the first volume of the *Every-Day Book*, page 1086, I found an account of some small writing, executed by Peter Bales, which Mr. D'Israeli presumed to have been the whole bible written so small, that it might be put in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. "The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in this little book as in the great bible, and as much written in one of the little leaves, as a great leaf of the bible."—There is likewise an account in the same pages of the "*Iliad*" having been written so small that it might be put in a nut-shell; which is nothing near so much as the above.

I have lately seen written within the compass of a new penny piece, with the naked eye, and with a common clarified pen, the lord's prayer, the creed, the ten commandments, the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth collects after Trinity, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c., the name of the writer, place of abode, nearest market town, county, day of the month and date of the year, all in words at length, and with the whole of the capital letters and stops belonging thereto, the commandments being all numbered. It was written by, and is in the possession of, Mr. John Parker of Wingerworth, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire: the writing bears date September 10, 1823. This piece of writing, I find, upon calculation, to be considerably smaller than either of the before-mentioned pieces. My calculation is as follows:—

A moderate sized egg will hold a book one inch and three quarters by one inch and three-eighths. Bibles have from about sixty to eighty lines in a column; I have not seen more. In this ingenious display of fine penmanship, there are eighty lines in one inch, and two half-eighths of an inch, which in one inch and three quarters, (the length of the bible,) is one hundred and six lines, which would contain one-third more matter than the bibles with eighty lines in a column; and one line of this writing, one inch and two-half eighths of an inch in length, (which is the sixteenth of an inch less in breadth than the small bible,) is equal to two lines from one column of the great bible—for example.

Isaiah. Chap. xxiv.—Two lines of verse 20, the bible having seventy-nine lines in a column:—

"and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it, and it shall fall, and not rise again."

Ezekiel, Chap. xxx.—Two lines of verse 12, the bible having sixty-three lines in a column:—

"and I will make the Land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers."

One line of Mr. Parker's writing being part of the seventh collect after Trinity:—

"good things; graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, now"—

Another line being part of the ninth and tenth commandments:—

"false witness against thy neighbour. 10.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house."—

Mr. Parker very obligingly submits his writing to the inspection of the curious, and would execute one similar for a proper reward. If this account should be thought worthy of a place in your "*Every-Day Book*," I shall feel much obliged by its insertion, and will endeavour to send you something amusing respecting the customs, pastimes, and amusements of this part of Derbyshire.

I am, Sir,

Your well-wisher

And obedient servant,

JOHN FRANCIS BROWN.

Lings, near Chesterfield,

August, 30, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 59.17.

September 7.

ENURCHUS.

For this saint, in the church of England calendar, see vol. i. col. 1253.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 7th of September, 1772, a most astonishing rain fell at Inverary, in Scotland, by which the rivers rose to such a height, as to carry every thing along with the current that stood in the way. Even trees that had braved the floods for more than one hundred years, were torn up by the roots and carried down the stream. Numbers of bridges were swept away, and the military roads rendered impassable. All the duke of Argyle's cascades, bridges, and bulwarks, were destroyed at his fine palace, in that neighbourhood.*

* Annual Register.



Baron Brown, the Durham Poet.

A Latin line beneath his name
 May lift along the laureate's fame,
 As on a crutch, and make it go
 For half an age, for all to know
 That there was one, in our time,
 Who thought mere folly not a crime ;
 And, though he scorn'd to be a scorner
 And offer Brown to Poets Corner,
 Imagined it a fit proceeding
 To give his life—let who will sneer at .
 It—"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

MR. JOHN SYKES, bookseller, Johnson's-head, Newcastle, in the "Local Records, or Historical Register of Remarkable Events," which, in 1824, he compiled into a very interesting octavo volume, inserts the death, with some account of the "life, character, and behaviour," of the self-celebrated poet-laureate of Durham, whose portrait adorns this page. He has not been registered here under the day of his decease according to Mr. Syke's obit, but

it is not fitting as regards this work, that Brown should die for ever, and therefore, from a gentleman who knew him, the reader will please to accept the following

MEMOIR OF JAMES BROWN.

For the Every-Day Book.

This curious personage was well known for a long series of years to the inhabitants of Northumberland and Durham, and we believe few men have figured on

the stage of the world more remarkable for their peculiarities and eccentricities.

Of the early part of James Brown's life little is known that can be depended upon, but the compiler of the present article has heard him assert that he was born at Berwick-on-Tweed; if this be the case it is probable he left that town at a very early age, as in his speech none of the provincialisms of the lower order of inhabitants of Berwick could be observed, and had he resided there for any length of time, he must have imperceptibly imbibed the vulgar dialect. Certain, however, it is, that when a young man he resided in that "*fashionable*" part of Newcastle-upon-Tyne called "the Side," where he kept a rag-shop, and was in the habit of attending the fairs in the neighbourhood with clothes ready-made for sale. During his residence in Newcastle his first wife died; of this person he always spoke in terms of affection, and was known long after her death, to shed tears on her being alluded to. In all probability it was owing to his loss of her that his mind became disturbed, and from an industrious tradesman he became a fanatic. A few years after her decease he married a Miss Richardson, of Durham, a respectable though a very eccentric character, and who survived him a year. This lady being possessed of a theatre, and some other little property in Durham, he removed to that city to reside.

When Brown first devoted himself to the muses is uncertain, but about thirty-three years ago, he lived in Newcastle, styled himself the poet-laureate of that place, and published a poem explanatory of a chapter in the Apocalypse, which was "adorned" with a hideous engraving of a beast with ten horns. Of this plate he always spoke in terms of rapture. We have heard that it was designed by the bard; but as Mr. B., though a poet, never laid any claim to the character of an artist, it is our belief that he had no hand in its manufacture, but that it was the work of some of those waggish friends who deceived him by their tricks, and rendered his life a pleasure. Their ingenious fictions prevented his dwelling on scenes by which his existence might have been embittered, and it is but justice to his numerous hoaxers to assert, that without their pecuniary assistance he would have often been in want of common necessities. Though credulous he was honest; though poor he was possessed

of many virtues; and while they laughed at the fancies of the visionary, they respected the man. Brown once indulged a gentleman in Durham with a sight of the drawing above alluded to, and on loud laugh at what the poet esteemed to be a very perfection of terrific sublimity, Brown told him "he was no christian, or would not deride a scriptural drawing which the angel Gabriel had approved."

Brown's poesy was chiefly of a serious nature, (at least it was intended to be so) levity and satire were not his forte. Like Dante, his imagination was gloomy—delighted to describe the torments of hell—the rattling of the chains, and the screams of the damned; the mount of Sisyphus was his Parnassus, the Styx was his Helicon, and the pale forms that flit by Lethe's billows, the muses that inspire his lay. His poems consisted chiefly of visions, prophecies, and rhapsodies, suggested by some part of the sacred volume of the contents of which he had an astonishing recollection. When he was at the advanced age of ninety-two it was almost impossible to quote any passage of scripture to him without his remembering the book, chapter, and frequently the verse from whence it was taken. Of his poetical (though in his favourite city he has many imitators) we cannot say any thing in praise; it had "neither rhyme nor reason," it was such as a madman would inscribe on the walls of his cell. His son like that of the witches in *Thalaba*, wrote "an unintelligible song" to all but the writer, on whose mind in reading it, he used the words of one of the sweetest of our modern poets, "meaning flashed like strong inspiration." The only two lines in his works that have any thing like meaning in them are—

"When men let Satan rule their heart
They do act the devil's part."

Our author's last, and as he esteemed it, his best work—his *monumentum æperennius*, was a pamphlet published at Newcastle in 1820, by Preston at Heaton, at the reasonable price of one shilling; for, unlike his brother bard, Mr. Brown never published in an expensive form. He was convinced that men would not lie hid though concealed in a pamphlet, but like Terence's beauty, *diuturnum non potest*, and that nonsense, though printed in quarto with the types of Davison, would be still unnoticed and neglected. On his once being shown to

quarto edition of the "White Doe," and told that he ought to publish in a similar manner, his answer was that "none but he *devil's* poets needed fine clothes!" The pamphlet above alluded to was entitled "Poems on Military Battles, Naval Victories, and other important subjects, the most extraordinary ever penned, a Thunderbolt shot from a Lion's Bow at Satan's Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Devil and the Kingdom of this World preserving themselves in darkness for the great and terrible Day of the Lord, as Jude, the servant of God, declareth: By JAMES BROWN, P. L." This singular work was decorated with a whole length portrait of the author treading on the "devil's books," and blowing a trumpet to alarm sinners; it was, as we have heard him say, the work of a junior pupil of the ingenious Mr. Bewick.

During the contest for Durham, in 1820, a number of copies of an election quib, written by a humble individual connected with a northern newspaper, and entitled "A Sublime Epistle, Poetic and Politic, by James Brown, P. L." was sent him for distribution; these, after printing an explanatory address on the back of the title, wherein he called himself S. S. L. D., the "Slayer of Seven Legions of Devils," and disowned the authorship, he turned to his own emolument by selling at sixpence a copy.

In religious affairs Brown was extremely superstitious; he believed in every mad fanatic who broached opinions contrary to reason and sense. The wilder the theory, the more congenial to his mind. He was successively a believer in Wesley, Messrs. Buchan, Huntington, Imanuel Swedenburg, and Joanna Southcote; had he lived a little longer he would probably have been "a ranter." He was a great reader, and what he read he remembered. The bible, of which he had a very old and curious pocket edition in black letter, was his favourite work; next to that he esteemed Alban Butler's wonderful lives of the saints, to every relation of which he gave implicit credit, though, strange to tell, he was in his conversation always violent against the idolatries of the catholic church.

When Brown was a follower of Mr. Buchan, he used to relate that he fasted forty days and forty nights, and it is to his subject that veterinary doctor Marshall, of Durham, his legitimate successor,

alludes in the following lines of an elegy he wrote on the death of his brother poet and friend:—

"He fasted forty days and nights
When Mr. Buchan put to rights
The wicked, for a wonder;
And not so much, it has been thought,
As weigh'd the button on his coat,
He took to keep sin under."

So said a Bion worthy of such an Adonis! but other accounts differ. If we may credit Mr. Sykes, the respectable author of "Local Records," Marshall erred in supposing that the poet, camelion-like, lived on air for "forty days and forty nights." Mr. Sykes relates that in answer to a question he put to him as to how he contrived for so long a time to sustain the cravings of nature, Brown replied, that "they (he and the rest of the party of fasters) only set on to the fire a great pot, in which they boiled water, and then stirred into it oatmeal, and supped *that!*"

Brown, was very susceptible of flattery, and all his life long constantly received letters in rhyme, purporting to come from Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley, Southey, Wilson, and other great poets; with communications in prose from the king of England, the emperor of Morocco, the sultan of Persia, &c. All of these he believed to be genuine, and was in the habit of showing as curiosities to his friends, who were frequently the real authors, and laughed in their sleeves at his credulity.

In 1821, Brown received a large parchment, signed G. R., attested by Messrs. Canning and Peel, to which was suspended a large unmeaning seal, which he believed to be the great seal of Great Britain. This document purported to be a patent of nobility, creating him "baron Durham, of Durham, in the county palatine of Durham." It recited that this title was conferred on him in consequence of a translation of his works having been the means of converting the Mogul empire! From that moment he assumed the name and style of "baron Brown," and had a wooden box made for the preservation of his patent.

Of the poetic pieces which Brown was in the habit of receiving, many were close imitations of the authors whose names were affixed to them, and evinced that the writers were capable of better things. One "from Mr. Coleridge," was a re-

spectable burlesque of the "Ancient Mariner," and began:—

It is a lion's trumpeter,
And he stoppeth one of three.

Another, "from Mr. Wilson," commenced thus:—

Poetic dreams float round me now,
My spirit where art thou?
Oh! art thou watching the moonbeams smile
On the groves of palm in an Indian isle;
Or dost thou hang over the lovely main
And list to the boatswain's boisterous strain;
Or dost thou sail on sylphid wings
Through liquid fields of air,
Or, riding on the clouds afar,
Dost thou gaze on the beams of the evening star

So beautiful and so fair.

O no! O no! sweet spirit of mine
Thou art entering a holy strain divine

A strain which is so sweet,
Oh, one might think 'twas a fairy thing.
A thing of love and blessedness,
Singing in holy tenderness,
A lay of peaceful quietness,
Within a fairy street!
But *ah!* 'tis BROWN, &c. &c.

A piece "from Walter Scott" opened with:—

The heath-cock shrill his clarion blew
Among the heights of Benvenue,
And fast the sportive echo flew,
Adown Glenavin's vale.
But louder, louder was the knell,
Of Brown's Northumbrian penance-bell,*
The noise was heard on Norham fell,
And rung through Teviotdale.

These burlesques were chiefly produced by the law and medical students in Newcastle and Durham, and the young gentlemen of the Catholic College of Ushaw, near the latter place. As the writer of this sketch was once congratulating Mr. Brown on his numerous respectable correspondents, the old man said that he had an acquaintance far superior to any of his earthly ones, and no less a personage than the angel Gabriel, who, he stated, brought him letters from Joanna Southcote, and call to carry back his answers! This "Gabriel" was a young West Indian then residing in Durham, who used to dress himself in a sheet with

goose wings on his shoulders and visit the poet at night, with letters purporting to be written to him in heaven by the far famed prophetess. After "Gabriel" left Durham, Brown was frequently told of the deception which had been practised upon him, but he never could be induced to believe that his nocturnal visiter was any other than the angel himself. "Did I not," he once said, "see him clearly flout at the ceiling!" Brown used to correspond with some of Joanna's followers in London, on the subject of these supposed revelations, and actually found (*credite posteri*) believers in the genuineness.

Amongst Brown's strange ideas, on was that he was immortal, and should never die. Under this delusion when he refused all medical assistance, and induced him at the age of 90 to sell the little property which he acquired by marriage, for a paltry guinea a week, to be paid during the life of himself and Mr. Brown, and the life of the survivor. The property he parted from, in consideration of this weekly stipend, was a leasehold house in Sadler-street, (the theatre having been pulled down soon after the erection of the present one opposite to it,) and the house was conveyed to two Durham tradesmen, Robinson Emmerson and George Stonehouse, by whom the allowance was for some time regularly paid; but on the latter becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, the payment was discontinued, and poor Brown and his aged wife were thrown on the world without a farthing, at a time when bodily and mental infirmities had rendered them incapable of gaining a livelihood. Far be from the writer of this to cast any aspersion on Messrs. Emmerson and Stonehouse, but it does certainly appear to him that their conduct to Brown was unkind to say the least of it. After this calamity Brown became for a few months an inhabitant of a poor-house, which he subsequently left for a lodging at an obscure inn, where, on the 11th of July, 1823, died in a state of misery and penury the advanced age of 92: his wife shortly afterwards died in the poorhouse. They are both interred in the churchyard St. Oswald.

Such was James Brown the Durham poet, who with all his eccentricities was an honest, harmless and inoffensive man. Of his personal appearance, the excellent portrait which accompanies the memoir from a drawing by Mr. Ter

* Ringing the penance-bell was an expression which frequently occurred in his writings. As—
We toll'd the devil's penance-bell,
And warn'd you to keep from hell, &c.
The penance-bell occurs three or four times in each of his several poems.

an exact resemblance. All who knew him will bear testimony to its correctness. It is indeed the only one in existence that gives a correct idea of what he was. The other representations of him are nothing better than caricatures. D.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 45.

September 8.

NATIVITY B. V. M.

The legend of this festival retained in the church of England calendar, is related in vol. i. col. 1274.

CHRONOLOGY.

Fatal Puppet Play.

*Extract from the Parish Register of Burwell, in Cambridgeshire, "1727, September 8. N. B. About nine o'clock in the evening, a most dismal fire broke out in a barn in which a great number of persons were met together to see a puppet-show. In the barn there were a great many loads of new light straw; the barn was thatched with straw, which was very dry, and the inner roof of the barn was covered with old dry cobwebs; so that the fire, like lightning, flew round the barn in an instant, and there was but one small door belonging to the barn, which was close nailed up, and could not be easily broke open; and when it was opened, the passage was so narrow, and every body so impatient to escape, that the door was presently blocked up, and most of those that did escape, which were but very few, were forced to crawl over the heads and bodies of those that lay on a heap at the door, and the rest, in number seventy-six, perished instantly, and two more died of their wounds within two days. The fire was occasioned by the negligence of a servant, who set a candle and lantern to, near, the heap of straw that was in the barn. The servant's name was Richard Whitaker, of the parish of Hadstock, in Essex, near Linton, in Cambridgeshire, who was tried for the fact at the assizes held at Cambridge, March 27, 1728, but he was acquitted."**

STAINES CHURCH, MIDDLESEX.

Exhumation.

In a small apartment under the staircase leading to the gallery at the west end of the church, is presented the sin-

gular and undesirable spectacle of two unburied coffins, containing human bodies. The coffins are covered with crimson velvet and are otherwise richly embellished. They are placed beside each other on trestles, and bear respectively the following inscriptions :—

"JESSIE ASPASIA.

The most excellent and truly beloved wife of F. W. Campbell, Esq. of Breck, N. B. and of Woodlands in Surrey. Died in her 28th year,

July 11th, 1812."

"HENRY E. A. CAULFIELD, Esq

Died Sept. 3, 1808.

Aged 29 years."

As it was necessarily supposed that coffins thus open to inspection would excite much curiosity, a card is preserved at the sexton's house, which states, in addition to the intelligence conveyed by the above inscriptions, that the deceased lady was daughter of W. T. Caulfield, Esq. of Rahanduff in Ireland, by Jessie, daughter of James, third lord Ruthven; and that she bore, with tranquil and exemplary patience, a fatal disorder produced by grief on the death of her brother, who removed from a former place of sepulture, now lies beside her in unburied solemnity.

NATURALIST'S CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 57 . 87.

September 9.

THE SEASON.

At this period of the year the fashionable people of unfashionable times were accustomed to close their sojournments on the coasts, and commence their inland retreats before they "came to town for good." In this respect manners are altered. The salubrity of the ocean-breeze is now courted, and many families, in defiance of gales and storms, spend the greater part of the winter at the southern watering places. The increase of this remarkable deviation deserves to be noticed, as a growing accommodation to the purposes of life.

A literary gentleman on his arrival from viewing the world of waters, obliges the editor with some original flowings from his pen, so fresh and beautiful, that they are submitted immediately to the reader's enjoyment.

SONNET.

Written in a Cottage by the Sea-side. Hastings.

Ye, who would flee from the world's vanities
 From cities' riot, and mankind's annoy,
 Seek this lone cot, and here forget your sighs,
 For health and rest are here—guests but too coy.
 If the vast ocean, with its boundless space,
 Its power omnipotent, and eternal voice,
 Wean not thy thoughts from wearying folly's choice,
 And mortal trifling, unto virtue's grace,
 To high intent, pure purpose, and sweet peace,
 Leaving of former bitter pangs no trace;—
 If each unworthy wish it does not drown,
 And free thee from ennui's unnerving thrall,
 Then art thou dead to nature's warning call,
 And fit but for the maddening haunts of town.

W. T. M

SONNET STANZAS.

On the Sea.

I never gaze upon the mighty sea,
 And hear its many voices, but there steals
 A host of stirring fancies, vividly
 Over my mind; and memory reveals
 A thousand wild and wondrous deeds to me;
 Of venturous seamen, on their daring keels;
 And blood-stain'd pirates, sailing fearlessly;
 And lawless smugglers, which each cave conceals;
 In his canoe, the savage, roving free;
 And all I've read of rare and strange, that be
 On every shore, o'er which its far wave peals:
 With luxuries, in which Imagination reels,
 Of bread fruit, palm, banana, cocoa tree,
 And thoughts of high emprise, and boundless liberty!

I ne'er upon the ocean gaze, but I
 Think of its fearless sons, whose sails, unfurl'd,
 So oft have led to Art's best victory.
 Columbus upon unknown waters hurl'd,
 Pursuing his sole purpose, firm and high,
 The great discovery of another world;
 And daring Cook, whose memory's bepearled
 With pity's tears, from many a wild maid's eye;
 Their Heiva dance, in fancy I espy,
 While still the dark chief's lip in anger curled:
 O'er shipwreck'd Crusoe's lonely fate I sigh,
 His self-form'd bark on whelming billows whirled;
 And oft, in thought, I hear the Tritons cry,
 And see the mermaid train light gliding by.

I never gaze upon the boundless deep,
 But still I think upon the glorious brave,
 Nelson and Blake, who conquered but to save;
 I hear their thunders o'er the billows sweep,
 And think of those who perish'd on the wave,
 That Britain might a glorious harvest reap!
 High hearts and generous, Vain did foemen
 Peace to their souls, and sweetly may they sleep,
 Entomb'd within the ocean's lonely cave!
 Still many a lovely eye for them shall weep,
 Tears, far more precious than the pearls, that keep
 Their casket there, or all the sea e'er gave,
 To the bold diver's grasp, whose fearless leap
 With wealth enriches, or in death must sleep! W. T. M.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 58° 55.

September 10.

THE RAINBOW.

Behold yon bright, ethereal bow,
 With evanescent beauties glow;
 The spacious arch streams through the sky,
 Decked with each tint of nature's dye:
 Refracted sunbeams, through the shower,
 A humid radiance from it pour;
 Whilst colour into colour fades,
 With blended lights and softening shades.

LUNAR RAINBOW.

On the 10th of September, 1802, a very beautiful lunar rainbow was observed at Matlock, in Derbyshire, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening: its effect was singularly pleasing. The colours of these phenomena are sometimes very well defined; but they have a more tranquil tone than those which originate in the solar beams. They are not unfrequent in the vicinity of Matlock, being mentioned by some writers among the natural curiosities of that delightful spot.

On Saturday evening, September 28, 1822, an extremely interesting iris of this description was distinctly observed by many persons in the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire. It made its appearance nearly north, about half-past eight in the evening. This bow of the heavens was every way complete, the curvature entire, though its span was extensive, and the altitude of its apex seemed to be about 20 degrees. The darkness occasioned by some clouds pregnant with rain, in the back ground of this white arch of beauty,

formed a striking contrast, while several stars in the constellation of Ursa Major, (the great bear,) which were for a time conspicuous, imparted additional grandeur to the scene.*

An observer of a nocturnal rainbow on the 17th of August 1788, relates its appearance particularly. "On Sunday evening, after two days, on both of which, particularly the former, there had been a great deal of rain, together with lightning and thunder, just as the clocks were striking nine, three and twenty hours after full moon, looking through my window, I was struck with the appearance of something in the sky which seemed like a rainbow. Having never seen a rainbow by night, I thought it a very extraordinary phenomenon, and hastened to a place where there were no buildings to obstruct my view of the hemisphere. The moon was truly 'walking in brightness,' brilliant as she could be, not a cloud was to be seen near her; and over-against her, toward the north-west, or perhaps rather more to the north, was a rainbow, a vast arch, perfect in all its parts, not interrupted or broken as rainbows frequently are, but unremittedly visible from one horizon to the other. In order to give some idea of its extent, it is necessary to say, that, as I stood toward the western extremity of the parish of Stoke Newington, it seemed to take its rise from the west of Hampstead, and to end, perhaps, in the river Lea, the eastern boundary of Tottenham; its colour was white, cloudy, or greyish, but a part of its western leg seemed to exhibit tints of

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

a faint, sickly green. I continued viewing it for some time, till it began to rain; and at length the rain increasing, and the sky growing more hazy, I returned home about a quarter or twenty minutes past

nine, and in ten minutes came out again, but by that time all was over, the moon was darkened by clouds, and the rainbow of course vanished.”*

* Gentleman's Magazine.



Pump at Hammersmith.

A "walking" man should not refrain
To take a saunter up Webb's-lane,
Tow'rds Shepherd's bush, and see a rude
Old lumb'ring pump. It's made of wood,
And pours its water in a font
So beautiful—that if he do'n't
Admire how such a combination
Was form'd, in such a situation,
He has no power of causation,
Or taste, or feeling; but must live
Painless, and pleasureless; and give
Himself to doing what he can;
And die a sort of sort-of-man.

Some persons walk the strait road from Dan to Beersheba, and finding it firm beneath the foot, have no regard to any thing else, and are satisfied when they get to their journey's end. I do not advise these good kind of people to go to Hammersmith; but, here and there, an out-of-the-way man will be glad to bend his course thitherward, in search of the object represented. It is fair to say I have not seen it myself: it turned up the other day in an artist's sketch-book. He had taken it as an object, could tell no more than that he liked it, and, as I seemed struck by its appearance, but could not then go to look at it and make inquiries, he volunteered his services, and wrote me as follows:—"I went to Hammersmith, and was some time before I could find the place again: however, I at length discovered it in Webb's-lane, opposite the Thatched-house, (Mr. Gowland is the landlord.) There I took some refreshment, and gained what information I could, which was but little. The stone *font* with other things (old carved ornaments, &c., which were used in fitting up the upper rooms of some cottages that the pump belongs to) were purchased at a sale; and this was all I could obtain at the Thatched-house. Coming from thence I learned from a cobbler at work that there was originally a *lead*en pump, but that it was doubled up, and rolled away, by some thieves, and they attempted to take the font, but found it too heavy. The Crispin could not inform me where the sale was, but he told me where his

landlady lived and her name, which was Mrs. Springthorp, of Hammersmith, any one could tell me her house. so, being very tired, I took coach, and rode to town without inquiry. Please to send me word whether I shall do it for next week."

To the latter inquiry my answer of course was "yes." but I am as dark as my informant, as to the origin of what he calls the "*font*" which forms the sink of this pump. It does not appear to me to be a font, but a vase. I could have wished he had popped the question to "Mrs. Springthorp" respecting the place from whence it came, and concerning the "other things, old carved ornaments, &c." I entreat some kind reader to diligently seek out and obligingly acquaint me with full particulars of these matters. In the mean time I console myself with having presented a picturesque object, and with the hope of being enabled to account for the agreeable union.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 · 07.

September 11.

WOODLAND WALKS.

These are delightful at any time. At about this season of the year, 1817, the following poetical description appeared in a newspaper which no longer exists:—

LINES

By MR. J. H. REYNOLDS.

Whence is the secret charm of this lone wood,
Which in the light of evening sweetly sleeps!—
I tread with lingering feet the quiet steeps,
Where thwarted oaks o'er their own old age brood;—
And where the gentler trees, in summer weather,
Spring up all greenly in their youth together;
And the grass is dwelling in a silent mood,
And the fir-like fern its under forest keeps
In a strange stillness. My winged spirit sweeps
Not as it hath been wont,—but stays with me
Like some domestic thing that loves its home;
It lies a-dreaming o'er the imagery
Of other scenes,—which from afar do come,
Matching them with this indolent solitude
Here,—I am walking in the days gone by,—
And under trees which I have known before.
My heart with feelings old is running o'er—

And I **am** happy as the morning sky.
 The present seems a mockery of the past—
 And all my thoughts flow by me, like a stream,
 That hath no home, that sings beneath the beam
 Of the summer sun,—and wanders through sweet meads,—
 In which the joyous wildflower meekly feeds,—
 And strays,—and wastes away in woods at last
 My thoughts o'er many things fleet silently,—
 But to this older forest creep, and cling fast.
 Imagination, ever wild and free,
 With heart as open as the naked sea,
 Can consecrate whate'er it looks upon :—
 And memory, that maiden never lone,
 Lights all the dream of life. While I can see
 This blue deep sky,—that sun so proudly setting
 In the haughty west,—this spring patiently wetting
 The shadowy dell,—these trees so tall and fair,
 That have no visitors but the birds and air :—
 And hear those leaves a gentle whispering keep,
 Light as young joy, and beautiful as sleep,—
 The melting of sweet waters in the dells,—
 The music of the loose flocks' lulling bells,
 Which sinks into the heart like spirit's spells.
 While these all softly o'er my senses sweep,—
 I need not doubt that I shall ever find
 Things, that will feed the cravings of my mind.
 My happiest hours were past with those I love
 On steeps ;—in dells, with shadowy trees above ;
 And therefore it may be my soul ne'er sleeps,
 When I am in a pastoral solitude :—
 And such may be the charm of this lone wood,
 That in the light of evening sweetly sleeps.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 40.

September 12.

STORM AT ENGHEN.

On the 12th of September, 1817, the gentlemen forming a deputation of the "Caledonian Horticultural Society," while inspecting Mr. Parmentier's gardens at Enghein, were suddenly overtaken by a violent thunder storm, and compelled to flee for shelter to Mr. Parmentier's house. "As this thunder storm was of a character different from what we are accustomed to in Scotland, and much more striking than what we had witnessed at Brussels, a short notice of it may be excused.—A dense, black cloud was seen advancing from the east ; and as this cloud developed itself and increased in magnitude, one-half of the horizon became shrouded in darkness, enlivened only by occasional flashes of forked lightning, while the

other half of the horizon remained clear, with the sun shining bright. As the black cloud approached, the sun's rays tinged it of a dull copper colour, and the reflected light caused all the streets and houses to assume the same lurid and metallic-hue. This had a very uncommon and impressive effect. Before we reached the mayor's house, scarce a passenger was to be seen in the streets ; but we remarked women at the doors, kneeling, and turning their rosaries as they invoked their saints. Meantime 'thick and strong the sulphurous flame descended ;' the flashes and peals began to follow each other in almost instantaneous succession, and the tout-ensemble became awfully sublime. A sort of whirlwind, which even raised the small gravel from the streets, and dashed it against the windows, preceded the rain, which fell in heavy drops, but lasted only a short time. The sun now became obscured, and day seemed converted into night. Mr. Parmentier having ordered wine, his lady

came to explain that she could not prevail on any of the servants to venture across the court to the cellar. The mayor, in spite of our remonstrances, immediately undertook the task himself; and when, upon his return, we apologised for putting him to so much trouble, he assured us that he would not on any account have lost the brilliant sight he had enjoyed, from the incessant explosions of the electric fluid, in the midst of such palpable darkness. Such a scene, he added, had not occurred at Enghein for many years; and we reckoned ourselves fortunate in having witnessed it. We had to remain housed for more than two hours; when the great cloud began to clear away, and to give promise of a serene and clear evening."

Two days before, on the 10th, the same party had been surprised at Brussels by a similar tempest. They were on a visit to the garden of Mr. Gillet, and remarking on the construction of his forcing-house. "In this forcing-house, as is usual, the front of the roof extends over the sloping glass, till it reaches the perpendicular of the parapet. Mr. Gillet had no doubt, that the object of this sort of structure is to help to save the glass from the heavy falls of hail, which frequently accompany thunder storms. Just as he had made this observation, we perceived menacing thunder clouds approaching: the gardener hastened to secure his glazed frames; Mr. Gillet took his leave; and before we could get home, the whole horizon was overcast; lightning flashed incessantly; the streets seemed to have been suddenly swept of the inhabitants, the shop-doors were shut, and we could scarcely find a person of whom to inquire the way."—The day had been altogether sultry; and at ten o'clock P. M. the mercury in the thermometer stood at seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 56 · 42.

September 13.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature 56 · 90.

September 14.

HOLY CROSS.

The origin of the festival of "Holy Cross," standing in the church of England calendar and almanacs, is related in vol. i. col. 1291, with some account of the *rood* and the *rood-loft* in churches.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature 58 · 20.

September 15.

"THE DEVIL LOOKING OVER LINCOLN."

On the 15th of September, 1731, "the famous devil that used to overlook Lincoln college in Oxford, was taken down, having, about two years since, lost his head, in a storm."

On the same day in the same year "a crown, fixed on the top of Whitehall gate in the reign of king Charles II., fell down suddenly."⁷*

The origin of the statue of the devil at Oxford is not so certain as that the effigy was popular, and gave rise to the saying of "the devil looking over Lincoln."

SATANIC SUPERSTITIONS.

That the devil has a "cloven foot," which he cannot hide if it be looked for is a common belief with the vulgar. "The ground of this opinion at first," says sir Thomas Browne, "might be his frequent appearing in the shape of a goat," (this accounts also for his horns and tail,) "which answers this description. This was the opinion of the ancient christians, concerning the apparition of panites, fauns, and satyrs; and of this form we read of one that appeared to Anthony in the wilderness." Mr. Brand collects, respecting this appearance, that Othello says, in the "Moor of Venice,"

"I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee;" which Dr. Johnson explains: "I look towards his feet, to see, if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven." There is a popular superstition both in

England and Scotland relative to *goats*: that they are *never* to be seen for twenty-four hours together; and that once in that space, they pay a visit to the devil in order to have their beards combed.

Baxter, in his "World of Spirits," mentions an anecdote from whence Mr. Brand imagines, that "this infernal visitant was in no instance treated with more *sang froid* on his appearing, or rather, perhaps, his imagined appearance, than by one Mr. White of Dorchester." That gentleman was assessor to the Westminster Assembly at Lambeth, and "the devil, in a light night, stood by his bed-side: he looked awhile whether he would say or do any thing, and then said, 'If thou hast nothing else to do, I have; and so turned himself to sleep.'"

King James I. told his parliament in a speech on a certain occasion, that "the *devil* is a busy *bishop*." It has been objected to this saying of "His Most Dread Majesty," that it would have sounded well enough from a professed enemy to the bench, "but came very improperly from a king who flattered them more, and was more flattered by them, than any prince till his time."*

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

As I was going the other day into Lincoln's-inn, (says a writer in the "Grub-street Journal" of October 26, 1732,) under a great gateway, I met several lads loaded with great bundles of newspapers, which they brought from the stamp-office. They were all exceeding black and dirty; from whence I inferred they were "printers' devils," carrying from thence the returns of unfold newspapers, after the stamps had been cut off. They stooped under the gateway, and there laid down their loads; when one of them made the following harangue: "Devils, gentlemen, and brethren:—though I think we have no reason to be ashamed on account of the vulgar opinion concerning the origin of our name, yet we ought to acknowledge ourselves obliged to the learned herald, who, upon the death of any person of title, constantly gives an exact account of his ancient family in my London Evening Post. He says, there was one monsieur Devile, or De Ville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with

De Laune, De Vice, De Val, D'Ashwood, D'Urfie, D'Umpling, &c. One of the sons of a descendant of this monsieur De Ville, was taken in by the famous Caxton in 1471, as an errand boy; was afterwards his apprentice, and in time an eminent printer, from whom our order took their name; but suppose they took it from infernal devils, it was not because they were messengers frequently sent in darkness, and appeared very black, but upon a reputable account, viz., John Fust, or Faustus, of Mentz, in Germany, was the inventor of printing, for which he was called a conjurer, and his art the black art. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run on errands, who were always very black, these they called devils; some of whom being raised to be his apprentices, he was said to have raised many a devil. As to the inferior order among us, called flies, employed in taking newspapers off the press, they are of later extraction, being no older than newspapers themselves. Mr. Bailey thinks, their original name was lies, taken from the papers they so took off, and the alteration occasioned thus. To hasten these boys, the pressmen used to cry *flie*, lie, which naturally fell into one single word lie. This conjecture is confirmed by a little corruption in the true title of the *flying Post*; since, therefore, we are both comprehended under the title of devils, let us discharge our office with diligence; so may we attain, as many of our predecessors have done, to the dignity of printers, and to have an opportunity of using others as much like poor devils, as we have been used by them, or as they and authors are used by booksellers. These are an upstart profession, who have engrossed the business of bookselling, which originally belonged solely to our masters. But let them remember, that if we worship Belial and Beelzebub, the God of flies, all the world agrees, that their God is mammon."

The preceding is from the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1732; and it is mentioned, that "at the head of the article is a picture emblematically displaying the art and mystery of printing; in which are represented a compositor, with an ass's head; two pressmen, one with the head of a hog, the other of a horse, being names which they fix upon one another; a flie taking off the sheets, and a devil hanging them up; a messenger with a greyhound."

* Gentleman's Magazine.

face kicking out the "Craftsman;" a figure with two faces, for the master, to show he prints on both sides; but the reader is cautioned against applying it to any particular person, who is, or ever was a printer; for that all the figures were intended to represent characters and not persons."

It is a proverbial expression, not confined to our country, that "the devil is not so black as he is painted." The French, in their usual forms of speech, mention him with great honour and respect. Thus, when they would commend any thing, they break out into this pious exclamation, "Diable! que cela est bon!" When they would represent a man honest, sincere, and sociable, they call him "un bon Diable." Some of our own countrymen will say, a thing is "devilish good;" a lady is "devilish pretty." In a mixture of surprise and approbation, they say, "the devil's in this fellow, or he is a comical devil." Others speak of the apostate angel with abhorrence, and nothing is more common than to say, "such a one is a sad devil." I remember when I was at St. Germain's, a story of a gentleman, who being in waiting at the court of king James II., and the discourse running upon demons and apparitions, the king asked him whether ever he had seen any thing of that sort. "Yes," replied he, "last night." His majesty asked him what he had seen. He answered, "the devil." Being asked in what shape,—“O sir,” said he, with a sigh, “in his usual and natural shape, that of an empty bottle.”*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR,
Mean Temperature . . . 59 . 32.

September 16.

FRAUDULENT DEBTOR.

On the 16th of September, 1735, Mr. Yardley died in the Fleet prison, where he had been confined nearly ten years in execution for a debt of a hundred pounds. He was possessed of nearly seven hundred a year, and securities and other effects to the value of five thousand pounds were found in his room.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 59 . 04.

* Gentleman's Magazine.
† Ibid.

September 17.

LAMBERT

There is an account of this saint of the church of England calendar, in vol. i. col. 1295.

REMARKABLE THIEF.

On the 17th of September, 1737, the secret was discovered of some mysterious robberies committed in Gray's-inn, while the inhabitants had been in the country.

About a month before, there died at a madhouse near Red Lion-square, one Mr. Rudkins, who had chambers up three pair of stairs, at No. 14, in Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. His sister-in law and executrix, who lived in Staffordshire, wrote to Mr. Cotton, a broker, to take care of the effects in her behalf; and he having read a Mr. Warren's advertisement of his chambers having been robbed, found several of his writings there; several things of a Mr. Ellis, who had been robbed about two years before of above three hundred pounds, of a Mr. Lawson's of the Temple, and of captain Haughton's, whose chambers were broken open some years previously, and two hundred pounds' reward offered for his writings, which were a part found here. There were also found books to one hundred pounds' value, belonging to Mr. Osborne the bookseller in Gray's-inn.

It is remarkable, that when Mr. Rudkins had any thing in view in this way, he would padlock up his own door, and take horse at noonday, giving out to his laundress that he was going into the country. His chambers consisted of five rooms, two of which not even his laundress was ever admitted into, and in these was found the booty, with all his working tools, picklocks, &c. He had formerly been a tradesman in King-street, near Guildhall. It is further remarkable of this private house-breaker, that he always went to Abingdon's coffee-house, in Holborn, on an execution-day, to see from thence the poor wretches pass by to their dismal end; and at no other time did he frequent that coffee-house.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 95.

September 18.

GEORGE I. AND II. LANDED.

The "coming over" of these two kings of the house of Brunswick, is marked in

'he almanacs on 'his day, which is kept as a holiday at all the public offices, except the excise, stamps, and customs.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 97.

September 19.

UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

In September, 1737, a new university founded at Gottingen, by his Britannic majesty, which has since attained to great eminence, was "opened with a very solemn inauguration." In 1788, the black board, on the walls of its council-house, bore three edicts for the expulsion of three students named Westfield, Planch, and Bauer. These papers were drawn up in Latin by the celebrated professor Heyne, and are printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for June, 1789. King George IV., when prince regent in 1814, sent a copy of every important work published in England during the ten preceding years, as a present to the library of the university, agreeable to a promise he had made to that purport.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 57 . 87.

September 20.

HEALTH—*Cholera Morbus.*

This is, of all times of the year, the most productive of epidemical disorders of the bowels, which are erroneously ascribed to fruits, but which, in reality, the autumnal fruits seem best calculated to mollify. If the diarrhea be very violent, or accompanied with incessant vomiting, as in *cholera morbus*, the best practice is, after the intestinal canal has been suffered copiously to evacuate itself, to take small doses of chalk, or of some other substance known to check the disorder, with which chemists are always prepared. But in ordinary cases, it is a safer plan to let the disease spend itself, as there is a great deal of irritation of the intestines, which the flux carries off. We should avoid eating animal food, but take tea, broths, gruel, and other diluents, and the disorder will usually soon subside of itself. After it has so subsided we should guard against its return, by taking great care to keep the bowels regular, by eating light and vegetable food and fruits, or now and then

taking a gentle dose of aloes, gr. iiii. The pills which commonly go by the name of Hunt's pills, if genuine, are very good medicines to regulate the bowels. When low spirits and want of bile indicate the liver to partake much of the disease, two grains of the pil. hydrarg., commonly called blue pill, may be used now and then with advantage.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 45.

September 21.

THE SEASON.

Swallows and martins are still very numerous, the general migration not having begun. They roost in immense numbers on buildings, round about which martins fly some times in such quantities as almost to darken the air with their plumes. Sparrows, linnets, various finches, and also plovers, are now seen about in flocks, according to an annual habit, prevalent among many kinds of birds, of assembling together in autumn.†

The accompanying stanzas applicable to the season, are extracted from an original poem, entitled "The Libertine of the Emerald Isle," which will, probably, be published early in the next year

AUTUMN.

For the Every-Day Book.

The leaves are falling, and the hollow breeze
At ev'ning tide sweeps mournfully along,
Making sad music, such as minor keys
Develop in a melancholy song:
The meadows, too, are losing by degrees
Their green habiliments—and now among
The various works of nature there appears
A gen'ral gloom, prophetic of the year's

Approaching dissolution:—but to me
These sombre traits are pregnant with
delight,
And yield my soul more true felicity
Than words can justly picture:—they invite
My mind to contemplation—they agree
With my heart's bias, and at once excite
Those feelings, both of love and admiration,
Which make this world a glorious revelation'

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

† Ibid.

Hence—not infrequently when all is still,
And Cynthia walks serenely through the
sky,

Silv'ring the groves and ev'ry neighb'ring hill,
I sit and ponder on the years gone by :

This is the time when reason has her fill
Of this world's good and evil, when the eye
Of contemplation takes a boundless range
Of spheres that never vacillate or change !

Sweet Autumn ! thou'rt surrounded with the
charms

Of reason, and philosophy, and truth,
And ev'ry " sound reflection " that disarms
This life of half its terrors :—in our youth
We feel no sense of danger, and the qualms
Of conscience seldom trouble us forsooth,
Because the splendour of its reign destroys
Whatever checks our sublunary joys ?

But thou art far too rigid and severe
To let these errors triumph for a day,
Or suffer folly, in her mad career,
To sweep our reas'ning faculties away !
Thou pointest out the fun'ral of the year,
The summer's wreck and palpable decay,
Stamping a " moral lesson " on the mind,
To awe, restrain, and meliorate mankind !

But men are callous to thy warning voice,
And pass thee by, regardless of thy worth,
Making a false and perishable choice
Of all the fleeting pleasures of the earth :
They love gross riot, turbulence, and noise,
The Bacchanalian's ebriating mirth,
And when the autumn of their lives creeps on,
Their wit has vanish'd, and their strength is
gone !

But had they been observant of thy pow'rs,
And ponder'd o'er thy ruin and decay,
They might have well applied them to those
hours

Which nothing, for an instant, can delay ;
But whilst health, strength, and competence
are our's,

And youth is basking in the summer's ray,
Life's autumn scenes reluctantly are view'd,
And folly's visions joyously pursued !

B. W. R.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58 . 02.

September 22.

ST. MAURICE.

THIS saint, to whom and his companions a festival is celebrated by the Romish church on this day, received a similar honour in England. They are said to have been officers in the Theban legion, which refused to sacrifice to the gods on their march into Gaul, and were, there-

fore, ordered to be decimated by Maximian. Every tenth man was accordingly put to death, and on their continued resistance, a second decimation ordered, and Maurice and his companions encouraged them, and the whole legion consisting of six thousand six hundred men, well armed, being no way intimidated to idolatry by cruelty, were slaughtered by the rest of the army, and relics of their bodies were gathered and preserved, and worked miracles.*

— — —

BATTLE OF THREEKINGHAM.

For the Every-Day Book.

The village of Threekingham, in the county of Lincoln, was known by the name of Laundon, previous to this day, A. D. 870, when a battle was fought between the English and Danes, of which Ingulphus, a monk of Crowland abbey, has left the following account.

The Danes entered England in the year 879, and wintered at York ; and in the year 880 proceeded to the parts of Lindsey, in Lincolnshire, where they commenced their destructive depredations by laying waste the abbey of Bardney. In the month of September in the latter year, earl Algar, with two of his seneschals, (Wibert, owner of Wiberton, and Leofric, owner of Leverton,) attended by the men of Holland (Lincolnshire), Toly, a monk (formerly a soldier), with two hundred men belonging to Crowland abbey, and three hundred from Deeping, Langtoft, and Boston, Morcar, lord of Bourn, with his powerful family, and Osgot, sheriff of Lincolnshire, with the forces of the county, being five hundred more, mustered in Kesteven, on the day of St. Maurice, and fought with the Danes, over whom they obtained considerable advantage, killing three of their kings and many of their private soldiers, and pursued the rest to their very camp, until night obliged them to separate. In the same night several princes and earls of the Danes, with their followers, who had been out in search of plunder, came to the assistance of their countrymen ; by the report of which many of the English were so dismayed that they took to flight. Those, however, who had resolution to face the enemy in the morning, went to prayers, and were marshalled for battle

Among the latter was Toly with his five hundred men in the right wing, with Moicar and his followers to support them; and Osgot the sheriff, with his five hundred men, and with the stout knight, Harding de Riehall, and the men of Stamford. The Danes, after having buried the three kings whom they had lost the day before, at a place there called Laundon, but since, from that circumstance, called *Three-king-ham*, marched out into the field. The battle began, and the English, though much inferior in numbers, kept their ground the greater part of the day with steadiness and resolution, until the Danes feigning a flight, were rashly pursued without attention to order. The Danes then took advantage of the confusion of the English, returned to the charge, and made their opponents pay dearly for their temerity; in fine, the Danes were completely victorious. In this battle, earl Algar, the monk Toly, and many other valiant men, were slain on the part of the English; after which the Danes proceeded to the destruction of the abbeys of Crowland, Thorney, Ramsey and Hamstede (Peterborough) and many other places in the neighbourhood.—Thus far is from Ingulphus the monk.

A fair, said to have arisen from the above circumstance, is annually held at *Three-king-ham*, on a remarkable piece of ground, called *Stow Green Hill*, reported to be the spot whereon the battle was principally contested, and Domesday-book in some degree corroborates the statement; for in the Conqueror's time, A. D. 1080, when that survey was taken, we find that there was then a fair held here, which yielded forty shillings, accounted for to Gilbert de Gand, lord of Foldingham. This fair, however, is not held now in the month of September, but commences on the 15th of June, and continues till the fourth of July, and was very probably changed in the fifty-second year of the reign of king Henry III., who according to Tanner's "Notitia Monastica," granted a charter for a fair at this place to the monastery of Sempringham

SLEAFORDENSIS.

September 8, 1826

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 57 · 70.

September 23.

OPENING OF THE WINTER THEATRES.

For the Every-Day Book.

To cultivate pleasant associations, may well be deemed a part and parcel of the philosophy of life. Now that spring, that sweet season redolent of flowers and buds hath passed away, and summer mellowing into autumn, has well nigh fallen into the "sere the yellow leaf," we in "populous city pent," gladly revert to those social enjoyments peculiar to a great metropolis, and among which stand conspicuous, the amusements of the acted drama.

The opening of the winter theatres may be reckoned as one of the principal *fasti* of cockney land, an epoch which distinctly marks the commencement of a winter in London. How changed from the auspicious season, when the bright sun glancing into our gloomy retreats, tantalizes us with visions of the breathing sweets of nature, and when we in our very dreams "babbled of green fields,"—to the period when even the thronged and dirty streets are endurable, as we wend our way perchance through a fog, (a London particular,) towards the crowded and gaily lighted theatre, by contrast made more brilliant.

"My first play" forms an era to most young persons, and is generally cherished among our more agreeable juvenile reminiscences: but the subject has been recently expatiated upon so delightfully and in so genial a spirit by ELIA, as almost to make further comment "a wasteful and ridiculous excess." I well remember the vast and splendid area of old Drury-lane theatre, where the mysterious green curtain portico, to that curious microcosm the stage, first met my youthful gaze. The performances were, the "Stranger" and "Blue Beard," both then in the very bloom of their popularity: and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the moral tendency of the first, all must allow that never piece was more effective in the representation, when aided by the unrivalled talents of Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, at that time in the zenith of their powers. I confess, that to my unsophisticated boyish feelings, subdued by the cunning of the scene, it seemed quite natural, that the sufferings of bitter remorse and repentance should suffice to ensure the pity and forgiveness of outraged society.—Happy age, when the generous impulses of our

nature are not yet blunted by the stern experience of after life!

This brings me to record a remarkable and disastrous event in theatrical annals, and one which in a great measure suggested the present communication. It was my fortune to be present at the *last* performances ever given on the boards of Old Drury—and which took place on Thursday evening the 23rd of February, 1809—when was acted for the first, and as it proved, the last time, a new opera composed by Bishop, called the “Circassian Bride.” The next night this magnificent theatre was a pile of burning ruins. The awful grandeur of the conflagration defies description, but to enlarge upon a circumstance so comparatively recent would be purely gratuitous; it was, however, an event which might be truly said, “to eclipse the harmless gaiety of nations,”—for the metropolis then presented the unprecedented spectacle of the national drama without a home,—the two sister theatres both prostrate in the dust!

Annexed is a copy of the play-bill, which at this distance of time, may perhaps be valued as an interesting relic. Illustrative of dramatic history. J. H.

NEVER ACTED.

Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

This present THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1809.

Their Majesties Servants will perform a New Opera, in Three Acts, called the

CIRCISSIAN BRIDE.

With New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations.

The OVERTURE and MUSIC entirely new, composed by Mr. BISHOP,

CIRCISSIANS.

Alexis, Mr. BRAHAM,

Rhindax, Mr. DE CAMP,

Demetrio, Mr. MARSHALL,

Basil, Mr. RAY,

Officers, Mr. GIBBON, Mr. MILLER,

Chief Priest, Mr. MADDOCKS,

Erminia, Miss LYON.

ENGLISH.

Ben Blunt, Mr. BANNISTER,

Tom Taffrel, Mr. SMITH,

Rachael, Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

TARTARS.

Usberg, (*the Khan*), Mr. J. SMITH,

Barak, Mr. MATHEWS,

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Kerim, Mr. FISHER, Hassan, Mr. COOK,
Slaves, Messrs. WEBB, EVANS,
CHATTERLEY,
Anna, Mrs. BLAND.

The *DANCE* by
Mesds. GREEN, TWANLEY, DAVIS, H.
and F. DENNET.

Chorus of Circassians, Tartars, &c.
By Messrs. Danby, Cook, Evans, Caul-
field, Bond, Dibble, Jones,
Mesds. Stokes, Chatterley, Menage,
Maddocks, Wells, Butler.

The New Scenes designed by
Mr. GREENWOOD,
And executed by him, Mr. BANKS, and
Assistants.

The Dresses and Decorations, by
Mr. JOHNSTON,
and executed by him, Mr. BANKS and
Mr. UNDERWOOD.

The Female Dresses designed and ex-
ecuted by Miss REIN.

Books of the Songs to be had in the
Theatre.

To which will be added the Farce of
FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

Robin Roughhead, Mr. MATHEWS,
Rattle, Mr. PALMER, Nancy Miss LACY
Margery, Mrs. SPARKS,
Dolly, Mrs. HARLOWE.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of Mr.
SPRING, at the Box-Office, Russel-street.

No money to be returned.

Vivant Rex et Regina! (Lowndes and Hobbs,
Printers, Marquis-court, Drury-lane.)

“ELIA.”—Why should J. H. pop on me with his mention of ELIA, just as I was about to write “an article?” Write!—it’s impossible. I have turned to “My First Play”—I cannot get it out my head: the reader must take the consequence of my inability, and of the fault of J. H., and read what I shall never approach to, in writing, were I to “grind my quill these hundred years”—

MY FIRST PLAY

BY ELIA.

At the north end of Cross-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garrick’s Drury—all of it

that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-building, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn, that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge.—From either of these connections, it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra, and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content that it should be so. The honour of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth, (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!) which my better knowledge since, has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versâ*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or

anglicized, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honours which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead, and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst with the feeling of an English freeholder, that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again;—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresse then was, “Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;”—chase *pro* chase. But when we got in and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen some thing like it in the plate prefixed to “Troilus and Cressida,” in Rowe's “Shakspeare”—the tent scene with Diomedes—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in measure the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (know not what) under glass (as it seemed resembling—a homely fancy—but judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy

—The orchestra lights at length arose, those "fair Auroras!" Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams.—Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the "Lady of the Manor," of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called "Lun's Ghost"—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire) "Lun" was as remote a piece of antiquity as "Lud"—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the "Way of the World." I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. "Robinson Crusoe" followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—

The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old round church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished, I could not tell how.—

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present "a royal ghost,"—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in "Isabella." Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and

the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

After this robbery of "ELIA," my conscience forces me to declare that I wish every reader would save me from the shame of further temptation to transgress, by ordering "ELIA" into his collection. There is no volume in our language so full of beauty, truth, and feeling, as the volume of "ELIA." I am convinced that every person who has not seen it, and may take the hint, will thank me for acquainting him with a work which he cannot look into without pleasure, nor lay down without regret. It is a delicious book.

SHERBORNE BELLS.

On this day it is a custom to exercise the largest bell of one of our country churches, in the manner described in the following communication.

TOLLING DAY.

For the Every-Day Book.

The 23d of September has obtained in Sherborne, Dorset, the name of "tolling-day," in commemoration of the death of John Lord Digby, baron Digby of Sherborne, and earl of Bristol, in the year MDCXCVIII. and in conformity with the following wish expressed in a codicil annexed to his lordship's will.

"Item, I give and bequeath out of my said estate to the parish church, the yearly sum of ten pounds, to be paid by my successors, lords of the said manor for the time being, at and upon, or within forty days after, the feast days of St. Michael the archangel, and of the annunciation of our blessed lady St. Mary the virgin, by equal portions yearly and for ever, and to be employed and bestowed by the churchwardens of the said parish for the time being, with the consent of the lord of the said manor for the time being, in keeping in good repair the chancel, and towards the reparations of the rest of the said church, yearly and for ever; provided that my successors, the lord or lords of the said manor for the time being, shall have and enjoy a convenient pew, or seat, in the said chancel for himself and family for ever; and provided that the said churchwardens for the time being, shall cause the largest bell in the tower of the said church, to be tolled six full hours, that is to say, from five to nine of the clock in the forenoon, and

from twelve o'clock till two in the afternoon, on that day of the said month whereon it shall be my lot to depart this life, every year and for ever; otherwise this gift of ten pounds per annum shall determine and be void."

This custom is annually observed, but not to the extent above intended, the tolling of the bell being limited to two hours instead of six. It begins to toll at six o'clock and continues till seven in the morning, when six men, who toll the bell for church service, repair to the mansion of the present earl Digby, with two large stone jars, which are there filled with some of his lordship's strong beer, and, with a quantity of bread and cheese, taken to the church by the tollers and equally divided amongst them, together with a small remuneration in money paid by the churchwardens as a compensation for their labour. At twelve o'clock the bell is again tolled till one, and in the evening divine service is performed at the church, and a lecture suited to the occasion delivered from the pulpit; for which lecture or sermon the vicar is paid thirty pounds, provided by the will of the above donor.

R. T.

BOW BELLS.

Who has not heard of "Bow Bells?" Who that has heard them does not feel an interest in their sounds, or in the recollection of them? The editor is preparing an article on "Bow Bells," and for that purpose particularly desires communications. Accounts relative to their present or former state, or any facts or anecdotes respecting them at any time, are earnestly solicited from every reader as soon as possible.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 56.02

September 24.

A GOOD TENANT.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," for September, 1775, Mr. Clayton, a wealthy farmer of Berkshire, is related to have died at the extraordinary age of a hundred and fifteen years, and retained his faculties to the last; he is further remarkable, for having rented one farm ninety years. An occupancy of so great duration, by one individual, is perhaps unequalled in the history of landlord and tenant.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55 · 40.

September 25.

SEA SIDE SPORTS.

There is an exhilarating effect in the sea-air and coast scenery, which inland views or atmosphere, however fine, fail to communicate.

On the 25th of September, 1825, a gentleman and lady came out of one of the hotels near the Steyne, and after taking a fair start, set off running round the Steyne. They both ran very swiftly, but the young lady bounded forward with the agility of the chamois and the fleetness of the deer, and returned to the spot from whence they started a considerable distance before the gentleman. She appeared much pleased with her victory. There were but few persons on the Steyne at the time, but those who were there, expressed their admiration at the swiftness of this second Atalanta.*

BRIGHTON.

In Mr. Hazlitt's "Notes of a Journey through France and Italy," he mentions the place from whence he sailed for the continent:—

"Brighton stands facing the sea, on the bare cliffs, with glazed windows to reflect the glaring sun, and black pitchy bricks shining like the scales of fishes. The town is however gay with the influx of London visitors—happy as the conscious abode of its sovereign! Every thing here appears in motion—coming or going. People at a watering-place may be compared to the flies of a summer; or to fashionable dresses, or suits of clothes, walking about the streets. The only idea you gain is, of finery and motion. The road between London and Brighton, presents some very charming scenery; Reigate is a prettier English country-town than is to be found anywhere—out of England! As we entered Brighton in the evening, a Frenchman was playing and singing to a guitar.—The genius of the south had come out to meet us."

When Mr. Hazlitt arrived at Brighton, it was in the full season. He says, "A lad offered to conduct us to an inn.

'Did he think there was room?' He was sure of it. 'Did he belong to the inn?' 'No,' he was from London. In fact, he was a young gentleman from town, who had been stopping some time at the White-horse hotel, and who wished to employ his spare time (when he was not riding out on a blood-horse) in serving the house, and relieving the perplexities of his fellow-travellers. No one but a Londoner would volunteer his assistance in this way. Amiable land of *Cockayne*, happy in itself, and in making others happy! Blest exuberance of self-satisfaction, that overflows upon others! Delightful impertinence, that is forward to oblige them!"

It is here both in place and season, to quote a passage of remarkably fine thought:—

"There is something in being near the sea, like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless, and for ever the same. People wonder at a steam-boat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its liquid path like an iron railway through the sea—I wonder at the sea itself, that vast Leviathan, rolled round the earth, smiling in its sleep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water-drops.—Whence is it, whither goes it, 'is it of eternity or of nothing? Strange ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension, ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb,—what art thou? What is there in common between thy life and ours, who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf and old, thou seest not, hearest not, understandest not; neither do we understand, who behold and listen to thee! Great as thou art, unconscious of thy greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposterous twin-birth of matter, rest in thy dark, unfathomed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still is it given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being that can question thine!"*

In Mr. Hazlitt's "Journey through France and Italy," there are "thoughts

* Brighton paper.

* Mr. Hazlitt's Journey.

that breathe and words that burn." His conceptions of beauty and grandeur, are at all times simple and vast. His works are pervaded by the results of profound thinking. His sentences have the power of elevating things that are deemed little remarkable, and of lowering those which successive submissions to over praise, have preposterously magnified. Many of the remarks on works of art, in his "Notes of a Journey through France and Italy," will be wholly new to persons who never reflected on the subjects of his criticism, and will not be openly assented to by others thinking as *he* does, who, for the first time, has ventured to publicly dissent from received notions. If any of his opinions be deemed incorrect, the difference can easily be arbitrated. Taking the originals, whether corporeal or imaginary existences, as the standard, our pure sight and feeling may be relied on as unerring judges of the imitations.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 54 · 27.

September 26.

ST. CYPRIAN. OLD HOLY ROOD.

For these remembrances in the church of England calendar and almanacs, see vol. i. p. 1324.

Communications of local customs are always received and inserted with satisfaction. It is with peculiar pleasure that the editor submits the following, from a gentleman with respect to whom he has nothing to regret, but that he is not permitted to honour the work, by annexing the name of the respectable writer to the letter.

PAISLEY HALLOW-EVE FIRES.

SHEFFIELD SCOTLAND FEAST.

Paisley, September 21, 1826.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Having been a subscriber to your *Every-Day Book* from its first appearance in this town, up to the present time, I reproach myself with neglect, in not having sent you before now, an account of a rather singular custom prevalent here, and, as it should seem, of ancient date.

The river White Cart, on which Paisley

stands, although affected by the tide, and navigable to the town for vessels not exceeding fifty tons' burden, is often remarkably shallow at low water. This is especially the case between the highest and the lowest of three stone bridges, by which the old town or burgh is connected with the new town. In this shallow part of the stream, parties of boys construct, on *Hallow-eve*,—the night when varied superstitions engross most of old Scotia's peasantry,—circular raised hearths, if I may so term them, of earth or clay; bordered by a low round wall composed of loose stones, sods, &c. Within these enclosures, the boys kindle on their hearths, bonfires, often of considerable size. From the bridges, the appearance of these bonfires, after nightfall, is singular; and attracts, as spectators, many of the grown-up inhabitants of the place. The number and glare of the fires, their tremulous reflection in the surrounding water, the dark moving figures of the boys that group around them, and the shouts and screams set up by the youthful urchins in testimony of enjoyment, might almost make one fancy that the rites and incantations of magic, or of wizardry, were taking place before one's very eyes. What is the origin of this custom, or how long it has prevailed, I do not know.

Ere I relinquish my pen, allow me to describe to you another singular custom, which obtains in the largest town of England, north of the Trent.* No one is better acquainted than, Mr. Hone, are you, with the existence of the wake or feast, still held annually in some of the towns, and nearly all the parochial villages of the midland and northern counties. In many of the larger towns, the traces of the ancient wake are, indeed, nearly worn out, and this is pretty much the case with that particular town, to which reference has just been made, namely, Sheffield; our great national emporium for cutlery, files, edge-tools, and the better kinds of plated goods. Only in a few ancient and primitive families, do roast beef, plum-pudding, and an extra allowance of Yorkshire stingo, gracing, or *Trinity Sunday*, a large table, begirt with some dozen of happy, and happy-faced

* I speak advisedly. As a town, Sheffield, the place here referred to, is larger and more populous than Leeds. In 1821 it contained with its suburbs, but without including either out-hamlets, or the country part of the parish, at least 28,000 inhabitants;—Leeds no more than 48 000.

town and country cousins, show, that the venerable head of the family, and his antique dame, have not forgotten Sheffield feast-day. But if the observance of Sheffield feast itself be thus partial, and verging towards disuse, amends is made for the circumstance, in the establishment, and pretty vigorous keeping up of sundry local feasts, held on different days, within the town, or in its suburbs. Besides those of the Wicker and little Sheffield, which are suburban, Broad-lane and Scotland-street, in the town itself, have their respective feasts too. At Little Sheffield and in Broad-lane, the zest of the annual festivity is often heightened by ass-races; foot-races, masculine, for a hat; foot-races, feminine, for a chemise; grinning-matches; and, though less frequently, the humours and rattle of a mountebank and his merry andrew. Occasionally too changes, in imitation of those on the church bells, are rung, by striking with a hammer, or a short piece of steel, on six, eight, or ten long bars each suspended by twine from the roof of a workshop, and the entire set chosen so as to resemble pretty nearly, a ring of bells, both in diversity and in sequence of tone.*

Scotland feast, however, in point of interest, bears away the bell from all the other district revels of Sheffield. It is so called from Scotland-street, already mentioned; a long, hilly, and very populous one, situated in the northern part of the town. On the eve of the feast, which is yearly held on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the restoration of our second Charles, parties of the inhabitants repair into the neighbouring country; whence, chiefly however from Walkley-bank, celebrated as Sheffield schoolboys too well know for birch trees, they bring home, at dead of night, or morning's earliest dawn, from sixteen to twenty well-sized trees, besides a profusion of branches. The trees they instantly plant in two rows; one on each side of the street, just without the kirbstone of the flagged pavement. With the branches, they decorate the doors and windows of houses, the sign-boards of drinking-shops,

and so on. By five or six in the morning Scotland-street, which is not very wide, has the appearance of a grove. And soon, from ropes stretched across it, three, four, or five, superb *garlands* delight the eyes, and dance over the heads of the feast-folk. These garlands are composed of hoops, wreathed round with foliage and flowers, fluttering with variously coloured ribands, rustling with asidew,* and gay with silver tankards, pints, watches, &c. Before the door of the principal alehouse, the largest tree is always planted. The sign of this house is, if memory do not deceive me, the royal oak.† But be this as it may, certain it is, that duly ensconced among the branches of the said tree, may always be seen the effigy, in small, of king Charles the Second: to commemorate indeed the happy concealment and remarkable escape of the merry monarch, at Boscobel, should seem to be the object of creating a *sylvan* scene at "Scotland feast;" while that of holding the feast itself on the anniversary of his restoration is, there can be little doubt, to celebrate with honour the principal event in the life of him, after whose ancient and peculiar kingdom the street itself is named. To the particulars already given, it needs scarcely be added, that dancing, drinking, and other merry-making are, as a Scotsman would say, *rife*,‡ at the annual commemoration thus briefly described.

Thanking you for much instruction, as well as entertainment, already derived from your book, and wishing you success from its publication, I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GULIELMUS.

Asidew.

In vol. i. col. 1213, *arsedine* is noticed as having been in use at Bartholomew fair, and Mr Archdeacon Nares's supposition is mentioned, that *arsedine*, *ersadine*, or *orsden*, as it was variously called, was a corruption of *arsenic*, or orpiment. The editor then ventured to hazard a different suggestion, and show that the word might be saxon, and expressive of "pigments

* When the period for which an apprentice is bound (seven years) expires, his "loosing" is held by himself, and shopmates. Then are these steel bells made to jangle all day. At night the loosing is farther celebrated by a supper and booze. The parochial ringers frequently attend festivities with a set of hand-bells, which, in the estimation of their auditors, they make "discourse" most eloquent music."

* Asidew. The orthography of this word may be wrong. I never, to my knowledge, saw it written. It is used in Sheffield to express a thin, very thin brass leaf, of a high gold colour.

† In my boyish days, one Ludlam kept it. Was it he to whom belonged the dog which gave occasion to this proverbial saying? "As 'd) as Ludlam's dog, that lay down to bark!"

‡ Abundant.

obtained from minerals and metals." Since then, a note in Mr. Sharp's remarkably interesting "Dissertation on the Country Mysteries," seems to favour the notion.

Mr. Sharp says, "At the end of Gent's 'History of York, 1730,' is an advertisement of *numerous* articles, sold by Hammond, a bookseller of that city, and amongst the rest occurs 'Assidue or horse-gold,' the very next article to which, is 'hobby-horse-bells.'—A dealer in Dutch metal, Michael Oppenheim, 27, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, thus described himself in 1816—"Importer of bronze powder, Dutch metal, and OR-SEDEW," and upon inquiry respecting the last article, it proved to be that thin yellow metal, generally known by the name of *tinseel*, much used for ornamenting children's dolls, hobby-horses, and some toys, as well as manufactured into various showy articles of dress. The word orsewed is evidently a corruption of *oripeau* i. e. leaf (or skin) gold, afterwards *brass*. The Spaniards call it *oropoel*, gold-skin, and the Germans *flutter-gold*."*

Through Mr. Sharp we have, at length, attained to a knowledge of this substance as the true *arsedine* of our forefathers, and the *asidew* of the Sheffield merry-makers at present.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55° 57°.

September 27

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 27th of September, 1772, died at Turnhurst, in Staffordshire, James Brindley, a man celebrated for extraordinary mechanical genius and skilful labours in inland navigation. He was born at Tunsted, in the parish of Wormhill, Derbyshire, in 1716, where he contributed to support his parents' family till he was nearly seventeen years of age, when he bound himself apprentice to a wheelwright named Bennet, near Macclesfield, in Cheshire. In the early period of his apprenticeship, he performed several parts of the business without instruction, and so satisfied the millers, that he was always consulted in preference to his master, and before the expiration of his servitude, when Mr. Bennet, by his age and infirmi-

ties, became unable to work, he carried on the business, and provided a comfortable subsistence for the old man and his family.

About this time Bennet was employed in constructing an engine paper-mill, the first of the kind that had been attempted in these parts; but, as he was likely to fail in the execution of it, Mr. Brindley, without communicating his design, set out on Saturday evening after the business of the day was finished, and having inspected the work, returned home on Monday morning, after a journey of fifty miles, informed his master of its defects, and completed the engine to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors. He afterwards engaged in the mill-wright business on his own account. The fame of his inventions in a little while spread far beyond his own neighbourhood. In 1752, he was employed to erect a curious water-engine at Clifton, in Lancashire, for the purpose of draining coal-mines, which had before been performed at an enormous expense. The water for the use of this engine was conveyed from the river Irwell by a subterraneous channel, nearly six hundred yards long, which passed through a rock; and the wheel was fixed thirty feet below the surface of the ground.

In 1755, he constructed a new silk-mill at Congleton, in Cheshire, according to the plan proposed by the proprietors, after the execution of it by the original undertaker had failed; and in the completion of it he added many new and useful improvements. He introduced one contrivance for winding the silk upon the bobbins equally, and not in wreaths; and another for stopping, in an instant, not only the whole of this extensive system, in all its various movements, but any individual part of it at pleasure. He likewise invented machines for cutting the tooth and pinion wheels of the different engines, in a manner that produced a great saving of time, labour, and expense. He also introduced into the mills, used at the potteries in Staffordshire for grinding flint-stones, several valuable additions, which greatly facilitated the operation.

In 1756, he constructed a steam-engine at Newcastle-under-Line, upon a new plan. The boiler was made with brick and stone, instead of iron plates, and the water was heated by fire-places, so constructed as to save the consumption of fuel. He also introduced cylinders of wood instead of those of iron, and substi-

* Mr. Sharp's Dissertation, p. 29.

tuted wood for iron in the chains which worked at the end of the beam. But from these and similar contrivances for the improvement of this useful engine, his attention was diverted by the great national object of "inland navigation." In planning and executing canals his mechanical genius found ample scope for exercise, and formed a sort of distinguishing era in the history of our country.

Envy and prejudice raised a variety of obstacles to the accomplishment of his designs and undertakings; and if he had not been liberally and powerfully protected by the duke of Bridgwater, his triumph over the opposition with which he encountered must have been considerably obstructed. The duke possessed an estate at Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester, rich in mines of coal, from which he derived little or no advantage, on account of the expense attending the conveyance by land carriage to a suitable market. A canal from Worsley to Manchester, Mr. Brindley declared to be practicable. His grace obtained an act for that purpose; and Brindley was employed in the conduct and execution of this, the first undertaking of the kind ever attempted in England, with navigable subterraneous tunnels and elevated aqueducts. At the commencement of the business it was determined, that the level of the water should be preserved without the usual obstruction of locks, and to carry the canal over rivers and deep vallies. It was not easy to obtain a sufficient supply of water for completing the navigation, but Brindley, furnished with ample resources, persevered, and conquered all the embarrassments, occasioned by the nature of the undertaking, and by the passions and prejudices of individuals. Having completed the canal as far as Barton, where the river Irwell is navigable for large vessels, he proposed to carry it over that river by an aqueduct thirty-nine feet above the surface of the water. This was considered as a chimerical and extravagant project; and an eminent engineer said, "I have often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected." The duke of Bridgwater, confiding in the judgment of Brindley, empowered him to prosecute the work; and in about ten months the aqueduct was completed. This astonishing work commenced in September, 1760, and the first boat sailed over it the 17th of July, 1761. The canal

was then extended to Manchester, where Mr. Brindley's ingenuity in diminishing labour by mechanical contrivances, was exhibited in a machine for landing coals upon the top of a hill.

The duke of Bridgwater extended his views to Liverpool; and obtained, in 1762, an act of parliament for branching his canal to the tide-way in the Mersey. This part is carried over the river Mersey and Bollan, and over many wide and deep vallies. Over the vallies it is conducted without a single lock; and across the valley at Stretford, through which the Mersey runs, a mound of earth, raised for preserving the water, extends for nearly a mile. In the execution of every part of the navigation, Mr. Brindley displayed singular skill and ingenuity; and in order to facilitate his purpose, he produced many valuable machines. His economy and forecast are peculiarly discernible in the stops, or flood-gates, fixed in the canal, where it is above the level of the land. They are so constructed, that if any of the banks should give way and occasion a current, the adjoining gates will rise merely by that motion, and prevent any other part of the water from escaping than that which is near the breach between the two gates.

Encouraged by the success of the duke of Bridgwater's undertakings, a subscription was entered into by a number of gentlemen and manufacturers in Staffordshire, for constructing a canal through that county. In 1766, this canal, "The Grand Trunk Navigation," was begun; and it was conducted with spirit and success, under the direction of Brindley, as long as he lived.

After this, Brindley constructed a canal from the Grand Trunk, near Haywood, in Staffordshire, to the river Severn near Bewdley, connecting Bristol with Liverpool and Hull. This canal, about forty-six miles in length, was completed in 1772. His next undertaking was a canal from Birmingham, which should unite with the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canal near Wolverhampton. It is twenty-six miles in length, and was finished in about three years. To avoid the inconvenience of locks, and for the more effectual supply of the canal with water, he advised a tunnel at Smethwick; his advice was disregarded; and the managers were afterwards under the necessity of erecting two steam engines. He executed the canal from Droitwich to the Severn,

for the conveyance of salt and coals; and planned the Coventry navigation, which was for some time under his direction; but a dispute arising, he resigned his office. Some short time before his death, he began the Oxfordshire canal, which, uniting with the Coventry canal, serves as a continuation of the Grand Trunk navigation to Oxford, and thence by the Thames to London.

Mr. Brindley's last undertaking was the canal from Chesterfield to the river Trent at Stockwith. He surveyed and planned the whole, and executed some miles of the navigation, which was finished five years after his death by his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, in 1777. Such was Mr. Brindley's established reputation, that few works of this kind were undertaken without his advice. They are too numerous to be particularized, but it may be added that he gave the corporation of Liverpool a plan for clearing their docks of mud, which has been practised with success; and proposed a method, which has also succeeded, of building walls against the sea without mortar. The last of his inventions was an improved machine for drawing water out of mines, by a losing and gaining bucket, which he afterwards employed with advantage in raising coals.

When difficulties occurred in the execution of any of Mr. Brindley's works, he had no recourse to books, or to the labours of other persons. All his resources were in his own inventive mind. He generally retired to bed, and lay there one, two, or three days, till he had devised the expedients which he needed for the accomplishment of his objects; he then got up, and executed his design without any drawing or model, which he never used, except for the satisfaction of his employers. His memory was so tenacious, that he could remember and execute all the parts of the most complex machine, provided he had time, in his previous survey, to settle, in his mind, the several departments, and their relations to each other. In his calculations of the powers of any machine, he performed the requisite operation by a mental process, in a manner which none knew but himself, and which, perhaps, he was not able to communicate to others. After certain intervals of consideration, he noted down the result in figures; and then proceeded to operate upon that result, until at length the complete solution was obtained, which was

generally right. His want of literature, indeed, compelled him to cultivate, in an extraordinary degree, the art of memory; and in order to facilitate the revival, in his mind, of those visible objects and their properties, to which his attention was chiefly directed, he secluded himself from the external impressions of other objects, in the solitude of his bed.

Incessant attention to important and interesting objects, precluded Mr. Brindley from any of the ordinary amusements of life, and indeed, prevented his deriving from them any pleasure. He was once prevailed upon by his friends in London to see a play, but he found his ideas so much disturbed, and his mind rendered so unfit for business, as to induce him to declare, that he would not on any account go to another. It is not improbable, however, that by indulging an occasional relaxation, remitting his application, and varying his pursuits, his life might have been prolonged. The multiplicity of his engagements, and the constant attention which he bestowed on them, brought on a hectic fever, which continued, with little or no intermission, for some years, and at last terminated his useful and honourable career, in the 56th year of age. He was buried at New Chapel, in the same county.

Such was the enthusiasm with which this extraordinary man engaged in all schemes of inland navigation, that he seemed to regard all rivers with contempt, when compared with canals. It is said, that in an examination before the house of commons, when he was asked for what purpose he apprehended rivers were created, he replied, after some deliberation, "to feed navigable canals." Those who knew him well, highly respected him "for the uniform and unshaken integrity of his conduct; for his steady attachment to the interest of the community; for the vast compass of his understanding, which seemed to have a natural affinity with all grand objects; and, likewise, for many noble and beneficial designs, constantly generating in his mind, and which the multiplicity of his engagements, and the shortness of his life, prevented him from bringing to maturity."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 55° 50'

Rees's Cyclopædia. Bing. Brit.

September 28.

MADAME GENEVA LYING IN STATE.

On the 28th of September, 1736, when the "Gin Act," which was passed to prevent the retailing of spirituous liquors in small quantities was about to be enforced, it was deemed necessary to send a detachment of sixty soldiers from Kensington to protect the house of sir Joseph Jekyl, the master of the rolls in Chancery-lane, from the violence threatened by the populace against that eminent lawyer for his endeavours in procuring the obnoxious statute.

The keepers of the gin-shops testified their feelings by a parade of mock ceremonies for "*Madame Geneva lying-in-state*," which created a mob about their shops, and the justices thought proper to commit some of the chief mourners to prison. On this occasion, the signs of the punch-houses were put in mourning; and lest others should express the bitterness of their hearts by committing violences, the horse and foot-guards and trained bands were ordered to be properly stationed. Many of the distillers, instead of spending their time in empty lamentations, betook themselves to other branches of industry. Some to the brewing trade, which raised the price of barley and hops; some took taverns in the universities, which nobody could do before the "Gin Act," without leave of the vice-chancellor; others set up apothecaries' shops. The only persons who took out fifty pound licenses were one Gordon, Mr. Ashley of the London punch-house, and one more. Gordon, a punch-seller in the Strand, devised a new punch made of strong Madeira wine, and called *Sangre*.*

COUNTY CUSTOMS.

It may be hoped that our readers who live in the apple districts will communicate the usages of their neighbourhoods to the *Every-Day Book*. For the present we must thank "an old correspondent."

GRIGGLING.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,—The more I read of your *Every-Day Book*, the stronger my recollection returns to my boyhood days. There is not a season wherein I felt greater delight than during the gathering in of the orchards' produce. The cider

barrels cleaned and aired from the cellar—the cider-mill ready—the baskets and press, the vats, the horse-hair cloths, and the loft, fitted for the process and completion of making cider—the busy people according to Philips, seek—

The pippin, burnish'd o'er with gold,
Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair permain,
Temper'd like comeliest nymph, with white
and red.

* * * * *

Let every tree in every garden own,
The redstreak as supreme, whose pulposus
fruit,

With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines.
Hail Herefordian plant! that dost disdain
All other fields.

The Herefordshire cider is so exquisite, that when the earl of Manchester was ambassador in France, he is said frequently to have passed this beverage on their nobility for a delicious wine.

Leasing in the corn-fields after the sheaves are borne to the garner, is performed by villagers of all ages, that are justly entitled to glean, like ants, the little store against a rainy day. But after the orchard is cleared, (and how delightful a shower—he shaking the Newton instructing apples down,) the village (not chimney-sweepers) climbing boys collect in a posse, and with poles and bags, go into the orchard and commence *griggling*.

The small apples are called *griggles*. These, the farmers leave pretty abundantly on the trees, with an understanding that the urchins will have mercy on the boughs, which, if left entirely bare, would suffer. Suspended like monkeys, the best climbers are the ring-leaders; and less boys pick up and point out where an apple still remains. After the trees are cleared, a loud huzza crowns the exertion; and though a little bickering as to the quality and quantity ensues, they separate with their portion, praising or blaming the owner, proportionate to their success. If he requests it, which is often the case before they depart, the head boy stands before the house, and uncovered, he recites the well-known fable in the "Universal Spelling Book"—"A rude boy *stealing* apples."—Then the hostess, or her daughter, brings a large jug of cider and a slice of bread and cheese, or twopence, to the great pleasure of the laughing recipients of such generous bounty.

Down to the present month the custom of *griggling* is continued with variation in the western hamlets, though innovation, which is the abuse of privilege, has

* *Gentleman's Magazine*.

prevented many orchard-owners allowing
the boys their *grigglings* perambulations.

With much respect, I am, &c.

P.—T.—
September 20, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53 · 37.

September 29.

ST. MICHAEL.

In the former volume, there are particulars of St. Michael, at col. 500, 629, and 1325. To the latter article, there is a print of this archangel, with six others of his order: on the present page he appears with other characteristics.



St Michael.

This print from a large engraving on copper, by one of the Caracci family in 1582, after a picture by Lorenzo Sabbatini of Bologna, represents the holy family, and St. John, and St. Michael standing on the devil, and presenting souls to the infant Jesus from a pair of scales. The artist has adopted this mode to convey a notion of the archangel, in quality

of his office, as chief of the guardian angels, and judge of the claims of departed spirits. In vol. i. p. 630, there are notices relative to St. Michael in this capacity.

The church of Notre Dame, at Paris, rebuilt by "devout king Robert," was conspicuously honoured by a statue of the chief of the angelic hierarchy, with his

ales. "On the top, and pinnacle before the said church," says Favine, "is yet to be seen the image of the arch-angell *St. Michael*, the tutelarie angell, and guardian of the most christian monarchie of France, insculptured after the antique forme, holding a *bullance* in the one hand, and a *rosse* in the other; on his head, and upon the upper of his wings, are fixed and cramm'd strong pikes of iron to keepe the birds from pearching thereon."

Favine proceeds to mention a popular error concerning these "pikes of iron," to defend the statue from the birds. "The ignorant vulgar conceived that this was a crowne of eares of corne, and thought it to be the idole of the goddesse *Ceres*." He says this is "a matter wherein they are much deceived; for *Isis* and *Ceres* being but one and the same, her temple was at *S. Ceour* and *S. Germain des Prez*."*

* Theater of Honour, Lond. 1623, fol.

Louis XI. instituted an order in honour of *St. Michael*, the arch-angel, on occasion of an alleged apparition of the saint on the bridge at Orleans, when that city was besieged by the English in 1428.

ST. GEORGE.

It has been intimated in vol. i., col. 500, that there are grounds to imagine "that *St. George* and the dragon are neither more nor less than *St. Michael* contending with the devil." The reader who desires further light on this head, will derive it from a dissertation by *Dr. Pettingall*, expressly on the point. It may here, perhaps, be opportune to introduce the usual representation of *St. George* and the dragon, by an impression from an original wood-block, obligingly presented to this work by *Mr. Horace Rodd*.



St. George and the Dragon.

To-morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like *St. George* at Kingston,
Turning a footback from the furious dragon,
That with her angrie tail belabours him
For being lazie.

Woman's Prize.

So say Beaumont and Fletcher, from whence we learn that the prowess of "*St. George* for England," was ludicrously travestied.

September 30.

THE SEASON

It is noted under the present day in the "*Perennial Calendar*," that at this time the heat of the middle of the days is still sufficient to warm the earth, and cause a large ascent of vapour: that the

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55 · 27.

millling frosty nights, which are also generally very calm, condense into mists; differing from clouds only in remaining on the surface of the ground.

Now by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain
Vanish the woods; the dimscen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and wildered o'er the waste,
The shepherd stalks gigantic.

“EXTRAORDINARY NEWS!”

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—The character and manners of a people may be often correctly ascertained by an attentive examination of their familiar customs and sayings. The investigation of these peculiarities, as they tend to enlarge the knowledge of human nature, and illustrate national history, as well as to mark the fluctuation of language, and to explain the usages of antiquity, is, therefore, deserving of high commendation; and, though occasionally, in the course of those inquiries, some whimsical stories are related, and some very homely phrases and authorities cited, they are the occurrences of every day, and no way seem to disqualify the position in which several amusing and popular customs are brought forward to general view. Under this impression, it will not be derogatory to the *Every-Day Book*, to observe that by such communications, it will become an assemblage of anecdotes, fragments, remarks, and vestiges, collected and recollected:—

—Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

Couper.

Should the following extract, from a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, edited by Elijah Fenton, and printed by Bernard Lintot, without date, but anterior to 1720, in octavo, be deemed by you, from the foregoing observations, deserving of notice, it is at your service.

Old Bennet was an eccentric person, at the early part of the last century, who appears to have excited much noise in London.

On the Death of OLD BENNET, the New Cryer.

“One evening, when the sun was just gone down,
As I was walking thro’ the noisy town,
A sudden silence through each street was spread,
As if the soul of London had been fled.
Much I inquired the cause, but could not hear,
Till fame, so frightened, that she did not dare
To raise her voice, thus whisper’d in my ear:
Bennet, the prince of hawkers, is no more,
Bennet, my Herald on the British shore;
Bennet, by whom, I own myself outdone,
Tho’ I a hundred mouths, he had but one.
He, when the list’ning town he would amuse
Made echo tremble with his ‘bloody news.’
No more shall Ecno, now his voice return,
Ecno for ever must in silence mourn.—
Lament, ye heroes, who frequent the wars,
The great proclaimers of your dreadful scars.
Thus wept the conqueror, who the world o’er-came,

Homer was wanting to enlarge his fame
Homer, the first of hawkers that is known,
Great news from Troy, cried up and down the town.

None like him has there been for ages past,
Till our stentorian Bennet came at last.
Homer and Bennet were in this agreed,
Homer was blind, and Bennet could not read.”

“Bloody News!” “Great Victory!” or more frequently “Extraordinary Gazette!” were, till recently, the usual loud bellowings of fellows, with stentorian lungs, accompanied by a loud blast of a long tin-horn, which announced to the delighted populace of London, the martial achievements of the modern Marlborough. These itinerants, for the most part, were the link-men at the entrances to the theatres; and costermongers, or porters, assisting in various menial offices during the day. A copy of the “Gazette,” or newspaper they were crying, was generally affixed under the hatband, in front, and their demand for a newspaper generally one shilling.

Those newscriers are spoken off in the past sense, as the further use of the horn is prohibited by the magistracy, subject to a penalty of ten shillings for a first offence, and twenty shillings on the conviction of repeating so heinous a crime. “Oh, dear!” as Crockery says, I think in these times of “modern improvement,” every thing is changing, and in many instances, much for the worse.

I suspect that you, Mr. Editor, possess a fellow-feeling on the subject, and shall

no further trespass on your time, or on the reader's patience, than by expressing a wish that many alterations were actuated by manly and humane intentions, and that less of over-legislation and selfishness were evinced in these pretended endeavours to promote the good of society.

I am, &c.

J. H. B.

The present month can scarcely be better closed than with some exquisite stanzas from the delightful introduction to the "*Forest Minstrel* and other Poems, by William and Mary Howitt." Mr. Howitt speaks of his "lightly caroll'd lays," as—

——— never, surely, otherwise esteem'd
Than a bird's song, that, fill'd with sweet
amaze
At the bright opening of the young, green
spring,
Pours out its simple joy in instant warbling.

For never yet was mine the proud intent
To give the olden harp a thrilling sound,
Like those great spirits who of late have sent
Their wizard tones abroad, and all around
This wond'rous world have wander'd; and
have spent,
In court and camp, on bann'd and holy
ground,
Their gleaming glances; and, in hall and bower,
Have learn'd of mortal life the passions and
the power:

Eyeing the masters of this busy earth,
In all the changes of ambition's toil,
From the first struggles of their glory's birth,
Till robed in power—till wearied with the
spoil
Of slaughter'd realms, and dealing woe and
death
To miserable men—and then the foil
To this great scene, the vengeance, and the
frown
With which some mightier hand has pull'd
those troublers down:

Eyeing the passages of gentler life,
And different persons, of far different scenes;
The boy, the beau—the damsel, and the wife—
Life's lowly loves—the loves of kings and
queens;
Each thing that binds us, and each thing that
weans
Us from this state, with pains and pleasures
rife;
The wooings, winnings, weddings, and dis-
dainings
Of changeful men, their fondness and their
feignings:

And then have brought us home strange sights
and sounds

From distant lands, of dark and awful deeds;
And fair and dreadful spirits; and gay rounds
Of mirth and music; and then mourning
weeds;

And tale of hapless love that sweetly wounds
The gentle heart, and its deep fondness
feeds;

Lapping it up in dreams of sad delight
From its own weary thoughts, in visions wild
and bright:—

Oh! never yet to me the power or will
To match these mighty sorcerers of the soul
Was given; but on the bosom, lone and still,
Of nature cast, I early wont to stroll
Through wood and wild, o'er forest, rock, and
hill,

Companionless; without a wish or goal,
Save to discover every shape and voice
Of living thing that there did fearlessly re-
joice.

And every day that boyish fancy grew;
And every day those lonely scenes became
Dearer and dearer, and with objects new,
All sweet and peaceful, fed the young
spirit's flame

Then rose each silent woodland to the view,
A glorious theatre of joy! then came
Each sound a burst of music on the air,
That sank into the soul to live for ever there!

Oh, days of glory! when the young soul drank
Delicious wonderment through every sense!
And every tone and tint of beauty sank
Into a heart that ask'd not how, or whence
Came the dear influence; from the dreary
blank

Of nothingness sprang forth to an existence
Thrilling and wond'rous; to enjoy—enjoy
The new and glorious blessing—was its sole
employ.

To roam abroad amidst the mists, and dews,
And brightness of the early morning sky,
When rose and hawthorn leaves wore tenderest
hues:

To watch the mother linnet's stedfast eye,
Seated upon her nest; or wondering muse
On her eggs's spots, and bright and delicate
dye;

To peep into the magpie's thorny hall,
Or wren's green cone in some hoar mossy
wall;

To hear of pealing bells the distant charm,
As slow I wended down some lonely dale,
Past many a bleating flock, and many a farm
And solitary hall; and in the vale

To meet of eager hinds a hurrying swarm,
With staves and terriers hastening to assail
Polecat, or badger, in their secret dens,
Or otter lurking in the deep and reedy fens:

To pass through villages, and catch the hum
Forth bursting from some antiquated school,
Endow'd long since by some old knight,
whose tomb

Stood in the church just by ; to mark the
dool

Of light-hair'd lads that inly rued their doom,
Prison'd in that old place, that with the
tool,

Stick-knife or nail, of many a sly offender,
Was carved and figured over, wall, and desk,
and window ;

To meet in green lanes happy infant bands,
Full of health's luxury, sauntering and sing-
ing,

A childish, wordless melody ; with hands
Cowslips, and wind-flowers, and green
brook-lime ringing ;

Or weaving caps of rushes ; or with wands
Guiding their mimic teams ; or gaily swing-
ing

On some low sweeping bough, and clinging all
One to the other fast, till, laughing, down
they fail ;

To sit down by some solitary man,
Hoary with years, and with a sage's look,
In some wild dell where purest waters ran,
And see him draw forth his black-letter
book,

Wond'ring, and wond'ring more, as he began,
On it, and then on many an herb to look,
That he had wander'd wearily and wide,
To pluck from jutting rocks, and woods, and
mountain side ;

And then, as he would wash his healing roots
In the clear stream, that ever went singing
on,

Through banks o'erhung with herbs and
flowery shoots,

Leaning as if they loved its gentle tune,
To hear him tell of many a plant that suits
Fresh wound, or fever'd frame ; and of the
moon

Shedding o'er weed and wort her healing power,
For gifted wights to cull in her ascendant hour ;

To lie abroad on nature's lonely breast,
Amidst the music of a summer's sky,

Where tall, dark pines the northern bank invest
Of a still lake ; and see the long pikes lie
Basking upon the shallows ; with dark crest,

And threat'ning pomp, the swan go sailing by ;
And many a wild fowl on its breast that shone,
Flickering like liquid silver, in the joyous sun :

The duck, deep poring with his downward head,
Like a buoy floating on the ocean wave ;

The Spanish goose, like drops of crystal, shed
The water o'er him, his rich plumes to lave ;
The beautiful widgeon, springing upward,
spread

His clapping wings ; the heron, stalking
grave,

Into the stream ; the coot and water-hen
Vanish into the flood, then, far off, rise again ;

And when warm summer's holiday was o'er,
And the bright acorns patter'd from the trees
When fires were made, and closed was every
door,

And winds were loud, or else a chilling breeze
Came comfortless, driving cold fogs before ;

On dismal, shivering evenings, such as these,
To pass by cottage windows, and to see,
Round a bright hearth, sweet faces shining
happily ;

These were the days of boyhood ! Oh ! such days
Shall never, never more return again—

When the fresh heart, all witless of the ways,
The sickening, sordid, selfish ways of men,
Danced in creation's pure and placid blaze,
Making an Eden of the loneliest glen !

Darkness has follow'd fast, and few have been
The rays of sunlight cast upon life's dreary
scene.

For years of lonely thought, in morning-tide
Of life, will make a spirit all unfit

To brook of men the waywardness and pride ;
Too proud itself to woo, or to submit ;

Scorning, as vile, what all adore beside,
And deeming only glorious the soul lit
With the pure flame of knowledge, and the eye
Filled with the gentle love of the bright earth
and sky.

Fancy's spoil'd child will ever surely be
A thing of nothing in the worldly throng :
Wrapp'd up in dreams that they can never see ;
Listening to fairy harp, or spirit's song,
Where all to them is stillest vacancy :

For ever seeking, as he glides along,
Some kindred heart, that feels as he has felt,
And can read each thought that with him long
has dwelt.

But place him midst creation !—let him stand
Where wave and mountain revel in his sight,
Then shall his soul triumphantly expand,
With gathering power, and majesty, and
light !

The world beneath him is the temple plann'd
For him to worship in ; and, pure and bright,
Heaven's vault above, the proud eternal dome
Of his Almighty Sire, and his own future home !

With such inspiring fancies, mortal pride
Shrinks into nothing ; and all mortal things
He casts, as weeds cast by the ocean tide,
From its embraces ; the world's scorn he
flings

Back on itself, disdaining to divide,
With its low cares, that sensitive spirit that
bings

Home to his breast all nature's light and glee,
Holding with sunshine, clouds, and gales, un-
earthly revelry.



OCTOBER.

Then, for "October Month," they put
 A rude illuminated cut—
 Reaching ripe grapes from off the vine.
 Or pressing them, or tunning wine;
 Or, something to denote that there
 Was vintage at this time of year.

We have "hopes and fears" for the year at all seasons, as we have for ourselves "in infancy and throughout life After the joyousness of summer comes the
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season of foreboding, for "the year has reached its grand climacteric, and is fast falling 'into the sere, the yellow leaf.' Every day a flower drops from out the wreath that binds its brow—not to be renewed. Every hour the sun looks more and more askance upon it, and the winds, those summer flatterers, come to it less fawningly. Every breath shakes down showers of its leafy attire, leaving it gradually barer and barer, for the blasts of winter to blow through it. Every morning and evening takes away from it a portion of that light which gives beauty to its life, and chills it more and more into that torpor which at length constitutes its temporary death. And yet October is beautiful still, no less 'for what it gives than what it takes away,' and even for what it gives during the very act of taking away.—The whole year cannot produce a sight fraught with more rich and harmonious beauty than that which the woods and groves present during this month, notwithstanding, or rather in consequence of, the daily decay of their summer attire; and at no other season can any given spot of landscape be seen to much advantage as a mere picture.—An extensive plantation of forest trees presents a variety of colours and of tints that would scarcely be considered as *natural* in a picture, any more than many of the sunsets of September would. Among those trees which retain their green hues, the fir tribe are the principal; and these, spiring up among the deciduous ones, now differ from them no less in colour than they do in form. The alders, too, and the poplars, limes, and horse-chestnuts, are still green,—the hues of their leaves not undergoing much change as long as they remain on the branches. Most of the other forest trees have put on each its peculiar livery; the planes and sycamores presenting every variety of tinge, from bright yellow to brilliant red; the elms being, for the most part, of a rich sunny umber, varying according to the age of the tree and the circumstances of its soil, &c.; the beeches having deepened into a warm glowing brown, which the young ones will retain all the winter, and till the new spring leaves push the present ones off; the oaks varying from a dull dusky green to a deep russet, according to their ages; and the Spanish chestnuts, with their noble embowering heads, glowing like clouds of gold.—As for the hedge-rows, though they have lost nearly all their flowers, the

various fruits that are spread out upon them for the winter food of the birds make them little less gay than they were in spring and summer. The most conspicuous of these are the red hips of the wild rose; the dark purple bunches of the luxuriant blackberry; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade; the wintry-looking fruit of the hawthorn; the blue sloes, covered with their soft tempting-looking bloom; the dull bunches of the woodbine; and the sparkling holly-berries.—We may also still, by seeking for them, find a few flowers scattered about beneath the hedge-rows, and the dry banks that skirt the woods, and even in the woods themselves, peeping up meekly from among the crowds of newly fallen leaves. The prettiest of these is the primrose, which now blows a second time. But two or three of the persicaria tribe are still in flower, and also some of the goosefoots. And even the elegant and fragile heathbell, or harebell, has not yet quite disappeared; while some of the ground flowers that have passed away have left in their place strange evidences of their late presence; in particular, the singular flower (if it can be called one) of the arums, or lords and ladies, has changed into an upright bunch, or long cluster, of red berries, starting up from out the ground on a single stiff stem, and looking almost like the flower of a hyacinth.—The open fields during this month, though they are bereaved of much of their actual beauty and variety, present sights that are as agreeable to the eye, and even more stirring to the imagination, than those which have passed away. The husbandman is now ploughing up the arable land and putting into it the seeds that are to produce the next year's crops; and there are not, among rural occupations, two more pleasant to look upon than these. The latter, in particular, is one that, while it gives perfect satisfaction to the eye as a mere picture, awakens and fills the imagination with the prospective views which it opens.—It is not till this month that we usually experience the equinoctial gales, those fatal visitations which may now be looked upon as the immediate heralds of the coming on of winter; as in the spring they were the sure signs of its having passed away. Bitter-sweet is it now, to lie awake at night, and listen wilfully (as if we would not let them escape us) to the fierce howlings of the winds, each accession of which gives new

vividness to the vision of some tall ship, illumined by every flash of lightning—illumined, but not rendered *visible*—for there are no eyes within a hundred leagues to look upon it; and crowded with human beings—(not ‘souls’ only, as the sea-phrase is, for then it were pastime—but *bodies*) every one of which sees, in imagination, its own grave a thousand fathom deep beneath the dark waters that roar around, and feels itself beforehand.”*

THE WIND.

The wind has a language, I would I could learn!

Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,

—Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,

And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,

And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Sometimes when autumn grows yellow and sere,

And the sad clouds weep for the dying year,
It comes like a wizard, and mutters its spell,
—I would that the magical tones I might tell—

And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,

And they leap from their branches at its command,

And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,
Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.

Sometimes it comes in the wintry night,
And I hear the flap of its pinions of might,
And I see the flash of its withering eye,
As it looks from the thunder-cloud sailing on high,

And pauses to gather its fearful breath,
And lifts up its voice like the angel of death—
And the billows leap up when the summons they hear

And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,

And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep,

Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,
And career through the water, like clouds through the night,

To share in the tumult their joy and delight,
And when the moon rises, the ship is no more,

Its joys and its sorrows are vanish'd and o'er,

And the fierce storm that slew it has faded away,
Like the dark dream that flies from the light of the day.

The Improvisatrice.

October 1.

LAWLESS COURT.

This is the season of holding a remarkable court, which we are pleasantly introduced to by the relation of a good old writer.*

“Ryding from Ralegh towards Rochford, I happened to haue the good companie of a gentleman of this countrey, who, by the way, shewed me a little hill, which he called the Kings Hill; and told me of a strange customarie court, and of long continuance, there yearly kept, the next Wednesday after Michaelmas day in the night, upon the first cock crowing without any kinde of light, saue such as the heavens will afford: The steward of the court writes onely with coales, and calleth all such as are bound to appeare, with as low a voice as possiblie he may, giuing no notice when he goeth to execute his office. Howsoever, he that gives not answer is deeply amerced; which servile attendance (saith he) was imposed at the first vpon certaine tenants of diuers manors hereabouts, for conspiring in this place, at such an vnseasonable time, to raise a commotion. The title of the entrie of the court hee had in memory, and writ it downe for me when we came to Rochford.” Fuller speaks of its running “in obscure barbarous rimes,” which he inserts nearly in the words of the legal authorities who give the following account:—

“**Lawless Court.** On *Kingshill* at *Rochford* in *Essex*, on Wednesday morning next, after *Michaelmas* day, at *Cockscrowing*, Is held a Court, vulgarly called ‘*The Lawless Court.*’ They whisper and have no Candle, nor any Pen and Ink but a Coal; and he that owes Suit or Service, and appears not, forfeits double his rent every hour he is missing. This Court belongs to the Honor of *Ralegh*, and to the Earl of *Warwick*; and is called ‘*Lawless,*’ because held at an unlawful or lawless hour, or *Quia dicta sine lege*. The Title of it in the Court Rolls, runs thus,—

Kingsli in } ss. *Curia de Domino Rege,*
 Rochford. } *Dicta sine Lege.*

*Tenta est ibidem
 Per ejusdem consuetudinem,
 Ante ortum solis,
 Luceat nisi solus,
 Senescallus solus
 Nil scribit nisi colis,
 Toties voluerit,
 Gallus ut cantaverit,
 Per cujus soli sonitus,
 Curia est summonita,
 Clamat clam pro Rege,
 In Curia sine Lege,
 Et nisi cito venerint,
 Citiùs pœnituerint,
 Et nisi clam accedant,
 Curia non attendat,
 Qui venerit cum lumine,
 Errat in regimine :
 Et dum sunt sine lumine,
 Capti sunt in crimine :
 Curia sine cura,
 Jurati de injuria,
 Tenta ibidem die Mercurii (ante Diem)
 proximi post Festum Sancti Mi-
 chaelis Arch-angeli, Anno regni
 Regis," &c.*

This Court is mentioned in *Cam. Britan*, though imperfectly; who says this servile attendance was imposed on the Tenants, for conspiring at the like unseasonable time to raise a Commotion.*

ORDER OF FOOLS.

We are already acquainted with so many whimsies of our forefathers, that any thing related of their doings ceases to surprise; we might otherwise be astonished by the fact, that Folly had an order of merit, and held its great court every year on the first Sunday after Michaelmas-day.

An inquiring antiquary gives some particulars of this institution, with a translation of the document for its foundation, which is preserved in Von Bugenhagen's "Account of the Roman and National Antiquities" discovered at Cleves. He relates of it as follows:—

To this document are affixed thirty-six seals, all imprinted on green wax, with the exception of that of the founder, which is on red wax, and in the centre of the rest; having on its right the seal of the count de Meurs, and on its left that of

Diedrich van Eyl. The insignium borne by the knights of this order on the left side of their mantles consisted of a fool embroidered in a red and silver vest, with a cap on his head, intersected harlequin-wise with red and yellow divisions, and gold bells attached, with yellow stockings and black shoes; in his right hand was a cup filled with fruits, and in his left a gold key, symbolic of the affection subsisting between the different members.

It is uncertain when this order ceased, although it appears to have been in existence at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when, however, its pristine spirit had become totally extinct. The latest mention that has hitherto been found of it occurs in some verses prefixed by Onofrius Brand to the German translation of his father Sebastian Brand's celebrated "*Navis Stultifera Mortalium*," by the learned Dr. Geiler von Kaisersberg, which was published at Strasburg in the year 1520.

Two-fold was the purpose of the noble founders of this order; to relieve the wants and alleviate the miseries of their suffering fellow-creatures; and to banish ennui during the numerous festivals observed in those ages, when the unceasing routine of disports and recreations, which modern refinement has invented in the present, were unknown. During the period of its meeting, which took place annually, and lasted seven days, all distinctions of rank were laid aside, and the most cordial equality reigned throughout. Each had his particular part allotted to him on those occasions, and those who supported their characters in the ablest manner, contributed most to the conviviality and gaiety of the meeting. Indeed we cannot but be strongly prepossessed in its favour, when we recur to the excellent regulations which accompanied its institution, and were admirably calculated to preserve it, at least for a great length of time, from degenerating into absurdity and extravagance.

We must not confound this laudable establishment with the vulgar and absurd practices which, till of late years, existed in many places under the names of feasts of fools and of the ass, &c. These were only national festivals, intended for the occasional diversion, or, as in those days they were termed, rites to promote the pious edification of the lower classes, which, "no. unfrequently introduced by a superstition of the lowest and most illi-

* Cowel. Blount.

beral species," soon became objects of depravity and unbridled licentiousness. Of a totally different nature also, and analagous only in quaintness of appellation, were the societies established by men of letters in various parts of Italy, such as the society of the "Insensate," at Perugia, of the "Stravaganti," at Pisa, and the "Eterócliti," at Pesaro. Nor can I allow myself to pass over in silence on the present occasion the order or society of Fools, otherwise denominated "Respublica Binepsis," which was founded towards the middle of the fourteenth century by some Polish noblemen, and took its name from the estate of one Psomka, the principal instigator, near Leublin. Its form was modelled after that of the constitution of Poland; like this, too, it had its king, its council, its chamberlain, its master of the hunt, and various other offices. Whoever made himself ridiculous by any singular and foolish propensity, on him was conferred an appointment befitting it. Thus he, who carried his partiality to the canine species to a ridiculous extreme, was created master of the hunt; whilst another, who constantly boasted of his valorous achievements, was raised to the dignity of field marshal. No one dared to refuse the acceptance of such a vocation, unless he wished to become a still greater object of ridicule and animadversion than before. This order soon experienced so rapid an increase of numbers that there were few at court who were not members of it. At the same time it was expressly forbidden that any lampooner should be introduced amongst them. The avowed object of this institution was to prevent the rising generation from the adoption of bad habits and licentious manners; and ridiculous as was its outward form, is not its design at least entitled to our esteem and veneration?

Patent of Creation of the Order of Fools.

"We all, who have hereunto affixed our seals, make known unto all men, and declare, that after full and mature consideration, both on our own behalf and on account of the singular goodwill and friendship which we all bear, and will continue to bear towards one another, we have instituted a society of fools, according to the form and manner hereunto subjoined:—

"Be it therefore known, that each member shall wear a fool, either made of silver,

or embroidered, on his coat. And such member as shall not daily wear this fool, him shall and may any one of us, as often as he shall see it, punish with a mulct of three old great tournois, (livres tournois, about four-pence halfpenny,) which three tournois shall be appropriated to the relief of the poor in the Lord!

"Further, will we fools yearly meet, and hold a conventicle and court, and assemble ourselves, to wit at Cleves, every year on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day; and no one of us shall depart out of the city, nor mount his horse to quit the place where we may be met together, without previous notice, and his having defrayed that part of the expenses of the court which he is bound to bear. And none of us shall remain away on any pretence or for any other reason whatsoever than this, namely, that he is labouring under very great infirmity; excepting moreover those only who may be in a foreign country, and at six days' journey from their customary place of residence. If it should happen that any one of the society is at enmity with another, then must the whole society use their utmost endeavours to adjust their differences and reconcile them; and such members and all their abettors shall be excluded from appearing at the court on the Friday morning when it commences its sitting at sun-rise, until it breaks up on the same Friday at sun-set.

"And, we will further, at the royal court yearly elect one of the members to be king of our society, and six to be counsellors; which king with his six counsellors shall regulate and settle all the concerns of the society, and in particular appoint and fix the court of the ensuing year; they shall also procure, and cause to be procured, all things necessary for the said court, of which they shall keep an exact account. These expenses shall be alike both to knights and squires, and a third part more shall fall upon the lords than upon the knights and squires; but the counts shall be subject to a third part more than the lords.

"And early on the Tuesday morning (during the period of the court's sitting) all of us members shall go to the church of the Holy Virgin at Cleves, to pray for the repose of all those of the society who may have died; and there shall each bring his separate offering.

"And each of us has mutually pledged his good faith, and solemnly engaged to

fulfil faithfully, undeviatingly, and inviolably, all things which are above enumerated, &c.

"Done at Cleves, 1381, on the day of St. Cunibert."

H. W. S.*

STAGE ACCIDENT.

On the evening of Friday the 1st of October, 1736, during the performance of an entertainment called *Dr. Faustus*, at Covent-garden theatre, one James Todd who represented the miller's man, fell from the upper stage, in a flying machine, by the breaking of the wires. He fractured his scull, and died miserably; three others were much hurt, but recovered. Some of the audience swooned, and the whole were in great confusion upon this sad accident.†

MOUNTEBANKS AND MR. MERRIMAN.

For the Every-Day Book.

Little inferior to Mr. Punch, Mr. Merriman has stood eminently high at fairs, figured in market-places, and scarcely a village green in England, that has not felt the force of his irresistible appeals. He does not often approach the over-grown metropolis; his success here is less certain, and the few patrons that remain, love to feast their eyes and risible faculties without sparing a modicum from their pockets: the droll simpleton might crack his jokes without finding the kernel—cash.

A company of mountebanks, however, appeared on a green, north of White Conduit-house, several evenings last week. On Saturday the performance commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon. The performers consisted of the master, a short, middle aged person, with a florid complexion, dressed in decent half mourning. He possessed a sound pair of lungs, fair eloquence, and a good portion of colloquial ability. By the assistance of a little whip he kept in order a large ring, formed of boys, girls, and grown persons of both sexes. His eye, gray as a falcon's, watched the reception he received, and seemed to communicate with his "*mind's eye*," as to his subscribers. The rosy-faced maid servants, glad of the opportunity of gazing at the exhibitors, were rejoiced by the pretence of holding the

"nursery treasures" to see all that could be seen. Here the calculator looked for patronage and encouragement. "Mr. Merriman," a young man with his face and clothes duly coloured, *à la Grimaldi*, raised laughter by his quaint retorts, by attempts at tumbling to prove he could tumble well, and by drilling with a bugle-horn a dozen volunteer boys in many whimsical exercises, truly marvellous to simpering misses and their companions. The next performer was a short man with sharp features, sunburnt face, and shrill goat-like voice:—he tumbled in a clever, but, I think, dangerous manner. Then Mr. Merriman's "imitations" followed; not to say any thing of those inimitable imitators, Mathews, Reeve, and Yates, he suited his audience to the very echo of the surrounding skeletons in brick and mortar. The tumbler then reposed by putting a loose coat over his party-coloured habit, and playing a pandemonium pipe while "Mr. Merriman" sat on a piece of carpet spread on the ground, and tossed four gilt balls in the air at the same time, to the variations of the music. A drum was beat by a woman about forty, with a tiara on her head, who afterwards left the beating art and mounting the slack-wire, which was supported by three sticks, coned at each end to a triangle; she danced and vaulted *à la Gouffé*. A table was put on the wire, which she balanced, and bore a glass full of liquor on the rim as she twirled it on her finger. This was the acmé of the display. Tickets at one shilling each were now handed round with earnestness and much promise, for a lottery of prizes, consisting of teapots, waiters, printed calico, and two sovereigns thrown on the grass instead of a sheep. These temptations held out to many a Saturday night labourer the hope of increasing his week's wages. The "conductor" of his company no doubt profited by the experience of which he was possessed. Many tickets were sold; expectation breathed—fancy pictured a teapot—or some token of fortune's performance. The decision made, the die cast, now the laughing winner walked hurriedly away, hugging his prize, while the losers hid their chagrin, and were quietly dispersed by the "blank" influence, with secret wishes that their money was in their pockets again.

When I reflect upon this kind of amusement for the labouring classes, I see nothing to prevent its occasional appear-

* From Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*.
† *Gentleman's Magazine*.

ance. The wit scattered about, though in a blundering way, is often smart.

In spite of decorum, of my better instruction in gentility, and Chesterfield's axioms, I love to stand and shake my human system, if it be only to remind me of past observation, and to see the children so happy, who ring out music, in every responsive applause of the tricks so plausibly represented to their view. While "Mr. Merriman" does not invade the peace of society, I hope he will be allowed his precarious reign, as he promised "that he would forfeit fifty guineas if he came into the parish again at least for a twelve-month."

It is within my remembrance when former mountebanks distributed packets instead of blanks, containing nostrums against toothache, corns, bunions, warts, witchcraft and the ague. Doctor Bolus strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, and gave as much wit for sixpence as kept the village alehouse in a roar for many weeks. But, I suppose, the mountebank profession, like every other, feels the changes of the times, and retrenchment cries,—

"Ubi vos requiram, cum dies advenerit?"

*, *, P.

September 29, 1826.

Please to make the following correction, page 1270; for "*he* shaking," read "*the* shaking."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 52 · 85.

October 2.

EXTRAORDINARY WALKING.

October 2, 1751, a man, for a wager of twenty guineas, walked from Shoreditch church, to the twenty mile stone near Ware, and back again, in seven hours!*

EXTRAORDINARY RIDING.

In October, 1754, lord Powerscourt having laid a wager with the duke of Orleans, that he would ride on his own horses from Fountainbleau to Paris, which is forty-two English miles, in two hours, for one thousand louis d'ors, the king's guards cleared the way, which was lined with crowds of Parisians. He was to mount

only three horses, but he performed the task on two, in one hour, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-two seconds. The horses through whom the wager was won, were both killed by the severity of the feat.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53 · 75.

October 3.

EXTRAORDINARY HORSE.

On the 3d of October, 1737, a cart-gelding belonging to Mr. Richard Fendall, of the Grange, Southwark, died by an accidental cut in his knee with a garden-mellon bell-glass; which is taken notice of, because this gelding was forty-four years in his possession. It was bought Michaelmas, 1693, at Uxbridge, was never sick nor lame all the time, and within the fifteen years preceding, drew his owner and another in a chaise, fifty miles in one day.†

BIRDS AND MISTS.

It is observed that—"Among the miscellaneous events of October, one of the most striking and curious is the interchange which seems to take place between our country, and the more northern as well as the more southern ones, in regard to the birds. The swallow tribe now all quit us: the swift disappeared wholly, more than a month ago; and now the house swallow, house martin, and bank or sand martin, after congregating for awhile in vast flocks about the banks of rivers and other waters, are seen no more as general frequenters of the air. If one or two are seen during the warm days that sometimes occur for the next two or three weeks, they are to be looked upon as strangers and wanderers; and the sight of them, which has hitherto been so pleasant, becomes altogether different in its effect: it gives one a feeling of desolateness, such as we experience on meeting a poor shivering lascar in our winter streets.—In exchange for this tribe of truly summer visitors, we have now great flocks of the fieldfares and redwings come back to us; and also wood pigeons, snipes, woodcocks, and several of the numerous tribe of water-fowl.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

"Now, occasionally, we may observe the singular effects of a mist, coming gradually on, and wrapping in its dusky cloak a whole landscape that was, the moment before, clear and bright as in a spring morning. The vapour rises visibly (from the face of a distant river perhaps) like steam from a boiling caldron; and climbing up into the blue air as it advances, rolls wreath over wreath till it reaches the spot on which you are standing; and then, seeming to hurry past you, its edges, which have hitherto been distinctly defined, become no longer visible, and the whole scene of beauty, which a few moments before surrounded you, is as it were wrapt from your sight like an unreal vision of the air, and you seem (and in fact are) transferred into the bosom of a cloud."*

SWALLOWS.

A provincial paper† says, "It is a fact, which has not been satisfactorily accounted for by ornithologists, that the number of swallows which visit this island are not near so numerous as they formerly were; and this is the case, not only in this neighbourhood, but throughout the country. The little that is satisfactorily known concerning the parts to which they emigrate, and the many statements respecting their annual migration, not only serves to show that something remains to be discovered respecting these interesting visitors, but perhaps prevents us from ascertaining the causes of the decrease in their numbers. In the month of September, 1815, great numbers of these birds congregated near Rotherham, previous to their departure for a more genial climate. Their appearance was very extraordinary, and attracted much attention. We extract some account of this vast assemblage of the feathered race, from an elegantly written little work, published on the occasion, by the rev. Thomas Blackley, vicar of Rotherham, containing 'Observations and Reflections' on this circumstance:—

"Early in the month of September, 1815, that beautiful and social tribe of the feathered race began to assemble in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, at the Willow-ground, near the Glass-house, preparatory to their migration to a warmer climate; and their numbers were daily

augmented, until they became a vast flock which no man could easily number—thousands upon thousands, tens of thousands, and myriads—so great, indeed, that the spectator would almost have concluded that the whole of the swallow race were there collected in one huge host. It was their manner, while there, to rise from the willows in the morning, a little before six o'clock, when their thick columns literally darkened the sky. Their divisions were formed into four, five, and sometimes six grand wings, each of these filing off and taking a different route—one east, another west, another south, and so on; as if not only to be equally dispersed throughout the country, to provide food for their numerous troops; but also to collect with them whatever of their fellows, or straggling parties, might be still left behind. Just before the respective columns arose, a few birds might be observed first in motion at different points, darting through their massy ranks—these appeared like officers giving the word of command. In the evening, about five o'clock, they began to return to their station, and continued coming in, from all quarters, until nearly dark. It was here that you might see them go through their various aerial evolutions, in many a sportive ring and airy gambol—strengthening their pinions in these playful feats for their long ethereal journey; while contentment and cheerfulness reigned in every breast, and was expressed in their evening song by a thousand pleasing twitters from their little throats, as they cut the air and frolicked in the last beams of the setting sun, or lightly skimmed the surface of the glassy pool. The notes of those that had already gained the willows sounded like the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the dying roar of the retreating billow on the sea beach.

"The verdant enamel of summer had already given place to the warm and mellow tints of autumn, and the leaves were now fast falling from their branches, while the naked tops of many of the trees appeared—the golden sheaves were safely lodged in the barns, and the reapers had, for this year, shouted their harvest home—frosty and misty mornings now succeeded, the certain presages of the approach of winter. These omens were understood by the swallows as the route for their march; accordingly, on the morning of the 7th of October, their mighty army broke up their encampment

* Mirror of the Months.

† Sheffield Mercury.

debouched from their retreat, and, rising, covered the heavens with their legions; thence, directed by an unerring guide, they took their trackless way. On the morning of their going, when they ascended from their temporary abode, they did not, as they had been wont to do, divide into different columns, and take each a different route, but went off in one vast body, bearing to the south. It is said that they would have gone sooner, but for a contrary wind which had some time prevailed; that on the day before they took their departure, the wind got round, and the favourable breeze was immediately embraced by them. On the day of their flight, they left behind them about a hundred of their companions; whether they were slumberers in the camp, and so had missed the going of their troops, or whether they were left as the rear-guard, it is not easy to ascertain; they remained, however, till the next morning, when the greater part of them mounted on their pinions, to follow, as it should seem, the celestial route of their departed legions. After these a few stragglers only remained; these might be too sick or too young to attempt so great an expedition; whether this was the fact or not, they did not remain after the next day. If they did not follow their army, yet the dreary appearance of their depopulated camp and their affection for their kindred, might influence them to attempt it, or to explore a warmer and safer retreat."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR

Mean Temperature . . . 50° 00.

October 4.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 4th of October, 1749,* died at Paris, John Baptist Du Halde, a jesuit, who was secretary to father Le Tellier, confessor to Louis XIV. Du Halde is celebrated for having compiled an elaborate history and geography of China from the accounts of the Romish missionaries in that empire; he was likewise editor of the "Lettres edifiantes et curieuses," from the ninth to the twenty-sixth collection, and the author of several Latin poems and miscellaneous pieces. He was born in the city wherein he died, in 1674, re-

markable for piety, mildness, and patient industry.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 54° 92.

October 5.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 55° 12.

October 6.

ST. FAITH.

Of this saint in the church of England calendar, there is an account in vol. i. col. 1362.

SOMNAMBULISM.

On Sunday evening, the 6th of October, 1823, a lad named George Davis, sixteen and a half years of age, in the service of Mr. Hewson, butcher, of Bridge-road, Lambeth, at about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands. In ten minutes he started up, fetched his whip, put on his one spur, and went thence to the stable; not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house, and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, to go his rounds. He returned to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the stable; it was with much difficulty and force that Mr. Hewson junior, assisted by the other lad, could remove him from the horse; his strength was great, and it was with difficulty he was brought in doors. Mr. Hewson senior, coming home at this time, sent for Mr. Benjamin Ridge, an eminent practitioner, in Bridge-road, who stood by him for a quarter of an hour, during which time the lad considered himself stopped at the turnpike gate, and took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed; and holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed, "None of your nonsense—that is the sixpence again, give me my change." When threepence halfpenny was given to him, he counted it over, and said, "None of your gammon; that is not right, I want a penny more;"

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* A General Biographical Dictionary, (Hunt and Clarke,) vol. ii.

making the fourpence halfpenny, which was his proper change. He then said, "give me my *castor*," (meaning his hat,) which slang terms he had been in the habit of using, and then began to whip and spur to get his horse on; his pulse at this time was one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard; no change of countenance could be observed, nor any spasmodic affection of the muscles, the eyes remaining close the whole of the time. His coat was taken off his arm, his shirt sleeve stripped up, and Mr. Ridge bled him to thirty-two ounces; no alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing; at about twenty-four ounces, the pulse began to decrease; and when the full quantity named above had been taken, it was at eighty, with a slight perspiration on the forehead. During the time of bleeding Mr. Hewson related the circumstance of a Mr. Harris, optician in Holborn, whose son some years before walked out on the parapet of the house in his sleep. The boy joined the conversation, and observed he lived at the corner of Brownlow-street. After the arm was tied up, he unlaced one boot, and said he would go to bed. In three minutes from this time he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter, (having then been one hour in the trance,) not having the slightest recollection of any thing that had passed, and wondered at his arm being tied up, and at the blood, &c. A strong aperient medicine was then administered, he went to bed, slept sound, and the next day appeared perfectly well, excepting debility from the bleeding and operation of the medicine, and had no recollection whatever of what had taken place. None of his family or himself were ever affected in this way before.*

REMARKABLE STORM.

The following remarkable letter in the "Gentleman's Magazine," relates to the present day seventy years ago.

MR URBAN, *Wigton, Oct. 23, 1756.*
ON the 6th inst. at night, happened a most violent hurricane; such a one perhaps as has not happened in these parts, in the memory of man. It lasted full 4 hours from about 11 till 3. The damage it has done over the whole county is very deplorable. The corn has suffered

prodigiously. — Houses were not only unroofed, but in several places overturned by its fury. — Stacks of hay and corn were entirely swept away. — Trees without number torn up by the roots. Others snapped off in the middle, and scattered in fragments over the neighbouring fields. Some were twisted almost round; bent, or split to the roots, and left in so shattered a condition as cannot be described.

The change in the herbage was also very surprising; its leaves *withered shrivelled up, and turned black*. The leaves upon the trees, especially on the weather side, fared in the same manner. The *Evergreens* alone seem to have escaped, and the grass recovered in a day or two.

I agreed, at first, with the general opinion, that this mischief was the effect of *Lightning*; but, when I recollected that, in some places, very little had been taken notice of; in others none at all; and that the effect was *general*, I begun to think of accounting for it from some other cause. I immediately examined the dew or rain which had been left on the grass, windows, &c. in hopes of being enabled, by *its taste*, to form some better judgment of the particles with which the air had been impregnated, and I found it as salt as any sea water I had ever tasted. The several vegetables also were all saltish more or less, and continued so for 5 or 6 days, the saline particles not being then washed off; and when the moisture was exhaled from the windows, the saline chrystal *sparkled* on the outside, when the sun shined, and appeared very *brilliant*.

This *salt water*, I conceive, has done the principal damage, for I find upon experiment, that common salt dissolved in fresh water affected some fresh vegetables, when sprinkled upon them, in the very *same manner*, except that it did not turn them quite so black, — but particles of a sulphurous, or other quality,* may have been mixed with it.

I should be glad to see the opinions of some of your ingenious correspondents on this wonderful phenomenon; — whether they think this salt water was brought from the sea.† and in *what manner*.

Yours,

A. B.

* In an adjoining bleach-yard, some cloth which had lain out all night was turned almost yellow. — Other pieces also which were spread out the next morning, contracted the same colour, which was not without great difficulty washed out.

† The wind was westerly, and consequently in its passage swept the Irish sea.

* The Times, October, 1823.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 54 · 55.

October 7.

CONJUGAL INDIFFERENCE.

On the 7th of October, 1736, a man and his wife, at Rushal, in Norfolk, "having some words," the man went out and hanged himself. The coroner's inquest found it "self-murder," and ordered him to be buried in the cross-ways; but his wife sent for a surgeon, and sold the body for half a guinea. The surgeon feeling about the body, the wife said, "He is fit for your purpose, he is as fat as butter." The deceased was thereupon put into a sack with his legs hanging out, and being throw upon a cart, conveyed to the surgeon's.*

OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES.

In a journal of 1826,† we have the following pleasant account of a similar publication ninety years ago.

A curious document, for we may well term it so, has come to our hands—a copy of a London newspaper, dated Thursday, March 24, 1736-7. Its title is, "The Old Whig, or the Consistent Protestant." It seems to have been a weekly paper, and, at the above date, to have been in existence for about two years. How long it lived after, we have not, at present, any means of ascertaining. The paper is similar in size to the French journals of the present day, and consists of four pages and three columns in each. The show of advertisements is very fair. They fill the whole of the back page, and nearly a column of the third. They are all book advertisements. One of these is a comedy called "The Universal Passion," by the author of "The Man of Taste," no doubt, at that time, an amply sufficient description of the ingenious playwright. The "Old Whig" was published by "J. Roberts, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane," as likewise by "H. Whitridge, bookseller, the corner of Castle-alley, near the Royal-exchange, in Cornhill, price two-pence." It has a leading article in its way, in the shape of a discourse on the liberty of the press, which it lustily defends, from what, we believe, it was as

little exposed to, in 1786-7, as it is in 1826—a censorship. The editor apologises for omitting *the news* in his last, on account of "Mr. Foster's reply to Dr. Stebbing!" What would be said of a similar excuse now-a-days?

The following epigram is somewhat hacknied, but there is a pleasure in extracting it from the print, where it probably first appeared:—

"As we were obliged to omit the News in last week's paper, by inserting Mr. Foster's answer to the Rev. Dr. Stebbing, we shall in this give the few articles that are any way material."

"Cries Celia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in Heaven?"

"There are no Women," he replied;
She quick returns the jest;
"Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest!"

The miscellaneous part is of nearly the same character as at present, but disposed in rather a less regular form. We have houses on fire, and people burnt in them, exactly as *we* had last week; but what is wonderful, as it shows the great improvement in these worthy gentlemen in the course of a century, the "Old Whig" adds to its account—"The watch, it seems, though at a small distance, knew nothing of the matter!"

There is a considerable number of deaths, for people died even in those good old times, and one drowning; whether intentional or not we cannot inform our readers, as the "Old Whig" went to press before the inquest was holden before Mr. Coroner and a most respectable jury.

We still tiddle a little after dinner, but our fathers were prudent men; they took time by the forelock, and began their convivialities with their *dejeune*. The following is a short notice of the exploits of a few of these true men. It is with a deep feeling of the transitory nature of all sublunary things, that we introduce this notice, by announcing to our readers at a distance, that the merry Boar's Head is merry no more, and that he who goes thither in the hope of quaffing port, where plump Jack quaffed sack and sugar, will return disappointed. The sign remains, but the *hostel* is gone.

"On Saturday last, the right Hon the Lord Mayor held a wardmote at St. Mary

* Gentleman's Magazine.
† New Times, September 7.

Abchurch, for the election of a common councilman, in the room of Mr. Deputy Davis. His lordship went sooner than was expected by Mr. Clay's friends, and arriving at the church, ordered proclamation to be made, when Mr. Edward Yeates was put up by every person present; then the question being asked, whether any other was offered to the ward, and there being no person named, his lordship declared Mr. Yeates duly elected, and ordered him to be sworn in, which was accordingly done; and just at the words 'So help you God,' Mr. Clay's friends (who were numerous, and had been at breakfast at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap) came into the church, but it was too late, for the election was over. This has created a great deal of mirth in the ward, which is likely to continue for some time. The Boar's Head is said to be the tavern so often mentioned by Shakspeare, in his play of *Henry the Fourth*, which occasioned a gentleman, who heard the circumstances of the election, to repeat the following lines from that play:—

“*Falst.* Now Hall, what a time of day is it, lad?”

“*P. Hen.*—What a devil has thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons,” &c.

The above account gives a specimen of the sobriety of our fathers; another of their virtues is exemplified in the following:—

“By a letter from Penzance, in Cornwall, we have the following account, viz.:—‘That on the 12th instant at night, was lost near Portleven (and all the men drowned, *as is supposed*), the queen Caroline, of Topsham, Thomas Wills, master, from Oporto, there being some pieces of letters found on the sands, directed for Edward Mann, of Exon, one for James La Roche, Esq. of Bristol, and another for Robert Smyth, Esq. and Company, Bristol. Some casks of wine came on shore, which were immediately secured by the country people; but on a composition with the collector, to pay them eight guineas for each pipe they brought on shore, they delivered to him twenty-five pipes; and he paid so many times eight guineas, else they would have staved them, or carried them off.’”

The order maintained in England at that time was nothing compared to the strictness of discipline observed on the continent.

“They write from Rome, that count Treveli, a Neapolitan, had been beheaded there, for being the author of some satirical writings against the Pope: that Father Jacobini, who was sentenced to be beheaded on the same account, had obtained the *favour* of being sent to the galleys, through the interces-

sion of cardinal Guadagni, the pope's nephew, who was most maltreated by the priest and the count.”

These were times, as Dame Quickly would say, when honourable men were not to be insulted with impunity.

We sometimes hear of a terrible species of *mammalia*, called West India Planters, and there is an individual specimen named Hogan, or something like it, whose wonderful fierceness has been sounded in our ears for some ten or twelve years. But what will the abolitionists say to the extract of a letter from Antigua? Compared with these dreadful doings, Mr. Hogan's delinquencies were mere fleabites.

“Extract of a letter from Antigua, January 15, 1736-7:—‘We are in a great deal of trouble in this island, the hurning of negroes, hanging them on gibbets alive, racking them on the wheel, &c. takes up almost all our time; that from the 20th of October to this day, there has been destroyed sixty-five sensible negro men, most of them tradesmen, as carpenters, masons, and coopers. I am almost dead with watching and warding, as are many more. They were going to destroy all the white inhabitants on the island. Court, the king of the negroes, who was to head the insurrection; Tomboy, their general, and Hercules their lieutenant-general, were all racked upon the wheel, and died with amazing obstinacy. Mr. Archibald Hamilton's Harry, after he was condemned, stuck himself with a knife in eighteen places, four whereof were mortal, which killed him. Colonel Martin's Jemmy, who was hung up alive from noon to eleven at night, was then taken down to give information. Colonel Morgan's Ned, who, after he had been hung up seven days and seven nights, that his hands grew too small for his hand-cuffs, he got them out and raised himself up, and fell down from a gibbet fifteen feet high, without any harm; he was revived with cordials and broth, in hopes to bring him to a confession, but he would not confess, and was hung up again, and in a day and night after expired. Mr. Yeoman's Quashy Coomah jumped out of the fire half burnt, but was thrown in again. And Mr. Lyou's Tim jumped out of the fire, and promised to declare all, but it took no effect. In short, our island is in a poor, miserable condition, that I wish I could get any sort of employ in England.’”

The following notice is of a more pleasing character:—

“In a few days, a fine monument to the memory of John Gay, Esq., author of the *Beggar's Opera*, and several other admired pieces, will be erected in Westminster-abbey,

at the expense of his grace the duke of Queensberry and Dover, with an elegant inscription thereon, composed by the deceased's intimate and affectionate friend, Mr. Alexander Pope."

There are two more observations which we have to make; 1st. "the Old Whig," as was meet, was a strong Orangeman; and 2d. the parliament was sitting when the number before us was published, and yet it does not contain one line of debate!

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53 · 77.

October 8.

ANCIENT MANNERS.

Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, enters thus in the diary of his life:—"1657, October 8. The cause between me and my wife was heard, when Mr. Serjeant Maynard observed to the court, that there were 800 sheets of depositions on my wife's part, and not one word proved against me of using her ill, nor ever giving her a bad or provoking word." The decision was against the lady; the court, refusing her alimony, delivered her to her husband; "whereupon," says Ashmole, "I carried her to Mr. Lilly's, and there took lodgings for us both." He and Lilly dabbled in astrology; and he tells no more of his spouse till he enters "1668, April 1. 2 Hor. *ante merid.* the lady Mainwaring my wife *died*." Subsequently he writes—"November 3. I married Mrs. Elizabeth Dugdale, daughter to William Dugdale, Esq. Norroy, king of arms at Lincoln's-inn chapel. Dr. William Floyd married us, and her father gave her. The wedding was finished at 10 *hor. post merid.*"

Ashmole's diary minutely records particulars of all sorts:—"September 5, I took pills; 6, I took a sweat; 7, I took leeches; all wrought very well.—December 19, Dr. Chamberlain proposed to me to bring Dr. Lister to my wife, that he might undertake her. 22. They both came to my house, and Dr. Lister *did* undertake her." Though Dr. Lister was her undertaker on that occasion, yet Ashmole records—"1687, April 16, my wife took Mr. Bigg's vomit, which wrought very well.—19. She took *pulvis sanctis*;

in the afternoon she took cold ' Death took Ashmole in 1695. He was superstitious and punctilious, and was perhaps a better antiquary than a friend; he seems to have possessed himself of Tradescant's museum at South Lambeth in a manner which rather showed his love of antiquities than poor old Tradescant.

It is to be regretted that Ashmole's life, "drawn up by himself by way of diary," was not printed with the Life of Lilly in the "Autobiography." Lilly's Life is published in that pleasant work by itself. "Tom Davies" deemed them fit companions.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 53 · 80.

October 9.

ST. DENYS.

This name in the church of England calendar is properly noticed in vol. i. col. 1370.

On the celebration of this saint's festival in catholic countries he is represented walking with his head in his hands, as we are assured he did, after his martyrdom. A late traveller in France relates, that on the 9th of October, the day of St. Denis, the patron saint of France, a procession was made to the village of St. Denis, about a league from Lyons. This was commonly a very disorderly and tumultuous assembly, and was the occasion some years ago of a scene of terrible confusion and slaughter. The porter who kept the gate of the city which leads to this village, in order to exact a contribution from the people as they returned, shut the gate at an earlier hour than usual. The people, incensed at the extortion, assembled in a crowd round the gate to force it, and in the conflict numbers were stifled, squeezed to death, or thrown into the Rhone, on the side of which the gate stood. Two hundred persons were computed to have lost their lives on this occasion. The porter paid his avarice with his life: he was condemned and executed as the author of the tumult, and of the consequences by which it was attended.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 52 · 62.

* Miss Plumpton.

October 10

1826. Oxford and Cambridge Terms begin.

CHRONOLOGY.

On Sunday, October 10, 1742, during the time of worship, the roof of the church of Fearn, in Ross-shire, Scotland, fell suddenly in, and sixty people were killed, besides the wounded. The gentry whose seats were in the niches, and the preacher by falling under the sounding-board were preserved.*

PACK MONDAY FAIR, AT SHERBORNE, DORSETSHIRE

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sherborne, September, 1826.

Sir,—Having promised to furnish an account of our fair, I now take the liberty of handing it to you for insertion in your very entertaining work.

This fair is annually held on the first Monday after the 10th of October, and is great for the sale of horses, cows, fat and lean oxen, sheep, lambs, and pigs; cloth, earthenware, onions, wall and hazle nuts, apples, fruit trees, and the usual nick nacks for children, toys, gingerbread, sweetmeats, sugar plums, &c. &c. with drapery, hats, bonnets, caps, ribands, &c. for the country belles, of whom, when the weather is favourable, a great number is drawn together from the neighbouring villages.

Tradition relates that this fair originated at the termination of the building of the church, when the people who had been employed about it packed up their tools, and held a fair or wake, in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicing, which at that time was perhaps the most common music in use.† The

date at which the church was built is uncertain, but it may be conjectured in the sixth century, for in the year 704, king John fixed an episcopal see at, and Aldhelm was consecrated the first bishop of, Sherborne, in 705, and enjoyed the bishopric four years. Aldhelm died in 709, is said to be the first who introduced poetry into England, to have obtained a proficiency in music, and the first Englishman who ever wrote in Latin.

To the present time Pack Monday fair, is annually announced three or four weeks previous by all the little urchins who can procure and blow a cow's horn, parading the streets in the evenings, and sending forth the different tones of their horny bugles, sometimes beating an old saucepan for a drum, to render the sweet sound more delicious, and not unfrequently a whistle-pipe or a fife is added to the band. The clock's striking twelve on the Sunday night previous, is the summons for ushering in the fair, when the boys assemble with their horns, and parade the town with a noisy shout, and prepare to forage for fuel to light a bonfire, generally of straw, obtained from some of the neighbouring farmyards, which are sure to be plundered, without respect to the owners, if they have not been fortunate enough to secure the material in some safe part of their premises. In this way the youths enjoy themselves in boisterous triumph, to the annoyance of the sleeping part of the inhabitants, many of whom deplore, whilst others, who entertain respect for old customs, delight in the deafening mirth. At four o'clock the great bell is rang for a quarter of an hour. From this time, the bustle commences by the preparations for the coming scene: stalls erecting, windows cleaning and decorating, shepherds and drovers going forth for their flocks and herds, which are depastured for the night in the neighbouring fields, and every individual seems on the alert. The business in the sheep and cattle fairs (which are held in different fields, nearly in the centre of the town, and well attended by the gentleman farmers, of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon) takes precedence, and is generally concluded by twelve o'clock, when what is called the in-fair begins to wear the appearance of business-like activity, and from this time till three or four o'clock more business is transacted in the shop counting-house, parlour, hall, and kitchen

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Hutchins, in his "*History of Dorset*," says, this "Fair is held in the churchyard, † on the first Monday after the feast of St. Michael, (O. S.) and is a great holyday for the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. It is ushered in by the ringing of the great bell, at a very early hour in the morning, and by the boys and young men perambulating the street with cows' horns, to the no small annoyance of their less wakeful neighbours. It has been an immemorial custom in Sherborne, for the boys to blow horns in the evenings in the streets, for some weeks before the fair."

‡ The fair has been removed from the churchyard about six or seven years, and is now held on a spacious parade, in a street not far from the church.

than at any other time of the day, it being a custom of the tradespeople to have their yearly accounts settled about this time, and scarcely a draper, grocer, hatter, ironmonger, bookseller, or other respectable tradesman, but is provided with an ample store of beef and home-brewed October, for the welcome of their numerous customers, few of whom depart without taking *quantum suff.* of the old English fare placed before them.

Now, (according to an old saying,) is the *town alive*. John takes Joan to see the shows, —there he finds the giant—here the learned pig—the giantess and dwarf—the menagerie of wild beasts—the conjuror—and Mr. Merry Andrew cracking his jokes with his *quondam* master. Here it is—“Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, we are now going to begin, be in time, the price is only twopence.” Here is Mr. Warr’s merry round-about, with “a horse or a coach for a halfpenny.”—Here is Rebecca Swain* with her black and red cock, and lucky-bag, who bawls out, “Come, my little lucky rogues, and try your fortune for a halfpenny, all prizes and no blanks, a faint heart never wins a fair lady.”—Here is pricking in the garter.—Raffling for gingerbread, with the cry of “one in ; who makes two, the more the merrier.”—Here is the Sheffield hardwareman, sporting a worn-out wig and huge pair of spectacles, offering, in lots, a box of razors, knives, scissors, &c., each lot of which he modestly says, “is worth seven shillings, but he’ll not be too hard on the gaping crowd, he’ll not take seven, nor six, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor

two, but one shilling for the lot,—going at one shilling—sold again and the money paid.”—Here are two earthenware-men bawling their shilling’s worth one against the other, and quaffing beer to each other’s luck from that necessary and convenient chamber utensil that has modestly usurped the name of the great river *Po*. Here is *poor Will*, with a basket of gingerbread, crying “toss or buy.” There is a smirking little lad pinning two girls together by their gowns, whilst his companion cracks a Waterloo bang-up in their faces. Here stands John with his mouth wide open, and Joan with her sloe-black ogles stretched to their extremity at a fine painted shawl, which *Cheap John* is offering for next to nothing ; and here is a hundred other contrivances to draw the “*browns*” from the pockets of the unwary, and tickle the fancies of the curious ; and sometimes the rogue of a pick-pocket extracting farmer Anybody’s watch or money from his pockets.

This is Pack Monday fair, till evening throws on her dark veil, when the visitors in taking their farewell, stroll through the rows of gingerbread stalls, where the spruce Mrs. or Miss Sugarplum pops the cover of her nut-cannister forth, with “buy some nice nuts, do taste, sir, (or ma’mé,) and treat your companion with a paper of nuts.” By this time the country folks are for jogging home, and vehicles and horses of every description on the move, and the bustle nearly over, with the exception of what is to be met with at the inns, where the lads and lasses so disposed, on the light fantastic toe, assisted by the merry scraping of the fiddler, finish the fun, frolic, and pastime of Pack Monday Fair.

I am, &c.

R. T.

* A tall and portly dame, six feet full, with a particular screw of the mouth, and whom the writer recollects when he was a mere child, thirty years ago; none who have seen and heard her once, but will recollect her as long as they live.

SONNET.

For the Every-Day Book.

Me, men’s gay haunts delight not, nor the glow
Of lights that glitter in the crowded room ;
But nature’s paths where silver waters flow,
Making sweet music as along they go,
And shadowy groves where birds their light wings plume,
Or the brown heath where waves the yellow broom,
Or by the stream where bending willows grow,
And silence reigns, congenial with my gloom.

For there no hollow hearts, no envious eyes,
 No flatt'ring tongues, no treacherous hands are found,
 No jealous feuds, no gold-born enmities,
 Nor cold deceits with which men's walks abound,
 But quietness and health, which are more meet,
 Than glaring halls where riot holds her seat.



The New River at Hornsey.

— The stream is pure in solitude,
 But passing on amid the haunts of men
 It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
 A tainted tide.

Southey.

My memory does not help me to a dozen passages from the whole range of authors, in verse and prose, put together; only assists me to ideas of what I have read, and to recollect where they are expressed, but not to their words. As the "Minor Poems" are not at hand, I can only hope I have quoted the preceding

lines accurately. Their import impressed me in my boyhood, and one fine summer's afternoon, a year or two ago, I involuntarily repeated them while musing beside that part of the "New River" represented in the engraving. I had strolled to "the Compasses," when "the garden," as the landlord calls it, was free from the nuisance of "company;" and thither I afterwards deluded an artist, who continues to "use the house," and supplies me with the drawing of this sequestered nook.

This "gentle river" meanders through countless spots of surprising beauty and variety within ten miles of town. When I was a boy I thought "Sadler's Well's arch," opposite the "Sir Hugh Myddelton," (a house immortalized by Hogarth,) the prime part of the river; for there, by the aid of a penny line, and a ha'porth of gentles and blood-worms, "mixed," bought of old Turpin, who kept the little fishing-tackle shop, the last house by the river's side, at the end next St. John's-street-road, I essayed to gudgeon gudgeons. But the "prime" gudgeon-fishing, then, was at "the Coffin," through which the stream flows after burying itself at the Thatched-house, under Islington road, to Colebrooke-row, within half a stone's throw of a cottage, endeared to me, in later years, by its being the abode of "as much virtue as can live." Past the Thatched-house, towards Canonbury, there was the "Horse-shoe," now no more, and the enchanting rear—since despoiled—of the gardens to the retreats of Canonbury-place; and all along the river to the pleasant village of Hornsey, here were delightful retirements on its banks, so "far from the busy haunts of men," that only a few solitary wanderers seemed to know them. Since then, I have gone "over the hills and far away," to see it sweetly flowing at Enfield Chase, near many a "cottage of content," as I have conceived the lowly dwellings to be, which there skirt it, with their little garlens, not too trim, whence the inmates cross the neat iron bridges of the "New River Company," which, thinking of "auld lang syne," I could almost wish were of

wood. Further on, the river gracefully recedes into the pleasant grounds of the late Mr. Gough the antiquary, who, if he chiefly wrote on the manners and remains of old times, had an especial love and kind feeling for the amiable and picturesque of our own. Pursuing the river thence to Theobalds, it presents to the "contemplative man's recreation," temptations that old Walton himself might have coveted to fall in his way: and why may we not "suppose that the vicinity of the New River, to the place of his habitation, might sometimes tempt him out, whose loss he so pathetically mentions, to spend an afternoon there." He tells "the honest angler," that the writing of his book was the "recreation of a recreation," and familiarly says, "the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours,—even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

I dare not say that I am, and yet I cannot say that I never was, an angler; for I well remember where, though I cannot tell when, within a year, I was enticed to "go a fishing," as the saying is, which I have sometimes imagined was derived from Walton's motto on the title of his book:—"Simon Peter said, *I go a fishing*:" and they said, we also will go with thee.—*John* xxi. 3." This passage is not in all the editions of the "Complete Angler," but it was engraven on the title page of the first edition, printed in 1653. Allow me to refer to one of "captain Wharton's almanacs," as old Lilly calls them in his "Life and Times," and point out what was, perhaps, the earliest advertisement of Walton's work: it is on the back of the dedication leaf to "HEMEROSCOPEION: Anni Æræ Christianæ 1654." The almanac was published of course in the preceding year, which was the year wherein Walton's work was printed.

Advertisement of Walton's Angler, 1653.

"There is published a Booke of Eighteen-pence price, called *The Compleat Angler, Or, The Contemplative man's Recreation*: being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy the perusal. Sold by Richard Marriot in S. Dunstan's Church-yard Fleetstreet."

THIS advertisement I deem a bibliomaniacal curiosity. Only think of the first edition of Walton as a "booke of righteence-pence price!" and imagine the good old man on the day of publication, walking from his house "on the north side of Fleet-street, two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane," to his publisher and neighbour just by, "Richard Marriot, in S. Dunstan's Churchyard," for the purpose of inquiring "how" the book "went off." There is, or lately was, a large fish in effigy, at a fishing-tackle-maker's in Fleet-street, near Bell-yard, which, whenever I saw it, after I first read Walton's work, many years ago, reminded me of him, and his pleasant book, and its delightful ditties, and brought him before me, sitting on "a primrose bank" turning his "present thoughts into verse"

THE ANGLER'S WISH

! in these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice :
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Count his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers .
Here, hear my *Kenna* sing a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,
Or a leverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus, free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away ;
And angle on ; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 52 · 05.

October 11

This is "Old Michaelmas Day."

"DUNCAN'S VICTORY."

On the 11th of October, 1797, admiral

Duncan obtained a splendid victory over the Dutch fleet off Camperdown, near the isle of Texel, on the coast of Holland. For this memorable achievement he was created a viscount, with a pension of two thousand pounds per annum. His lordship died on the 4th of August, 1804 ; he was born at Dundee, in Scotland, on the 1st of July, 1731. After the battle of Camperdown was decided, he called his crew together in the presence of the captured Dutch admiral, who was greatly affected by the scene, and Duncan kneeling on the deck, with every man under his command, "solemnly and pathetically offered up praise and thanksgiving to the God of battles ;—strongly proving the truth of the assertion, that piety and courage should be inseparably allied, and that the latter without the former loses its principal virtue."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 51 · 82

October 12.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 12th of October, 1748, was born at St. John's near Worcester, Mr. William Butler, the author of "Chronological, Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Exercises," an excellent work, for young persons especially, a useful compendium in every library, and one to which the editor of the *Every-Day Book* has been indebted as a ready guide to many interesting and important events.

In the seventh edition of Mr. Butler's work just mentioned, we are informed by his son, Mr. John Olding Butler, that his father was educated in the city of Worcester. Having acquired considerable knowledge, and especially an excellent style of penmanship, he in 1765 repaired to the metropolis, and commenced his career as a teacher of writing and geography. In these branches of education he attained the highest repute on account of the improvements which were introduced by him in his mode of instruction. His copies were derived from the sources of geography, history, and biographical memoirs. A yet more extensive and permanent benefit was conferred upon young persons by the many useful and ingenious

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

works which he published, a list of which is subjoined. They contain a mass of information, both instructive and entertaining, rarely collected in one form, and are admirably adapted to promote the great design of their author—the moral, intellectual, and religious improvement of the rising generation: to this he consecrated all his faculties, the stores of his memory, and the treasures of his knowledge.

As a practical teacher Mr. Butler had few superiors, and his success in life was commensurate with his merit: he was the most popular instructor in his line.

A strict probity, an inviolable regard to truth, an honourable independence of mind, and a diffusive benevolence, adorned his moral character; and to these eminent virtues must be added, that of a rigid economy and improvement of time, for which he was most remarkable. How much he endeavoured to inculcate that which he deemed the foundation of every virtue, the principle of religion, may be seen in his "Chronological, &c., Exercises:" to impress this principle on the youthful heart and mind was considered by him as the highest duty. Mr. Butler's professional labours were commenced at the early age of seventeen, and were continued with indefatigable ardour to the last year of his life, a period of fifty-seven years. In estimating the value of such a man, we should combine his moral principle with his literary employments; these were formed by him into duties, which he most conscientiously discharged: and he will be long remembered as one who communicated to a large and respectable circle of pupils solid information, examples of virtue, and the means of happiness; and who, in an age fruitful of knowledge, by his writings instructed, and will long continue to instruct the rising generation, and benefit mankind. His virtues will live and have a force beyond the grave.

Mr. Butler died at Hackney, August 1, 1822, after a painful illness, borne with exemplary patience and resignation. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of that parish, and was interred there, by his own desire, in the burying-ground attached to the meeting-house of his friend, the late Rev. Samuel Palmer

A list of Mr. Butler's books for the use of young persons.

1. CHRONOLOGICAL EXERCISES, already mentioned. Price 6s. bound.

2. An engraved INTRODUCTION to ARITHMETIC, designed to facilitate young beginners, and to diminish the labour of the tutor. 4s. 6d. bound.

3. ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS, on a new plan; intended to answer the double purpose of arithmetical instruction and miscellaneous information. 6s. bound.

4. GEOGRAPHICAL and BIOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES, on a new plan. 4s

5. EXERCISES on the GLOBES, interspersed with historical, biographical, chronological, mythological, and miscellaneous information, on a new plan. The ninth edition. 6s. bound.

6. A numerous collection of ARITHMETICAL TABLES. 8d.

7. GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT; with maps, and a brief account of the principal religious sects. 5s. 6d. bound.

8. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS, relating principally to English history and biography. Second edition, enlarged. 4s.

Mr. BOURN, son-in-law of Mr. Butler, and his associate in his profession upwards of thirty years, purchased the copy-right of the greater part of Mr. Butler's works. They have passed through a number of editions, and if the *Every-Day Book* extend a knowledge of their value, it will be to the certain benefit of those for whose use they were designed. The envious and suspicious may deny that there is such a quality as "disinterestedness in human actions," yet the editor has neither friendship nor intimacy with any one whom this notice may appear to favour. He only knows Mr. Butler's books, and therefore recommends them as excellent aids to parents and teachers.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50° 10.

October 13

TRANSLATION K. EDWARD. CONF.

This notice of the day in the church of England calendar and almanacs, denotes it as the festival of the translation of king Edward the Confessor.*

Edward the Confessor died on the 5th of January, 1066, and was buried in the

* See vol. 1. 1376.

bbey church of St. Peter, Westminster.

His queen, Edgitha, survived the saint many years; she was buried beside him, and her coffin was covered with plates of silver and gold. According to his biographers, in 1102, the body of St. Edward was found entire, the limbs flexible, and the clothes fresh. The bishop of Rochester "out of a devout affection, endeavoured to pluck onely one hayre from his head, but it stuck so firmly that he was defeated of his desire." This was at the saint's first translation. Upon miracles "duly proved, the saint was canonized by Alexander III., in 1161." It appears that "there are commemorated severall translations of his sacred body." In 1163, "it was again translated by S. Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of king Henry II. This translation seems to have been made on the 13th of October; for on that day "he is commemorated in our martyrologe, whereas in the Roman he is celebrated on the 5th of January." It further appears that, "about a hundred years after, in the presence of king Henry III., it was again translated, and reposed in a golden shrine, prepared for it by the same king.*

The see of Rome is indebted to Edward the Confessor for a grant to the pope of what was then called Rome-scot, but is now better known by the name of "Peter-penny." The recollection of this tribute is maintained by the common saying "no penny, no paternoster;" of which there is mention in the following poem from the "Hesperides":—

Fresh strewings allow
To my sepulcher now,
To make my lodging the sweeter;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a penny to pay S. Peter

Who has not a crosse,
Must sit with the losse,
And no whit further must venture;
Since the porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els not one there must euter.

Who at a dead lift,
Can't send for a gift,
A pig to the priest for a roster
Shall heare his clarke say,
By yea and by nay.
No penny no pater noster.

Herrick.

* Butler. Cressy.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 · 62.

October 14.

A LUCKY DAY.

"SOME MEMORABLE REMARKES upon the FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER being the Auspicious Birth Day of His Present Majesty The Most Serene King JAMES II. Luc. xix. 42 *In Hoc Die Tuo*. In This Thy Day. London, Printed by A. R. And are to be sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall 1687." Folio.

In this curious tract, the author purports to set forth "how lucky the *Fourteenth of October* hath been to the princes of England," and because he discovers "out of *Wharton's Gesta Britannorum*, and the collections of others, that his late royal highness, our inagnuminous magnificent sovereign, (James II.), was also born upon that *augural day*," he observes—"It made more than ordinary impression upon me, so that I never saw him, but, I thought, in his very face there were extraordinary instances and tokens of regality."

There were some, it seems, who, after "his late royal highness" the duke "recess into Holland," "exceedingly triumphed, wishing he might never return; nay, that he durst not, nor would be permitted so to do; using, moreover, opprobrious terms." These persons, he tells us, he "prophetically characteris'd" in his "*Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*;" hence, he says, "Indignation made me print my ensuing sentiments," which "found good acceptance among the better and more loyal sort;" and hence, he further says, "things by me forethought, and publicly hinted, being come to pass, my *Day Fatality* began to be remembered; and one whom I wish very well, desiring I would give him leave to reprint *that*, and two other of my small pieces together, I assented to his request." These form the present treatise, from whence we gather that the *Fourteenth of October*

— "gave the Norman duke
That vict'ry whence he England's scepter took;"

and was remarkable for the safe landing of Edward III., after being endangered by a tempest at sea on his returning victorious from France. Wherefore, says our author, in Latin first, and then in these English lines—

"Great duke rejoice in this your day of birth, And may such omens still increase your mirth." Afterwards he relates, from Matthew Paris, that when "Lewis king of France had set footing here, and took some eminent places, he besieged Calais from 22 of July, to the *Fourteenth of October* following; about which time the siege was raised, and England thereby relieved." Likewise "a memorable peace, (foretold by Nostradamus) much conducing to the saving of christian blood, was made upon the *Fourteenth of October*, 1557, between pope Paul the IV. Henry the II. of France, and Philip the II. of Spain." Whereon, exclaims our exultant author, "A *lucky day* this, not only to the princes of England, but auspicious to the welfare of Europe." He concludes by declaring "that it may be so to his royal highness, as well as it was to the most great queen his mother, are the hearty prayers of BLEW-MANTLE."

From the conclusion of the last sentence, and the previous reference to his "Blason," we find this writer to have been John Gibbon, the author of "An Easier Introduction to Latine Blason, being both Latine and English"—an octavo volume, now only remembered by the few collectors of every thing written on "coat-mour."

Gibbon speaks of one of his pamphlets whose title *should* have been *Dux Bonis omnibus Appellens*, or *The Swans' Welcome*;" or rather, as he afterwards set out at large, "Some Remarks upon the Note-worthy Passage, mentioned in the TRUE DOMESTICK INTELLIGENCE dated *October the Fourteenth* 1679, concerning company of SWANS more than ordinary gathered together at his royal highness's ending." Instead, however, of its having such a title, he tells us "there was a *range mistake*, not only in that, but in her material circumstances; so that any suppose, the printer could never have done it himself, but borrowed the assistance of the evil spirit to render it ridiculous, and not only so, but the very *duke* himself and the *Loyal Artillery*!" therefore "the printer smothered the fairest number of them," yet, as he adds it to the tract on the *Fourteenth of October*, we have the advantage to be told "what authors say of the candid swan," that all esteem him for a "bird yal," that "oftentimes in coats and nests we meet him either crown'd or

coronally collar'd," that "he is a bird of great beauty and strength also," that "shipmen take it for good luck if in peril of shipwreck they meet swans," that "he uses not his strength to prey or tyrannize over any other fowl, but only to be revenged of such as offer him wrong," and so forth. *Ergo*—according to "Blew-mantle," we should believe that, "the most serene king James II." was greeted by these honourable birds, "in *allegory* assembled," to signify his kindred virtues. If Gibbon lived from 1687, where he published his "Remarques, on the *Fourteenth of October*" as the auspicious birth-day of James II. until the landing of William III. in the following year—did he follow the swan-like monarch to the court of France, or remain "Blew-mantle" in the Herald's college, to do honour to the court of "the deliverer?"

Gibbon, in his "Remarques," on the "auspicious" *Fourteenth of October*, prints the following epistle, to himself, which may be regarded as a curiosity on account of the superstition of its writer.

A letter from Sir *Winston Churchill*, Knight; Father to the Right Honourable, *John Lord Churchill*.

I Thank you for your kind Present, the Observation of the *Fatality of Days*. I have made great Experience of the Truth of it; and have set down *Fryday*, as my own Lucky Day; the Day on which I was Born, Christen'd, Married, and, I believe, will be the Day of my Death: The Day whereon I have had sundry Deliverances, (too long to relate) from Perils by Sea and Land, Perils by False Brethren, Perils of Law Suits, &c. I was Knighted (by chance, unexpected by my self) on the same Day; and have several good Accidents happened to me, on that Day: And am so superstitious in the Belief of its good Omen, That I chuse to begin any Considerable Action (that concerns me) on the same Day. I hope HE, whom it most concerns, will live to own your Respect, and Good Wishes, expressed in That Essay of yours: Which discovering a more than common Affection to the DUKE, and being as valuable for the Singularity of the *Subject*, as the Ingenuity of your *Fancy*, I sent into *Flanders*, as soon as I had it; That They on the Other Side the Water may see, 'Tis not all sowre Wine, that runs from our *English Press*.

—
"The Right Honourable, John Lord

Churchil," mentioned at the head of this ominous letter, became celebrated as "the great duke of Marlborough." Sir Winston Churchill was the author of "*Divi Britannici*, a history of the lives of the English kings" in folio; but his name is chiefly remembered in connection with his son's, and from his having also been father to Arabella Churchill, who became mistress to the most serene king of Blew-Mantle Gibbon, and from that connection was mother of the duke of Berwick, who turned his arms against the country of her birth.

Sir Winston was a cavalier, knighted at the restoration of Charles II., for exertions in the royal cause, by which his estates became forfeited. He recovered them under Charles, obtained a seat in the house of commons, became a fellow of the royal society, had a seat at the board of green cloth, and died in 1688. He was born in 1620, at Wootton Glanville, in Dorsetshire.* His letter on "Fryday" is quite as important as his "*Divi Britannici*."

TAKING HONEY WITHOUT KILLING THE BEES.

On the 14th day of October, 1766, Mr. Wildman, of Plymouth, who had made himself famous throughout the west of England for his command over bees, was sent for to wait on lord Spencer, at his seat at Wimbledon, in Surrey; and he attended accordingly. Several of the nobility and persons of fashion were assembled, and the countess had provided three stocks of bees. The first of his performances was with one hive of bees hanging on his hat, which he carried in his hand, and the hive they came out of in the other hand; this was to show that he could take honey and wax without destroying the bees. Then he returned into the room, and came out again with them hanging on his chin, with a very venerable beard. After showing them to the company, he took them out upon the grass walk facing the windows, where a table and table cloth being provided, he set the hive upon the table, and made the bees hive therein. Then he made them come out again, and swarm in the air, the ladies and nobility standing amongst them, and no person stung by them. He made them go on the table and took them

up by handfuls, and tossed them up and down like so many peas; he then made them go into their hive at the word of command. At five o'clock in the afternoon he exhibited again with the three swarms of bees, one on his head, one on his breast, and the other on his arm, and waited on lord Spencer in his room, who had been too much indisposed to see the former experiments; the hives which the bees had been taken from, were carried by one of the servants. After this exhibition he withdrew, but returned once more to the room with the bees all over his head, face, and eyes, and was led blind before his lordship's window. One of his lordship's horses being brought out in his body clothes, Mr Wildman mounted the horse, with the bees all over his head and face, (except his eyes;) they likewise covered his breast and left arm; he held a whip in his right hand, and a groom led the horse backwards and forwards before his lordship's window for some time. Mr. Wildman afterwards took the reins in his hand, and rode round the house; he then dismounted, and made the bees march upon a table, and at his word of command retire to their hive. The performance surprised and gratified the earl and countess and all the spectators who had assembled to witness this great bee-master's extraordinary exhibition.*

Can the honey be taken without destroying the bees? There are accounts to this effect in several books, but some of the methods described are known to have failed. The editor is desirous of ascertaining, whether there is a convenient mode of preserving the bees from the cruel death to which they are generally doomed, after they have been despoiled of their sweets.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50° 85.

October 15.

EXHUMATION.

It appears from a printed half sheet, of which the following is a copy, that the will of a person who had been resident at Stevenage, was proved on this day in the year 1724, whereby he desired his

* General Biographical Dictionary, (Hunt and Clarke,) vol. i.

* Annual Register, 1766.

remains to be kept unburied. It is a curious document, and further information respecting the individual whose caprice was thus indulged will be acceptable.

(COPY)

THE ECCENTRIC WILL

OF THE LATE

HENRY TRIGG, OF STEVENAGE,

Where his Remains are still upon the Rafters of the West End of the Hovel, and may be viewed by any Traveller who may think it worthy of Notice.

The same is recorded in History, and may be depended on as a Fact.

In the Name of God, Amen.

I, HENRY TRIGG, of Stevenage, in the County of Hertford, Grocer, being very infirm and weak in body, but of perfect sound mind and memory, praised be God for it, calling unto mind the mortality of my body, do now make and ordain this my last WILL and TESTAMENT, in writing hereafter following, that is to say:—Principally I recommend my Soul into the merciful hands of Almighty God that first gave me it, assuredly believing and only expecting free pardon and forgiveness of all my sins, and eternal life in and through the only merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ my Saviour; and as to my body, I commit it to the West End of my Hovel, to be decently laid there upon a floor erected by my Executor, upon the purlins, upon the same purpose, nothing doubting but at the general Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God, and as for and concerning such worldly substance as it hath pleased God to bless me with in this life, I do devise and dispose of the same in manner and form following.

Imprimis.—I give and devise unto my loving brother THOMAS TRIGG, of *Letchworth*, in the County of *Hertford*, Clerk, and to his Heirs and Assigns for ever, all those my Freehold Lands lying dispersedly in the several Common fields and parish of *Stevenage* aforesaid, and also all my Copyhold Lands, upon condition that he shall lay my body upon the place before-mentioned: and also all that Messuage, Cottage, or Tenement, at *Redcoat's Green*, in the parish of *Much Wymondly*, together with those Nine Acres of Land, (more or less) purchased of William Hale

and Thomas Hale, junr. and also my Cottage, Orchard, and Barn, with Four Acres of Land (more or less) belonging, lying, and being in the parish of *Little Wymondly*, now in the possession of SAMUEL KITCHENER, labourer; and also all my Cottages, Messuages, or Tenements, situate and being in *Stevenage*, aforesaid; or, upon condition that he shall pay my brother GEORGE TRIGG the sum of Ten Pounds per annum for his life; but if my brother should neglect or refuse to lay my body where I desire it should be laid, then upon that condition, I Will and bequeath all that which I have already bequeathed to my brother THOMAS TRIGG, unto my brother GEORGE TRIGG, and to his Heirs for ever: and if my brother GEORGE TRIGG, should refuse to lay my body under my Hovel, then what I have bequeathed unto him as all my Lands and Tenements, I lastly bequeath them unto my Nephew WILLIAM TRIGG, and his Heirs for ever, upon his seeing that my body is decently laid up there as aforesaid.

Item.—I give and bequeath unto my Nephew WILLIAM TRIGG, the sum of Five Pounds at the age of Thirty Years: to his Sister SARAH the sum of Twenty Pounds; to his Sister ROSE the sum of Twenty Pounds; and lastly to his Sister ANN the sum of Twenty Pounds, all at the age of Thirty Years: to JOHN SPENCER, of London, Butcher, the sum of One Guinea; and to SOLOMON SPENCER, of Stevenage, the sum of One Guinea, three years next after my decease; to my cousin HENRY KIMPTON, One Guinea, one year next after my decease; and another Guinea, two years after my decease; to WILLIAM WABY, Five Shillings; and to JOSEPH PRIEST, Two Shillings and Sixpence, two years after my decease; to my tenant ROBERT WRIGHT the sum of Five Shillings, two years next after my decease; and to RALPH LOWD and JOHN REEVES, One Shilling each, two years next after my decease.

Item.—All the rest of my Goods, and Chattels, and personal Estate, and ready Money, I do hereby give and devise unto my Brother THOMAS TRIGG, paying my Debts and laying my Body where I would have it laid, whom I likewise make and ordain my full and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, or else to them before mentioned; ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal,

this twenty-eighth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one Thousand seven Hundred and twenty four.

HENRY TRIGG.

Read, Signed, Sealed, and declared by the said HENRY TRIGG, the Testator, to the his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who have subscribed our Names as Witnesses hereto, in the Presence of the said Testator.

JOHN HAWKINS, Senr.

JOHN HAWKINS, Junr.

The mark X of WILLIAM SEXTON.

Proved in the Archdeaconry of Hunt-

ingdon, the 15th of October, 1724, by the Executor THOMAS TRIGG.

In October, 1743, a cobbler, at Bristol, died of a bite in the finger inflicted by a cat, which was sent to his house by an old woman in revenge for his calling her "Witch," against which dipping in salt water proved ineffectual. "This, they say, was well attested;" and well it might be; for doubtless the cat was mad, and the woman, bewitched by the unhappy cobbler of Bristol, had no more to do with the bite, than "the old woman of Ratcliff-highway."



The 15th day of October was dedicated by "the Merchants to Mercury," and is so noted in the calendar of Julius Cæsar. This name is derived *a mercibus*, because he was the god of merchandize; and, in that quality, he is sometimes represented as a young man without a beard, holding on his wrists a cock as an emblem of vigi-

lance, and in his hand a purse as its reward. A beautiful head of this deity on hircynth, in the possession of lord Clanbrasill, when it was charmingly etched by Worlidge, is pictured in the present engraving. It suggests itself as one of the most elegant forms for a seal that can be presented to the eye.

Gather your rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The further still his course is run,
And nearer he's to setting.



The German Showman.

An elevated stand he takes,
 And to the fiddle's squeak, he makes
 A loud and entertaining lecture
 On every wonder-working picture :—
 The children cry " hark !—look at that !"
 And folks put money in the hat ;
 Or buy his papers that explain
 The stories they would hear again.

This engraving is taken from one by Chodowiecki, of Berlin, to show the German showman, on his stage of boards and tressils, as he shows his pictures. These are usually prints stretched out, side by side, on an upright frame, or sometimes

oil paintings representing characters or situations of interest. For instance, in the present exhibition there is the mode of keeping the festival of the new year, a grand ball, a feast, a wedding, a "high sight" of the court, and, in all, thirteen

subjects, sufficiently beyond the intimacy of the populace to excite their curiosity. The showman commonly details so much concerning every thing in his grand exhibition, and so elevates each, as to interest his auditors to the height of desiring further particulars. The stories are printed separately in the shape of ballads or garlands, and "embellished with cuts;" by the sale of these to his auditors he obtains the reward of his oratory.

The qualifications for a German showman are a manly person, sonorous voice, fluent delivery, and imposing manner. In dress he is like a sergeant-major, and in address like a person accustomed to command. He is accompanied in his speeches by a fiddler of vivacity or trick, to keep the people "in merry pin." This associate is generally an old humourist, with a false nose of strange form and large dimensions, or a huge pair of spectacles. Their united exertions are sure to gratify audiences more disposed to be pleased than to criticise. With them, the show is an affair of like or dislike to the eye, and beyond that the judgment is seldom appealed to on the spot. If the outlines of the showman's stories are bold, and well expressed, they are sure to amuse; his printed narratives are in good demand; both exhibitors and auditors part satisfied with each other; and they frequently meet again. This is the lowest order of the continental street comedy. In England we have not any thing like it, nor are we likely to have; for, though strange sights almost cease to attract, yet the manager and musician to a rational exhibition of this sort, in the open air, clearly come within the purview of recent acts of parliament, and would be consigned to the tread-mill. What recreation, however, can be more harmless if the subjects are harmless. "Death and the Lady," the "Bloody Gardener's Cruelty," and the numerous tribe of stories to which these garlands belong, continue to be pinned on lines against a few walls of the metropolis, but they cease to attract. The

common people," as they are called, require a new species of street entertainment and a new literature: both might be easily supplied with infinite advantage to the public morals.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50.72.

October 16

THE SEASON.

An appearance at this time of the year, already noticed, appears to have surprised our countrymen in Lancashire. Though there is no doubt that the authorities who communicate the intelligence believe it very remarkable, yet it is doubtful whether the occurrence may not be more frequent in that part of England than they have had the opportunity of remarking. Their account is to the following purport:—

On Sunday, October 1, 1826, a phenomenon of rare occurrence in the neighbourhood of Liverpool was observed in that vicinage, and for many miles distant, especially at Wigan. The fields and roads were covered with a light filmy substance, which by many persons was mistaken for cotton; although they might have been convinced of their error, as staple cotton does not exceed a few inches in length, while the filaments seen in such incredible quantities extended as many yards. In walking in the fields the shoes were completely covered with it, and its floating fibres came in contact with the face in all directions. Every tree, lamp-post, or other projecting body had arrested a portion of it. It profusely descended at Wigan like a sleet, and in such quantities as to affect the appearance of the atmosphere. On examination it was found to contain small flies, some of which were so diminutive as to require a magnifying glass to render them perceptible. The substance so abundant in quantity was the *gossamer* of the garden, or field spider, often met with in the country in fine weather, and of which, according to Buffon, it would take 663,552 spiders to produce a single pound.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 58.45.

October 17.

A LYING-IN CUSTOM.

A lady who is pleased to grace these columns by her pen, transmits a very minute description of a very "comfortable thing" at this time of the year, which may well be extended from a particular usage at an interesting period, to a general one.

* Liverpool Mercury. See The Times, October 9.

SUGARED TOAST.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Westbury, September 10, 1826.

Sir,—I suspect that although you solicit the aid of correspondents in furnishing your excellent miscellany with accounts of local customs, you scarcely expect to receive one which appertains to that important time, when mothers increase their care, and fathers receive the additional “tender juveniles” with joy or sorrow, “as it may happen!” If you should give publicity to the following strange “feast,” (more honoured in the breach than in the observance,) I shall feel gratified, as it may not only lead to an elucidation of its meaning and origin, but will tend to convince your readers, that you will not despise their efforts at contribution, however humble. I am not a native of this part of the country, or, as the good people say here, I am not “one o’ Westbury,” for I have resided till lately in and near London, where the manners customs, and habits, are a hundred years in advance of those of the western part of the kingdom; hence, many of the usages that obtain around us, which now excite my surprise, would have passed as a thing of course, had I been always among them.

On the “confinement” of a lady,—but I must, before I proceed, define a *lady* “of these parts,” by the unerring test of her husband’s qualifications: if he can maintain his own, and her station in their little world, he is then “well to do,”—“a rich fellow enough, go to—a fellow that hath had losses, and which is more, a householder; one who hath two gowns to his back, and every thing handsome about him;”—one who recreates in his own gig; keeps a “main” of company; patronises the tiny theatre; grows his own pines, and tries to coax his forced plants into the belief that the three dozen mould candles which he orders to be lighted in his hot-house every evening, are “shedding delicious light,” left by the “garish god of day,” for their especial benefit, during his nocturnal rambles! The wife of such a man, sir, I designate a lady and when such a lady’s *accouchement* takes place, her “dear five hundred friends” are admitted to see her the next day. In London, the scale of friendship is graduated woefully lower; for visitors

there, bear the pangs of absence from the interesting recluse a *whole fortnight*.

You are, doubtless, anxious to come to the “pith and marrow” of this communication, and I will tantalize you no longer. In “these” parts of the country, it is the custom, when a lady shall have been “as well as can be expected,” for thirteen or fourteen days, for the husband to enjoy what is called “the gentleman’s party,” viz: all his friends, bachelor and Benedict, are invited to eat “sugared toast,” which, (as the cookery-books always say,) “is thus prepared”—Rounds of bread are “baked,” (videlicet *toasted*), each stratum spread thick with moist sugar, and piled up in a portly punch bowl, ready for action: “strong beer,” (*anglice*, home-brewed ale,) is in the mean time heated, and poured boiling hot over the mound of bread; which is taken immediately to the expectant guests, who quickly come to the conclusion of the gothic “mess.” How they contrive to emancipate the toast from the scalding liquid, I never could, by any effort of ingenuity and research, decide to my own satisfaction. A goodly slice you know, sir, it would be entirely impracticable to achieve; for in half a minute from the time of the admission of the “hot beer,” the toast must be “all of a swam,” (as we elegantly say here,) and, resembling the contents of the witch’s cauldron, “thick and slab.” Whether a soup ladle and soup plates are in requisition on the occasion, I am equally unable to ascertain; but on the *final* dismissal of this gentlemanly food, (for I by no means would insinuate that the congregation is limited to one act of devotion,) they magnanimously remunerate the “nurse,” by each putting money into the empty bowl, which is then conveyed to the priestess of their ignoble orgies! Of all the “mean and impotent conclusions” of a feast, defend me from *that*, which pays its “pic nic” pittance to an old crone, who is hired to attend the behests of the “lady,” but who by some strange mutation becomes the directress of the “gentleman’s” revels, and the recipient of the payment from his guests, for “sugar’d toast!”

Should this “custom,” be thought worthy of being admitted into the *Every-Day Book*, you will “tell” of something more than Herrick “dreamt of in his philosophy;” and the following couplet might “blush to find its fame” among

his descriptive lines that adorn your title-page; after

"Bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes," might come—

"I tell of times when husbands rule the roast,
And riot in the joys of 'sugar'd toast,'
I tell of groves, &c."

I am, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

I. J. T.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 50 • 60.

October 18.

DEATH OF THE LOTTERY.

If any thing can be believed that is said by the lottery people respecting the lottery, before the appearance of the next sheet of the *Every-Day Book* the lottery will be at an end for ever.

Particulars respecting the last moments of this "unfortunate malefactor," will be very acceptable if transmitted immediately; and in order to an account of lotteries in the ensuing sheet, information and anecdotes respecting them are most earnestly desired.

FORGED NOTES IN SHOP WINDOWS.

A newspaper of this day in the year 1818, contains a paragraph which marks the discontent that prevailed in London, in consequence of a regulation adopted by the Bank of England at that time.

"The new mode adopted by the Bank, of stamping the forged notes presented to them for payment, and returning them to the parties who may have received them, has at least the good effect of operating as a caution to others, not to receive notes without the greatest caution. It has, however, another effect often productive of public inconvenience; for such are the doubts now entertained as to the goodness of every note tendered in payment, that many will not give change at all; and the disposition to adhere to this practice seems every day to be getting more general. In almost every street in town, forged notes are seen posted on tradesmen's windows, and not unfrequently this exhibition is accompanied with the words, 'Tradesmen! beware of changing notes.' The operation of stamping the forged

notes, was at first performed by the hand, but now so arduous has this labour become, that a machine is erected for the purpose, and it would seem from the never-ceasing quantity of such paper in circulation, that it will be necessary to erect a steam-engine, so that hundreds may undergo the operation at once."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 51 • 32.

October 19.

GARRICK.

"Garrick was, and Kemble is no more."

On this day in the year 1741, the "British Roscius," as he is emphatically termed, made his first appearance as "a gentleman who never appeared on any stage." A remarkable event, precursing the revival of the drama, by Garrick, and its perfection by Kemble, deserves notice as a memorial of what "has been;" particularly as we have arrived at a period when, in consequence of managers having been outmanaged, and the public tricked out of its senses, the drama seems to have fallen to rise no more

Leadenhall-street, October, 1826.

Sir—The following is a copy of the play-bill that announced the first appearance of Mr. Garrick.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

H. B.

October 19, 1741.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

At the late Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day will be performed a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into two parts.

Tickets at Three, Two, and One Shilling.

Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B. Between the two parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play, called the Life and Death of

KING RICHARD THE THIRD,

containing the distresses of

King Henry VI.

The artful acquisition of the Crown by

KING RICHARD,

* Observer.

The murder of the young King Edward V. and his brother, in the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of Richmond, And the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

With many other true historical passages.

The part of KING RICHARD by a *Gentleman*.

(*Who never appeared on any stage.*)

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hippisley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Peterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blades; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressel, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrell, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; The Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates;

And the part of Lady ANNE,

By Mrs. GIFFARD.

With Entertainments of Dancing

By Mons. Fromet, Madam Duval, and the two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added a *Ballet Opera* of one act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

The part of Lucy by Miss HIPPISELEY.

Both of which will be performed gratis by persons for their diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at six o'clock.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 51 · 10.

October 20.

WRESTLING.

A writer in a journal of this month, 1826,* gives the following account of several wrestling matches between men of Devonshire and Cornwall, on the 19th 20th and 21st of September preceding, at the Eagle-tavern-green, City-road. He says, "the difference in the style of wrestling of these two neighbouring shires, is as remarkable as that of the lineaments of their inhabitants. The florid chubby-faced Devon-man is all life and activity in the ring, holding himself erect, and offering every advantage to his opponent. The sallow sharp-featured Cornwall-man is all caution and resistance, bending

himself in such a way, that his legs are inaccessible to his opponent, and waiting for the critical instant, when he can spring in upon his impatient adversary."

The account of the matches at the Eagle-tavern then proceeds in the following manner:—

The contest between Abraham Cann and Warren, not only displayed this difference of style, but was attended with a degree of suspense between skill and strength, that rendered it extremely interesting.—The former, who is the son of a Devonshire farmer, has been backed against any man in England for 500*l*. His figure is of the finest athletic proportions, and his arm realizes the muscularity of ancient specimens: his force in it is surprising; his hold is like that of a vice, and with ease he can pinion the arms of the strongest adversary, if he once grips them, and keep them as close together, or as far asunder, as he chooses. He stands with his legs apart, his body quite upright, looking down good humouredly on his crouching opponent.—In this instance, his opponent Warren, a miner, was a man of superior size, and of amazing strength, not so well distributed however, throughout his frame; his arms and body being too lengthy in proportion to their bulk. His visage was harsh beyond measure, and he did not disdain to use a little craft with eye and hand, in order to distract his adversary's attention. But he had to deal with a man as collected as ever entered the ring. Cann put in his hand as quietly as if he were going to seize a shy horse, and at length caught a slight hold between finger and thumb of Warren's sleeve. At this, Warren flung away with the impetuosity of a surprised horse. But it was in vain; there was no escape from Cann's pinch, so the miner seized his adversary in his turn, and at length both of them grappled each other by the arm and breast of the jacket. In a trice Cann tripped his opponent with the toe in a most scientific but ineffectual manner, throwing him clean to the ground, but not on his back, as required. The second heat began similarly, Warren stooped more, so as to keep his legs out of Cann's reach, who punished him for it by several kicks below the knee, which must have told severely if his shoes had been on, according to his county's fashion. They shook each other rudely—strained knee to knee—forced each other's shoulders down, so as to overbalance the body

* The London Magazine.

—but all ineffectually.—They seemed to be quite secure from each other's efforts, as long as they but held by the arm and breast-collar, as ordinary wrestlers do. A new grip was to be effected. Cann liberated one arm of his adversary to seize him by the cape behind: at that instant Warren, profiting by his inclined posture, and his long arms, threw himself round the body of the Devon champion, and fairly lifted him a foot from the ground, clutching him in his arms with the grasp of a second Antæus.—The Cornish men shouted aloud, "Well done, Warren!" to their hero, whose naturally pale visage glowed with the hope of success. He seemed to have his opponent at his will, and to be fit to fling him, as Hercules flung Lycas, any how he pleased. Devonshire then trembled for its champion, and was mute. Indeed it was a moment of heart-quaking suspense.—But Cann was not daunted; his countenance expressed anxiety, but not discomfiture. He was off terra-firma, clasped in the embrace of a powerful man, who waited but a single struggle of his, to pitch him more effectually from him to the ground.—Without straining to disengage himself, Cann with unimaginable dexterity glued his back firmly to his opponent's chest, lacing his feet round the other's knee-joints, and throwing one arm backward over Warren's shoulder, so as to keep his own enormous shoulders pressed upon the breast of his uplifter. In this position they stood at least twenty seconds, each labouring in one continuous strain, to bend the other, one backwards, the other forwards.—Such a struggle could not last. Warren, with the weight of the other upon his stomach and chest, and an inconceivable stress upon his spine, felt his balance almost gone, as the energetic movements of his countenance indicated.—His feet too were motionless by the coil of his adversary's legs round his; so to save himself from falling backwards, he stiffened his whole body from the ankles upwards, and these last being the only liberated joints, he inclined forwards from them, so as to project both bodies, and prostrate them in one column to the ground together.—It was like the slow and poisoning fall of an undermined tower.—You had time to contemplate the injury which Cann the undermost would sustain if they fell in that solid, unbending posture to the earth. But Cann ceased bearing upon the spine as soon as

he found his supporter going in an adverse direction. With a presence of mind unratable, he relaxed his strain upon one of his adversary's stretched legs, forcing the other outwards with all the might of his foot, and pressing his elbow upon the opposite shoulder. This was sufficient to whisk his man undermost the instant he unstiffened his knee—which Warren did not do until more than half way to the ground, when from the acquired rapidity of the falling bodies nothing was discernible.—At the end of the fall, Warren was seen sprawling on his back, and Cann whom he had liberated to save himself, had been thrown a few yards off on all-fours. Of course the victory should have been adjudged to this last. When the partial referee was appealed to, he decided, that it was not a fair fall, as only one shoulder had bulged the ground, though there was evidence on the back of Warren that both had touched it pretty rudely.—After much debating a new referee was appointed, and the old one expelled; when the candidates again entered the lists. The crowning beauty of the whole was, that the second fall was precisely a counterpart of the other. Warren made the same move, only lifting his antagonist higher, with a view to throw the upper part of his frame out of play. Cann turned himself exactly in the same manner using much greater effort than before, and apparently more put to it, by his opponent's great strength. His share, however, in upsetting his supporter was greater this time, as he relaxed one leg much sooner, and adhered closer to the chest during the fall; for at the close he was seen uppermost, still coiled round his supine adversary, who admitted the fall, starting up, and offering his hand to the victor. He is a good wrestler too—so good, that we much question the authority of "The Times," for saying that he is not one of the *crack* wrestlers of Cornwall—From his amazing strength, with common skill he should be a first-rate man at this play, but his skill is much greater than his countrymen seemed inclined to admit.—Certain it is, they destined him the first prize, and had Cann not come up to save the honour of his county, for that was his only inducement, the four prizes, by judiciously matching the candidates, would no doubt have been given to natives of Cornwall.

BLACKFORD, THE BACKSWORD PLAYER.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—Your correspondent C. T. p. 1207, having given a description of "Purton Fair," my grandmother and father born there, the birth-place of Anne Boleyn, I feel interested in the spot of my progenitors. C. T., speaking of old "Corey Dyne," the gipsy, says a man named *Blackford* was the most noted Backsword-player of his day. He bore off the prizes then played for in London, Bath, Bristol, and Gloucester. When very young, at Lyneham grammar-school, I recollect this frontispiece despoiler broke fourteen heads, one after another; in the fifteenth bout, however, he pretty nearly found his match in the person of Isaac Bushel, a blacksmith of this place, who could bite a nail asunder, eat a shoulder of mutton with appendages, or fight friend or foe for love or money. It was a saying, "Bushel could take enough to kill a dozen men;" nor was his head unlike his name: he was the village Wat Tyler.

When the Somerset youths played with the Wiltshire on a stage on Calne-green, two years since, one of Blackford's descendants gave a feeling proof of head-breaking with other heads of this blood-letting art, in which stratagem is used to conceal the crimson gush chiefly by sucking. Like fencing, attitude and agility are the great assistants to ensure success in backsword-playing; the basket is also of great service to the receiving of blows, and protecting the muscles of the wrist. The greatest exploits remembered at Pur-

ton by the present memorialist, arose out of the "Coronation of George the Third." All the festivities of the seasons were concentrated, and May games and Christmas customs, without regard to usage, in full exercise. The belfry was filled day after day; any one that could pull a rope might ring, which is no easy task; the bells are deep, and two or three men usually raise the tenor. Some of the Blackfords lie in Purton churchyard

October 5.

*, *, P.

The autumnal dress of a man in the fourteenth century is introduced, from the transcript of an illumination, in a manuscript which supplied the Spring and Summer dress of that age, before presented.



And here as suitable to the season may be subjoined some lines by a correspondent.

AUTUMNAL FEELINGS.

For the Every-Day Book.

The flowers are gone, the trees are bare,
There is a chillness in the air,
A damp that in the spirit sinks,
Till the shudd'ring heart within me shrinks:
Cold and slow the clouds roll past,
And wat'ry drops come with the blast
That moans, amid the poplars tall,
A dirge for the summer's funeral.

Every bird to his home has gone,
Save one that loves to sing alone
The robin;—in yon ruin'd tree
He warbles sweetly, mournfully
His shrill note comes upon the wind,
Like a sound of an unearthly kind;
He mourns the loss of his sunny bowers,
And the silent haunts of happy hours.

There he sits like a desolate thing,
 With a dabbled breast and a dripping wing,
 He has seen his latent joys decline,
 Yet his heart is lighter far than mine;
 His task is o'er—his duty done,
 His strong-wing'd race on the wind have gone,
 He has nothing left to brood upon:
 He has still the hope of a friendly crumb
 When the wintry snow over earth shall come,
 And a shelter from the biting wind,
 And the welcome looks of faces kind.

I wander here amid the blast,
 And a dreary look I backward cast;
 The best of my years I feel are fled,
 And I look to the coming time with dread
 My heart in a desert land has been,
 Where the flower of hope alone was green;
 And little in life's decline have I
 To expect from kindred's sympathy.
 Like the leaves now whirl'd from yonder spray,
 The dreams I have cherish'd day by day,
 On the wings of sorrow pass away.

Yet I despair not—time will bring
 To the plumeless bird a new bright wing,
 A warmer breeze to the now chill'd flower,
 And to those who mourn a lighter hour;
 A gay green leaf to the faded tree,
 And happier days, I trust, to me.
 'Twas best that the weeds of sorrow sprung
 With my heart's few flowers, while yet 'twas young,
 They can the sooner be destroy'd,
 And happiness fill their dreary void.

S. R. J.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 . 77.

October 21.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

In a dreadful engagement off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805, between the English fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, and the combined fleets of France and Spain, consisting of thirty-three sail and seven frigates, which lasted four hours, twenty sail of the enemy were sunk or destroyed, and the French commander-in-chief, (admiral Villeneuve,) with two Spanish admirals, were made prisoners. The gallant Nelson was wounded about the middle of the action, and died nearly at its close.—“Thus terminated the brilliant career of our peerless NAVAL HERO, who was, beyond dispute, preeminent in courage, in a department of the British service where all our countrymen are proverbially courageous: who, to unrivalled courage, united

skill equally conspicuous and extraordinary; who, in consequence of these rare endowments, never led on our fleets to battle that he did not conquer; and whose name was a tower of strength to England, and a terror to her foes.”*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 50 . 62.

October 22.

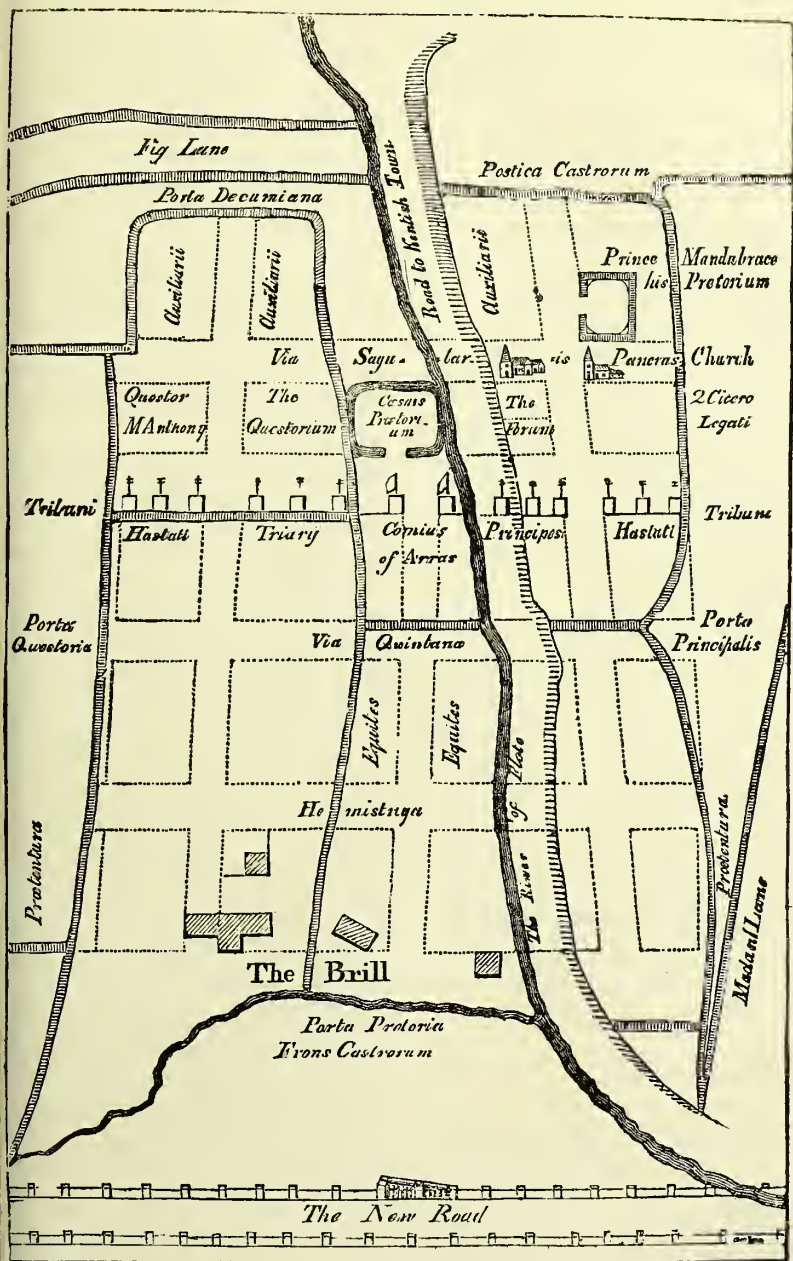
CHILD PLAYED FOR.

In October, 1735, a child of James and Elizabeth Leesh, of Chester-le-street, in the county of Durham, was *played for at cards*, at the sign of the Salmon, one game, four shillings against the child, by Henry and John Trotter, Robert Thomson, and Thomas Ellison, which was won by the latter, and delivered to them accordingly.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 49 . 97.

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.
 † Sykes's Local Records, p. 79.



The Roman Station at Pancras.

CÆSAR'S CAMP, CALLED THE BRILL.

ROMAN REMAINS AT PANCRAS.

A former notice of some antiquities in this vicinity, seems to have occasioned the subjoined article on similar remains. Its initials will be recognised as those of a correspondent, whose communications have been acceptable, and read with interest.

ROMAN REMAINS AT PANCRAS.

SIR,—In the ninetieth number of your *Every-Day Book*, (the present volume, col. 1197-1204,) a very interesting article appeared on the subject of the Roman remains near Pentonville, and thinking you may be inclined to acquaint your readers with “Cæsar’s Camp” at St. Pancras, situate near the old church, which are likely in the course of a short time to be entirely destroyed by the rage for improvement in that neighbourhood, I forward you the following particulars.

The only part at present visible is the prætorium of Cæsar, which may be seen in the drawing that accompanies this, but the ditch is now nearly filled up. I visited the spot about a week ago, and can therefore vouch for its existence up to that time, but every thing around it begins to bear a very different aspect to what it did about two years back, when my attention was particularly called to the spot from having read Dr. Stukeley’s remarks on the subject. At that time I was able to trace several other vestiges, which are entirely destroyed by the ground having been since dug up for the purpose of making bricks.

The following extracts are taken from the second volume of Dr. Stukeley’s “Itinerary.” The plan of the camp is taken from the same work. I shall feel pleasure if you will call attention to it, as you have already to the Roman remains at Pentonville.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
S. G.

October 9, 1826.

DR. STUKELEY’S ACCOUNT OF CÆSAR’S CAMP.

October, 1758.

Cæsar’s camp was situate where Pancras church is—his prætorium is still very plain—over against the church, in the footpath on the west side of the brook; the vallum and the ditch visible; its breadth from east to west forty paces, its length from north to south sixty paces.

When I came attentively to consider the situation of it, and the circumjacent ground, I easily discerned the traces of his whole camp. A great many ditches or divisions of the pastures retain footsteps of the plan of the camp, agreeable to their usual form, as in the plate engraved; and whenever I take a walk thither, I enjoy a visionary scene of the whole camp of Cæsar as described in the plate before us; a scene just as if beheld, and Cæsar present.

His army consisted of forty thousand men. Four legions with his horse. The camp is in length five hundred paces—the thirty paces beyond, for the way between the tents and vallum, (where a vallum is made,) amounts to five hundred and sixty; so that the proportion of length to breadth is as three to two.

This space of ground was sufficient for Cæsar’s army according to Roman discipline, for if he had forty thousand men, a third part of them were upon guard.

The front of the camp is bounded by a spring with a little current of water running from the west, across the Brill, into the Fleet brook. This Brill was the occasion of the road directly from the city, originally going alongside the brook by Bagnigge; the way to Highgate being at first by Copenhagen-house, which is straight road thither from Gray’s-inn-lane.

This camp has the brook running quite through the middle of it: it arises from seven springs on the south side of the hill between Hampstead and Highgate by Caen wood, where it forms several large ponds, passes by here by the name of Fleet, washes the west side of the city of London, and gives name to Fleet-street. This brook was formerly called the river of wells, from the many springs above, which our ancestors called wells; and it may be thought to have been more considerable in former times than at present, for now the major part of its water is carried off in pipes to furnish Kentish-town, Pancras, and Tottenham-court; but even now in great rains the valley is covered over with water. Go a quarter of a mile higher towards Kentish-town and you may have a just notion of its appearance at that place, only with this difference, that it is there broader and deeper from the current of so many years. It must further be considered that the channel of this brook through so many centuries, and by its being made the public north road from London to Highgate, is very much lowered

and widened since Cæsar's time. It was then no sort of embarrassment to the camp, but an admirable convenience for watering, being contained in narrow banks not deep. The breadth and length are made by long tract of time. The ancient road by Copenhagen wanting repair, induced passengers to make this gravelly valley become much larger than in Cæsar's time. The old division runs along that road between Finsbury and Holborn division, going in a straight line from Gray's-inn-lane to Highgate: its antiquity is shown in its name—Madan-lane.

The recovery of this noble antiquity will give pleasure to a British antiquary, especially an inhabitant of London, whereof it is a singular glory. It renders the walk over the beautiful fields to the Brill doubly agreeable, when at half a mile distance we can tread in the very steps of the Roman camp master, and of the greatest of the Roman generals.

We need not wonder that the traces of this camp so near the metropolis are so nearly worn out; we may rather wonder that so much is left, when a proper sagacity in these matters may discern them, and be assured that somewhat more than three or four sorry houses are commemorated under the name of the Brill, (*now called Brill-place-Terrace*;) nor is it unworthy of remark, as an evident confirmation of our system, that all the ditches and fences now upon the ground, have a manifest respect to the principal members of the original plan of the camp.

In this camp Cæsar made the two British kings friends—Casvelham and his nephew Mandubrace.

I judge I have performed my promise in giving an account of this greatest curiosity, so illustrious a monument of the greatest of the Roman generals, which has withstood the waste of time for more than eighteen centuries, and passed unnoticed but half a mile off the metropolis. I shall only add this observation, that when I came to survey this plot of ground to make a map of it by pacing, I found every where even and great numbers, and what I have often formerly observed in Roman works; whence we may safely affirm the Roman camp master laid out his works by pacing.*

With the hope that the preceding ar-

ticle may draw attention to the subject, the editor defers remark till he has been favoured with communications from other hands.

THE ANTIQUARY.

The following lines were written by an old and particular friend of the erudite individual who received them:—

TO RICHARD GOUGH, ESQ.

O tu severi Religio loci!

Hail, genius of this littered study!

Or tell what name you most delight in

For sure where all the ink is muddy,

And no clean margin left to write in,

No common deity resides.

We see, we feel thy power divine,

In every tattered folio's dust,

Each mangled manuscript is thine,

And thine the antique helmet's rust.

Nor less observed thy power presides

Where plundered brasses crowd the floor,

Or dog's-eared drawings burst their binding

Hid by Confusion's puzzling door

Beyond the reach of mortal finding.

Than if beneath a costly roof

Each moulding edged by golden fillet,

The Russian binding, insect proof,

Blushed at the foppery of ———

Give me, when tired by dust and sun,

If rightly I thy name invoke,

The bustle of the town to shun,

And breathe unvext by city smoke.

But, ah! if from these cobwebbed walls,

And from this moth-embroidered cushion,

Too fretful Fortune rudely calls,

Resolved the cares of life to push on—

Give me at least to pass my age

At ease in some book-tapestried cell,

Where I may turn the pictured page,

Nor start at visitants' loud bell.*

October 23.

ST. SURIN.

St. Surin, or St. Severin, which is his proper name, is a saint held in great veneration at Bordeaux; he is considered as one of the great patrons of the town. It was his native place, but he deserted it for a time to go and preach the gospel at Cologne. When he returned, St. Amand, then bishop of Bordeaux, went out with a solemn procession of the clergy to meet him, and, as he had been warned to do in a vision, resigned his bishopric to him, which St. Surin continued to enjoy

* Dr. Stukeley's Itinerary.

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

as long as he lived. St. Amand continued at Bordeaux as a private person; but surviving St. Surin, he was a his death restored to the station from which he had descended with so much gentleness and resignation. It is among the traditions of the church of St. Surin at Bordeaux, that the cemetery belonging to it was "consecrated by Jesus Christ himself, accompanied by seven bishops, who were afterwards canonized, and were the

founders of the principal churches in Aquitaine."*

On an oval marble in Egham church, Surrey, are the following lines written by David Garrick, to the memory of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Beighton who was vicar of that church forty-five years, and died on the 23d of October, 1771, aged 73.

EPITAPH.

Near half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd passed his days;
The friend, the comfort, of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door.
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All mourn his death: his virtues long they try'd:
They knew not how they lov'd him till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend:
He had no foe, and *Camden* was his friend.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48° 00.

October 24.

AN OCTOBER SUNDAY MORNING
IN COCKNEYSHIRE.

For the Every-Day Book.

"Vat's the time, William?"
"Kevarter arter seven."

The "Mirror of the Months" seems to reflect every object to the reader's eye; but not having read more of that work than by extract, in the *Every-Day Book*, I think an addendum, *par hazard*, may not be without truth and interest.

Rise early,—be abroad,—and after you have inspired sufficient fog to keep you coughing all day, you will see Jewboys and girls with their fathers and mothers veering forth from the purlieu of Houndsditch with sweetmeats, "ten a penny!" which information is sung, or said, ten thousand times before sunset. Now Irishmen, (except there be a fight in Copenhagen fields,) and women, are hurrying to and from mass, and the poorest creatures sit near the chapels, with all their own infants, and those of others, to excite pity, and call down the morning smile of charity.—Now newsboys come along the Strand with damp sheets of intelligence folded under their arms in a greasy, dirty piece of thick (once) brown paper, or a

suitable envelope of leather. Now watercress women, or rather girls, with chubby babies hanging on one arm, and a flat basket suspended from the shoulder by a strap, stand at their station-post, near the pump, at a corner of the street.† Now mechanics in aprons, with unshorn, unwashed faces, take their birds, dogs, and pipes, towards the fields, which, with difficulty, they find. Now the foot and horseguards are preparing for parade in the parks—coaches are being loaded by passengers, dressed for "a few miles out of town"—the doors of liquor-shops are in motion—prayers at St. Paul's and Westminster are responded by choristers,—crowds of the lower orders create discord by the interference of the officious street-keeper—and the "Angel" and "Elephant and Castle" are surrounded by jaunty company, arriving and departing with horses reeking before the short and long stage coaches.—Now the pious missionary drops religious tracts in the local stands of hackney coachmen, and paths leading to the metropolis.—Now nuts and walnuts slip-shelled are heaped in a basket with some dozens of the finest cracked, placed at the top, as specimens of the whole:—bullace, bilberries, sliced cocoa-nuts, apples, pears, damsons, blackberries, and oranges are glossed and piled for sale so

* Miss Plumtre.

† This is the only month in the year in which water-cresses are without spawn.

imposingly, that no eye can escape them.—Now fruiterers' and druggists' windows, like six days' mourning, are half shut-tered.—Now the basket and bell pass your house with muffins and crumpets.*—Placards are hung from newsvenders', at whose taking appearances, gossips stand to learn the fate of empires, during the lapse of hebdomadal warfare.—Now beggars carry the broom, and the great thoroughfares are in motion, and geese and game are sent to the rich, and the poor cheapen at the daring butcher's shop, for a scrag of mutton to keep company in the pot with the carrots and turnips.—Now the Israelites' little sheds are clothed with apparel, near which "a Jew's eye" is watching to catch the wants of the necessitous that purchase at second-hand.—Now eels are sold in sand at the bridges, and steam-boats loiter about wharfs and stairs to take up stray people for Richmond and the Eel-pie house.—The pedestrian advocate now unbags his sticks and spreads them in array against a quiet, but public wall.—Chesnuts are just coming in, and biscuits and cordials are handed amongst the coldstreams relieving guard at Old Palace Yard, where the bands play favourite pieces enclosed by ranks and files of military men, and crowds of all classes and orders.—Now the bells are chiming for church,—dis-senters and methodists are hastening to worship—baker's counters are being covered with laden dishes and platters—quakers are silently seated in their meetings,—and a few sailors are surveying the stupendous dome of St. Paul's, under which the cathedral service is performing on the inside of closed iron gates.—Now the beadle searches public-houses with the blinds let down.—Now winter patterns, great coats, tippets, muffs, cloaks and pelisses are worn, and many a thinly-clad carmelite shivers along the streets. With many variations, the "*Sunday Morning*" passes away; and then artisans are returning from their rustication, and servants are waiting with cloths on their arms for the treasures of the oven—people are

seeking home from divine worship with appetites and purple noses—"beer!" is echoed in every circle,—and *post meridian* assumes new features, as gravities and gaieties, in proportion to the weather, influence the cosmopolitan thermometer.
.., P.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 48° 47°.

October 25.

CRISPIN.

On this, the festival day of St. Crispin, enough has been already said* to show that it is the great holyday of the numerous brotherhood of cordwainers. The latter name they derive from their working in Spanish leather manufactured at Cordovan; their cordovan-ing has softened down into cordwaining.

SHOES AND BUCKLES.

The business of a shoemaker is of great antiquity. The instrument for cleaning hides, the shoemaker's bristles added to the yarn, and his knife, were as early as the twelfth century. He was accustomed to hawk his goods, and it is conjectured that there was a separate trade for annexing the soles.† The Romans in classical times, wore cork soles in their shoes to secure the feet from water, especially in winter; and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies who wished to appear taller than they had been formed by nature, put plenty of cork under them.‡ The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobblers' stalls, which he therefore caused to be removed. In the middle ages shoes were cleaned by washing with a sponge; and oil, soap, and grease, were the substitutes for blacking. Buckles were worn in shoes in the fourteenth century. In an Irish abbey a human skeleton was found with marks of buckles on the shoes. In England they became fashionable many years before the reign of queen Mary; the labouring people wore them of copper; other persons had them of silver, or copper-gilt. not long after shoe-roses came in.§ Buckles revived before the revolution of 1689, remained fashionable

* In Bath, before *Sally Lunn*s were so fashionable, their origin I shall shortly acquaint you with) muffins were cried with a song, beginning—

"Don't you know the muffin man?

Don't you know his name?

And don't you know the muffin-man

That lives in Bridewell-lane? &c."

reply, yes, I did know him, and a facetious little hort fellow he was, with a face as pocked as his crumpets; but his civility gained him friends and competence—virtue's just reward.

• See vol. i. col. 1395.

† Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

‡ Beckmann.

§ Fosbroke.

till after the French revolution in 1789; and finally became extinct before the close of the eighteenth century.

In Robert Hegg's "Legend of St Cuthbert," reprinted at the end of Mr. Dixon's "Historical and Descriptive View of the city of Durham and its Environs," we are told of St. Goodrick, that "in his younger age he was a pedlar, and carried his moveable shop from fair to fair upon his back," and used to visit Lindisfarne, "much delighting to heare the monkes tell wonders of St. Cuthbert; which soe enflamed his devotion, that he undertooke a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre; and by the advice of St. Cuthbert in a dreame, repayed againe to the holy land, and washing his feete in Jordan, there left his *shoes*, with a vow to goe barefoot all his life after."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 47 · 87.

October 26.

ROYAL DEBTS.

On this subject a curious notice is extracted from "the Postman, October 26-28, 1708"—viz.

Advertisement.

THe Creditors of King Charles, K. James, and K. William, having found out and discovered sufficient Funds for securing a perpetual Interest for 4 Millions, without burdening the people, clogging the Trade or impairing the Revenue; and all their debts not amounting to near that Sum; the more to strengthen their interest, and to find the greater favour with the Parliament, have agreed that the Army and Transports Debentures and other Parliament Debts may if they please, joyn with them, and it is not expected that any great Debts shall pay any Charge for carrying on this Act, until it be happily accomplished, and no more will be expected afterwards than what shall be readily agreed to before hand, neither shall any be hindered from taking any other measures, if there should be but a suspicion of miscarriage, which is impossible if they Unite their Interest. They continue to meet by the Parliament Stairs in Old Palace-yard, there is a Note on the Door, where daily attendance is given

from 10 in the Morning till 7 at Night; if any are not apprehensive of the certainty of the Success, they may come and have full satisfaction, that they may have their Money if they will.

NELSON

The notice of the battle wherein this illustrious admiral received his death-wound, (on the 21st,) might have been properly accompanied by the following quotation from a work which should be put into the chest of every boy on his going to sea. It is so delightfully written, as to rivet the attention of every reader whether mariner or landsman.

"The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner' to look upon Nelson, ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the

glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.—There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.”*

NATURALIST'S CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 48 · 25.

October 27.

FLEET MARKET.

On the 27th of October, 1736, Mr. Robinson a carpenter, and Mr Medway a bricklayer, contracted to build Fleet-market, by the following midsummer, for 3970*l*.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47 · 50.

October 28.

(St. Simon and St. Jude.)

“WARDENS!”

A correspondent says, that about, or before this time, it is the custom at Bedford, nowabouts, for boys to cry baked pears in the town with the following stanza—

“Who knows what I have got?
In a pot hot?”

Baked *Wardens*—all hot!
Who knows what I have got?”

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 46 · 30.

October 29.

OCTOBER IN LONDON.

On looking into the “Mirror of the Months,” we find “a lively portraiture” of the season.—“October is to London what April is to the country; it is the spring of the London summer, when the hopes of the shopkeeper begin to bud forth, and he lays aside the insupportable labour of having nothing to do, for the delightful leisure of preparing to be in a perpetual bustle. During the last month or two he has been strenuously endeavouring to persuade himself that the Steyne at Brighton is as healthy as Bond-street; the *paré* of Pall Mall no more picturesque than the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells; and winning a prize at one-card-loo at Margate, as piquant a process as serving a customer to the same amount of profit. But now that the time is returned when ‘business’ must again be attended to, he discards with contempt all such mischievous heresies, and reembraces the only orthodox faith of a London shopkeeper—that London and his shop are the true ‘beauteous and sublime’ of human life. In fact, ‘now is the winter of his discontent’ (that is to say, what other people call summer) ‘made glorious summer’ by the near approach of winter; and all the wit he is master of is put in requisition, to devise the means of proving that every thing he has offered to ‘his friends the public,’ up to this particular period, has become worse than obsolete. Accordingly, now are those poets of the shopkeepers, the inventors of patterns, ‘perplexed in the extreme; since, unless they can produce a something which shall necessarily supersede all their previous productions, their occupation’s gone.—It is the same with all other caterers for the public taste; even the literary ones. Mr. Elliston, [or his fortunate successor, if one there be,] ‘ever anxious to contribute to the amusement of his liberal patrons, the public,’ is already busied in sowing the seeds of a new tragedy, two operatic romances, three grand romantic melo-dramas, and half a dozen farces, in the fertile soil of those poets whom he employs it, each of these departments respectively;

* Southey's Life of Nelson.
† Gentleman's Magazine.

while each of the London publishers is projecting a new 'periodical,' to appear on the first of January next; that which he started on the first of last January having, of course, died of old age ere this!"

BEGINNING OF "FIRES."

In October, fires have fairly gained possession of their places, and even greet us on coming down to breakfast in the morning. Of all the discomforts of that most comfortless period of the London year which is neither winter nor summer, the most unequivocal is that of its being too cold to be without a fire, and not cold enough to have one. A set of polished fire-irons, standing sentry beside a pile of dead coals imprisoned behind a row of glittering bars, instead of mending the matter, makes it worse; inasmuch as it is better to look into an empty coffin, than to see the dead face of a friend in it. At the season in question, especially in the evening, one feels in a perpetual perplexity, whether to go out or stay at home; sit down or walk about; read, write, cast accounts, or call for the candle and go to bed. But let the fire be lighted, and all uncertainty is at an end, and we (or even one) may do any or all of these with equal satisfaction. In short, light but the fire, and you bring the winter in at once; and what are twenty summers, with all their sunshine (when they are gone,) to one winter, with its indoor sunshine of a sea-coal fire?*

Mr Leigh Hunt, who on the affairs of "The Months" is our first authority, pleasantly inquires—"With our fire before us, and our books on each side, what shall we do? Shall we take out a life of somebody, or a Theocritus, or Dante, or Ariosto, or Montaigne, or Marcus Aurelius, or Horace, or Shakspeare who includes them all? Or shall we read an engraving from Poussin or Raphael? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good nature, that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured?"—He then agreeably brings us

Major of the Months.

to the *mantlepiece*. "Ah—take care. You see what that old looking saucer is, with a handle to it? It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth, to an Athenian, about two-pence; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could—deny for it. And yet he would deny it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. Its little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantlepieces. You may often see on no very rich mantlepiece a representative body of all the elements, physical and intellectual,—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man;—and underneath all, is the bright and ever-springing fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 46. 02.

October 30.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

On this day in the year 1485, when king Henry VII. was crowned at Westminster, he instituted the body of royal attendants, called yeomen of the guard, who in later times acquired the appellation of "beef-eaters."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47. 17.

October 31

HALLOW EVE.

The superstitious observances of this night, described in the former volume, are fast disappearing. In some places where young people were accustomed to meet for purposes of divination, and frequently frighten each other into fits, as of ancient custom, they have little regard to the old usages. The meetings of Hallow-eve are becoming pleasant merry-makings; the dance prevails till supper-time, when they take a cheerful glass and drink to their next happy meeting.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 47. 62.



NOVEMBER.

And, when November came, there fell
 Another limning in, to tell
 The month's employment ; which we see
 Providance was, for time to be.
 Now was the last loud squeaking roar
 Of many a mighty forest boar,
 Whose head, when came the Christmas days,
 Was crown'd with rosemary and bays,
 And so brought in, with shoutings long,
 And minstrelsy, and choral song.

We can now perceive the departure of under the agreeable *alias* of autumn, in
 "that delightful annual guest, the summer, whose presence we have lately been

luxuriating. We might, perhaps, by a little gentle violence, prevail upon her to stay with us for a brief space longer; or might at least prevail upon ourselves to believe that she is not quite gone. But we shall do better by speeding her on her way to other climes, and welcoming 'the coming guest,' gray-haired winter:"—nor can we do better at this moment than take "note of preparation," for a grateful adieu to the year and welcome to the comer.

On ushering in the winter we recur to the "Mirror of the Months," from whence we have derived so many delightful reflections, and take a few "looks" in it, for, perhaps, the last time. At this season last year it presented to us the evergreens, and now, with a "now," we select other appearances.

Now—as the branches become bare, another sight presents itself, which, trifling as it is, fixes the attention of all who see it. I mean the *birds' nests* that are seen here and there in the now transparent hedges, bushes, and copses. It is not difficult to conceive why this sight should make the heart of the schoolboy leap with an imaginative joy, as it brings before his eyes visions of five blue eggs lying sweetly beside each other, on a bed of moss and feathers; or as many gaping bills lifting themselves from out what seems one callow body. But we are, unhappily, not all schoolboys; and it is to be hoped not many of us ever *have been* bird-nesting ones. And yet we all look upon this sight with a momentary interest, that few other so indifferent objects are capable of exciting. The wise may condescend to explain this interest, if they please, or if they can. But if they do, it will be for their own satisfaction, not ours, who are content to be pleased, without insisting on penetrating into the cause of our pleasure.

Now, the *falling of wood* for the winter store commences; and, in a mild still day, the measured strokes of the woodman's axe, heard far away in the thick forest, bring with their sound an associated feeling, similar to that produced by a wreath of smoke rising from out the same scene: they tell us a tale of

"Uncertain dwellers in the pathless wood."

THE WOODMAN.

Far removed from noise and smoke,
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews;

How art may shape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and ease:—
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree may form the spruce sedan;
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
Oft runs her vulgar rig;

The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else a quack's; or perhaps, the stocks;
Or posts for signs; or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief!
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the grave lord chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall.

Thou pamper'st life in ev'ry stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage;
For children, toys; crutches, for age;
And coffins for us all. *C. Dibdin.*

The "*busy flail*," too, which is now in full employment, fills the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invites the passer-by to look in at the great open doors of the barn, and see the wheatstack reaching to the roof on either hand; the little pyramid of bright grain behind the threshers; the scattered ears between them, leaping and rustling beneath their fast-falling strokes; and the flail itself flying harmless round the labourers' heads, though seeming to threaten danger at every turn; while, outside, the flock of "barn-door" poultry ply their ceaseless search for food, among the knee-deep straw; and the cattle, all their summer frolics forgotten, stand ruminating beside the half-empty hay-rack, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate that looks down into the village, or away towards the distant pastures.

Of the *birds* that have hitherto made merry even at the approach of winter, now all are silent; all, save that one who now earns his title of "the household bird," by haunting the thresholds and window-cills, and casting sidelong glances in-doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frosts force him to lay aside his fears, and flit

in and out, silently, like a winged spirit. All are now silent except him; but *he*, as he sits on the pointed palings beside the door-way, or on the topmost twig of the little black thorn that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipt hedge, pipes plaintive ditties with a low *inward* voice—like that of a love-tainted maiden, as she sits apart from her companions, and sings soft melodies to herself, almost without knowing it.

Some of the other small *birds* that winter with us, but have hitherto kept aloof from our dwellings, now approach them, and mope about among the house-sparrows, on the bare branches, wondering what has become of all the leaves, and not knowing one tree from another. Of these the chief are, the hedge-sparrow, the blue titmouse, and the linnet. These also, together with the goldfinch, thrush, blackbird, &c. may still be seen rifling the hip and haw grown hedges of their scanty fruit. Almost all, however, even of those singing-birds that do not migrate, except the redbreast, wren, hedge-sparrow, and titmouse, disappear shortly after the commencement of this month, and go no one knows whither. But the pert house-sparrow keeps possession of the garden and courtyard all the winter; and the different species of wagtails may be seen busily haunting the clear cold spring-heads, and wading into the unfrozen water in search of their delicate food, consisting of insects in the *aurelia* state.

Now, the *farmer* finishes all his out-of-door work before the frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hand-labour again.

Now, the *sheep*, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip-field, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root, holding it firm with their feet, till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now, the *herds* stand all day long hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, but as patiently too, to be called home to the hay-fed stall, as they do in summer to be driven afield.

Now, cold *rains* come deluging down, till the drenched ground, the dripping trees, the pouring eaves, and the torn ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged downward slantwise by the threads of dusky rain that descend from them, are all mingled together in one blind confusion; while the few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their till now interminable business of feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm, and hanging down their heads till their noses almost touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless, like dead images.

Now, too, a single rain-storm, like the above, breaks up all the paths and ways at once, and makes home no longer "home" to those who are not obliged to leave it; while, *en revance*, it becomes doubly endeared to those who are.

London is so perfect an antithesis to the country in all things, that whatever is good for the one is bad for the other. Accordingly, as the country half forgets itself this month, so London just begins to know itself again.—Its streets revive from their late suspended animation, and are alive with anxious faces and musical with the mingled sounds of many wheels.

Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their owners depend on disposing of the "summer stock," at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

Now, the theatres, admonished by their no longer empty benches, try which shall be the first to break through that hollow truce on the strength of which they have hitherto been acting only on alternate nights.

Now, during the first week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burthens of which are barons of beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a ticket for the lord mayor's dinner on the ninth.

Now, all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guy Faux, for having attempted to burn "the parliament" with "gunpowder, treason, and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn every thing they can lay their hands on,—their own fingers included: a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true "beautiful and sublime of human life."

ODE TO WINTER.

By a Gentleman of Cambridge.

From mountains of eternal snow,
And Zembla's dreary plains;
Where the bleak winds for ever blow
And frost for ever reigns,

Lo! Winter comes, in fogs array'd,
With ice, and spangled dews;
To dews, and fogs, and storms be paid
The tribute of the Muse.

Each flowery carpet Nature spread
Is vanish'd from the eye;
Where'er unhappy lovers tread,
No Philomel is nigh.

(For well I ween her plaintive note,
Can soothing ease impart;
The little warblings of her throat
Relieve the wounded heart.)

No blushing rose unfolds its bloom,
No tender lilies blow,
To scent the air with rich perfume,
Or grace Lucinda's brow.

Th' indulgent Father who protects
The wretched and the poor;
With the same gracious care directs
The sparrow to our door.

Dark, scowling tempests rend the skies,
And clouds obscure the day;
His genial warmth the sun denies,
And sheds a fainter ray.

Yet blame we not the troubled air,
Or seek defects to find;
For Power Omnipotent is there,
And 'walks upon the wind.'

Hail! every pair whom love unites
In wedlock's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing to the wise!

Though yon pale orb no warmth bestows,
And storms united meet.
The flame of love and friendship glows
With unextinguish'd heat.

November 1.

All Saints.*

INSCRIPTIONS IN CHURCHES.

A remarkable colloquy between queen Elizabeth and dean Nowell at St. Paul's cathedral on the 1st of November, 1561, is said to have originated the usage of inscribing texts of scripture in English on

the inner side of the church-walls as we still see them in many parishes.

Her majesty having attended worship, "went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the dean, thus she spoke to him."

Q. Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new service-book was placed on my cushion?

To which the dean answered:

D. May it please your majesty, I caused it to be placed there.

Then said the queen:

Q. Wherefore did you so?

D. To present your majesty with a new-year's gift.

Q. You could never present me with a worse.

D. Why so, madam?

Q. You know I have an aversion to idolatry and pictures of this kind.

D. Wherein is the idolatry, may it please your majesty?

Q. In the cuts resembling angels and saints; nay, grosser absurdities, pictures resembling the blessed Trinity.

D. I meant no harm: nor did I think it would offend your majesty when I intended it for a new-year's gift.

Q. You must needs be ignorant then. Have you forgot our proclamation against images, pictures, and Romish relics in churches? Was it not read in your deanery?

D. It was read. But be your majesty assured, I meant no harm, when I caused the cuts to be bound with the service-book.

Q. You must needs be very ignorant, to do this after our prohibition of them.

D. It being my ignorance, your majesty may the better pardon me.

Q. I am sorry for it: yet glad to hear it was your ignorance, rather than your opinion.

D. Be your majesty assured it was my ignorance.

Q. If so, Mr. Dean, God grant you his Spirit, and more wisdom for the future.

D. Amen, I pray God.

Q. I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures?—Who engraved them?

D. I know not who engraved them,—I bought them.

Q. From whom bought you them?

D. From a German.

Q. It is well it was from a stranger. Had it been any of our subjects, we should have questioned the matter. Pray let no

* See vol. i. col. 1421.

more of these mistakes, or of this kind, be committed within the churches of our realm for the future.

D. There shall not.

Mr. Nichols, after inserting the preceding dialogue, in "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses," remarks—

"This matter occasioned all the clergy in and about London, and the churchwardens of each parish, to search their churches and chapels: and caused them to wash out of the walls all paintings that seemed to be Romish and idolatrous; and in lieu thereof suitable texts, taken out of the holy scriptures, to be written."

Similar inscriptions had been previously adopted: the effect of the queen's disapprobation of pictured representations was to increase the number of painted texts.

Mr. J. T. Smith observes, that of these sacred sentences there were several within memory in the old church of Paddington, now pulled down; and also in the little old one of Clapham.

In an inside view of Ambleside church, painted by George Arnald, Esq. A. R. A., he has recorded several, which are particularly appropriate to their stations; for instance, that over the door admonishes the comers in; that above the pulpit exhorts the preacher to spare not his congregation; and another within sight of the singers, encourages them to offer praises to the Lord on high. These inscriptions have sometimes one line written in black, and the next in red; in other instances the first letter of each line is of a bright blue, green, or red. They are frequently surrounded by painted imitations of frames or scrolls, held up by boys painted in ruddle. It was the custom in earlier times to write them in French, with the first letter of the line considerably larger than the rest, and likewise of a bright colour curiously ornamented. Several of these were discovered in 1801, on the ceiling of a closet on the south side of the Painted Chamber, Westminster, now blocked up.

Others of a subsequent date, of the reign of Edward III. in Latin, were visible during the recent alterations of the house of commons, beautifully written in the finest jet black, with the first letters also of bright and different colours.

Hogarth, in his print of the sleeping

congregation, has satirized this kind of church embellishments, by putting a tobacco pipe in the mouth of the angel who holds up the scroll; and illustrates the usual ignorance of country art, by giving three joints to one of his legs. The custom of putting up sacred sentences is still continued in many churches, but they are generally written in letters of gold upon black grounds, within the pannels of the fronts of the galleries.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . . 48° 00.

November 2.

All Souls.†

Naogeorgus in his satire, the "Popish Kingdome," has a "description which" Dr. Forster says "is grossly exaggerated, like many other accounts of catholics written by protestants." If the remark be fair, it is fair also to observe that many accounts of Protestants written by catholics are equally gross in their exaggerations. It would be wiser, because it would be honest, were each to relate truth of the other, and become mutually charitable, and live like christians. How far Naogeorgus misrepresented the usages of the Romish churchmen in his time, it would not be easy to prove; nor ought his lines which follow in English, by Barnaby Googe, to be regarded here, otherwise than as homely memorials of past days.

All Soules Day.

For soules departed from this life,
they also carefull bee;
The shauen sort in numbers great,
thou shalt assembled see,
Where as their seruice with such speede
they mumble out of hande,
That none, though well they marke, a worde
thereof can vnderstande.
But soberly they sing, while as
the people offering bee,
For to releaue their parents soules
that lie in miseree.
For they beleeeue the shauen sort,
with dolefull harmonie,
To draw the damned soules from hell,
and bring them to the skie;
Where they but onely here regarde,
their belly and their gaine,
And neuer troubled are with care
of any soule in paine.

* Mr. J. T. Smith's Ancient Topography of London, 4to. p. 11.

† See vol. i. col. 1423.

Their service thus in ordering,
and payde for masse and all,
They to the tauerne straightways go,
or to the parsons hall,
Where all the day they drinke and play,
and pots about do walk, &c.

OLD HOB.

T. A. communicates that there is a custom very common in Cheshire called *Old Hob*: it consists of a man carrying a dead horse's head, covered with a sheet, to frighten people. This frolic is usual between All Soul's day and Christmas.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 47° 37.

November 3.

THE BECKFORD FAMILY.

On the 3d of November, 1735, Peter Beckford, Esq. died in Jamaica, worth three hundred thousand pounds.* His direct male ancestor, served in a humble capacity in the armament under Penn and Venables, which captured that important island. Mr. Peter Beckford was father of the celebrated alderman Beckford, whose fortune enabled him to purchase the landed estate of the Meroyns in Wiltshire, which, till lately, formed a distinguished part of the possessions of the present Mr. Beckford.

A correspondent communicates a pleasant account of a wake in Wiltshire, during the present month.

CLACK FALL FAIR.

"See, neighbours, what Joe Ody's doing."

The township of Clack stands on an eminence which gives a view of twenty miles round a part of the most beautiful county of Wilts.† Clack is attached to Bradenstock-abbey, remarkable for its

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† There is a very old stanza known here, which though it gives no favourable mention of Clack, couples many surrounding places well known—

"White Cliff—Pepper Cliff—Cliff and Cliff Ancey,
Lyneham and lo—e Clack,
C—se Malford† and Dauncey."

† Christian Malford, no doubt, was a *bad* ford for the monks that came down the Avon to the surrounding abbeys.

forest, and the reception of the monks of St. Augustine. Many vestiges remain of the splendour of this abbey, which is now a large farm, and stone coffins have been found here. A carpenter in this neighbourhood recently digging a hole for the post to a gate, struck his spade against a substance which proved to be gold, and weighed two ounces: it was the image of a monk in the posture of prayer, with a book open before him. A subterranean passage once led from this place to Malmsbury-abbey, a distance of seven miles. At this ruin, when a boy, I was shown the stone upon which the blood is said to have been spilt by a school-master, who, in a passion, killed his pupil with a penknife.

Clack spring and fall Fairs were well attended formerly. They were held for horses, pigs, cows, oxen, sheep, and shows; but especially for the "hiring servants." Hainlet's words,—"(Oh, what a falling off is here!)" may not inappropriately be applied. Old Michaelmas-day is the time the fall fair is kept, but, really, every thing which constitutes a fair, seemed this year to be absent. A few farmers strolled up and down the main street in their boots, and took refuge in the hospitable houses; a few rustics waited about the "Mop" or "Statue" in their clean frocks twisted round their waists with their best clothes on; a few sellers of cattle looked round for customers, with the *pike* tickets in their hats; and a few maid servants placed themselves in a corner to be hired: here, there was no want of *Cluck*, for many were raised in stature by their pattens and rather towering bonnets; and a few agriculturists' daughters and dames, in whom neither scarcity of money nor apparel were visible, came prancing into the courts of their friends and alighting at the uppingstocks, and dashed in among the company with true spirit and *bon hommie*.

Clack fair was worth gazing at a few years ago. When Joe Ody,* the *stultum ingenium*, obtained leave to show forth in the Blindhouse by conjuring rings off women's fingers, and finding them in men's pockets, eating fire and drawing yards of ribands out of his mouth, giving shuffling tricks with cards, to ascertain how much money was in the ploughman's yellow purse, cutting off cock's heads,

* A native of this part, and at the top of *Merry Andreteism*.

pricking in the garter for love tokens, giving a chance at the "black cock or the white cock," and lastly, raising the devil, who carries off the cheating parish baker upon his back. These, indeed, were fine opportunities for old women to talk about, when leaning over the hatch of the front door, to gossip with their ready neighbours in the same position opposite, while their goodmen of the house, sat in the porch chuckling with "pipe in one hand and jug in the other." Then the "learned dog" told person's names by *letters*; and here I discovered the secret of this canine sapiency, the master twitched his thumb and finger for the letter at which the dog stopped. I posed, master and dog, however, by giving my christian name "Jehoiada." A word no fair scholar could readily spell; this shook the faith of many gaping disciples. The "poney" too was greatly admired for telling which lassie loved her morning bed, which would be first married, and which youth excelled in kissing a girl in a sly corner. The being "ground young again," no less enlivened the spirits of maiden aunts, and the seven tall single sisters; then the pelican put its beak on the child's head for a night cap, and the monkeys and bears looked, grimaced and danced, to the three dogs in red jackets, with short pipes in their mouths; and the "climbing cat" ascended the "maypole," and returned into its master's box at a word. This year's attractions chiefly were three booths for gingerbread and hard ware—a raree show! a blind fidler—the E. O. table—the birds, rats, and kittens in one cage—and a song sung here and there, called the "Bulleyed Farmers," attributed to Bowles of Brinkworth, but who disclaimed like Coleridge, the authorship of a satiric production.

Thus, fairs, amusements and the works of mortals, pass away—one age dies, another comes in its stead—but who will secure the sports of ancestry inviolate? who search into the workings of the illiterate, and hand them down to posterity, without the uncertain communication of oral tradition, which often obscures the light intended to be conveyed for information.—Thanks be to the art of printing, to the cultivation of reading, and the desire which accompanies both.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 44 · 40

November 4.

KING WILLIAM LANDED.

On the day appointed for the commemoration of the landing of king William III. (who in fact landed on the 5th*) it may be worth notice, that its centenary in 1788 is thus mentioned in the "Public Advertiser" of that year—"This day is appointed to commemorate an event, which, if deserving commemoration, ought *never* to be forgotten, and yet it is probable it will produce as much good moral or political effect as the events which distinguish Christmas, Good Friday, or Easter, from other days of the year. However, we are not disposed to quarrel with the scheme, the events of a day are few, the remembrance cannot be long. In the City, in Westminster, and in many of the principal towns in England, societies have been formed, cards of invitation sent, sold and bought, and grand dinners are prepared, and have this day been devoured with keen revolution appetites. Not to exclude the females, in some places balls are given; and that the religious may not wholly be disappointed, revolution sermons were this morning preached in several chapels and meeting-houses. Scotland is not behind hand in zeal upon this occasion, although a little so in point of time. To-morrow is their day of commemoration. Over all the kingdom a day of thanksgiving is appointed."

KING WILLIAM'S PEERS.

For the Every-Day Book.

The essential services of king William III. to the cause of civil and religious liberty, his perseverance and prowess as a warrior, his shrewdness and dexterity as a statesman, adapting the most conciliatory means to the most patriotic ends, have been repeatedly dilated on, and generally acknowledged. Here, is merely purposed to be traced how he exercised one of the most exclusive, important, and durable prerogatives of an English monarch, by a brief recapitulation of such of his additions and promotions in the hereditary branch of our legislature as still are in existence.

The ancestor of the duke of Portland was count Bentinck, a Dutchman, of a family still of note in Holland; he had

* See vol. i. col. 1428.

been page of honour to king William, when he was only prince of Orange. He made him groom of the stole, privy purse, a lieutenant-general in the British army, colonel of a regiment of Dutch horse in the British pay, one of the privy-council, master of the horse, baron of Cirencester, viscount Woodstock, and earl of Portland, and afterwards ambassador extraordinary to the court of France. His son was made duke of Portland, and governor of Jamaica, by George I.

William Henry Nassau, commonly called seigneur, or lord of Zuletstein in Holland, was another follower of the fortunes of king William; he was related to his majesty, his father having been a natural son of the king's grandfather. He was in the year 1695 created baron of Enfield, viscount Tunbridge, and earl of Rochfort.

Arnold Joost Van Keppel, another of Williams's followers, was the second son of Bernard Van Pallant, lord of the manor of Keppel in Holland, a particular favourite of his majesty, who, soon after his accession to the throne, created him baron of Ashford, viscount Bury, and earl of Albemarle.

Earl Cowper is indebted for his barony of Wingham to queen Anne, and for his further titles of viscount Fordwich, and earl Cowper, to George I.; but he derives no inconsiderable portion of his wealth from his ancestress in the female line, lady Henrietta, daughter and heiress of the earl of Grantham, descended from monsieur d'Auverquerque, who was by that prince raised to the dignity of an English earl, by the title of Grantham, being representative of an illegitimate son of the celebrated shadtholder, prince Maurice.

The heroic marshal Schomberg, who fell in the memorable battle of the Boyne when upwards of eighty years of age, had previously been created by king William, a duke both in England and Ireland. His titles are extinct, but his heir general is the present duke of Leeds, who is at the same time heir male to the celebrated earl of Danby, who cuts so conspicuous a figure in the annals of Charles II., and was by William III. advanced to a dukedom.

The dukedom of Bolton was conferred by William on the marquis of Winchester, whose ancestors had for a century stood enrolled as premier marquisses of England.

Long before they were advanced by William III. to dukedoms, the houses of Russell and Cavendish had been noted as two of the most historical families in the English peerage. Their earldoms were respective creations of Edward VI. and James I. The individual of each house first ennobled, died possessed of the bulk of the extensive landed possessions, and strong parliamentary influence with which his representative is at the present moment invested.

The character and military achievements of John Churchill stand so pre-eminent in the history of Europe, that it need here only be remarked that from a baron, king William conferred on him the earldom of Marlborough, again advanced by queen Anne to a dukedom, carried on by act of parliament, after his victory of Blenheim, to the issue male of his daughters, and now vested in the noble family of Spencer, earl of Sunderland.

Lord Lumley, advanced to the earldom of Scarborough, was one of the memorable seven who signed the original letter of invitation to the prince of Orange.

Lord Coventry, descended from a lord keeper of the great seal to Charles I., was promoted by William III. to an earldom.

Sir Edward Villiers, a courtier, of the same family as the celebrated duke of Buckingham, received the earldom of Jersey.

The families of Cholmondeley, Fermor, and Ashburnham, were each raised by William III. to the dignity of English barons. They were each of considerable antiquity and extensive possessions. Each was, moreover, peculiarly distinguished for devoted attachment to the cause of Charles I., even when it stood in the extremest jeopardy.

These baronies are now vested respectively in the marquis of Cholmondeley, and the earls of Pomfret and Ashburnham.

The possessions, the influence, the connections of the male representative of the able, the restless, the unfortunate sir Harry Vane, were still of weightier calibre. He received from king William the barony of Barnard, now vested in the earl of Darlington.

P.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 43 . 27.

November 5.

POWDER PLOT.

To keep alive the remembrance of this conspiracy, and in contemplation of its anniversary in 1826, a printed quarter sheet was published, "price one penny coloured, and one halfpenny plain." It consists of a rude wood-cut of "a Guy," carried about by boys, and the subjoined title with the accompanying verses.

QUICK'S NEW SPEECH FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER,

On the Downfall of Guy Fawkes.

Good gentlefolks, pray,
Remember this day,
To which your kind notice we bring
Here's the figure of sly
Old villainous Guy,
Who wanted to murder the king :
With powder a store,
He bitterly swore,
As he skulk'd in the vault to prepare,
How the parliament too,
By him and his crew,
Should all be blown up in the air
So please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot ;
We know no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

But James all so wise,
Did the papists surprise,
Who plotted the cruelty great ;
He guessed their intent,
And Suffolk was sent,
Who sav'd both the kingdom and state.
With a lantern was found,
Guy Fawkes under ground,
And quick was the traitor bound fast :
They said he should die,
So hung him up high,
And burnt him to ashes at last.
So please to remember, &c.

So we once a year,
Go round without fear,
To keep in remembrance the day :
With assistance from you,
To bring to your view,
Guy Fawkes again blazing away :
While with crackers and fire,
In fullest desire,
In his chair he thus merrily burns.
So jolly we'll be,
And shout—may you see,
Of this day many happy returns
So please to remember, &c.

VOL. II — 9c.

Then hollo boys ! hollo boys ! shout and huzz
Hollo boys ! hollo boys ! keep up the day,
Hollo boys ! hollo boys ! let the bells ring,
Down with the pope, and God save the king
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

There was a publication in 1825, of similar character to the preceding. "Guy" was the subject of the cat, and the topic of the verses was a prayer for—

— "a halfpenny to buy a faggot,
And another to buy a match,
And another to buy some touch paper,
That the powder soon may catch."

It contained the general averment—

"We know no reason,
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."

Though it is not requisite to relate more particulars of the "gunpowder treason" than have been already mentioned,* yet a friendly finger points to a passage in an old writer, concerning one of the conspirators, which is at least amusing :—"Some days before the fatal stroke should be given, Master Keys, being at Tichmersh, in Northamptonshire, at the house of Mr. Gilbert Pickering, his brother-in-law, (but of a different religion, as a true protestant,) suddenly whipped out his sword, and in merriment made many offers therewith at the heads, necks, and sides of many gentlemen and gentlewomen then in his company. This, then, was taken as a mere frolic, and for the present passed accordingly ; but afterwards, when the treason was discovered, such as remembered his gestures, thought thereby he did act what he intended to do, (if the plot had took effect,) hack and hew, kill and slay, all eminent persons of a different religion to themselves."†

A modern writer observes :—"It is not, perhaps, generally known, that we have a form of prayer for prisoners, which is printed in the 'Irish Common Prayer-book,' though not in ours. Mrs. Berkeley, in whose *Preface of Prefaces* to her son's poems I first saw this mentioned, regrets the omission, observing, that the very fine prayer for those under sentence of death might, being read by the children of the poor, at least

* In vol. i. col. 1428.

† Fuller's Church History.

keep them from the gallows. The remark is just. If there be not room in our prayer-book, we have some services there which might better be dispensed with. It was not very decent in the late abolition of holydays, to let the two Charleses hold their place, when the Virgin Mary and the saints were deprived of the red letter privileges. If we are to have any state service, it ought to be for the expulsion of the Stuarts. There is no other part of their history which England ought to remember with sorrow and shame. Guy Faux also might now be dismissed, though the *Eye of Providence* would be a real loss. The Roman catholics know the effect of such prints as these, and there can be no good reason for not imitating them in this instance. I would have no prayer-book published without that eye of Providence in it.”*

PURTON BONFIRE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,—At almost every village in England, the *fifth of November* is regarded in a very especial manner. Some pay greater attention to it than others, but I believe it is invariably noticed by all.

I have been present at Old Purton bonfire, and perhaps the following short notice of it may not be uninteresting.

I before stated (col. 1207) that the green, or close, at Purton, is the spot allotted for amusements in general. This is also the place for the ceremonies on this highly important day, which I am about to describe.

Several weeks before, the boys of the village go to every house begging faggots; and if they are refused they all answer together—

If you don't give us one
We'll take two,
The better for us, sir,
And worse for you.

They were once refused by a farmer, (who was very much disliked by the poor for his severity and unkindness,) and accordingly they determined to make him repent. He kept a sharp look out over his faggot pile, but forgot that something else might be stolen. The boys got into his backyard and extracted a new pump, which had not been properly fixed, and bore it off in triumph to the green, where it

was burnt amidst the loud acclamations of the young rogues generally.

All the wood, &c. which has been previously collected, is brought into the middle of the close where the effigy of poor Guy is burnt. A figure is made (similar to one of those carried about London streets,) intending to represent the conspirator, and placed at the top of a high pole, with the fuel all around. Previous to lighting it, poor Guy is shot at by all who have the happiness to possess guns for the purpose, and pelted with squibs, crackers, &c. This fun continues about an hour, and then the pile is lighted, the place echoes with huzzas, guns keep up perpetual reports, fireworks are flying in all directions, and the village bells merrily ring. The fire is kept up a considerable time, and it is a usual custom for a large piece of “real Wiltshire bacon” to be dressed by it, which is taken to the public-house, together with potatoes roasted in the ashes of the bonfire, and a jovial repast is made. As the fire decreases, successive quantities of potatoes are dressed in the embers by the rustics, who seem to regard them as the great delicacies of the night.

There is no restraint put on the loyal zeal of these good folks, and the fire is maintained to a late hour. I remember, on one occasion, hearing the guns firing as I lay in bed between two and three o'clock in the morning. The public-house is kept open nearly all night. Ale flows plentifully, and it is not spared by the revellers. They have a noisy chorus, which is intended as a toast to his majesty: it runs thus:—

My brave lads remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
We will drink, smoke, and sing, boys,
And our bells they shall ring, boys,
And here's health to our king, boys,
For he shall not be forgot.

Their merriment continues till morning, when they generally retire to rest very much inebriated, or, as they term it, “merry,” or “top heavy.”

I hope to have the pleasure of reading other communications in your interesting work on this good old English custom; and beg to remain,

Dear Sir, &c.

C. T.

October 20, 1826.

"State Poems" were to receive additions, the following from a journal of 1796, might be included as frolicsome and curious.

SONG ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Some twelvemonths ago,
A hundred or so,
The pope went to visit the devil,
And if you'll attend,
You'll find, to a friend,
Old Nick can behave very civil.

How do'st do, quoth the seer,
What a plague brought you here;
I suppose 'twas some whimsical maggot—
Come draw tow'rds the fire,
I pr'thee sit nigher;
Here, sirrah, lay on t'other faggot.

You're welcome to hell,
I hope friends are well,
At Paris, Madrid, and at Rome;
But, since you elope,
I suppose, honest pope,
The conclave will hang out the broom.

All jesting aside,
His Holiness cried,
Give the pope and the devil their dues;
Believe me, old dad,
I'll make thy heart glad
For faith I have brought thee rare news.

There's a plot to beguile
An obstinate isle,
Great Britain, that heretic nation,
Who so slyly behav'd
In hopes to be sav'd
By the help of a curs'd reformation

We shall never have done
If we burn one by one,
Nor destroy the whole heretic race;
For when one is dead,
Like the fam'd hydra's head,
Another springs up in his place.

Believe me, Old Nick,
We'll show them a trick,
A trick that shall serve for the nonce,
For this day before dinner,
Or else I'm a sinner,
We'll kill all their leaders at once.

When the parliament sits
And all try their wits
In consulting of old mealy papers,
We'll give them a greeting
Shall break up their meeting
And set them all cutting their capers

There's powder enough
And combustible stuff
I. thirty and odd trusty barrels;
We'll send them together
The Lord can tell whither,
And decide at one blow all their quarrels.

When the king and his son
And the parliament's gone,
And the people are left in the lurch,
Things will take their old station
In yon cursed nation
And I'll be the head of the church.

These words were scarce said,
When in popt the head
Of an old jesuitical wight
Who cried you're mistaken
They've all sav'd their bacon,
And Jemmy still stinks of the fright.

Then Satan was struck,
And cried 'tis ill luck,
But you for your news shall be thanked,
So he call'd at the door
Six devils or more
And toss'd the poor priest in a blanket.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 42 · 32

November 6.

Michaelmas Term begins.

LEONARD.

St. Leonard is retained in the church of England calendar and almanacs, from his ancient popularity in Romish times. He is the titular saint of many of our great churches, and was particularly invoked in behalf of prisoners.

A list of holidays published at Worcester, in 1240, ordains St. Leonard's festival to be kept a half-holiday, enjoins the hearing of mass, and prohibits all labour except that of the plough.

St. Leonard was a French nobleman in the court of Clovis I., where he was converted by St. Remigius, or Remy; became a monk, built an oratory for himself in a forest at Nobilac, near Limoges, lived on herbs and fruits, and formed a community, which after his death was a flourishing monastery under the name of St. Leonard le Noblat. He was remarkable for charity towards captives and prisoners, and died about 559, with the reputation of having worked miracles in their behalf*.

* A'ian Butler.

The legend of St. Leonard relates that there was no water within a mile of his monastery, "wherefore he did make a pyt all drye, the which he fylled with water by his prayers—and he shone there by so grete myracles, that who that was in prison, and called his name in ayde, anone his bondes and fetters were broken, and went awaye without ony gaynsayenge frely, and came presentyng to hym theyr haynes or yrens."

It is particularly related that one of St. Leonard's converts "was taken of a tyrant," which tyrant, considering by whom his prisoner was protected, determined so to secure him against Leonard, as to "make hym paye for his raunsom a thousand shyllinges." Therefore, said the tyrant, "I shall go make a ryght grete and depe pyt vnder the erth in my toure, and I shall cast hym therin bounden with many bondes; and I shal do make a chiest of tree vpon the mouth of the pyt, and shall make my knyghtes to lye therin all armed; and how be it that yf Leonard breke the yrons, yet shall he not entre into it vnder the erth." Having done as he said, the prisoner called on St. Leonard, who at night "came and turned the chest wherein the knyghtes laye armed, and closed them therein, lyke as deed men ben in a tombe, and after entred into the pyt with grete lyght," and he spoke to the prisoner, from whom the chains fell off, and he "toke hym in his armes and bare hym out of the toure—and sette ayn at home in his hous." And other great marvels are told of St. Leonard as true as this.*

The miracles wrought by St. Leonard in releasing prisoners continued after his death, but at this time the saint has ceased from interposing in their behalf even on his festival; which, being the first day of Michaelmas term, and therefore the day whereon writs issued since the Trinity term are made returnable, would be a convenient season for the saint's interposition.

This day the long vocation o'er,
And lawyers go to work once more;
With their materials all provided,
That they may have the cause decided.
The plaintiff he brings in his bill,
He'll have his cause, cost what it will;
Till afterwards comes the defendant,
And is resolved to make an end on't.

And having got all things in fitness,
Supplied with money and with witness;
And makes a noble bold defence,
Backed with material evidence.
The proverb is, one cause is good
Until the other's understood.
They thunder out to little purpose,
With certiorari, habeas corpus,
Their replicandos, writs of error,
To fill the people's hearts with terror;
And if the lawyer do approve it,
To chancery they must remove it:
And then the two that were so warm,
Must leave it to another term;
Till they go home and work for more,
To spend as they have done before.

Poor Robin.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR
Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 40.

November 7.

ORIGIN OF THE LONDON GAZETTE.

On the 7th day of November, 1665, the first "Gazette" in England was published at Oxford; the court being there at that time, on account of the plague. On the removal of the court to London, the title was changed to the "London Gazette." The "Oxford Gazette" was published on Tuesdays, the London on Saturdays: and these have continued to be the days of publication ever since.

The word *gazette* originally meant a newspaper, or printed account of the transactions of all the countries in the known world, in a loose sheet or half sheet; but the term is with us confined to that paper of news now published by authority. It derived its name from *gazetta*, a kind of small coin formerly current at Venice, which was the usual price of the first newspaper printed there.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 92

November 8.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

On this day the chief magistrate elect of the metropolis is sworn into office at Guildhall, and to-morrow is the grand festival of the corporation.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 44 · 27.

* Golden Legend.

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

November 9.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

the city, is the subject of the following whimsical adaptation.

This "great day in the calendar" of

Now countless turbots and unnumbered soles
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall :
From pot to spit, to kettle, stew, and pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullions sounds,
That the fixed beadles do almost perceive
The secret dainties of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each table sees the other's bill of fare :
Cook threatens cook in high and saucy vaunt
Of rare and newmade dishes ; confectioners,
Both pastrycooks and fruiterers in league,
With candied art their rivets closing up,
Give pleasing notice of a rich dessert.

In the subjoined humorous account of a former civic procession and festival, there are some features which do not belong to the present celebrations.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1773.

To describe the adventures and incidents of this important day in the city annals, it is very necessary to revert to the preceding evening. It is not now as it was formerly—

"That *sober* citizens get *drunk* by nine."

Had Pope lived in the auspicious reign of George III., he would have indulged us at least two hours, and found a rhyme for *eleven*.

On the evening of the 8th of November, the stands of several livery companies clogged the passage of Cheapside and the adjacent streets. The night was passed in erecting the temporary sheds, sacred to city mirth, ruby gills, and round paunches. The earliest dawn of the morning witnessed the industry of the scavengers ; and the broom-maker was, for once, the first patriot in the city.

This service done, repair we to Guildhall.

At five in the morning the spits groaned beneath the ponderous sirloins. These, numerous as large, proved that the "roast beef of Old England" is still thought an ornament to our tables. The chandeliers in the hall were twelve in number, each provided with forty-eight wax candles ; exclusive of which there were three large glass lamps, two globular lamps under the giants, and wax candles in girandoles. Hustings were raised at each end of the hall for the accommodation of the superior

company, and tables laid through the centre for persons of lower rank. One advantage arose from the elevation at the west end of the hall, for the inscription under Beckford's statue was thereby rendered perfectly legible. Tables were spread in the court of king's bench, which was provided with one chandelier of forty-eight candles. All the seats were either matted, hung with tapestry, or covered with crimson cloth, and the whole made a very noble appearance.

By eleven o'clock the windows from Blackfriars-bridge, to the north end of King street, began to exhibit such a number of angelic faces, as would tempt a man to wish for the honour of chief magistracy, if it were only to be looked at by so many fine eyes. There was scarce a house that could not boast a Venus for its tenant. At fifteen minutes past ten the common serjeant entered Guildhall, and in a few minutes the new lord-mayor, preceded by four footmen in elegant liveries of brown and gold, was brought into the hall in a superb sedan chair. Next came alderman Plomer, and then the recorder, who was so much afflicted with the gout, that it required the full exertion of his servant's strength to support him. Mr. Alderman Thomas arrived soon after, then the two sheriffs, and lastly Mr. Crosby. There being no other alderman, Mr. Peckham could not be sworn into his office. At twenty minutes past eleven the lord mayor left the hall, being preceded by the city sword and mace, and followed by the alderman and sheriffs. The breakfast in the council chamber, at Guildhall, consisted of six sirloins of beef, twelve tureens of soup,

mulled wines, pastry, &c. The late lord-mayor waited at the end of King-street to join the procession. As soon as his carriage moved, the mob began to groan and hiss, on which he burst into so immoderate a fit of laughter, evidently unforced, that the mob joined in one laughing chorus, and seemed to wonder what they had hisied at.

The procession by water was as usual, but rather tedious, as the tide was contrary. The ceremonies at Westminster-hall being gone through in the customary manner, the company returned by water to Blackfriars-bridge, where the lord-mayor landed at about three o'clock, and proceeded in solemn state to Guildhall, where the tables groaned beneath the weight of solids and dainties of every kind in season: the dishes of pastry, &c. were elegantly adorned with flowers of various sorts interspersed with bay-leaves; and many an honest freeman got a nose-gay at the city expense. A superb piece of confectionary was placed on the lord-mayor's table, and the whole entertainment was splendid and magnificent. During the absence of the lord-mayor, such of the city companies as have not barges paraded the streets in the accustomed

manner; and the man in armour exhibited to the delight of the little masters and misses, and the astonishment of many a gaping rustic. The lord-mayor appeared to be in good health and spirits, and to enjoy the applausive shouts of his fellow-citizens, probably from a consciousness of having deserved them. Mr. Gates, the city marshal, was as fine as powder and ribbons and gold could make him; his horse, too, was almost as fine, and nearly as stately as the rider. Mr. Wilkes came through the city in a chair, carried on men's shoulders, just before the procession, in order to keep it up, and be saluted with repeated shouts. The lord-mayor's coach was elegant, and his horses (long-tailed blacks) the finest that have been seen for many years. There were a great number of constables round Mr. Alderman Townsend's coach; and a complaint has since been made, that he was grossly insulted. The night concluded as usual, and many went home at morning with dirty clothes and bloody faces.*

Some recent processions on lord-mayor's day are sufficiently described by these lines:—

Scarce the shrill trumpet or the echoing horn
With zeal impatient chides the tardy morn,
When *Thames*, meandering as thy channel strays,
Its ambient wave *Augusta's* Lord surveys:
No prouder triumph, when with eastern pride
The burnished galley burst upon the tide,
Thy banks of *Cydnus* say—tho' *Egypt's* queen
With soft allurements graced the glowing scene,
Though silken streamers waved and all was mute,
Save the soft trillings of the mellow lute;
Though spicy torches chased the lingering gloom,
And zephyrs blew in every gale perfume.

But soon, as pleased they win their wat'ry way,
And dash from bending oars the scattered spray,
The dome wide-spreading greets th' exploring eyes,
Where erst proud *Rufus* bade his courts arise.
Here borne, our civic chief the brazen store,
With pointing fingers numbers o'er and o'er;
Then pleased around him greets his jocund train,
And seeks in proud array his new domain.
Returning now, the ponderous *coach of state*
Rolls o'er the road that groans beneath its weight;
And as slow paced, amid the shouting throng,
Its massive frame majestic moves along,
The prancing steeds with gilded trappings gay,
Proud of the load, their sceptred lord convey.

Behind, their posts, a troop attendant gam,
Press the gay throng, and join the smiling train:

While *martial bands* with nodding plumes appear,
And waving streamers close the gay career.

Here too a *Chief* the opening ranks display,
Whose radiant *armour* shoots a beamy ray ;
So Britain erst beheld her troops advance,
And prostrate myriads crouch beneath her lance :
But though no more when threat'ning dangers nigh,
The *glittering cuisses* clasp the warrior's thigh ;
Aloft no more the nodding *plumage* bows,
Or polished *helm* bedecks his manly brows ;
A patriot band still generous Britain boasts,
To guard her altars and protect her coasts ;
From rude attacks her sacred name to shield,
And now, as ever, teach her foe to yield.

Mr. Alderman Wood on the first day of his second mayoralty, in 1816, deviated from the usual procession by water, from Westminster-hall to London, and returned attended by the corporation, in their carriages, through Parliament-street, by the way of Charing-cross, along the Strand, Fleet-street, and so up Ludgate-hill, and through St. Paul's churchyard, to Guildhall : whereon lord Sidmouth, as high steward of the city and liberties of Westminster, officially protested against the lord-mayor's deviation, "in order, that the same course may not be drawn into precedent, and adopted on any future occasion."

During Mr. Alderman Wood's first mayoralty he committed to the house of correction, a working sugar-baker, for having left his employment in consequence of a dispute respecting wages.—The prisoner during his confinement not having received personal correction, according to the statute, in consequence of no order to that effect being specified in the warrant of committal, he actually brought an action against the lord-mayor in the court of common pleas, for non-conformity to the law. It was proved that he had not been whipped, and therefore the jury were obliged to give a *farthing* damages ; but the point of law was reserved.*

On the 6th of September, 1776, the then lord-mayor of London, was robbed near Turnham-green in his chaise and four, in sight of all his retinue, by a single highwayman, who swore he would shoot

the first man that made resistance, or offered violence.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 44 · 72

November 10.

A FATHER'S WISHES.

Richard Corbet, bishop of Norwich, wrote the following excellent lines

TO HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET,

On his Birth-day, November 10, 1636
being then three years old.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth
Both bodily and ghostly health :
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support ;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.†

Bishop Corbet, a native of Ewell in Surrey, was educated at Westminster school, and Christchurch, Oxford ; took the degree of M. A. in 1605, entered into holy orders, became doctor of divinity

* *Gentleman's Magazine.*

* *Gentleman's Magazine.*

† Bp. Corbet's Poems, by Gilchrist

obtained a prebend in the cathedral of Sarum, and other church preferment, and being a man of ready wit, was favoured by king James I., who made him one of his chaplains. In 1618, he took a journey to France, of which he wrote an amusing narrative. In 1627, his majesty gave him the deanery of Christchurch; in 1629, he was raised to the bishopric of Oxford, and in 1632, translated to that of Norwich. He died in 1635. The poems of bishop Corbet are lively and amusing compositions, such as might have been expected from a man of learning and genius, possessed of a superabundance of constitutional hilarity. The latter quality appears to have drawn him into some excesses, not altogether consistent with the gravity of his profession. After he was a doctor of divinity, being at a tavern in Abingdon, a ballad-singer came into the house, complaining that he could not dispose of his stock; the doctor, in a frolic, took off his gown, and assuming the ballad-singer's leather jacket, went out into the street, and drew around him a crowd of admiring purchasers. Perhaps he thought he could divest himself of his sacerdotal character with his habit; for it seems he shut himself up in his well-stored cellar, with his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, and taking off his gown, exclaimed: "There goes the doctor;" then throwing down his episcopal hood, "there goes the bishop"—after which the night was devoted to Bacchus. Riding out one day with a Dr. Stubbins, who was extremely fat, the coach was overturned, and both fell into a ditch. The bishop, in giving an account of the accident, observed, that Dr. Stubbins was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins. Bishop Corbet was not distinguished as a divine; his sentiments however were liberal, and he inclined to the Arminian party, which then began to prevail in the church of England.*

In the bishop's lines "to his son on his birth-day," there is something of the feeling in the wise man's supplication, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 72.

November 11.

ST. MARTIN.

The customs of this festival, which is

retained in the church of England calendar and almanacs, are related under the day in last year's volume.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 44 · 40.

November 12.

ADMIRAL VERNON'S BIRTH-DAY.

To the mention of the pageant "a Chancery-lane end," in honour of admiral Vernon on this day, in the year 1740,* may be added some ingenious verses commemorative of Vernon's exploits. They were written in the same year by John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole, and are preserved in Mr. Raw's "Suffolk Garland," with the following introduction:—

ADMIRAL VERNON'S ANSWER TO ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

In Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," vol. ii. p. 376. is an admirable ballad, intitled "Hosier's Ghost," being an address to admiral Vernon, in Portobello harbour, by Mr. Glover, the author of Leonidas. The case of Hosier was briefly this:—

In April, 1726, he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on that station, until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Cartlagena, and continued cruising in those seas, till far the greater part of his crews perished by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. The ballad concludes—

"O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:

After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me."

In 1739, vice-admiral Vernon was appointed commander-in-chief of a squadron

* General Biographical Dictionary, 1826, vol. i.

* In vol. i. col. 1479.

then fitting out for destroying the settlements of the Spaniards in the West Indies; and, weighing anchor from Spithead on the 23d of July, arrived in sight of Porto-Bello, with six ships only, under his command, on the 20th of November following. The next day he commenced the attack of that town; when, after a most furious engagement on both sides, it was taken on the 22d, together with a considerable number of cannon, mortars, and ammunition, and also two Spanish ships of war. He then blew up the fortifications, and evacuated the place for want of land forces sufficient to retain it; but first distributed ten thousand dollars, which had been sent to Porto-Bello for paying the Spanish troops, among the forces for their bravery.

The two houses of parliament joined in an address of congratulation upon this success of his majesty's arms; and the nation, in general, was wonderfully elated by an exploit, which was certainly magnified much above its intrinsic merit.

Hosier! with indignant sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale
And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
O'er those hostile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold design,
With the blood of thousands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy disast'rous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships descending,
Thro' the flood, in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending,
My lov'd sailors work'd their way.
Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haste his batter'd walls;
And in accents, undissembling,
As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagea, tow'ring wonder!
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall ere long by Britain's thunder,
Smoking in the dust be laid.
Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,
Restless, o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War shall be my constant care:

And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

As we are to-day on a naval topic, it seems fitting to introduce a popular usage among sailors, in the words of captain Edward Hall, R. N., who communicated the particulars to Dr. Forster, on the 30th of October, 1823.

CROSSING THE LINE.

The following is an account of the custom of shaving at the tub by Neptune, as practised on board vessels crossing the Equator, Tropics, and Europa Point. The origin of it is supposed to be very ancient, and it is commonly followed on board foreign, as well as British ships. Europa Point at Gibraltar being one of the places, it may have arisen at the time when that was considered the western boundary of Terra Firma.

On the departure of a vessel from England by either of the aforesaid routes, much ingenuity is exerted by the old seamen and their confederates to discover the uninitiated, and it is seldom that any escape detection. A few days previous to arriving at the scene of action, much mystery and reserve is observed among the ship's company: they are then secretly collecting stale soapsuds, water, &c., arranging the dramatis personæ, and preparing material. At this time, also, the novices, who are aware of what is going forward, send their forfeits to the captain of the forecastle, who acts as Neptune's deputy; the forfeit is either a bottle of rum, or a dollar: and I never knew it refused, except from a cook's mate who had acted negligently, and from a steward's mate who was inclined to trick the people when serving provisions.

On board of a man-of-war it is generally performed on a grand scale. I have witnessed it several times, but the best executed was on board a ship of the line of which I was lieutenant, bound to the West Indies. On crossing the Tropic, a voice, as if at a distance, and from the surface of the water, cried "Ho, the ship ahoy! I shall come on board:" this was from a person slung over the bows, near the water, speaking through his hands. Presently two men of large stature came over the bows; they had hideous masks on: one personated Neptune—he was naked

to his middle, crowned with the head of a huge wet swab, the ends of which reached to his loins to represent flowing locks; a piece of tarpaulin, vandyked, encircled the head of the swab and his brows as a diadem; his right hand wielded a boarding-pike manufactured into a trident, and his body was marked with red ochre to represent fish scales: the other personated Amphitrite, having locks also formed of swabs, a petticoat of the same material, with a girdle of red buntens; and in her hands a comb and looking-glass. They were followed by about twenty fellows, also naked to their middle, with red ochre scales as Tritons. They were received on the fore-castle with much respect by the old sailors, who had provided the carriage of an eighteen-pounder as a car, which their majesties ascended, and were drawn aft along the gangway to the quarter-deck by the Tritons; when Neptune, addressing the captain, said he was happy to see him again that way, that he believed there were some Johnny Raws on board that had not paid their dues, and who he intended to initiate into the salt water mysteries. The captain answered, he was happy to see him, but requested he would make no more confusion than was necessary. They then descended on the main deck, and were joined by all the old hands, and about twenty barbers, who submitted their razors, brushes, and suds to inspection; the first were made from old iron hoops jagged, the second from tar brushes, and the shaving suds from tar, grease, and something from the pigsty; they had also boxes of tropical pills procured from the sheep pen. Large tubs full of stale suds, with a movable

board across each, were ranged around the pumps and engine, and plenty of buckets filled with water. Thus prepared, they divided themselves into gangs of a dozen each, dashed off in different directions, and soon returned with their subjects. The proceedings with each unlucky wight were as follows:—Being seated on a board across a tub of water, his eyes were quickly bandaged, his face lathered with the delightful composition; then a couple of scrapes on each side of the chin, followed by a question asked, or some pretended compassionate inquiry made, to get his mouth open, into which the barber either dashed the shaving-brush, or a pill, which was the signal for slipping the board from under the poor devil, who was then left to flounder his way out of the tub, and perhaps half drowned in attempting to recover his feet, by buckets of water being dashed over him from all quarters; being thus thoroughly drenched and initiated, I have often observed spirited fellows join their former persecutors in the remainder of their work. After an hour or two spent in this rough fun, which all seem to enjoy, Neptune disappears somewhere in the hold to unrobe, the decks are washed and dried, and those that have undergone the shaving business, oil or grease their chins and whiskers to get rid of the tar. This custom does not accord with the usual discipline of a man-of-war; but, as the old seamen look on it as their privilege, and it is only about an hour's relaxation, I have never heard of any captain refusing them his permission.

E. H.*

* Perennial Calendar.

A SEA-PIECE—IN THREE SONNETS

Scene—Bridlington Quay.

At night-fall, walking on the cliff-crowned shore,
When sea and sky were in each other lost,
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast;
I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-tost;
Sails reef'd, helm lash'd, a dreadful siege she bore,
He decks by billow after billow cross'd,
While every moment she might be no more,
Yet firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,
Like a chain'd lion ramping at his foes,
Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
'Till broke her cable;—then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chase, throes following throes;
She 'scaped,—she struck,—she struck upon the sand.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by;
 Three days had pass'd; I saw the peaceful main,
 One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
 Clear as the blue, sublime, o'er-arching sky.
 On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye;
 Her bow was sea-ward, all equipt her train,
 Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
 Like a maim'd eagle, impotent to fly,
 There fix'd as if for ever to abide:
 Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,
 Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear,
 "Is this," methought, "is this the doom of pride,
 Check'd in the outset of thy proud career,
 Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here?"

Spring-tides return'd, and fortune smiled; the bay
 Received the rushing ocean to its breast;
 While waves on waves innumerable press,
 Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,
 Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and sporting spray:
 Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest;
 Slowly, with new-expanding life possess'd,
 To her own element she glid away;
 There, buoyant, bounding like the polar whale,
 That takes his pastime, every joyful sail
 Was to the freedom of the world unfurl'd,
 While right and left the parting surges curl'd.
 —Go, gallant bark, with such a tide and gale,
 I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world!

Montgomery.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 43° 85.

November 13.

Brit.*

THE "BRIDEWELL BOYS," AND BARTHOLOMEW AND SOUTHWARK FAIRS.

On the 13th of November, 1755, at a court of the governors of Bridewell hospital, a memorable report was made from the committee, who inquired into the behaviour of the boys at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, when some of them were severely corrected and continued, and others, after their punishment, were ordered to be stripped of the hospital clothing and discharged.*

The "bridewell-boys" were, within recollection, a body of youths distinguished by a particular dress, and turbulence of manners. They infested the streets to the terror of the peaceable, and being

allowed the privilege of going to fires, did more mischief by their audacity and perverseness, than they did good by working the Bridewell engine. These disorders occasioned them to be deprived of their distinguishing costume, and put under proper arts'-masters, with ability to teach them useful trades, and authority to controul and regulate their conduct. The bridewell-boys at this time are never heard of in any commotion, and may now, therefore, be regarded as peaceable and industrious lads.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 42° 85

November 14.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

The "Carbonari," a political association in the Italian states, occasioned considerable disturbance to the continental governments, who interfered to suppress an order of persons that kept them in continual alarm: "His Holiness" especially desired their suppression

* See vol. i. col. 1473.
 , Gentleman's Magazine.

An article from Rome, dated the 14th of November, 1820, says, "Bishop Benvenuti, vice-legate at Macerata, having received orders from the holy father to have all the Carbonari in that city arrested and sent to Rome, under a good escort, proceeded forthwith to execute the order. In consequence he had all the colliers by trade (*Charbonniers de profession*) which he could find within his reach—men, women, and children, arrested, and sent manacled to Rome, where they were closely imprisoned. The tribunal having at length proceeded to examine them, and being convinced that these Carbonari had been colliers ever since they were born, acquitted them, and sent them to their homes. Bishop Benvenuti was deprived of his employment."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 43 · 25.

November 15.

Machutus.†

HUNGERFORD REVEL, WILTS.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

October 20, 1826.

Dear Sir,—In your last week's number of the *Every-Day Book*, your correspondent *, *, P. gives a short account of Blackford, the backword-player, and also mentions one of his descendants who signalized himself at the "Hungerford revel" about two years since. In the year 1820, I visited the latter revel; perhaps a description may be acceptable to you, and amusing to your readers.

I think it may be generally allowed that Wiltshire, and the western counties, keep up their primitive customs more than any counties. This is greatly to the credit of the inhabitants; for these usages tend to promote cheerful intercourse and friendly feeling among the residents in the different villages, who on such occasions assemble together. In Wiltshire I have remarked various customs, particularly at Christmas, which I have never seen or heard of in any other place. If these customs were witnessed by a stranger, I am sure he must fancy the good old days of yore, where every sea-

son brought its particular custom, which was always strictly adhered to.

Wiltshire consists of beautiful and extensive downs, and rich meadow and pasture lands, which support some of the finest dairies and farms that can be met with in the kingdom. The natives are a very strong and hardy set of men, and are particularly fond of robust sports; their chief and favourite amusement is backswording, or singlestick, for which they are as greatly celebrated as the inhabitants of the adjoining counties, Somersetshire and Gloucestershire.

At this game there are several rules observed. They play with a large round stick, which must be three feet long, with a basket prefixed to one end as a guard for the hand. The combatants throw off their hats and upper garments, with the exception of the shirt, and have the left hand tied to the side, so that they cannot defend themselves with that hand. They brandish the stick over the head, guarding off the adversary's blows, and striking him whenever an opportunity occurs. Great skill is often used in the defence. I have seen two men play for upwards of half an hour without once hitting each other. The blood must flow an inch from some part of the head, before either party is declared victor.

Blackford, the backword player, was a butcher residing at Swindon; he died a few years ago. His "successor" is a blacksmith at Lyddington, named Morris Pope, who is considered the best player of the day, and generally carries off the prizes at the Hungerford revel, which he always attends. This revel is attended by all the best players in Wiltshire and Somersetshire, between whom the contest lies. To commence the fray, twenty very excellent players are selected from each county; the contest lasts a considerable time, and is always severe, but the Wiltshire men are generally conquerors. Their principal characteristics are skill, strength, and courage—this is generally allowed by all who are acquainted with them.

But Hungerford revel is not a scene of contention alone, it consists of all kinds of rustic sports, which afford capital fun to the spectators. They may be laid out thus—

1st. *Girls running for "smocks,"* &c., which is a well-known amusement at country fairs.

2d. *Climbing the greasy pole* for a

* New Times.

† See vol. i. col. 1486.

piece of bacon which is placed on the top. This affords very great amusement, as it is a difficult thing to be accomplished. The climber, perhaps, may get near the top of the pole, and has it in his power to hold himself up by both hands, but the moment he raises one hand to unhook the prize, he is almost sure to slide down again with great rapidity, bearing all below him who are so foolish as to climb after him.

3d. *Old women drinking hot tea for snuff.* Whoever can drink it the quickest and hottest gains the prize.

4th. *Grimacing through horse-collars.* Several Hodges stand in a row, each holding a collar; whoever can make the ugliest face through it gains the prize. This feat is also performed by old women, and certainly the latter are the most amusing.

5th. *Racing between twenty and thirty old women for a pound of tea.* This occasions much merriment, and it is sometimes astonishing to see with what agility the old dames run in order to obtain their favourite.

6th. *Hunting a pig with a soaped tail.* This amusement creates much mirth, and in my opinion is the most laughable.—Grunter with his tail well soaped is set off at the foot of a hill, and is quickly pursued; but the person who can lay any claim to him must first catch him by the tail, and fairly detain him with one hand. This is an almost impossible feat, for the pig finding himself pulled back, tries to run forward, and the tail slips from the grasp of the holder. It is pretty well known that such is the obstinate nature of a pig, that on being pulled one way he will strive all he can to go a contrary. In illustration of this circumstance, though known perhaps to some of your readers, I may mention a curious wager a few years ago between a pork butcher and a waterman. The butcher betted the waterman that he would make a pig run over one of the bridges, (I forget which,) quicker than the waterman would row across the river. The auditors thought it impossible; the bet was eagerly accepted, and the next day was appointed for the performance. When the signal for starting was given, the waterman began to row with all his might and main, and the butcher catching hold of the tail of the pig endeavoured to pull him back, upon which the pig pulled forward, and with great rapidity ran over the bridge, pulling the butcher after him,

who arrived on the opposite side before his opponent.

7th. *Jumping in sacks for a cheese.* An excellent caricature of jumping in sacks, published by Hunt, in Tavistock-street, conveys a true idea of the manner in which this amusement is carried on: it is truly laughable. Ten or eleven candidates are chosen; they are tied in sacks up to their necks, and have to jump about five hundred yards. Sometimes one will out-jump himself and fall; this accident generally occasions the fall of three or four others, but some one, being more expert, gets on first, and claims the prize.

About ten years ago, before Cannon the prize-fighter was publicly known, as a native of Wiltshire he naturally visited the Hungerford revel. There was a man there celebrated over the county for boxing; it was said that with a blow from his fist he could break the jaw-bone of an ox; upon the whole he was a desperate fellow, and no one dared challenge him to fight. Cannon, however, challenged him to jump in sacks. It was agreed that they should jump three times the distance of about five hundred yards. The first time Cannon fell, and accordingly his opponent won; the second time, Cannon's opponent fell, and the third time they kept a pretty even pace for about four hundred yards, when they bounced against each other and both fell, so that there was a dispute who had won. Cannon's opponent was for dividing the cheese, but he would not submit to that, and proposed jumping again; the man would not, but got out of the sack, and during the time that Cannon was consulting some friends on the course to be pursued, ran off with the cheese. Cannon, however, pursued, and after a considerable time succeeded in finding him. He then challenged him to fight: the battle lasted two hours, and Cannon was victor. This circumstance introduced him to the sporting world.

You must allow me, dear sir, to assure you, that it is not my wish to make your interesting work a "sporting calendar," by naming "sporting characters." I tell you this lest you should not incline to read further, especially when you see

8th. *Donkey Racing.* I will certainly defy any one to witness these races, without being almost convulsed with laughter. Each candidate rides his neighbour's donkey, and he who arrives first at the ap-

pointed place claims the prize, which is generally a smock-frock, a waistcoat, a hat, &c. &c.

9th. *Duck Hunting.* This sport generally concludes the whole: it is a very laughable, but certainly a very cruel amusement. They tie a poor unfortunate owl in an upright position, to the back of a still more unfortunate duck, and then turn them loose. The owl presuming that his inconvenient captivity is the work of the duck, very unceremoniously commences an attack on the head of the latter, who naturally takes to its own means of defence, the water: the duck dives with the owl on his back; as soon as he rises, the astonished owl opens wide his eyes, turns about his head in a very solemn manner, and suddenly recommences his attack on the oppressed duck, who dives as before. The poor animals generally destroy each other, unless some humane person rescues them.

Like all other Wiltshire amusements, the Hungerford revel always closes with good humour and conviviality; the ale flowing plentifully, and the song echoing loud and gaily from the rustic revellers. Although the revel is meant to last only one day, the very numerous attendants keep up the minor sports sometimes to the fourth day, when all depart, and Hungerford is once more a scene of tranquillity.

The revel takes place about this time of the year, but I really cannot call to my recollection the precise day. Hoping, however, that this is of no material consequence, I beg to remain,

Dear Sir, &c.

C. T

EARL OF WARWICK, THE KING MAKER.

This nobleman, who at one time is said to have entertained thirty thousand people at the boards of his different manors and estates in England, and who, when he travelled or lodged in any town, was accompanied by four or five hundred retainers, wrote on All Souls' day the following remarkable letter for the loan of a small sum. It is divested of its ancient spelling.

"To our right trusty and well-beloved Friend, Sir THOMAS TODDENHAM.

"Right trusty and well beloved friend, we greet you well, heartily desiring to

*hear of your welfare; and if it please you to hear of our welfare, we were in good health at the making of this letter, entreating you heartily, that ye will consider our message, which our chaplain Master Robert Hopton shall inform you of; for we have great business daily and have had here before this time, wherefore we entreat you to consider the purchase, that we have made with one John Swyffham (Southcote) an esquire of Lincolnshire, of 88*l.* by the year, whereupon we must pay the last payment, the Monday next after St. Martin's day, which sum is 458*l.* Wherefore we entreat you with all our heart, that ye will lend us ten, or twenty pounds, or what the said Master Robert wants of his payment, as we may do for you in time for to come, and we will send it you again afore new year's day, as we are a true knight. For there is none in your country, that we might write to for trust, so well as unto you, for as we be informed, ye be our well willer, and so we entreat you, that ye consider our intent of this money, as ye will that we do for you in time to come. . . . Written at London, on All Soul's Day, within our lodging in the Grey Friars, within Newgate.*

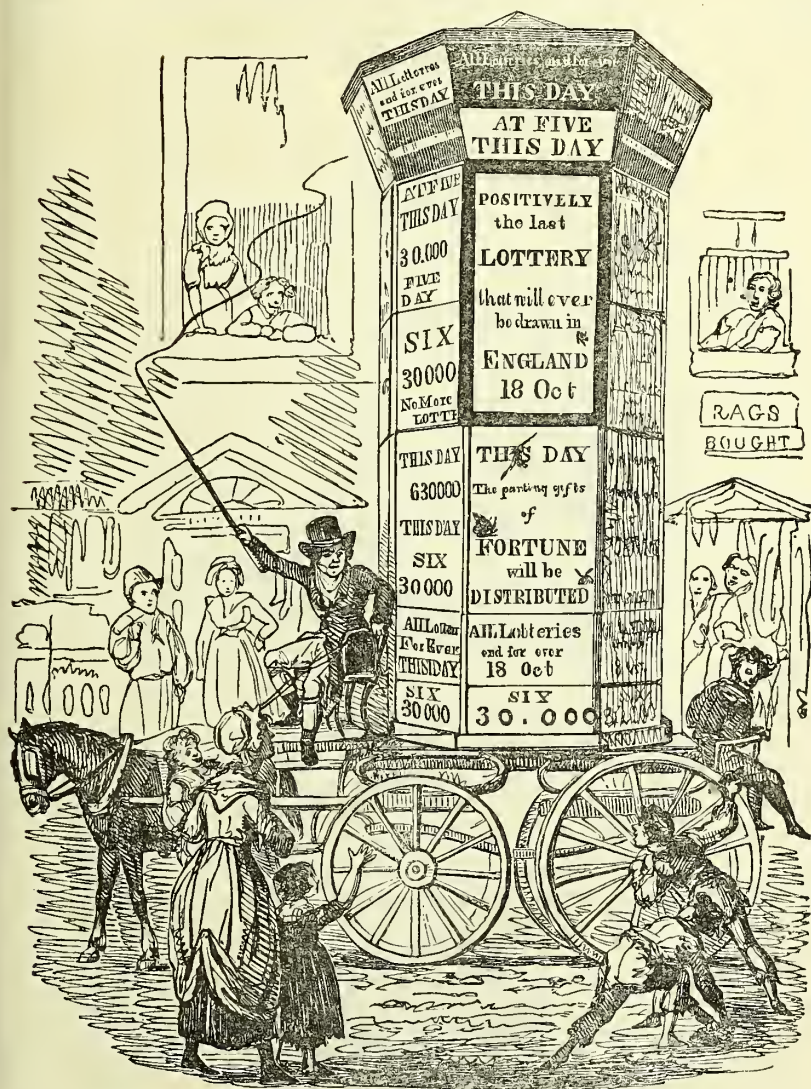
"RIC. ERLE WARWYKE."

This letter is not dated, as to the year, but is known from circumstances to have been written before 1455. Sir Thomas Toddingham was a wealthy knight of Norfolk, who had an unfortunate marriage with one of the Wodehouses. The epistle shows the importance of ten, or twenty pounds, when rents were chiefly received in kind, and the difference between one degree of wealth and another, was exemplified by the number of a baron's retainers. "Now," says Burke, "we have a ton of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury."^{*}

"DEATH OF THE LOTTERY."

Introductory to particulars respecting *Lotteries*, two engravings are inserted, representing exhibitions that appeared in the streets of the metropolis, with the intent to excite adventure in "the last state lottery that will ever be drawn in England."

^{*} *Morning Herald*, Sept. 3, 1817.



The last Stage of the last State Lottery.

A BALLAD, 1826.

A lazy sot grew sober
By looking at his troubles,
For he found out how
He work'd his woe,
By playing with Lott'ry bubbles.

And just before October,
The *grand* contractors, zealous
To share their *last* ills,
With puffs and bills,
Drove all the quack-doctors jealous.

Their *bill-and-cue* carts slowly
 Paced Holborn and Long Acre,
 Like a funeral
 Not mourn'd at all,
 The bury'ng an undertaker.

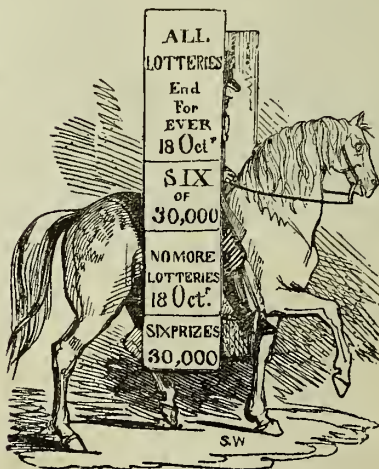
Clerks smiled, and whisper'd lowly :
 " This is the time or never
 There *must* be a rise —
 Buy, and be wise,
 Or your chance is gone for ever."

Yet, of the shares and tickets,
 Spite of all arts to sell 'em,
 There were more unsold
 Than dare be told ;
 Although, if I knew, I'd tell'em.

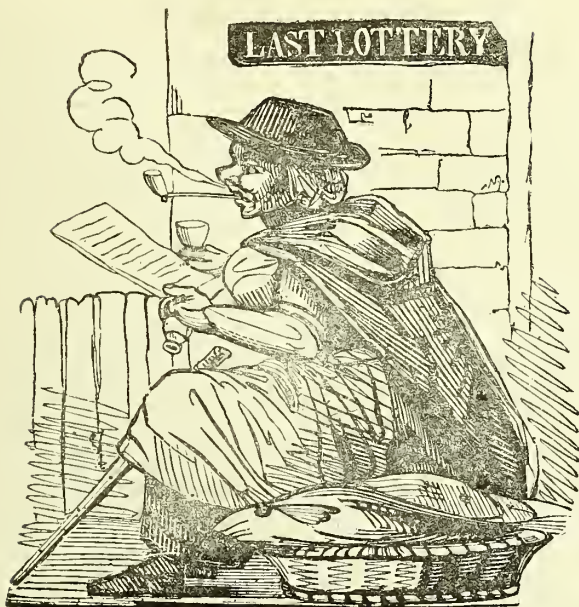
And so, worn out with rickets,
 The *last* " Last Lott'ry" expired ;
 And then there were cries—
 " We've gained a *prize*
 By the *loss* we've so long desired :

" The lott'ry drew the humble
 Often aside from his labour,
 To build in the air,
 And, dwelling there,
 He beggar'd himself and neighbour.

" If the scheme-makers tumble
 Down to their proper station.
 They must starve, or work,
 Turn thief, or Turk,
 Or hang, for the good o' th' nation."



‘ The Last.’



What's the odds?—while I am floundering here the gold fish will be gone; and as I always was a dab at hooking the right Numbers, I must cast for a Share of the SIX £30,000 on the 18th JULY, for it is but “giving a Sprat to catch a Herring” as a body may say, and it is the last chance we shall have in England.

Memorandum.

The above engraving is copied from one of the same size to a lottery bill of 1826: its inscription is verbatim the same as that below the original. In after days,

this may be looked on with interest, as a specimen of the means to which the lottery schemers were reduced, in order to attract attention to “the last.”

COLLECTIONS RESPECTING LOTTERIES

1569.—THE FIRST LOTTERY.

Dr. Rawlinson, a distinguished antiquary, produced to the Antiquarian society, in 1748, “A Proposal for a very rich Lottery, general without any Blankes, containyng a great N^o of good prices, as well of redy money as of Plate and certain sorts of Merchandizes, having been valued and prised by the Commandment of the
VOL. II.—97.

Queenes most excellent Majesties order, to the entent that such Commodities as may chance to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towards the reparations of the Havens and Strength of the realme, and towards such other public good workes. The N^o of lotts shall be foure hundred thousand, and no more; and every lott shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling only, and no

more. To be filled by the feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of Prises ar to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queenes armes, the house of Mr. Dericke, Goldsmith, Servant to the Queen. Some other Orders about it in 1567-8. Printed by Hen. Bynneman."

This is the earliest lottery of which we have any account. According to Stow, it was begun to be drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, on the 11th of January, 1569, (11th of Elizabeth,) and continued incessantly drawing, *day and night*, till the 6th of May following.* It was at first intended to have been drawn "at the house of Mr. Dericke," who was the queen's jeweller.† "Whether," says Maitland, "this lottery was on account of the public, or the selfish views of private persons, my author‡ does not mention; but 'tis evident, by the time it took up in drawing, it must have been of great concern. This I have remarked as being the first of the kind I read in England." Maitland does not seem to have been acquainted with Dr. Rawlinson's communication of the printed "Proposal" for it to the society of Antiquaries, which, as it states that the "commodities," or profits, arising therefrom were to be appropriated to the "reparations of the havens and strength of the realme," obviates all doubt as to its being "on account of the public."

In 1586, 28th of the reign of Elizabeth, "A Lotterie, for marvellous rich and beautifull armor, was begunne to be drawn at London, in S. Paules church-yard, at the great west gate, (an house of timber and boord being there erected for that purpose,) on St. Peter's day in the morning, which lotterie continued in drawing day and night for the space of two or three daies."§ Of this lottery it is said, in lord Burghley's Diary, at the end of Murden's State papers, "June, 1586, the lottery of armour under the charge of John Calthorp determined."|| This is the second English lottery of which mention has been made.

In 1619, 16th of James I., it appears, from the following entry in the register

of charitable gifts to the corporation or Reading, that a lottery was held in that town. "Whereas at a Lottery held within the Borough of Reading, in the Year of our Ld. God 1619, Gabriel Barber Gent. Agent in the sd. Lottery for the Councell & Company of Virginia of his own good Will & Charity towarde poor Tradesmen freemen & Inhabitants of the sd. Borough of Reading, & for the better enabling such poor Tradesmen to support & bear their Charges in their several Places & Callings in the sd. Corporation from time to time for ever freely gave & delivered to the Mayor & Burgesses of this Corporation the Sum of forty Pounds of lawfull Money of England Upon Special Trust & Confidence, that the sd. Mayor & Burgesses & their Successors shall from time to time for ever dispose & lend these 40l. to & amongst Six poor Tradesmen after the rate of 06l. 13s. 4d. to each Man for the Term of five Years gratis And after those five Years ended to dispose & lend the sd. 40l. by Such Soms to Six other poor Tradesmen for other five Years & so from five years to five years Successively upon good Security for ever Nevertheless provided & upon Condition that none of those to whom the sd. Summs of mony shall be lent during that Term of five years shall keep either Inn or Tavern or dwell forth of the sd. Borough, but there during that time and terme, shall as other Inhabitants of the sd. Borough reside & dwell.

"Memorand. that the sd. Sum of 40l. came not into the hands & charge of the Mayor & Burgesses until April 1626."

This extract was communicated to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1778, by a correspondent, who, referring to this gift of "Gabriel Barber, gent., agent in the said lottery," says, "If it be asked what is become of it now? *gone*, it is supposed, *where the chickens went before* during the pious protectorship of Cromwell."

In 1630, 6th Charles I., there was a project "for the conveying of certain springs of water into London and Westminster, from within a mile and a half of Hodsdon, in Hertfordshire, by the undertakers, Sir Edward Stradling and John Lyde." The author of this project was one Michael Parker. "For defraying the expences whereof, king Charles grants them a special license to erect and publish a lottery or lotteries; *according*" says

* Maitland's London.

† Gentleman's Magazine, 1778.

‡ Stow, in his Annals.

§ Ibid.

|| Gentleman's Magazine, 1798.

the record, "*to the course of other lotteries heretofore used or practised.*" This is the first mention of lotteries either in the *Fœdera* or Statute-book. "And, for the sole privilege of bringing the said waters in aqueducts to London, they were to pay four thousand pounds per annum into the king's exchequer: and, the better to enable them to make the said large annual payment, the king grants them leave to bring their aqueducts

through any of his parks, chases, lands, &c., and to dig up the same gratis."*

It 1653, during the commonwealth, there was a lottery at Grocers' Hall, which appears to have escaped the observation of the inquirers concerning this species of adventure. It is noticed in an old weekly newspaper, called "Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence 16-23 November 1653," by the following

Advertisement.

At the Committee for Claims for Lands in Ireland,

Ordered, That a Lottery be at Grocers-Hall London, on Thursday 15 Decem. 1653, both for Provinces and Counties, to begin at 8 of the clock in the forenoon of the same day; and all persons concerned therein are to take notice thereof.

W. Tibbs.

Under Charles II., the crown, with a view to reward its adherents who resided within the bills of mortality, and had served it with fidelity during the interregnum, granted "Plate Lotteries;" by which is to be understood a gift of plate from the crown, to be disposed of in that manner as prizes, with permission to sell tickets. According to the Gazette, in April 1669, Charles II., the duke of York, (afterwards James II.,) and many of the nobility were present "at the grand plate lottery, which, by his majesty's command, was then opened at the sign of the Mermaid over against the mews." This was the origin of endless schemes, under the titles of "Royal Oak," "Twelve-penny Lotteries," &c., which will be adverted to presently. They may be further understood by an intimation, published soon after the drawing sanctioned by the royal visitors, in these words, "This is to give notice, that any persons who are desirous to farm any of the counties within the kingdom of England or dominion of Wales, in order to the setting up of a plate lottery, or any other lottery whatsoever, may repair to the lottery office, at Mr. Philips's house, in Mermaid-court over against the mews; where they may contract with the trustees commissioned by his majesty's letters patent for the management of the said patent, on the behalf of the truly loyal,

indigent officers."† In those times, the crown exceeded its prerogative by issuing these patents, and the law was not put in motion to question them.

Book Lotteries.

During the reign of Charles II. lotteries were drawn at the theatres. At Vere-street theatre, which stood in Bear-yard, to which there is an entrance through a passage at the south-west corner of Lincolns'-inn-fields, another from Vere-street, and a third from Clare-market, Killigrew's company performed during the seasons of 1661 and 1662, and part of 1663, when they removed to the new built theatre in Drury-lane; and the Vere-street theatre was probably unoccupied until Mr. Ogilby, the author of the now useless, though then useful "*Itinerarium Angliæ, or Book of Roads,*" adopted it, as standing in a popular neighbourhood, for the temporary purpose of drawing a lottery of books, which took place in 1668.

Books were often the species of property held out as a lure to adventurers, by way of lottery, for the benefit of the suffering loyalists. Among these, Blome's *Recreations*, and Gwillim's *Heraldry*, first edition, may be mentioned. In the *Ga-*

* Anderson's History of Commerce.
† Malcolm's Manners.

zette of May 18, 1668, is the following advertisement: "Mr. Ogilby's lottery of books opens on Monday the 25th instant, at the old Theatre between Lincoln's-inn-fields and Vere-street; where all persons concerned may repair on Monday, May 18, and see the volumes, and put in their money." On May 25th is announced, "Mr. Ogilby's lottery of books (adventurers coming in so fast that they cannot in so short time be methodically registered) opens not till Tuesday the 2d of June; then not failing to draw; at the old Theatre between Lincoln's-inn-fields and Vere-street."

A correspondent, under the signature of "A Bibliographer," communicates to the "Gentleman's Magazine," from whence the notice respecting these book lotteries is extracted, one of Ogilby's Proposals as a curiosity, in which light it is certainly to be regarded, and therefore it has a place here, as follows:—

A SECOND PROPOSAL, by the author, for the better and more speedy vendition of several volumes, (his own works,) by the way of a standing *Lottery*, licensed by his royal highness the duke of York, and assistants of the corporation of the royal fishing.

WHEREAS *John Ogilby*, esq., erected a standing lottery of books, and completely furnished the same with very large, fair, and special volumes, all of his own designment and composure, at vast expense, labour, and study of twenty years; the like impressions never before exhibited in the English tongue. Which, according to the appointed time, on the 10th of May, 1665, opened; and to the general satisfaction of the adventurers, with no less hopes of a clear despatch and fair advantage to the author, was several days in drawing: when its proceedings were stopt by the then growing sickness, and lay discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year's more violent and sudden visitation, the late dreadful and surprising conflagration, swallowed the remainder, being two parts of three, to the value of three thousand pounds and upward, in that unimaginable deluge. Therefore, to repair in some manner his so much commiserated losses, by the advice of many his patrons, friends, and especially by the incitations of his former adventurers, he resolves, and hath already prepared, not only to reprint all his own former editions,

but others that are new, of equal value and like estimation by their embellishments, and never yet published; with some remains of the first impressions, relics preserved in several hands from the fire; to set up a second standing lottery, where such the discrimination of fortune shall be, that few or none shall return with a dissatisfying chance. The whole draught being of greater advantage by much (to the adventurers) than the former. And accordingly, after publication, the author opened his office, where they might put in their first encouragements, (*viz.*) twenty shillings, and twenty more at the reception of their fortune, and also see those several magnificent volumes, which their varied fortune (none being bad) should present them.

* But, the author now finding more difficulty than he expected, since many of his promisers (who also received great store of tickets to dispose of, towards promotion of his business) though seeming well resolved and very willing, yet straining courtesy not to go foremost in paying their monies, linger out, driving it off till near the time appointed for drawing; which dilatoriness: (since despatch is the soul and life to his proposal, his only advantage a speedy vendition :) and also observing how that a money dearth, a silver famine, slackens and cools the courage of adventurers; through which hazy humours magnifying medium shillings loome like crowns, and each forty shillings a ten pound heap. Therefore, according to the present humour now reigning, he intends to adequate his design; and this seeming too large-roomed, standing lottery, new modelled into many less and more likely to be taken tenements, which shall not open only a larger prospect of pleasing hopes, but more real advantage to the adventurer. Which are now to be disposed of thus: the whole mass of books or volumes, being the same without addition or diminution, amounting according to their known value (being the prices they have been usually disposed at) to thirteen

* "Whereas some give out that they could never receive their books after they were drawn in the first lottery, the author declares, and it will be attested, that of seven hundred prizes that were drawn, there were not six remaining Prizes that suffered with his in the fire; for the drawing being on the 10th of May, 1665, the office did then continue open for the delivery of the same (though the contagion much raged) until the latter end of July following; and opened again, to attend the delivery, in April, 1666, whither persons repaired daily for their prizes, and continued open until the fire."

thousand seven hundred pounds; so that the adventurers will have the above said volumes (if all are drawn) for less than two thirds of what they would yield in process of time, book by book. He now resolves to attemper, or mingle each prize with four allaying blanks; so bringing down, by this means, the market from double pounds to single crowns.

THE PROPOSITIONS.—First, whosoever will be pleased to put in five shillings shall draw a lot, his fortune to receive the greatest or meanest prize, or throw away his intended spending money on a blank. Secondly, whoever will adventure deeper, putting in twenty-five shillings, shall receive, if such his bad fortune be that he draws all blanks, a prize presented to him by the author of more value than his money (if offered to be sold) though proffered ware, &c. Thirdly, who thinks fit to put in for eight lots forty shillings shall receive nine, and the advantage of their free choice (if all blanks) of either of the works complete, *viz.* Homer's Iliads and Odyssees, or Æsop the first and second volumes, the China book, or Virgil. Of which,

The first and greatest Prize contains

1 Lot, Number 1.

An imperial Bible with Chorographical and an hundred historical sculps, valued at... 25*l*.
Virgil translated, with sculps and annotations, val. 5*l*.
Homer's Iliads, adorned with sculps, val. . . 5*l*.
Homer's Odyssees, adorned with sculps, val. 4*l*.
Æsop's Fables paraphrased and sculpted, in folio, val. 3*l*.
A second Collection of Æsopick Fables, adorned with sculps, never * * * * *

* * * * * [*Imperfect.*] * * *

His Majesty's Entertainment passing through the city of London, and Coronation.

These are one of each, of all the books contained in the Lottery, the whole value... 51*l*.

The Second Prize contains

1 Lot, Num. 2.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, val. 25*l*.
Homer complete, in English, val. 9*l*.
Virgil, val. 5*l*.
Æsop complete, val. 6*l*.
The Description of China, val. 4*l*.
In all 49 Pound.

The Third Prize contains

1 Lot, Num. 3.

One royal Bible with all the sculps 10*l*.
Homer's Works in English, val. 9*l*.
Virgil translated, with sculps and annotations, val. 5*l*.
The first and second vol. of Æsop, val. . . . 6*l*.
The Description of China, val. 4*l*.
Entertainment, val. 2*l*.
In all 36 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 4.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, val. 25*l*.
Æsop's Fables the first and second vol. val. 6*l*.
In all 31 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 5.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, val. 25*l*.
Virgil translated, with sculps, val. 5*l*.
In all 30 Pound.*

1 Lot, Num. 6.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, val. 25*l*.
And a Description of China, val. 4*l*.
In all 29 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 7.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, and a new Æsop, val. 28*l*.

1 Lot, Num. 8.

One imperial Bible with all the sculps, val. 25*l*.

1 Lot, Num. 9.

A royal Bible with all the sculps, val. 10*l*.
A Description of China, val. 4*l*.
And a Homer complete, val. 9*l*.
In all 23 Pound

1 Lot, Num. 10.

A royal Bible with all the sculps, val. 10*l*.
A Virgil complete, val. 5*l*.
Æsop's Fables the first and second vols. val. 6*l*.
In all 21 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 11.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
And a Homer's Works complete, val. 9*l*.
In all 19 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 12.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
And both the Æsops, val. 6*l*.
In all 16 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 13.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
A Virgil complete in English, val. 5*l*.
In all 15 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 14.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
A Description of China, val. 4*l*.
In all 14 Pound.

* * * * * [*Imperfect.*] * * *

1 Lot, Num. 16.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
The second volume of Æsop, val. 3*l*.
In all 13 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 17.

One royal Bible with all the sculps, val. . . 10*l*.
And an Entertainment, val. 2*l*.
In all 12 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 18.

One royal Bible with all the sculps. val. . . 10*l*.

1 Lot, Num. 19.

One royal Bible with Chorograph. and sculps, val. 5*l*.
One Virgil complete, val. 5*l*.
In all 10 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 20.

One royal Bible with Chorographical sculps, val. 5*l*.
And a Homer's Iliads, val. 5*l*.
In all 10 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 21.

One royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.
And a Homer's Odyssees, val. 4*l*.
In all 9 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 22.

One royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.
And a Description of China, val. 4*l*.
In all 9 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 23.

One royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.
And Æsop complete, val. 6*l*.
In all 11 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 24.

A royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.
And Æsop the first volume, val. 3*l*.
In all 8 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 25.

A royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.
And Æsop the second volume, val. 3*l*.
In all 8 Pound.

1 Lot, Num. 26.

A royal Bible, ruled, with Chorographical
sculps, val. 6*l*.

1 Lot, Num. 27.

A royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
ruled, val. 6*l*.

1 Lot, Num. 28.

One royal Bible with Chorographical sculps,
val. 5*l*.

10 Lot, Num. 29.

Each a Homer complete, val. 9*l*.

10 Lot, Num. 30.

Each a double Æsop complete, val. 6*l*.
520 Lot, Num. 31.

Each a Homer's Iliads, val. 5*l*.
520 Lot, Num. 32.

Each a Homer's Odyssees, val. 4*l*.
570 Lot, Num. 33.

Each a Virgil complete, val. 5*l*.
570 Lot, Num. 34.

Each a China Book, val. 4*l*.
570 Lot, Num. 35.

Each the first volume of Æsop, val. 3*l*.
570 Lot, Num. 36.

Each the second volume of Æsop, val. .. 3*l*.

The whole number of the lots three thousand, three hundred, and sixty-eight. The number of the blanks as above ordered; so that the total received is but four thousand, one hundred, and ten pounds.

The office where their monies are to be paid in, and they receive their tickets, and where the several volumes or prizes may be daily seen, (by which visual speculation understanding their real worth better than by the ear or a printed paper,) is kept at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's

church, Fleet-street. The adventurers may also repair, for their better convenience, to pay in their monies, to Mr. Peter Cleyton, over against the Dutch church, in Austin-friars, and to Mr. Baker, near Broad-street, entering the South-door of the Exchange, and to Mr. Roycroft, in Bartholomew-close.

The certain day of drawing, the author promiset (though but half full) to be the twenty-third of May next. Therefore all persons that are willing to adventure, are desired to bring or send in their monies with their names, or what other inscription or motto they will, by which to know their own, by the ninth of May next, it being Whitson-eve, that the author may have time to put up the lots and inscriptions into their respective boxes.

D.H., one of Mr. Urban's contributors, mentions that he had seen an undated "Address to the Learned: or, an advantageous lottery for Books in quires; wherein each adventurer of a guinea is sure of a prize of two pound value; and it is but four to one that he has a prize of three, six, eight, twelve, or fifty pounds, as appears by the following proposals:" one thousand five hundred lots, at 1*l*. 1*s*. each, to be drawn with the lots out of two glasses, superintended by John Lilly and Edward Darrel, esqrs., Mr. Deputy Collins, and Mr. William Proctor, stationer, two lots of 50*l*., ten of 12*l*., twenty of 8*l*., sixty-eight of 6*l*., two hundred of 3*l*., one thousand two hundred of 3*l*. The undertakers were: Thomas Leigh, and D. Midwinter, at the Rose and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Aylmer, at the Three Pigeons, and Mr. Richard Parker, under the Piazza of the Royal Exchange; Mr. Nicholson, in Little Britain; Mr. Took, at the Middle Temple gate, Fleet-street; Mr. Brown, at the Black Swan, without Temple-bar; Mr. Sare, at Gray's-inn gate; Mr. Lownds, at the Savoy gate; Mr. Castle, near Scotland-yard gate; and Mr. Gillyflower, in Westminster-hall, booksellers.

Letters patent in behalf of the loyalists were from time to time renewed, and, from the Gazette of October 11, 1675, it appears by those dated June 19, and December 17, 1674, there were granted for thirteen years to come, "all lotteries whatsoever, invented or to be invented, to several truly loyal and indigent officers,

in consideration of their many faithful services and sufferings, with prohibition to all others to use or set up the said lotteries," unless deputations were obtained from those officers.

A PENNY LOTTERY.

The most popular of all the schemes was that drawn at the Dorset-garden theatre, near Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, with the capital prize of a thousand pound for a penny. The drawing began October 19, 1698; and, in the *Protestant Mercury* of the following day, "its fairness (was said) to give universal content to all that were concerned." In the next paper is found an inconsistent and frivolous story, as to the possessor of the prize: "Some time since, a boy near Branford, going to school one morning, met an old woman, who asked his charity; the boy replied, he had nothing to give her but a piece of bread and butter, which she accepted. Some time after, she met the boy again, and told him she had good luck after his bread and butter, and therefore would give him a penny, which, after some years' keeping, would produce many pounds: he accordingly kept it a great while; and at last, with some friend's advice, put it into the penny lottery, and we are informed that on Tuesday last the said lot came up with 1000*l.* prize." However absurd this relation appears, it must be recollected those to whom it was principally addressed had given proof of having sufficient credulity for such a tale, in believing that two hundred and forty thousand shares could be disposed of and appropriated to a single number, independent of other prizes. The scheme of the "Penny Lottery" was assailed in a tract, intitled "The Wheel of Fortune, or Nothing for a Penny; being remarks on the drawing of the Penny Lottery at the Theatre Royal, in Dorset-Garden," 1698, 4to. Afterwards at this theatre there was a short exhibition of prize-fighters; and the building was totally deserted in 1703.

In 1698-9, schemes were started, called "The Lucky Adventure; or, Fortunate Chance, being 2000*l.* for a groat, or 3000*l.* for a shilling:" and "Fortunatus, or another adventure of 1000*l.* for a penny:" but purchasers were more wary, and the money returned in both cases.—The patentees also advertised against the "Marble-board, alias the Woollich-board lotteries; the Figure-board, alias the

Whimsey-board, and the Wyreboard lotteries."*

These patents of the Restoration seem to have occasioned considerable strife between the parties who worked under them. The following verses from "The Post Boy, January 3, 1698," afford some insight to their estimation among sensible people:—

A DIALOGUE *between the NEW LOTTERIES and the ROYAL OAK.*

New Lott. To you, the mother of our schools,

Where knaves by licence manage fools,
Finding fit juncture and occasion,
To pick the pockets of the nation;
We come to know how we must treat 'em,
And to their heart's content may cheat 'em.

Oak. It cheers my aged heart to see
So numerous a progeny;
I find by you, that 'tis heaven's will
That knavery should flourish still.
You have docility and wit,
And fools were never wanting yet.

Observe the crafty auctioneer,
His art to sell waste paper dear;
When he for salmon baits his hooks,
That cormorant of offal books,
Who bites, as sure as maggots breed,
Or carrion crows on horse-flesh feed;
Fair specious titles him deceive,
To sweep what Sl—— and T——n leave.

If greedy gulls you would ensnare,
Make 'em proposals wondrous fair;
Tell him strange golden show'rs shall fall,
And promise mountains to 'em all.

New Lott. That craft we've already taught,

And by that trick have millions caught;
Books, bawbles, toys, all sorts of stuff,
Have gone off this way well enough.
Nay, music, too, invades our art,
And to some tune would play her part.
I'll show you now what we are doing,
For we have divers wheels agoing.
We now have found out richer lands
Than Asia's hills, or Afric's sands,
And to vast treasures must give birth,
Deep hid in bowels of the earth;
In fertile Wales, and God knows where,
Rich mines of gold and silver are,
From whence we drain prodigious store
Of silver coin'd, tho' none in ore,
Which down our throats rich coxcombs pour,
In hopes to make us vomit more.

Oak. This project surely must be good,
Because not eas'ly understood:
Besides, it gives a mighty scope
To the fool's argument—vain hope.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

No eagle's eye the cheat can see,
Thro' hope thus back'd by mystery.

New Lott. We have, besides, a thousand more,

For great and small, for rich and poor,
From him that can his thousands spare,
Down to the penny customer.

Oak. The silly mob in crowds will run,
To be at easy rates undone.

! gimcrack-show draws in the rout,
Thousands their all by pence lay out.

New Lott. We, by experience, find it true,

But we have methods wholly new,
Strange late-invented ways to thrive,
To make men pay for what they give,

To get the rents into our hands
Of their hereditary lands,

And out of what does thence arise,
To make 'em buy annuities.

We've mathematic combination,
To cheat folks by plain demonstration,

Which shall be fairly manag'd too,
The undertaker knows not how.

Besides —

Oak. Pray, hold a little, here's enough,

To beggar Europe of this stuff.

Go on, and prosper, and be great,

I am to you a puny cheat

The “Royal-Oak Lottery,” as the rival
if not the parent of the various other de-
moralizing schemes, obtained the largest
share of public odium. The evils it had
created are popularly set forth in a re-
markable tract, entitled “The Arraign-
ment, Trial, and Condemnation of *Squire
Lottery*, alias *Royal-Oak Lottery*, London,
1699,” 8vo. The charges against the of-
fender are arrayed under the forms im-
ported by the title-page. The following
extracts are in some respects curious, as
exemplifying the manners of the times :—

*Die Lunæ vicesimo die Martii 1698.
Anno Regni, &c.*

At the Time and Place appointed, came
on the Trial of *Squire Lottery*, alias *Royal-
Oak Lottery*, for abundance of intolerable
Tricks, Cheats, and high Misdemeanours,
upon an Indictment lately found against
him, in order to a National Delivery.

About ten of the Clock, the day and
year abovesaid, the Managers came into
the Court, where, in the presence of a
vast confluence of People of all Ranks,
the Prisoner was ordered to the Bar.

Proclamation being made, and a Jury
of good Cits which were to try the Pri-
soner being sworn, the Indictment against
Squire Lottery, alias *Royal-Oak Lottery*,
was read.

• Malcolin's Manners.

The Jurors' Names.

Mr. *Positive*, a Draper in *Covent Garden*.

Mr. *Squander*, an Oilman in *Fleet-street*.

Mr. *Pert*, a Tobacconist, *ditto*.

Mr. *Captious*, a Milliner in *Paternoster-
Row*.

Mr. *Feeble*, a Coffeeman near the *Change*.

Mr. *Altrick*, a Merchant in *Gracechurch-
street*.

Mr. *Haughty*, a Vintner by *Grays-Inn*,
Holborn.

Mr. *Jealous*, a Cutler at *Charing-Cross*.

Mr. *Peevish*, a Bookseller in *St. Paul's
Church-yard*.

Mr. *Spilbook*, near *Fleet-bridge*.

Mr. *Noysie*, a Silkman upon *Ludgate-hill*.

Mr. *Finical*, a Barber in *Cheapside*.

Cl. of Ma. Squire Lottery, alias *Royal-
Oak Lottery*, you stand Indicted by the
Name of *Squire Lottery*, alias *Royal-Oak
Lottery*, for that you the said *Squire
Lottery*, not having the Fear of God in
your Heart; nor weighing the Regard
and Duty you owe, and of right ought to
pay to the Interest, Safety, and Satisfac-
tion of your Fellow-Subjects; have from
time to time, and at several times, and in
several places, contrary to the known
Laws of this Kingdom, under the shadow
and coverture of a Royal Oak, propagated,
continued, and carried on a most unequal,
intricate, and insinuating Game, to the
utter ruin and destruction of many thou-
sand Families: And that you the said
Squire Lottery, alias *Royal-Oak Lottery*,
as a common Enemy to all young People,
and an inveterate Hater of all good Con-
versation and Diversion, have, for many
years last past, and do still continue, by
certain cunning Tricks and Stratagems,
insidiously, falsely, and impiously, to
trepan, deceive, cheat, decoy, and entice
divers Ladies, Gentlemen, Citizens, Ap-
prentices, and others, to play away their
Money at manifest Odds and Disadvan-
tage. And that you the said *Squire
Lottery*, alias *Royal-Oak Lottery*, the
more secretly and effectually to carry on
and propagate your base, malicious, and
covetous Designs and Practices, did, and
do still encourage several lewd and disorderly
Persons, to meet, propose, treat,
consult, consent, and agree upon several
unjust and illegal Methods, how to en-
snare and entangle People into your de-
lusive Game; by which means you have,
for many years last past, utterly, intirely,
and irrecoverably, contrary to all manner
of Justice, Humanity, or good Nature,

despoiled, depraved, and defrauded, an incredible number of Persons of every Rank, Age, Sex, and Condition, of all their Lands, Goods, and Effects; and from the Ruins of multitudes built fine Houses, and purchased large Estates, to the great scandal and reflection on the Wisdom of the Nation, for suffering such an intolerable Impostor to pass so long unpunished. What say'st thou, *Squire Lottery*, art thou guilty of the aforesaid Crimes, Cheats, Tricks, and Misdemeanours thou standest Indicted of, or not Guilty?

Lottery. Not Guilty. But, before I proceed to make my Defence, I beg I may be permitted the assistance of three or four learned Sharpers to plead for me, in case any Matter of Law arise.

This being assented to, the Managers of the Prosecution made their speeches in support of the Charge, and called Captain *Pasthope*.

1st Man. Sir, Do you know *Squire Lottery*, the Prisoner at the Bar?

Pasthope. Yes, I have known him intimately for near forty years; ever since the Restoration of King *Charles*.

1st Man. Pray will you give the Bench and Jury an Account what you know of him; how he came into *England*, and how he has behaved himself ever since.

Pasthope. In order to make my Evidence more plain, I hope it will not be judg'd much out of form, to premise two or three things.

1st Man. Mr. *Pasthope*, Take your own method to explain yourself; we must not abridge or direct you in any respect.

Pasthope. In the years 60 and 61, among a great many poor Cavaliers, 'twas my hard fate to be driven to Court for a Subsistence, where I continued in a neglected state, painfully waiting the moving of the Waters 'or several months; when at last a Rumour was spread, that a certain Stranger was lauded in *England*, that in all probability, if we could get him the Sanction of a Patent, would be a good Friend to us all.

Man. You seem to intimate as if he was a Stranger; pray, do you know what Countryman he was?

Pasthope. The report of his Country was very different; some would have him a *Walloon*, some a *Dutchman*, some a *Venetian*, and others a *Frenchman* indeed by his Policy, cunning Design, Forethought, &c. I am very well satisfied he could be no *Englishman*.

Man. What kind of Credentials did he

bring with him to recommend him with so much advantage?

Pasthope. Why, he cunningly took upon him the Character of a *Royal-Oak Lottery*, and pretended a mighty Friendship to antiquated Loyalists: but for all that, there were those at Court that knew he had been banish'd out of several Countries for disorderly Practices, till at last he pitch'd upon poor easy credulous *England* for his Refuge.

Man. You say then, he was a Foreigner, that he came in with the Restoration, usurp'd the Title of a *Royal Oak*, was establish'd in Friendship to the Cavaliers, and that for disorderly Practices he had been banish'd out of several Countries; till at last he was forc'd to fix upon *England* as the fittest *Asylum*. But pray, Sir, how came you so intimately acquainted with him at first?

Pasthope. I was about to tell you. In order to manage his Affairs, it was thought requisite he should be provided with several Coadjutors, which were to be dignify'd with the Character of *Patentees*; amongst which number, by the help of a friendly Courtier, I was admitted for one.

Man. Oh! then I find you was a Patentee. Pray, how long did you continue in your Patentee's Post? and what were the Reasons that urg'd you to quit it at last?

Pasthope. I kept my Patentee's Station nine years, in which time I had clear'd 4000*l.*, and then, upon some Uneasiness and Dislike, I sold it for 700*l.*

Man. Pray, Captain, tell the Court more fully what was the Reason that prevail'd with you to relinquish such a profitable place.

Pasthope. I had two very strong Reasons for quitting my Post; *viz.* Remorse of Conscience, and Apprehension of consequent Danger. To tell you the truth, I saw so many bad Practices encourag'd and supported, and so many persons of both Sexes ruin'd; I saw so much Villany perfected and projected, and so many other intolerable Mischiefs within the compass of every day's Proceeding, that partly through the stings of my Mind and the apprehensions I was under of the Mob, with a great deal of Reluctancy I quitted my Post.

Man. Captain, I find you're nicely qualify'd for an Evidence, pray, therefore, give the Court an Account what Methods the Prisoner us'd to take to advance his business.

Pasthope. The way in my time, and I suppose 'tis the same still, was to send out Sharpers and Setters into all parts of the Town, and to give 'em direction to magnify the Advantage, Equality, and Justice of his Game, in order to decoy Women and Fools to come and play away their Money.

Man. Well, but sure he had no Women or Fools of Quality, Rank, or Reputation, that came to him? According to the common Report that passes upon him, there's none but the very Scoundrels and Rabble, the very Dregs and Refuse of Fools, will think him worth their Conversation.

Pasthope. Truly, he had 'em of all sorts, as well Lord-fools and Lady-fools, Knight-fools and Esquire-fools, or any other sort of Fools: and, indeed, he made no difference between 'em neither; a Cobbler-fool had as much respect as a Lord-fool, in proportion to the money he had in his Pocket; and *pro hac vice* had as extensive a Qualification to command, domineer, and hector, as the best Fool of 'em all.

Man. Did you never observe any of these Fools to get any money of him? I can't imagine what it could be that could influence 'em to embark with him, if there was nothing to be got.

Pasthope. There was never any body that ever got any thing of him in the main: now and then one by chance might carry off a small matter; and so 'twas necessary they should, for otherwise his Constitution must dissolve in course.

Man. 'Tis a great mystery to me, that so many People should pursue a Game where every body's a Loser at last; but pray, Captain, then, what are the odds the Prisoner is reputed to have against those that play with him?

Pasthope. No body can tell you their Advantage; 'tis a cunning intricate *Con-texture*, and truly I very much question whether the original Projector himself had a perfect Idea of the Odds: at a full Table and deep Play, I have seen him clear 600*l.* less than an hour.

Man. What are the Odds he owns himself?

Pasthope. Only 32 Figures against 27, which indeed is Odds enough to insure all the money at length. But this, it seems, was an Advantage that was allow'd him, that he might be able to keep a good House, relieve the Poor, and pay an annual Pension to the Crown or the Courtiers.

Man. You say, by his original Agree-

ment he's to keep a good House: pray after all, what sort of House is it he does keep?

Past. Why, he dines at the Tavern, where any body that has 40 or 50*l.* to play away with him the Afternoon, may be admitted into his Company.

Man. What, does he entertain none but those that have 40 or 50*l.* to lose?

Past. He never converses with any Person that has no money: if they have no money, their Company's burdensome and ungrateful, and the Waiters have Directions to keep 'em out.

Man. Does he do this to the very Persons he has ruin'd, and won all they have? That, methinks, is a pitch of Barbarity beyond the common degree: I hardly ever read or heard of any thing so exaltedly cruel and brutish, in all the Accounts of my Life.

Past. I have seen abundance of Examples of this nature, one, in particular, which I shall never forget; a poor Lady, that had lost 350*l. per annum* to him, beside two or three thousand pounds in ready money, basely and inhumanly hal'd out of doors, but for asking for a glass of Sack.

Man. You were mentioning his Charity to the Poor too; is there any thing of reality in that?

Past. For my part, I never heard of one good Act he has done in the whole course of his Life: secret Charity is the most meritorious, 'tis true; and perhaps it may be that way he may communicate his, for indeed I never heard of any he did in publick.

Man. You were mentioning too an annual Pension to the Crown; what is it he pays to the Crown?

Past. Indeed I cannot be positive in that: to the best of my remembrance 'tis four thousand pounds *per annum*: in compensation for which, beside the general liberty he has to cheat and abuse the World, he has the sole Privilege of Licensing all other Cheats and Impostors, commonly known by the Name of Lotteries.

2d Man. You were speaking something, Captain *Pasthope*, just now, as if the Prisoner was intrusted with these Advantages for the benefit of some poor Cavaliers, which were to be the Patentees, as you call 'em. Pray tell the Jury what kind of Cavaliers these Patentees were.

Past. That was all but a Blind, a pure Trick to deceive the World: the Patentees, in the main, were either Sharpers or broken Tradesman, or some such sort of

Vermin, that had cunningly twisted themselves into the business under the shadow of Cavaliers.

Man. Pray, what Opinion had the World of the Prisoner when he first came to be known in *England*?

Pasthope. The same that it has of him now: all wise men look'd upon him as a Cheat, and a dangerous Spark to be let loose in publick among our English Youth: and indeed I have heard a great many sober men pass very sharp Censures upon the Wisdom of the Court for intrusting him with a Royal Authority.

Man. What kind of Censures were they that they past? do you remember any of em particularly?

Past. Yes, I remember several things that I am almost ashamed to mention. I have heard 'em often reflecting what an intolerable Same and Scandal it was, that a whole Kingdom should be sacrificed to the Interest of two or three Courtiers, and three or four scurvy mercenary Patentees; that so many thousand Families should be ruin'd, and no notice taken of it; that so many Wives should be seduc'd to rob and betray their Husbands, so many Children and Servants their Parents and Masters, and so many horrid Mischiefs transacted daily under the shadow of this pretended *Royal-Oak Lottery*, and no manner of means used to suppress it.

2d Man. But, Captain, did you never hear of any Person that got money of the Prisoner in the main?

Past. Not one. I defy him to produce one single person that's a Gainer, against a hundred thousand he has ruin'd. I'm confident I have a Catalogue by me of several thousands that have been utterly undone by him, within the compass of my own Experience.

Man. What does the Town in general say of him?

Past. The town, here-a-late, is grown so inveterate and incens'd against him, that I am very well assur'd that if he had not been call'd to account in the very nick, the Mob would have speedily taken him into their correction.

Man. Well, Sir, you hear what the Witness has said against you; will you ask him any Questions?

Lottery. Only one; and leave the rest till I come to make my general Defence. Sir, I desire to know whether you was not one that was turn'd out upon the last Renewal of the Patent?

Past. No, Sir, I was not. You might

have remember'd that I told you I saw so much of your Falshood and Tricks, and so many innocent People daily sacrific'd, to support a Society of lewd, debauch'd, impertinent, and withal imperious Cannibals, that I thought it my best way to quit your Fraternity, and pack off with that little I had got, and leave you to manage your mathematical Balls, &c. by your self.

Man. I suppose, Sir, you will ask him no more Questions, and so we'll call another Witness.

Lottery. No, Sir, I have done with him.

Man. Call Squire *Frivolous*, the Counsellor: Sir, do you know *Squire Lottery*, the Prisoner?

Frivolous. I have been acquainted with him several years, to my great Cost and Damage. The first time I had the misfortune to know him, was at an Act at *Oxford* about twenty years ago; where among abundance of other young Fools that he entic'd to sell their Books for Money to play with him, &c. I was one.

Man. What, I hope, he was not so barbarous as to decoy the poor young Gentlemen out of their Books?

Frivolous. Yes, out of every thing they had, and out of the College to boot: For my own part I have reason to curse him, I'm sure; He flatter'd me up with so many Shams and false Pretences, and deluded me with so many chimerical Notions and cunning Assurances, and urg'd me so long from one deceitful Project to another, till at last he had trickt me out of all I had in the world, and then turn'd me over to the scorn and laughter of my Friends and Acquaintance.

Man. Can you give the Bench any particular Names of Persons he has ruin'd?

Frivolous. I have a Collection of Names in my Pocket, which I'm sure he can't object against, that have lost fourteen or fifteen thousand Pound *per Annum*, within my own Knowledge and Acquaintance.

Man. That's a round Sum: But, pray, Mr. *Frivolous*, for the satisfaction of the Jury, mention a few of their Names.

Frivolous. I suppose, *Squire Lottery*, you must remember the Kentish Squire in the Blue Coat, that you won the six hundred Pound *per Annum* of, in less than five months. You remember the Lord Steward that lost an Estate of his own or three hundred Pound *per Annum*, and run

four thousand Pound in Arrears to his Lord beside. You remember, I suppose, the West-India Widow, that lost the Cargo of two Ships, valued at fifteen hundred Pound, in less than a month. I know you can't forget the honest Lady at *St. James's*, that sold all her Goods, Plate, and China, for about seven hundred Pound, and paid it all away to you, as near as I remember, in three mornings. I know you can't forget the three Merchants' Daughters that play'd away their whole Fortunes, *viz.* fifteen hundred Pounds apiece in less than two months. You remember the Silkman from *Ludgate-hill*; the young Draper in *Cornhil*; the Country Parson; the Doctor of Physick's Daughter; the Lady's Woman; the Merchant's Apprentice; the Marine Captain; the Ensign of the Guards; the Coffee-man's Niece; the old Justice's Nephew; and abundance of others, which I have in my Catalogue, that you have cheated out of large Sums, and utterly ruin'd.

Lottery. I desire that he may be ask'd, what it was that influenc'd him at first to make such a Catalogue?

Man. He desires to know upon what account it was that you made this Collection of Names?

Frivolous. I had once a design to have him call'd to an Account, and forc'd to a Restitution; in which case I thought the Names of these Persons might be of some use to me.

Man. What Method did you propose to your self to bring him to a Restitution?

Frivolous. I had a Notion, that if I drew up the Case, and got it recommended to the Honourable House of Commons, they would have thought the Prisoner worth their correction: But this he got intelligence of, and employ'd one of his Agents to make up the matter with me.

Man. What, I suppose you mean he brib'd you with a Sum of Money to decline the Prosecution?

Frivolous. Truly you have hit of the very thing; he knew that I was poor, and he was guilty, and so compounded with me for a few Guineas to let the thing fall: And indeed, if I am not misinform'd, his Art of Bribing, &c. has guarded him so long from the Punishments which the Laws of the Land, and common Justice, have provided for such notorious Offenders.

Other witnesses having been called,

the arraigned defended himself as follows:—

Lottery. Sir, I intend to spend as little of your time as I can: I perceive, that, let me say what I will, you are prepar'd to over-rule it, and so I'll only say a few words, and call three or four Witnesses to prove my reputation, and then leave the good Men and true of the Jury, upon whose Verdict I must stand or fall, to use me as they shall best judg the nature of my Case deserves.

I know, Gentlemen, the tide of Prejudice runs very fierce against me; so that let me say what I will, I'm satisfy'd it will be all to very little purpose; an ill Name to a Person in my condition is certain Death, which indeed makes me a little more indifferent in making my defence.

But, Gentlemen, look upon me, I am the very Image of some of you, a married Protestant; upon which account I'm confident I may rely upon a little of your Justice, if not your Favour.

The Crimes I am charged with are indeed very great, and, what's worse, there's some of 'em I can never expect to evince. But then, Gentlemen, I hope you'll consider, that whatever I did, was purely in the prosecution of my occupation; and you know withal what Authority I had for it; so that if by chance, in this long tract of time, every thing should not be so nicely conformable as you expect, I hope you'll take care to lay the Saddle upon the right Horse.

You all know that Covetousness and Cheating are the inseparable Companions of a Gamester; divide him from them, and he's the most insignificant Creature in Nature. And, Gentlemen, I appeal to your selves, if a little useful lying and falshood be not (in some cases) not only tolerable, but commendable. I dare say you will agree with me in this, that if all the Knaves and Cheats of the Nation were call'd to the Bar and executed, there would only be a few Fools left to defend the Commonwealth.

But, Gentlemen, as I told you before, I won't spend your time, and therefore I'll call my Witnesses. Call Captain *Quondam*.

Cryer. Call Capt. *Quondam*.

Lottery. Sir, I desire you would give the Court an account what you know of me, as to Life and Conversation.

Quondam. I have known the Prisoner for several years, and have been often in his company upon particular occasions,

and never saw any thing that was rude or unhandsome by him.

Man. Pray, noble Captain, what Countryman are you?

Quondam. Sir, I am a West-Countryman.

Man. An English West-Country, or a West-India Man? or what?

Quondam. I am a West-Countryman of his Majesty's own Dominions, of the Kingdom of Ireland, in the County of Cork, and Parish of Durrus in the Barony of West-Carbury, near the great Bogg of Longuar, Gent.

Man. You're a West-Countryman with a Witness. And, pray, how long have you been in England?

Quondam. Ever since the last year of my Sovereign Lord King James.

Man. And, pray, how long have you been a Captain?

Quondam. I was born so; my Father, my Grandfather, great Grandfather, and most of my Kin, were all Captains before me.

Man. You say you have been often in the Prisoner's Company; pray where have you been in his Company, and upon what account?

Quondam. I have been in his Company at Epsom, Tunbridge, Lambeth, Islington, and at several other places both in Town and Country.

Man. Well, but you ha'n't told what was the occasion that brought you so oft into his Company.

Quondam. He desired me to go along with him to help him to divert and entertain his Guests, especially the Ladies that us'd to visit him.

Man. I suppose you're one of his Dependents: had you never no salary from him?

Quondam. I have had several Favours from him, and I must own I love him very well; and, by my Shoul, I believe he's a very honest Man, and a good Christian.

Man. Who's your next evidence?

Lottery. I desire Mr. Scamper may be call'd.

Cry. Call Mr. Scamper.

Lottery. Pray, Mr. Scamper, give the Court an Account what you know of me, as to my manner of living and behaviour in the World.

Scamper. You know, Squire Lottery, your Acquaintance and mine is but of a late Date; I never saw you till last May at Lambeth Wells, and then 'twas but by accident too.

After other witnesses called in his behalf, whose testimony, however, tended to inculpate Squire "Royal Oak," the evidence was summed up.

"Then the jury withdrew to consider of their verdict, and afterwards they returned into the court, and the prisoner was brought again to the bar and found guilty, according to the indictment, and afterwards received sentence, together with Mr. Auction and Dr. Land-Bank, who were both tryed, convicted, and condemned; and their trials will be published with all possible speed. FINIS."

There is no reason to doubt, that the representations in the preceding satire are substantially correct. Private and fallacious lotteries were at this time become so general, not only in London, but in most other great cities and towns of England, whereby the lower people and the servants and children of good families were defrauded, that an act of parliament was therefore passed 10 and 11 William III. c. 17, for suppressing such lotteries; "even although they might be set up under colour of patents or grants under the great seal. Which said grants or patents," says the preamble "are against the common good, welfare, and peace of the kingdom, and are void and against law." A penalty therefore of five hundred pounds was laid on the proprietors of any such lotteries, and of twenty pounds on every adventurer in them. Notwithstanding this, the like disposition to fraud and gaming prevailed again, till fresh laws were enacted for their suppression.*

It is observed, that if the lottery office keepers of the present century could be credited, their adventurers enjoyed greater gaming privileges than the world ever produced; and yet it is an indubitable fact, that in the early state lotteries the advantages offered were eminently superior to those of recent times.

The Post Boy of December 27 says, "We are informed that the parliamentary lottery will be fixed in this manner:—150,000 tickets will be delivered out at 10*l.* each ticket, making in all the sum of 1,500,000*l.* sterling; the principal whereof is to be sunk, the parliament allowing nine per cent. interest for the whole during the term of thirty-two years, which

terest is to be divided as follows: 3750 tickets will be prizes from 1000*l.* to 5*l.* per annum during the said thirty-two years; all the other tickets will be blanks, so that there will be thirty-nine of these to one prize, but then each blank ticket will be entitled to fourteen shillings a year for the term of thirty-two years, which is better than an annuity for life at ten per cent. over and above the chance of getting a prize." Such was the eagerness of the public in subscribing to the above profitable scheme, that Mercers-hall was literally crowded, and the clerks were found incompetent to receive the influx of names. 600,000*l.* was subscribed January 21; and on the 28th of February the sum of 1,500,000*l.* was completed.

The rage for lotteries reigned uncontrolled; and the newspapers of the day teemed with proposals issued by every ravenous adventurer who could collect a few valuable articles; and from those, shopkeepers took the hint, and goods of every description were converted into prizes, even neckcloths, snuff-boxes, tooth-pick-cases, linen, muslin, and plate. The prices of tickets were generally sixpence, a shilling, half a crown, &c. At the latter end of the year just mentioned, the magistrates, being alarmed, declared their intention of putting the act of William and Mary in force, which levied a penalty of 500*l.* on the proprietor, and 20*l.* on each purchaser.

Matthew West, a goldsmith, of Clare-street, Clare-market, appears to have been the man who first divided lottery tickets into shares. He advertised, in 1712, that he had sold 100 tickets in the million and an half lottery in twentieths, and purposed pursuing his plan, which was well received.

The lottery for 1714 contained 50,000 tickets at 10*l.* each, with 6982 prizes and 43,018 blanks; two of the former were 10,000*l.*, with one of 5, another of 4000*l.*, a third of 3000*l.*, and a fourth of 2000*l.*, five of 1000*l.*, ten of 500*l.*, twenty of 200*l.*, fifty of 100*l.*, four hundred of 50*l.*, and six thousand, four hundred, and ninety-one of 20*l.*

Besides the drawing for prizes and blanks, there was another for the course of payment, and each 1000 tickets was called a course. The payments to the receivers were on the 10th of November

and 10th of December, 1713. When the tickets were drawn, they were exchanged for standing orders, and thus rendered assignable by endorsement; all the blanks were repaid the 10*l.* per ticket at one payment, in the order their course of payment happened to fall, and they bore an interest of four per cent. from Michaelmas 1713. The prizes were payable in the same manner: the first drawn ticket had 500*l.*; the last 1000*l.* besides the general chance; 35,000*l.* per annum was payable weekly from the Exchequer to the paymaster for the discharge of the principal and interest, and the whole funds of the civil list were chargeable for thirty-two years for 35,000*l.* per annum.*

One of the schemes which preceded the bubbles of 1720 was an insurance-office for lottery tickets, opened at Mercers-hall; and 120,000*l.* was actually subscribed on the following terms: for every ninety-six tickets insured, the proprietors agreed to allow to the company (after the tickets were drawn) 16*s.* per ticket, and five per cent. on such prizes as occurred to the ninety-six tickets, the company returning the tickets, and in case the prizes did not amount to 288*l.* valuing the prizes at par; the company to make up the money 3*l.* for every ticket. For every forty-eight tickets the proprietors agreed to allow 19*s.* per ticket, and five per cent. on the prizes as above; the company making up the tickets 144*l.* or 3*l.* per ticket, and so on down to twelve tickets. The proprietors of the tickets to advance no money for this security; but, when drawn, to allow as above; the tickets to be deposited with the company, and placed by them under seal in the bank of England; if not called for in ninety days after the drawing, to be forfeited.†

In 1712, gambling prevailed in smaller private and unlawful lotteries, under the denomination of sales of gloves, fans, cards, plate, &c.; also offices were opened for insurances on marriages, births, christenings, services, &c. and daily advertisements thereof were published in the newspapers. By an act of the tenth of queen Anne, keepers of these lotteries

* Malcolm.

† Ibid.

and offices were subjected to a penalty of 500*l*. In 1716, the spirit of adventure was excited by the sale of chances and parts of chances of tickets, which occasioned parliament again to interfere: all such practices, and all undertakings resembling lotteries, or founded on the state lottery, were declared illegal, and prohibited under a penalty of 100*l*. beyond the penalties previously enacted against private lotteries.*

LUCKY NUMBERS.

The attention of "the Spectator" was directed to the lottery mania prevailing at this period. One of its writers observing, on the predilection for particular numbers, ranks it among the pastimes and extravagancies of human reason, which is of so busy a nature, that it will exert itself on the meanest trifles, and work even when it wants materials. He instances, that when a man has a mind to adventure his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to goodluck, stand upon the same foot of competition; and no manner of reason can be given, why a man should prefer one to the other, before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore, caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number; because, says he, it is the number of the beast. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in their number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these, upon

no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *golden number*.

I remember among the advertisements in the "Post Boy" of September the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one:

*This is to give notice, that ten shillings over and above the market-price will be given for the ticket in the 1500000*l*. Lottery, N^o 132, by Nath. Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr. Cliff's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made, why he should thus set his heart upon N^o 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret till about three days' ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr. Nathaniel Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal, in this advertisement.

"Mr. Spectator,

"I am the person that lately advertised I would give ten shillings more than the current price for the ticket N^o 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is a secret I have communicated to some friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My visions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed of the money which in all probability it will sell for. This morning, in particular, I set up an equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the town; the liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery subjects, in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular

"Your most humble servant,

"George Gosling."

"P. S. Dear Spec, if I get the 12000*l*. I'll make thee a handsome present."

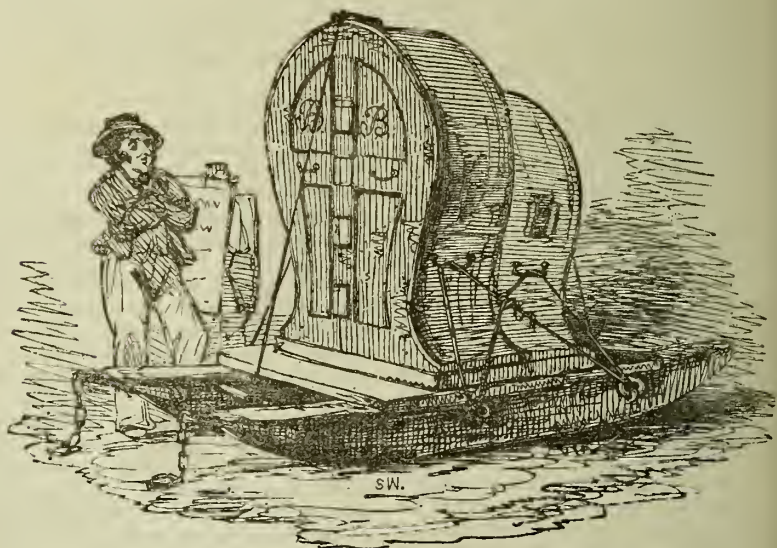
* Anderson.

After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gosling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In

short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* proverb runs, the man who lives by hope will die by hunger.

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.*

* Spectator, No. 191.



The Lottery Wheel, 1826.

This engraving is slipped on here for the sake of readers who are fond of *cuts*, rather than as an illustration of any thing immediately preceding. An explanation

of it will occur in the ensuing sheet, with several amusing prints relating to the present subject.



Drawing Prizes.

In "*The Examiner*"* there is an article on Lotteries by Mr. George Smeeton, of Bermondsey : wherein he says, "I am glad to see that Mr. Hone has taken up the subject in his *Every-Day Book*, by giving us a view of the drawing of the lottery, 1751; and this month (October) I hope he will treat us with a continuation of it. The print by N. Parr, in six compartments, entitled *Les Divertissements de la Loterie*, is worthy of his attention: it is a lively and true picture of the folly, infatuation, and roguery of the times. If he has not the print (which is rather scarce) I can furnish him with it out of my portfolio." Mr. Smeeton has obligingly communicated the loan of his engraving, from whence the representation on this page has been selected. The

original print, designed by J. Marcenat, drawn by H. Gravelot, and engraved by Parr, was "published by E. Ryland, in Ave Mary-lane," in the year 17— hundred odd; the scissors having snipped away from this copy of the engraving the two figures which particularized the year, it cannot be specified, though from the costume it appears to have been in the reign of George II.

Parr's print is in six compartments: the four corner ones represent, 1. "Good Luck—£1000 prize;" a scene of rejoicing at the news. 2. "Bad Luck—what, all blanks?" a scene of social disturbance. 3. "Oh—let Fortune be kind;" the desires of a female party in conference with an old woman, who divines by coffee-grounds. 4. "Dear Doctor! consult the stars;" another female party waiting on a fortune-teller for a cast of his office. The middle compartment at the bottom has a

* Sunday, October 22, 1826

view of "Exchange-alley," with its frequenters, in high business. The middle compartment, above it, is the drawing of the lottery in the view now placed before the reader, wherein it may be perceived that the female visitants are pewed off on one side and the men on the other; and that the pickpockets dextrously exercise their vocation among the promiscuous crowd at the moment when the drawing of a thousand pound prize excites a strong interest, and a female attracts attention by proclaiming herself the holder of the lucky "No. 765."

To this eager display of the ticket by the fortunate lady, a representation of a scene at the drawing of "the very last lottery that will ever be drawn in England" might be a collateral illustration.

THE UNFORTUNATE LADY.

On the 2d of November, 1826, a lady named Free, who had come up from the country to try her fortune in the lottery, complained to the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion-house, that she had been deprived of her property, the sixteenth share of a 30,000*l.* prize, by the misconduct of those engaged in conducting the drawing. She stated, that she chose the ticket No. 17,092.

The *Lord Mayor*.—You had some particular reason, then, for selecting that number?

The *Complainant* replied, it was true, she had; she wished to have a ticket with the number of the year in which she was born, and finding that she could not get that precise number, she took one of 17,000, instead of 1700, as the most fortunate approach. So indeed it turned out to be; for she was sitting in the hall where the lottery was drawn, and heard her number distinctly cried out as one of the 30,000*l.* prizes, and with her own eyes she distinctly saw the officer stamp it. Nevertheless, another ticket had been returned as the prize.

The *Lord Mayor* doubted, from the manner in which the tickets were well known to be drawn, whether the complainant's anxiety had not made her mistake a similar number for her own.

The *Complainant*.—"Oh no, my lord; it is impossible that I can be mistaken, though other people say I am. I shall not give up my claim, on the word of lottery-office clerks. If there's any mistake,

it is on their part; I trust to my own senses."

The *Lord Mayor* observed, that there was scarcely any trusting even to the "senses" on such occasions; and asked her, whether she did not almost feel the money in her pockets at the very time she fancied she heard her number announced?

The *Complainant* assured his lordship, that she heard the announcement as calmly as could be expected, and that she by no means fainted away. She certainly made sure of having the property; she sat in the hall, and went out when the other expectants came away.

Mr. Cope, the marshal, who stated that he was in attendance officially at the drawing, to keep the peace, declared that he heard all the fortunate numbers announced, and he was sorry to be compelled to state his conviction that this belonging to the lady was not one of them.

The *Lord Mayor* said, he was afraid the complainant had deceived herself. He dismissed the application, recommending her to go to the stamp-office, and apply to the commissioners, who would do any thing except pay the money to satisfy her.*

In allusion to the lady's name, and his decision on her case, his lordship is said to have observed on her departure, "not Free and Easy."

Reverting to a former period, for the sake of including some remarkable notices of lotteries adduced by Mr. Smeeton, we find him saying, on the authority of the "London Gazette," May 17, 1688, that, besides the lottery at the Vere-street theatre, "Ogilby, the better to carry on his *Britannia*, had a lottery of books at *Garraway's Coffee-house*, in 'Change-alley."

Mr. Smeeton has the following three paragraphs:—

Lotteries of various kinds seem to have been very general about this period; indeed so much so, that government issued a notice in the *London Gazette*, Sept. 27, 1683, to prevent the drawing of any lotteries (and especially a newly-invented lottery, under the name of the ruffling, or raffling lottery) except those under his majesty's letters patent for thirteen years granted to persons for their sufferings, and

* The Times, November 3, 1826.

have their seal of office with this inscription—*‘Meliora Designavi.’*

In 1683, prince Rupert dying rather poor, a plan was devised to “raise the wind” by disposing of all his jewels; but as the public were not satisfied with the mode of drawing the lotteries, on account of the many cheats practised on them, they would not listen to any proposals, until the king himself guaranteed to see that all was fair, and also, that Mr. Francis Child, the goldsmith, at Temple-bar, London, would be answerable for their several adventures; as appears by the *London Gazette*, Oct. 1, 1683:—“These are to give notice, that the jewels of his late royal highness prince Rupert have been particularly valued and appraised by Mr. Isaac Legouch, Mr. Christopher Rosse, and Mr. Richard Beauvoir, jewellers, the whole amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and will be sold by way of lottery, each lot to be five pounds. The biggest prize will be a great pearl necklace, valued at 8,000*l.*, and none less than 100*l.* A printed particular of the said appraisement, with their divisions into lots, will be delivered gratis, by Mr. Francis Child, at Temple-bar, London, into whose hands such as are willing to be adventurers are desired to pay their money, on or before the first day of November next. As soon as the whole sum is paid in, a short day will be appointed (which, it is hoped, will be before Christmas) and notified in the *Gazette*, for the drawing thereof, which will be done in his majesty’s presence, who is pleased to declare, that *he himself will see all the prizes put in amongst the blanks*, and that the whole will be managed with equity and fairness, nothing being intended but the sale of the said jewels at a moderate value. And it is further notified, for the satisfaction of all as shall be adventurers, that the said Mr. Child shall and will stand obliged to each of them for their several adventures. And that each adventurer shall receive their money back if the said lottery be not drawn and finished before the first day of February next.”—Mr. Child was the first regular banker: he began business soon after the Restoration, and received the honour of knighthood. He lived in Fleet-street, where the shop still continues in a state of the highest respectability. A subsequent notice says, “that the king will probably, tomorrow, in the Banqueting-house, see all the blanks told over,

that they may not exceed their number; and that the papers on which the prizes are to be written shall be rolled up in his presence; and that a child, appointed either by his majesty or the adventurers, shall draw the prizes.”—What would be said now, if his present majesty were to be employed in sorting, folding, and counting the blanks and prizes in the present lottery?

About 1709, there was the *Greenwich Hospital Adventure*, sanctioned by an act of parliament, which the managers describe as “liable to none of the objections made against other lotteries, as to the fairness of the drawing, it not being possible there should be any deceit in it, as it has been suspected in others.”—Likewise there was Mr. Sydenham’s *Land Lottery*, who declared it was “found very difficult and troublesome for the adventurers for to search and find out what prizes they have come up in their number-tickets, from the badness of the print, the many errors in them, and the great quantity of prizes.”—The *Twelve-penny*, or *Nonsuch*, and the *Fortunatus* lotteries, also flourished at the commencement of the eighteenth century.*

LOTTERY OF DEER.

In May, 1715, the proprietors of Sion gardens advertised the following singular method of selling deer from their park. They appointed the afternoons of Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, for killing those animals; when the public were admitted at one shilling each to see the operation, or they might purchase tickets from four to ten shillings, which entitled them, it is supposed, by way of lottery, to different parts of the beast,—as they say the quantity killed was to be divided into sixteen lots, and the first choice to be governed by the numbers on the tickets: a ten shilling ticket was entitled to a fillet; eight, a shoulder; seven, a loin, &c. If the full price of the deer was not received on a given day, the keeper held the money till that sum was obtained. They offered to sell whole deer, and to purchase as many as might be offered.†

HARBURGH LOTTERY.

In 1723, the resentment of the house of commons was directed against the

* Mr. Smeeton in the *Examiner*.

† Malcolm.

scheme of a lottery to be drawn at Harburgh, a town of Hanover on the Elbe, opposite Hamburg, in the king's German dominions. A committee inquired into this and other lotteries at that time on foot in London. The scheme pretended to raise a subscription for maintaining a trade between Great Britain and the king's territories on the Elbe. It was a mysterious scene of iniquity, which the committee, with all their penetration, could not fully discover; but they reported, that it was an infamous, fraudulent undertaking, whereby many unwary persons had been drawn in, to their great loss: that the manner of carrying it on had been a manifest violation of the laws of the kingdom: that the managers and agents of this lottery had, without any authority, made use of his majesty's royal name to countenance the infamous project, and induce his majesty's subjects to engage or be concerned therein. A bill was brought in to suppress this lottery, and to oblige its managers to make restitution of the money they had received from the contributors. At the same time the house resolved, That John lord viscount Barrington had been notoriously guilty of promoting, abetting, and carrying on the fraudulent undertaking; for which offence he should be expelled the house.*

BANK CLERKS' FINESSE.

On the 31st of August, 1731, a scene was presented which strongly marks the infatuation and ignorance of lottery adventurers. The tickets for the State Lottery were delivered out to the subscribers at the Bank of England; when the crowd becoming so great as to obstruct the clerks, they told them, "We deliver blanks to-day, but to-morrow we shall deliver prizes;" upon which many, who were by no means for blanks, retired, and by this sordid stratagem the clerks obtained room to proceed in their business. In this lottery "her majesty presented his royal highness the duke with ten tickets."†

LOVE, DEATH, AND THE LOTTERY.

Early in the reign of George II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two lottery tickets, which prov-

ing blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life. In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he should spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserve, as a curiosity:—

"As soon as I have received the money, I will marry Grace Towers; but, as she has been cross and coy, I will use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I will have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten, a hot supper of two dishes. If I am in a good-humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve."

FIELDING'S FARCE.

In 1731, Henry Fielding wrote a farce for Drury-lane Theatre, called "The Lottery," to which, in 1732, he added a new scene. This pleasant representation of characters usually influenced to speculate in such schemes, was acted with considerable success, especially about the time when the lottery was drawn at Guildhall, and may well be conceived as calculated to abate the popular furor. It opens with a lottery-office keeper—

Mr. Stocks, alone.

AIR.

A Lottery is a Taxation,
Upon all the Fools in Creation;
And, Heaven be prais'd,
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in Fashion:
For Folly's a Fund
Will never lose Ground,
While Fools are so ripe in the Nation.

[Knocking without.]

Enter 1 Buyer.

1 Buy. Is not this a House where People buy Lottery Tickets?

Stoc. Yes, Sir—I believe I can furnish you with as good Tickets as any one.

1 Buy. I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you what Number a Man fixes on.

Stoc. Any of my Numbers.

1 Buy. Because I would be glad to have it, Sir, the Number of my own Years, or my Wife's; or, if I could not have either of those, I would be glad to have it the Number of my Mother's.

* Smollett.
† Gentleman's Magazine.

* Lounger's Common Place Book.

Stoc. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the Number of your Grandmother's?

1 *Buy.* No, no! She has no Luck in Lotteries: She had a whole Ticket once, and got but fifty Pounds by it.

Stoc. A very unfortunate Person, truly. Sir, my Clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 0,000*l.* got!—What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former Poverty. [*Knocking without.*] Come in.

Enter 2 Buyer.

2 *Buy.* Does not your Worship let Horses, Sir?

Stoc. Ay, Friend.

2 *Buy.* I have got a little Money by driving a Hackney-Coach, and I intend to ride it out in the Lottery.

Stoc. You are in the right, it is the way to drive your own Coach.

2 *Buy.* I don't know, Sir, that—but I am willing to be in *Fortune's* way, as the saying is.

Stoc. You are a wise Man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one—'tis not above—no matter, how many to one, but that you are this Night worth 10,000*l.*

2 *Buy.* An belike you, Sir, I wou'd willingly ride upon the Number of my Coach.

Stoc. Mr. *Trick*, let that Gentleman the Number of his Coach—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it, or no.—As the Gentleman is riding to a Castle in the Air, an airy Horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some Person of Quality, by the Impudence of the Footman.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Your Servant, Mr. *Stocks*.

Stoc. I am your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some Tickets, and hire some Horses, Mr. *Stocks*—I intend to have twenty Tickets, and ten Horses every Day.

Stoc. By which, if your Ladyship has any Luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40,000*l.*

Lady. Please to look at those Jewels, Sir—they cost my Lord upwards of 6000*l.*—I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

[*Knocking without.*]

Stoc. If your Ladyship pleases to walk up into the Dining-Room, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

[*Chloe, a lady, holding an undrawn Lottery Ticket, which, from what a fortune-teller told her, what she saw in a coffee dish, and what she dreamt every night, she is confident would come up a prize of ten thousand pounds, desires to consult Mr. Stocks as to how she should lay out the money.*]

Enter Stocks.

Stoc. I had the Honour of receiving your Commands, Madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble Servant—Your Name is Mr. *Stocks*, I suppose.

Stoc. So I am call'd in the Alley, Madam; a Name, tho' I say it, which wou'd be as well receiv'd at the Bottom of a Piece of Paper, as any He's in the Kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you wou'd be instructed how to dispose of 10,000*l.*

Chloe. I wou'd so, Sir.

Stoc. Why, Madam, you know, at present, Publick Interest is very low, and private Securities very difficult to get—and I am sorry to say, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest Men in the Kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of Money with Safety and Advantage, and that is—to put it into the *Charitable Corporation*.

Chloe. The *Charitable Corporation*! pray what is that?

Stoc. That is, Madam, a method, invented by some very wise Men, by which the Rich may be charitable to the Poor. and be Money in Pocket by it.

THE CHARITABLE CORPORATION.

This company, erected in 1707, professed to lend money at legal interest to the poor upon small pledges; and to persons of better rank upon security of goods impawned. Their capital, at first limited to £30,000, was by licenses from the crown increased to £600,000, though their charter was never confirmed by act of parliament. In 1731, George Robinson, esquire, member for Marlow, the cashier, and John Thompson, warehouse-keeper of the corporation, disappeared in one day. The alarmed proprietors held several general courts, and appointed a committee to inspect their affairs, who reported, that for a capital of above £500,000 no equivalent was found; inasmuch as their effects did not amount to the value of £30,000, the remainder having been embezzled. The proprietors, in a petition to the house of commons, represented that, by a notorious breach of trust, the corporation had been defrauded of the greatest part of their capital; and that many of the petitioners were reduced to the utmost misery and distress: they therefore prayed parliament to inquire into the state of the corporation, and the conduct of their managers, and extend relief to the petitioners. On this petition a secret committee was appointed, who soon discovered a most iniquitous scene of fraud, perpetrated by Robinson and

Thompson, in concert with some of the directors, for embezzling the capital, and cheating the proprietors. Many persons of rank and quality were concerned in this infamous conspiracy. Sir Robert Sutton and sir Archibald Grant were expelled the house of commons, as having had a considerable share in those fraudulent practices, and a bill was brought in to restrain them and other delinquents from leaving the kingdom, or alienating their effects.* In 1733, parliament granted a lottery in behalf of the sufferers. On the 1st of August in that year, books were opened at the bank to receive, from those who had given in their names, the first payment of one pound per ticket in the "Lottery for the relief of the Charitable Corporation;"† and in 1734 "it was distributed among them, amounting to nine shillings and ninepence in the pound on their loss."‡

The "London Journal" of October 30, 1731, observing on the general disposition to adventure says:—

The *natural life* of man is *labour or business*; riches is an *unnatural* state; and therefore generally a *state of misery*. Life, which is a drug in the hands of *idle men*, never hangs heavily on the hands of merchants and tradesmen, who judiciously divide their time between the city and country.

This is so true, that a wise man would never leave his children so much money as to put them *beyond industry*; for that is too often putting them *beyond happiness*. The *heaping up riches* for posterity is, generally speaking, *heaping up destruction*; and entailing of *large estates*, entailing *vice and misery*.

These thoughts were occasioned by the present *state lottery*; which plainly discovers that the people would run into the excesses of the *South Sea* year, had they the same opportunities. The spring and source of this *unreasonable passion*, is the *luxury of the age*. *Tradesmen* commence gentlemen and *men of pleasure*, when they should be *men of business*; and *begin* where they should *end*. This sets them a madding after *lotteries*; business is neglected, and poverty, vice, and misery spread among the people. It is hoped

that the *Parliament* will never come into another *lottery*. All other gaming should be also discouraged. Who but laments that unfortunate young lady at the *Bath*, who was ruined by gaming, and rather than submit to a *mean dependance*, thought it best to resign her life?*

The tone of dissuasion from lotteries and gambling in the year 1731, prevails through the writings of the different persons who opposed such schemes and practices. The story of the "unfortunate young lady at the Bath, who was ruined by gaming," referred to in the last paragraph, and already related in this work, is exceedingly affecting.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE LOTTERY.

In the 9th year of George II. parliament passed an act for building this bridge by a lottery, and the following scheme was issued to the public:—

LOTTERY 1736, for raising 100000*l.* for building a Bridge at Westminster, consisting of 125000 Tickets, at 5*l.* each.

Prizes	1	— of —	20000 <i>l.</i>	— is —	20000 <i>l.</i>
	2	—	10000	—	20000
	3	—	5000	—	15000
	10	—	3000	—	30000
	40	—	1000	—	40000
	60	—	500	—	30000
	100	—	200	—	20000
	200	—	100	—	20000
	400	—	50	—	20000
	1000	—	20	—	20000
	28800	—	10	—	288000

30616	Prizes, amounting to	—	523000
94384	Blanks.		
	First Drawn	—	1000
	Last Drawn	—	1000

125000	525000
--------	--------

The Prizes to be paid at the Bank in 40 Days after Drawing, without Deduction. *N.B. There is little more than Three Blanks to a Prize.*†

Parliament granted successive lotteries for the building and completion of Westminster-bridge.

AN ORGAN LOTTERY.

In 1737, Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) says, "I am now in pursuit of

* Smollett.

† Gentleman's Magazine

‡ Anderson.

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1731.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

getting the finest piece of music that ever was heard; it is a thing that will play eight tunes. Handel and all the great musicians say, that it is beyond any thing they can do; and this may be performed by the most ignorant person; and when you are weary of those eight tunes, you may have them changed for any other that you like. This I think much better than going to an Italian opera, or an assembly. This performance has been lately put into a *Lottery*, and all the royal family chose to have a great many tickets, rather than to buy it, the price being I think 1000*l.*, infinitely a less sum than some bishopricks have been sold for. And a gentleman won it, who I am in hopes will sell it, and if he will, I will buy it, for I cannot live to have another made, and I will carry it into the country with me.”

In the State Lottery of 1739, tickets, chances, and shares were “bought and sold by Richard Shergold, printer to the honourable the commissioners of the Lottery, at his office at the Union Coffee-house over and against the Royal Exchange, Cornhill.” He advertised, that he kept numerical books during the drawing, and a book wherein buyers might register their numbers at sixpence each; that 15 *per cent.* was to be deducted out of the prizes, which were to be paid at the bank in fifty days after the drawing was finished; and that “schemes in French and English” were given gratis.*

The per centage to be deducted from the prizes in this lottery occasioned the following

EPIGRAM.

This lottery can never thrive,
Was broker heard to say,
For who but fools will ever give
Fifteen *per cent* to play.

A sage, with his accustomed grin,
Replies, I'll stake my doom,
That if but half the fools come in
The wise will find no room.†

LOTTERY AT STATIONERS' HALL.

On the 23d of November, 1741, “the drawing of the Bridge Lottery began at *Stationers' Hall*.—The *Craftsman* of the 28th says, that every 100,000*l.* laid out in

a lottery puts a stop to the circulation of at least 300,000*l.*, and occasions almost a total suppression of trade.”*

In June, 1743, “the price of lottery tickets having risen from 10*l.* to 11*l.* 10*s.* some persons, who probably wanted to purchase, published a hint to the *unwary* adventurers, that they gamed at 50 *per cent.* loss; paying, at that price, 2*s.* 6*d.* to play for 5*s.*; the money played for being only three pound, besides discount and deductions.”†

TICKET STUCK IN THE WHEEL.

On the 5th of January, 1774, at the conclusion of drawing the State Lottery at Guildhall, No. 11,053, as the last drawn ticket, was declared to be entitled to the 1000*l.*, and was so printed in the paper of benefits by order of the commissioners. It was besides a prize of 100*l.* But after the wheels were carried back to Whitehall and there opened, the ticket No. 72,248 was found *sticking in a crevice* of the wheel. And, being the next drawn ticket after all the prizes were drawn, was advertised by the commissioners' order as entitled to the 1000*l.*, as the *last drawn* ticket: “which affair made a great deal of noise.”‡

A PEER'S SUBSTITUTE FOR LOTTERIES.

On the bill, for a lottery to succeed the preceding, being brought into the house of lords, a peer said, that such measures always were censured by those that saw their nature and their tendency. “They have been considered as legal cheats, by which the ignorant and the rash are defrauded, and the subtle and avaricious often enriched. They have been allowed to divert the people from trade, and to alienate them from useful industry. A man who is uneasy in his circumstances, and idle in his disposition, collects the remains of his fortune, and buys tickets in a lottery, retires from business, indulges himself in laziness, and waits, in some obscure place, the event of his adventure. Another, instead of employing his stock in a shop or a warehouse, rents a garret in a private street, and make it his business, by false

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1739.

† The Champion, January 19, 1740.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

‡ Maitland. Gentleman's Magazine.

intelligence, and chimerical alarms, to raise and sink the price of tickets alternately, and takes advantage of the lies which he has himself invented. If I, my lords, might presume to recommend to our ministers the most probable method of raising a large sum for the payment of the troops of the electorate, I should, instead of the tax and lottery now proposed, advise them to establish a certain number of licensed wheel-barrows, on which the laudable trade of thimble and button might be carried on for the support of the war, and shoe-boys might contribute to the defence of the house of *Austria*, by raffling for apples.

CHANCES OF TICKETS.

The State Lottery of 1751 seems to have encountered considerable opposition. There is a discouraging notice in the "Gentleman's Magazine" on the 4th of July in that year, that "those inclined to become adventurers in the present lottery were cautioned in the papers to wait some time before they purchased tickets, whereby the jobbers would be disappointed of their market, and obliged to sell at a lower price. At the present rate of tickets the adventurer plays at 35 per cent. loss."

In the next month, August, the "London Magazine" exhibited the following computation.

IN THE LOTTERY 1751, IT IS

69998 to	2 or	34999 to 1	against a	£10000 prize.
69994 to	6 or	11665 to 1	against a	5000 or upwards.
69989 to	11 or	6363 to 1	against a	3000
69981 to	19 or	3683 to 1	against a	2000
69961 to	39 or	1794 to 1	against a	1000
69920 to	80 or	874 to 1	against a	500
69720 to	280 or	249 to 1	against a	100
69300 to	700 or	99 to 1	against a	50
60000 to	10000 or	6 to 1	against a	20 or any prize.

The writer says, I would beg the favour of all gentlemen, tradesmen, and others, to take the pains to explain to such as any way depend upon their judgment, that one must buy no less than seven tickets to have an even chance for any prize at all; that with only one ticket, it is six to one, and with half a ticket, twelve to one against any prize; and ninety-nine or a hundred to one that the prize, if it comes, will not be above fifty pounds; and no less than thirty-five thousand to one that the owner of a single ticket will not obtain one of the greatest prizes. No lottery is proper for persons of very small fortunes, to whom the loss of five or six pounds is of great consequence, besides the disturbance of their minds; much less is it advisable or desirable for either poor or rich to contribute to the exorbitant tax of more than two hundred thousand pounds, which the first engrossers of lottery tickets, and the brokers and dealers strive to raise, out of the pockets of the poor chiefly, and the silly rich partly, by artfully enhancing the price of tickets above the original cost.

The prices of tickets in this lottery was ten pounds. On their rise a Mr. Holland publicly offered to lay four hundred gui-

neas, that four hundred tickets, when drawn, did not amount to nine pounds fifteen shillings on an average, prizes and blanks; his advertisement was never answered.

These animadversions on the scheme, and the resistance offered to the endeavours of the brokers and dealers to effect a rise in the price of tickets, appear, from the following lines published in October, to have been to a certain degree successful—

A NEW SONG

From 'Change-alley, occasioned by a stagnation of the sale of Lottery Tickets.

While guineas were plenty, we thought we
might rise,

Nor dreamt of a magpye to pick out our eyes;
'Twas twelve would have satisfy'd all our
desire.

Tho' perhaps without pain we might see them
mount higher.

Derry down, down, down derry, &c.

How sweet were the pickings we formerly
gain'd,

From whence our fine daughters their fortunes
obtain'd!

In our coaches can roll, at the public can
smile,

Whose follies reward all our labour and toil.
Derry down, &c.

Then let them spin out their fine scheme as
they will,

No horseshoe nor magpye shall be ~~file~~ *our skill*;
In triumph we'll ride, and, in spite of the rout,
Our point we'll obtain without wheeling about.

Derry down, &c.

I ho' sturdy these beggars, yet weak are their
brains;

Who offer to check us, must smart for their
pains;

In concert united, we'll laugh at the tribe,
Who play off their engines to damp all our
pride.

Derry down, &c.

Let Holland no longer appear with his brags,
His four hundred guineas keep safe in his bags,
Nor think we're such fools to risque any thing
down,

By way of a wager to humour the town.

Derry down, &c.*

On the 11th of the next month, November, the drawing of the State Lottery began, when, notwithstanding the united efforts of several societies and public-spirited gentlemen to check the exorbitancy of the ticket-mongers, the price rose to sixteen guineas just before drawing. All means were tried to cure this infatuation by writing and advertising; particularly on the first day of drawing, it was publicly averred, that near eight thousand tickets were in the South Sea House, and upwards of thirty thousand pawned at bankers, &c. that nine out of ten of the ticket-holders were not able to go into the wheel; and that not one of them durst stand the drawing above six days. It was also demonstrated in the clearest manner, that to have an even chance for any prize a person must have seven tickets; that with only one ticket it was six to one; and ninety-nine to one that the prize, if it came, would not be above fifty pounds, and no less than thirty-five thousand to one that the owner of a single ticket would not obtain one of the greatest prizes.—Yet, notwithstanding these and other precautions, people still suffered themselves to be deluded, and the mocked men arrogantly triumphed.†

A LOTTERY JOB IN IRELAND.

In August, 1752, a lottery was set on foot at Dublin, under the pretext of raising 13,700*l.* for rebuilding Essex-bridge, and other public and charitable uses.

There were to be 100,000 tickets, at a guinea each. The lords justices of Ireland issued an order to suppress this lottery. The measure occasioned a great uproar in Dublin; for it appears, that the tickets bore a premium, and that though the original subscribers were to have their money returned, the buyers at the advanced price would lose the advance. Every purchaser of a single ticket in this illegal lottery incurred a penalty of 50*l.* for each offence, and the seller 50*l.*, one third of which went to the informer, a third to the king, and the other third to the poor of the parish; besides which, the offenders were subject to a year's close imprisonment in the county gaol.*

LEHEUP'S FRAUD.

To prevent the monopoly of tickets in the State Lottery, it had been enacted, that persons charged with the delivery of tickets should not sell more than twenty to one person. This provision was evaded by pretended lists, which defeated the object of parliament and injured public credit, insomuch that, in 1754, more tickets were subscribed for than the holders of the lists had cash to purchase, and there was a deficiency in the first payment. The mischief and notoriety of these practices occasioned the house of commons to prosecute an inquiry into the circumstances, which, though opposed by a scandalous cabal, who endeavoured to screen the delinquents, ended in a report by the committee, that Peter Leheup, esq. had privately disposed of a great number of tickets before the office was opened to which the public were directed by an advertisement to apply; that he also delivered great numbers to particular persons, upon lists of names which he knew to be fictitious; and that, in particular, Sampson Gideon became proprietor of more than six thousand, which he sold at a premium. Upon report of these and other illegal acts, the house resolved that Leheup was guilty of a violation of the act, and a breach of trust, and presented an address to his majesty, praying that he would direct the attorney-general to prosecute him in the most effectual manner for his offences.

An information was accordingly filed, and, on a trial at bar in the court of king's bench, Leheup, as one of the receivers of the last lottery of 300,000*l.*, was found

* Universal Magazine.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

guilty: 1. Of receiving subscriptions before the day and hour advertised; 2. Of permitting the subscribers to use different names to cover an excess of twenty tickets; and 3. Of disposing of the tickets which had been bespoke and not claimed, or were double charged, instead of returning them to the managers. In Trinity term, Leheup was brought up for judgment, and fined 1000*l.*, which he paid in court. As he had amassed forty times that sum by his frauds, the lenity of the sentence was the subject of severe remark.*

LOTTERY INSANITY.

November 5, 1757, Mr. Keys, late clerk to Cotton and Co., who had absented himself ever since the 7th of October, the day the 10,000*l.* was drawn in the lottery, (supposed to be his property,) was found in the streets raving mad, having been robbed of his pocket-book and ticket.†

The subjined verses appeared in 1761:‡—

A few Thoughts on Lotteries.

A Lottery, like a magic spell,
All ranks of men bewitches,
Whose beating bosoms vainly swell
With hopes of sudden riches:

With hope to gain **TEN THOUSAND POUND**
How many post to ruin,
And for an empty, airy sound
Contrive their own undoing!

Those on whom wealth her stores had shed,
May firmly bear their crosses;
But they who earn their daily bread,
Oft sink beneath their losses.

'Tis strange, so many fools we find,
By tickets thus deluded,
And, by a trifling turn of mind,
From life's blest bliss excluded.

For life's best blessing, calm content,
Attends no more his slumbers,
Who dreams of profit, cent. per cent.
And sets his heart on numbers.

Thro' all life's various stages, care
Our peace will oft disquiet;
Like a free-gift it comes, we ne'er
Need be in haste to buy it.

He who, intent on shadowy schemes,
By them is deeply bubbled,
Deserves to wake from golden dreams,
With disappointment doubled.

Unmoved by Fortune's fickle wheel,
The wise man chance despises;
And Prudence courts with fervent zeal—
She gives the highest prizes.

LARGE DIVISION OF TICKETS.

In some of the old lotteries tickets were divided into a much greater number of shares than of late years. There is an example of this in the following

Advertisement, November, 1766.

DAME FORTUNE presents her respects to the public, and assures them that she has fixed her residence for the present at CORBETT'S, State Lottery-office, opposite St. Dunstan's-church, Fleet-street; and, to enable many families to partake of her favours, she has ordered not only the tickets to be sold at the lowest prices, but also that they be divided into shares at the following low rates, viz:—

	£	s.	d.
A sixty-fourth . .	0	4	0
Thirty-second . .	0	7	6
Sixteenth	0	15	0
An eighth	1	10	0
A Fourth	3	0	0
A half	6	0	0

By which may be gained from upwards of one hundred and fifty to upwards of five thousand guineas, at her said office No. 30.

A NUMBER TWICE SOLD.

The lottery of 1766 was unfortunate to a lottery-office keeper. The ticket No 20,99 was purchased in the alley for Pagen Hale, esq. of Hertfordshire; and the same number was also divided into shares at a lottery-office near Charing-cross, and some of the shares actually sold. The number purchased in the alley was the real number, but that divided by the office-keeper was done by mistake, for which he paid a proportionable sum.

During the lottery of 1767, the stock-brokers fell among thieves. Mr. Hugnes, a stock-broker, had his pocket picked in Jonathan's coffee-house of fifty lottery tickets, the value of which (at the price then sold) was 800*l.* The same evening

* Smollett. Gentleman's Magazine.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ In the Universal Magazine for December.

three other brokers had their pockets picked of their purses, one containing sixty-two guineas, another seven, and the third five. One of the pick-pockets was afterwards apprehended, on whom thirty-five of the tickets were found, and recovered; the other fifteen he said were carried to Holland by his accomplices.

The preceding anecdotes are in the newspapers of the time, together with the following, which strongly marks the perversion of a weak mind. "A gentlewoman in Holborn, whose husband had presented her with a ticket, put up prayers in the church, the day before drawing, in the following manner: *The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking.*"

A FRAUDULENT INSURER.

In January, 1768, an insurer of tickets was summoned before a magistrate, for refusing to pay thirty guineas to an adventurer, upon the coming up of a certain number a blank, for which he had paid a premium of three guineas. The insurer was ordered immediately to pay thirty guineas, which he was obliged to comply with to prevent worse consequences.* In other words, the magistrate was too weak to exert the power he was armed with, by law, against both the insurer and the insured.

LOVE TICKETS.

Mr. Charles Holland, the actor, who died on the 7th of December, 1769, received many letters of passionate admiration from a lady who fell in love with him from his appearance on the stage; and she accompanied one of her declarations of attachment by four lottery tickets as a present.†

GOOD AND ILL LUCK.

In the lottery of 1770, the holder of the ticket entitled to the capital prize or 20,000*l.* was captain Towry of Isleworth. A very remarkable circumstance put it in his possession: Mr. Barnes, a grocer in Cheapside, purchased four following numbers, one of which this was; but thinking the chance not so great in so

many following ones, he carried this very ticket back to the office, and changed it for another.

A LITTLE GO.

October 14, 1770, a case was determined at the general quarter session of the peace for the county of Wilts, held at Marlborough. A quack doctor had been convicted before Thomas Jolinson, esq. of Bradford, in the penalty of 200*l.* for disposing of plate, &c. by means of a device or lottery; and by a second information convicted of the same offence before Joseph Mortimer, esq. of Trowbridge. To both these convictions he appealed to the justices at the general quarter session of the peace, when, after a trial of near ten hours, the bench unanimously confirmed the conviction on both informations, by which the appellant was subjected to the penalties of 200*l.* on each, and costs.*

INSURANCE CAUSE.

On the 1st of March, 1773, a cause of great public concern came on to be tried before lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, wherein the lord mayor was plaintiff, and Messrs. Barnes and Golightly were defendants, in order to determine the legality of insuring lottery tickets; but on account of an error in the declaration the plaintiff was nonsuited.

On the 17th of the same month, "Mr. Sheriff Lewes presented a petition from the city of London, against the frequent toleration of lotteries in the time of peace; but the petition was ordered to lie upon the table.—No government can long subsist, that is reduced to the necessity of supporting itself by fraudulent gaming."†

TRICKS OF AN INSURER.

June 26, 1775, a cause came on in the court of common pleas, Guildhall, between a gentleman, plaintiff, and a lottery-office keeper of this city, defendant; the cause of this action was as follows: the gentleman, passing by the lottery-office, observed a woman and boy crying, on which he asked the reason of their tears; they informed him, that they had insured a number in the lottery on

* Universal Magazine.

† Memoir of Holland in Universal Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

the over night, and, upon inquiry at another office, found it to have been drawn five days before, and therefore wanted their money returned; the gentleman, taking their part, was assaulted and beat by the office-keeper, for which the jury gave a verdict in favour of the gentleman with five pounds damages.*

PROCEEDINGS RESPECTING A BLUE-COAT BOY.

In 1775, some of the boys of Christ's Hospital, appointed to draw numbers and chances from the wheel, were tampered with, for the purpose of inducing them to commit a fraud. These attempts were successful in one instance, and led to certain regulations, which will presently be stated.

On the 1st of June, a man was carried before the lord mayor for attempting to bribe the two blue-coat boys who drew the Museum Lottery at Guildhall to conceal a ticket, and to bring it to him, promising that he would next day return it to them. His intention was to insure it in all the offices, with a view to defraud the office-keepers. The boys were honest, gave notice of the intended fraud, and pointed out the delinquent, who, however, was discharged, as there existed no law to punish the offence.

On the 5th of December, one of the blue-coat boys who drew the numbers in the State Lottery at Guildhall was examined before sir Charles Asgill, relative to a number that had been drawn out the Friday before, on which an insurance had been made in almost every office in London. The boy confessed, that he was prevailed upon to conceal the ticket No. 21,481, by a man who gave him money for so doing; that the man copied the number; and that the next day he followed the man's instructions, and put his hand into the wheel as usual, with the ticket in it, and then pretended to draw it out. The instigator of the offence had actually received 400*l.* of the insurance-office keepers; had all of them paid him, the whole sum would have amounted to 3000*l.* but some of them suspected a fraud had been committed, and caused the inquiry, which obtained the boy's confession.

On the following day, the person who insured the ticket was examined. He was clerk to a hop-factor in Goodman's-fields,

but not being the person who seduced the boy to secrete the ticket, and no evidence appearing to prove his connection with the person who did, the prisoner was discharged, though it was ascertained that he had insured the number already mentioned ninety-one times in one day.*

In consequence of the circumstances discovered by this examination, the lords of the treasury inquired further, and deliberated on the means of preventing similar practices; the result of their conferences was the following "Orders," which are extracted from the original minutes of the proceedings, and are now for the first time published.

COPY, No. I.

ORDER of December 12, 1775.

A DISCOVERY having been made, that WILLIAM TRAMPLET, one of the boys employed in drawing the lottery, had, at the instigation of one CHARLES LOWNDES, (since absconded,) at different times, in former rolls *taken out of the number wheel THREE numbered tickets, which were at THREE several times returned by him into the said wheel, and drawn without his parting with them,* so as to give them the appearance of being fairly drawn, *to answer the purpose of defrauding by insurance:*

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, for preventing the like wicked practices in future, that every boy before he is suffered to put his hand into either wheel, be brought by the proclaimer to the managers on duty, for them to see that *the bosoms and sleeves of his coat be closely buttoned, his pockets sewed up, and his hands examined;* and that during the time of his being on duty, *he shall keep his left hand in his girdle behind him, and his right hand open, with his fingers extended;* and the proclaimer is not to suffer him at any time to leave the wheel without being first examined by the manager nearest him.

The observance of the foregoing order is recommended by the managers on this roll to those on the succeeding rolls, till the matter shall be more fully discussed at a general meeting.

COPY, No. II.

ORDER at GENERAL MEETING.

A PLAN OF RULES AND REGULATION to be observed, in order to *prevent the boys committing frauds, &c., &c.*

* Universal Magazine.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

the drawing of the lottery, agreeable to *directions* received by Mr. JOHN-SON, on Tuesday the 16th of January, 1776, from the LORDS OF THE TREASURY.

THAT ten managers be always on the roll at Guildhall, two of whom are to be conveniently placed opposite the two boys at the wheels, in order to observe that they strictly conform themselves to the rules and orders directed by the committee at Guildhall, on Tuesday, December 12, 1775.

THAT *it be requested of the TREASURER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL not to make known who are the twelve boys nominated for drawing the lottery till the morning the drawing begins; which said boys are all to attend every day, and the two who are to go on duty at the wheels are to be taken promiscuously from amongst the whole number by either of the secretaries, without observing any regular course or order; so that no boy shall know when it will be his turn to go to either wheel.*

THIS METHOD, though attended with considerable additional expense, by the extra attendance of two managers and six boys, will, it is presumed, effectually prevent any attempt being made to corrupt or bribe any of the boys to commit the fraud practised in the last lottery.

It is imagined, that to future inquirers concerning lotteries, with a view to its history, the publication of the preceding documents may be acceptable. So long a time has elapsed since the fraud they relate to was perpetrated, that any motive which existed for keeping them private has ceased. The blue-coat boy who secretly abstracted the tickets from the wheel, and afterwards appeared to draw them fairly and openly, will be regarded as having been pitifully exposed to seductions, which might have been prevented if these regulations had been adopted on the complaint of the lad who was tampered with in June. Perhaps it was prudent, though not "quite correct," to conceal that *three* tickets had been improperly taken from the wheel: until now, it has not been publicly made known that there was more than *one*; and though, if the point had been tried, that *one* might have been sufficient to have vitiated the legality of the drawing of the lottery of 1775 altogether, it was not enough, in a popular view, to raise a hue-and-cry among the

unfortunate holders against the disturbance of their chances. The concealment of *three* might have congregated the unsuccessful adventurers of the three kingdoms into an uproar, "one and indivisible," which, with the law on their side, would have exceedingly puzzled the then lords of the treasury to subdue, without ordering the lottery to have been drawn over again, and raising a fresh clamour among the holders of tickets that had been declared prizes.

LOTTERY SUICIDE.

On the 10th of January, 1777, "a young man, clerk to a merchant in the city, was found in the river below bridge drowned: he had been dabbling in the lottery with his master's money, and chose this way of settling his accounts."*

A BLANK MADE A PRIZE.

In January, 1777, Joseph Arones and Samuel Noah, two jews, were examined at Guildhall before the lord mayor, charged with counterfeiting the lottery ticket No. 25,590, a prize of 2000*l.*, with intent to defraud Mr. Keyser, an office-keeper, knowing the same to have been false and counterfeit. Mr. Keyser had examined the ticket carefully, and had taken it into the Stock-exchange to sell, when Mr. Shewell came into the same box, and desired to look at the ticket, having, as he recollected, purchased one of the same number a day or two before. This fortunate discovery laid open the fraud, and the two jews were committed to take their trial for their ingenuity. It was so artfully altered from 23,590, that not the least erasure could be discerned. Arones was but just come to England, and Noah was thought to be a man of property.

In February following, Arones and Noah were tried at the Old Bailey for the forgery and fraud. Their defence was, that the prisoner Arones found it, and persons were brought to swear it; on which they were acquitted. The figure altered was so totally obliterated by a certain liquid, that not the least trace of it could be perceived.

At the same sessions, Daniel Derny was tried for forging, counterfeiting, and altering a lottery ticket, with intent to defraud; and, being found guilty, was condemned.†

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

INSURING.

In July, 1778, came on to be tried at Guildhall, before lord Mansfield, a cause, wherein a merchant was plaintiff and a lottery-office keeper defendant. The action was brought for suffering a young man, the plaintiff's apprentice, to insure with the defendant during the drawing of the last lottery, contrary to the statute; whereby the youth lost a considerable sum, the property of the merchant. The jury without going out of court gave a verdict for the plaintiff, thereby subjecting the defendant to pay 500*l.* penalty, and to three months' imprisonment.*

During the same year, parliament having discussed the evil of insuring, and the mischievous subdivision of the shares of tickets, passed an act "for the regulation of Lottery offices," in which the principal clauses were as follows—

"To oblige every lottery-office keeper to take out a licence, at the expense of 50*l.*, and give security not to infringe any part of the act.

"That no person shall dispose of any part of a ticket in any smaller share or proportion than a sixteenth, on 50*l.* penalty.

"That any person selling goods, wares, or other merchandise, or who shall offer any sum or sums of money, upon any chance or event whatsoever, relating to the drawing of any ticket, shall be liable to a penalty of 20*l.*

"To enable the commissioners of his majesty's treasury to establish an office;—all shares to be stamped at that office;—the original tickets from which such shares are to be taken, to be kept at that office till a certain time after drawing;—books of entry to be regularly kept;—persons carrying shares to be stamped to pay a small sum specified in the act;—penalties for persons selling shares not stamped; and a clause for punishing persons who shall forge the stamp of any ticket."

In 1779, the drawing of the lottery and the conduct of lottery-office keepers was further regulated by act of parliament.†

EVASIONS OF THE INSURERS.

The provisions of parliament against the ruinous practice of insurance were evaded by the dexterity of the lottery-office keepers. In 1781, the following

proposals were issued by the cunning, and greedily accepted by the credulous.

I.

November 7, 1781

MODE OF INSURANCE,

Which continues the whole time of drawing the lottery, at CARRICK'S STATE LOTTERY OFFICE, King's Arms, 72, Threadneedle-street. *At one guinea each NUMBERS are taken*, to return three twenty pound prizes, value sixty pounds, for every given number that shall be drawn any prize whatever above twenty pounds during the whole drawing.

* * *Numbers at half a guinea to receive half the above.*

II.

J. Cook respectfully solicits the public will favour the following *incomparably advantageous plan* with attention, by which *upwards of thirty-two thousand chances for obtaining a prize (out of the forty-eight thousand tickets) are given in one policy.*

POLICIES OF FIVE GUINEAS with three numbers, with the first number will gain

20000 if a prize of £20000

10000 £10000

5000 £ 5000

with the second number will gain

6000 guineas if 20000

3000 10000

1500 5000

with the third number will gain

3000 guineas if 20000

1500 10000

1200 5000

In the lottery act of 1782 there was a clause designed to prevent the insurance of tickets by any method. The lottery-office keepers persisted in their devices, and the magistrates enforced the law.

About the beginning of January 1785 several lottery-office keepers were convicted, before the lord mayor and aldermen, in penalties of fifty pounds each for insuring numbers contrary to law; and in Trinity term the following cause was tried at Westminster, before lord Loughborough.

A lottery-office keeper near Charing-cross was plaintiff, and the sheriff of Middlesex defendant. The action was to recover one thousand five hundred and sixty-six pounds, levied by the sheriff, about a year past, on the plaintiff's goods, by virtue of three writs of *feri facias*,

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Anderson.

issued from the court of King's-bench. It seems that the above plaintiff was convicted in three penalties of five hundred pounds each, for insuring lottery tickets; but previous to the trial's coming on, for some indulgence, he had, by himself or agents, consented not to bring any writ of error, and an order of *nisi prius* was drawn up, and served upon his attorney; notwithstanding which, three writs of error were sued out. The court of King's-bench being then moved, made an order that the executions should be levied according to the original rule of court: the sheriff made the levy, and the money being paid and impounded in his hands, the above action was brought to get the same returned. The novelty of the action caused much laughter among the counsel, and, after a few minutes' hearing, his lordship ordered the plaintiff to be nonsuited.*

LOTTERY WOOD CUTS.

It is to be remarked, that at this period engravings on their printed addresses do not seem to have been resorted to by the lottery-schemers as they have been since, for the purpose of stimulating attention to their plans. No subject of the kind therefore can be given, to illustrate their proceedings at the time now under review; but on arriving, as we shall presently, at days nearer our own, they crowd upon us, and *several* will be given in the next sheet as specimens of their ingenuity and taste.

CHARLES PRICE, *alias* PATCH, &c.

This man was a lottery-office keeper. His notoriety and his fate render him one of the most remarkable characters of the age wherein he lived; it is therefore proposed to give a brief outline of his life.

His father, Charles Price, was "by trade a tailor." He came from South Wales, about the year 1702, and worked at several places in London, till in 1710 he got into Monmouth-street, as journeyman to a salesman there. By strict application he was, in a few years, enabled to set up as a master, and kept a salesshop the corner of Earl-street and West-street, Seven Dials. Some time previous to this he had married a woman who bore a very good character. He was very clever in his business, but illiterate; yet exceedingly artful, and the flower of

Monmouth-street for oratory in the sale of his goods: at the same time, he was sincere in his friendships, despised downright knavery, and had a regard to reputation. His eldest son, Thomas, was bred to his father's business. One Creed, a salesman in Rosemary-lane, used to send him with a cart loaded with goods round the country; and Creed dying, Thomas decamped with the produce of one journey, about 200*l*. For this, and for similar acts of knavery in his brother Charles, he left them only a shilling each, and bequeathed the rest of his property to his daughter. Thomas died young.

Charles, the hero of our history, when about six years of age, was sent to school, where he acquired the rudiments of the French language, and was so neglected in his own, that he was complete in neither. At about twelve years' old he was taken home to assist his father, where he soon gave proofs of address similar to the following.

A sailor who had staggered to Monmouth-street to buy some clothes, was caught by Charles at the corner, and introduced by him into a room, where, in a summer's noon, it was hardly possible to distinguish blue from black, or green from blue. The honest tar was shown a coat and waistcoat, the real value of which was about two guineas. Though they were considerably too little, Charles squeezed him up, and persuaded him they fitted exactly. The price being demanded, Charles declared upon his honour the lowest farthing he could take was five guineas. The sailor put his hand in his pocket, and laid down the money. Charles stepped down to his father's journeyman, under pretence of getting something to put the clothes in, and told him the customer he met with, and that he might as well have had six guineas as five. "Do you," said he, "follow me up stairs, enquire what I have done, pretend to be very angry, swear they cost you six guineas, give me two or three kicks or cuffs, and I dare swear we shall get more money out of him, and then, as my father is not at home, you shall go halves in all we get above the five guineas." The scheme was readily acquiesced in by the journeyman. Charles slipped up stairs; the journeyman followed, inquiry, blame, and sham blows ensued; the journeyman declared the clothes cost him six guineas out of his pocket, and was going to beat Charles again, when the sailor cried,

* Universal Magazine.

"Avast, master, don't beat the boy, if he has made a mistake in a guinea, why here it is;" and laying it down, departed well pleased with his bargain, and that he had saved the lad a drubbing by the insignificant trifle of an additional guinea. Charles gave his father two guineas, the journeyman half a one, and kept three guineas and a half to himself.

The father soon experienced the effects of his son's knavery, and put him apprentice to a hatter and hosier in St. James's-street, with a considerable premium, hoping that his conduct would be quite different from what it had been at home; but his master had almost as much reason to complain of him as his father. Among his other frauds was the following: he robbed his father of an elegant suit of clothes, in which he dressed himself and went to his master, of whom he purchased about ten pounds' worth of silk stockings, leaving his address, Benjamin Bolingbroke, esq., Hanover-square, and ordering them to be sent in an hour's time, when he would pay the person who brought them. Incredible as it may appear, his master did not know him; to complete the cheat, he came back in half an hour, in his usual dress, and was ordered to take the goods home, which he actually pretended to do, and thus robbed his master. Having been detected in his villanies, he ran away; and his father, in detestation of his principles, disinherited him, soon afterwards died, and was buried at Lambeth. It may be remarked, that he was the first corpse carried over Westminster-bridge, which was on the first day it was free for carriages, when multitudes flocked to see the opening of the new structure.

Before his father's death, Charles Price became a gentleman's servant, and in that capacity lived some years, till he got into the service of sir Francis Blake Delaval, went with him the tour of Europe, returned to England, and through sir Francis, who was the companion of the celebrated Samuel Foote, became comedian. He acted a principal part in the scheme by which sir Francis obtained his lady, with a very large fortune. She went to consult a conjuror, and Foote performed the character to the satisfaction of his friend. Price afterwards contrived to conjure Foote out of 500*l.* in a sham scheme in a brewery, wherein that gentleman and Price were concerned. Price was made a bankrupt, and afterwards set

up in a distillery, defrauded the revenue, was sent to the King's-bench, released by an insolvent act, again turned brewer, and defrauded a gentleman out of 6000*l.* through one of his disguises. He then became a lottery-office keeper and stock-broker, gambled in the alley, was ruined, again set up lottery-office keeper, courted a Mrs. Pounteney, and ran away with her niece, who was the daughter of justice Wood, in the Borough. He practised innumerable frauds, became an adept in swindling, and had the effrontery to avow his depredations, and laugh at those he injured.

Price was intimate with a Mr. R—s, a grocer retired from business, with whom he had for a long time passed as a stock-broker. Price, who then lived at Knightsbridge, frequently used to request the favour of Mr. R. to take a bank-note or two into the city, and get them changed into small ones. In this he had a two-fold plot. He informed his friend that he was intimately acquainted with a very old gentleman, exceedingly rich, who had been an eminent broker in the alley, but had long retired; that his monies in the funds were immense; that the only relation he had in the world was one sister, to whom he intended to bequeath the best part of his property; and that his sister was near fifty years of age, had never been married, and determined never to marry; and that it was impossible the old gentleman could live long, as he was very old, very infirm, and almost incapable of going out of doors. This old gentleman, Price said, had often asked him to become his executor; and besought him to recommend another person, in whose fidelity, character, and integrity, he could repose an entire confidence, and that he would make it well worth their while, if they would undertake so friendly and solemn an office.—"Now," said Price to Mr. R. "here is an opportunity for us to make a considerable sum in a short time, and, in all probability, a very capital fortune in a few years; for the sister being determined not to marry, and having no relations in the world, there is no doubt but she will leave us the whole of the estate; and, after his decease, she will become totally dependent upon us.—I shall see the old gentleman, Mr. Bond, to-day, and if you will join in the trust, the will shall be immediately made."

To this proposal Mr. R. consented. In the evening Price returned to Knights-



Charles Price, the Arch-Imposter,

IN HIS USUAL DRESS—AND IN DISGUISE.

bridge. He told Mr. R. that he had visited Mr. Bond, who expressed great happiness and easiness of mind on such a recommendation, and desired to see Mr. R. the next day. Price appointed to meet him at twelve o'clock at Mr. Bond's. At the appointed hour, Mr. R. knocked at the door. He was shown up stairs by the aforementioned sister-lady, and introduced to Mr. Bond, seated in a great chair, his legs in another, and covered with a night-cap. The poor, infirm, weak, debilitated, old gentleman regretted the absence of his ever-dear friend Mr. Price, the most worthy man in the world, and rang a peal on his friendship, honour, honesty, integrity, &c., &c., accompanied with emaciated coughs—was obliged to go to the city coffee-house—a punctual man—never failed an appointment—it was the soul of business—and then he told Mr.

R. that his dear friend desired to meet Mr. R. there exactly at one o'clock—he approved highly of Mr. Price's recommendation, and was now happy in his mind—it wanted but a quarter to one, he believed, and he hoped Mr. R. would not fail, as his dear friend was very exact indeed. The usual compliments passed; the sister conducted Mr. R. to the door, who posted away to the city coffee-house, and left old Mr. Bond, the rich brother, who was in reality no other than Mr. Price, and the brother's maiden sister, who was a Mrs. Pounteney, to laugh at Mr. R.'s credulity. Mr. R. had not been five minutes in the coffee-house before he was joined by his friend Price, to whom Mr. R. recapitulated what passed, and as soon as Price had despatched some pretended business, he proposed calling on Mr. Bond. This was readily acquiesced in by Mr. R.

and away they drove to Leather-lane. When they came there, they were informed by the lady, that her brother was just gone out in a coach, on an airing, to Highgate. In short, Price carried on the scheme completely for several days, during which time Mr. R. had twice or thrice seen the old gentleman. The will was made, and, on the strength of the joint executorship and expectancy, Mr. R. was swindled out of very near a thousand pounds in cash, and bonds to the amount of two hundred pounds.

Another anecdote, though it does not exhibit him in his Proteus-like character, exemplifies his cunning and selfishness. He had formed a connection with Mr. W—, a brewer, a man of character. Price, who was then in the brewery, proposed a project, which was assented to, for purchasing hops to the amount of two thousand pounds, and he actually went into the country, contracted for hops to that amount with hop-growers in Kent, and then applied to Mr. W. for the two thousand pounds, alledging that there would be a sudden rise of hops, and they could not be delivered too soon; and that Mr. W. should have his share of the profit. From some undisclosed motive, Mr. W. refused to advance the money. An unexpected rise, however, did soon after take place, Price went into Kent to demand delivery, the growers were shy in delivering, especially as they found they had made a bad bargain, and he gained two hundred pounds for releasing them.

Price was servile to extreme meanness, where his servility could be recompensed by a shilling. He was master of consummate effrontery, when principle called upon him for that shilling, if it was unsupported by law. He never paid but with an eye to further plunder; and then he abounded in that species of flattery distinguished under the word *palaver*. He possessed an extensive knowledge of men and manners, and to superficial observers appeared a very sensible person. He knew something of most of the living languages; had travelled all over France and Holland, and been at most of the German courts. He was at Copenhagen during the crisis in the fate of the unhappy Matilda queen of Denmark, sister to George III.; and he wrote a pamphlet in her behalf, tending to prove that the true motive for the degrading attack on her character, was to effect a revolution in favour of the queen dowager's son. It

proved him to have an eye directed to the cabals of the court, and an understanding capable of developing its intrigues.

Price's character about the 'Change in London was well-known—he was a keen, intriguing speculator, well versed in the mystery of the bulls and bears: his head enabled him to make the most accurate calculations, but his heart would not permit him to enjoy the fruit of even his honest labours; for he never would comply with the demands of a fortunate customer, unless terrified into it,—and to terrify him required no small portion of ingenuity and resolution. His dishonesty was the spring of all his misfortunes; it made him shift from place to place to avoid the abuse of the vulgar, and the clamorous calls of the few fortunate adventurers in the lottery. His last office was the corner of King-street, Covent-garden, from whence he was driven, by a run of ill-luck, into a private decampment.

From that period, Price lived in obscurity. Though a perfect sycophant abroad, at home he was an absolute tyrant; nor could a prudent, virtuous woman, endowed with every qualification to render the marriage state happy, soften his brutal disposition, when the ample fortune he obtained with her had been squandered. Having a family of eight children to support, he turned his thoughts to fatal devices, and commenced to forge on the bank of England. His first attack on the bank was about the year 1780, when one of his notes had been taken there, so complete in the engraving, the signature, the water-marks, and all its parts, that it passed through various hands unsuspected, and was not discovered till it came to a certain department, through which no forgery whatever can pass undiscovered. The appearance of this note occasioned a considerable alarm among the directors; and forgery upon forgery flowed in, about the lottery and Christmas times, without the least probability of discovering the first negociators. Various consultations were held, innumerable plans were laid for detection, and they were traced in every quarter to have proceeded from one man, always disguised, and always inaccessible.

Had Price permitted a partner in his proceedings—had he employed an engraver—had he procured paper to be made for him, with water-marks upon it, he must soon have been discovered—but he

"was himself *alone*." He engraved his own plates, made his own paper with the water-marks, and, as much as possible, he was his own negociator. He thereby confined a secret to himself, which he deemed not safe in the breast of another; even Mrs. Price had not the least knowledge or suspicion of his proceedings. Having practised engraving till he had made himself sufficient master of it, he then made his own ink to prove his own works. He next purchased implements, and manufactured the water-mark, and began to counterfeit hand-writings. Private attempts to discover him proved thoroughly abortive, and the bank came to the resolution of describing the offender by the following public advertisement, which was continued in all the newspapers for a considerable time to no purpose. It is a very curious document, from the minuteness with which his disguise is particularized.

Public-office, Bow-street, Dec. 5, 1780.

A FORGERY.

Whereas a person, answering the following description, stands charged with forging two notes, purporting to be bank-notes, one for forty pounds and the other for twenty pounds, whoever will apprehend him, or give such immediate notice at this office as may be the means of apprehending him, shall receive one hundred pounds' reward on his commitment.

Or, if any person concerned in the above forgery, (except the person here-under described,) will surrender and discover his or her accomplices, he or she will be admitted an evidence for the crown, and, on conviction of any one offender therein, receive two hundred pounds' reward.

And if any engraver, paper-maker, mould-maker or printer, can give information of the engraving any plate, making any mould or paper, or printing any note resembling bank-notes, shall receive two hundred pounds' reward, on conviction of any of the offenders in the above forgery.

He appears about fifty years of age, about five feet six inches high, stout made, very sallow complexion, dark eyes and eye-brows, speaks in general very deliberately, with a foreign accent; was worn a black patch over his left eye, tied with a string round his head, sometimes wears a white wig, his hat flapped before, and nearly so at the sides, a brown tamblet great coat, buttons of the same, with a large cape, which he always wears so as to cover the lower part of his face; appears to have very thick legs, which hang over his shoes, as if swelled, his shoes are very broad

at the toes, and little narrow old-fashioned silver buckles, black stocking breeches, walks with a short crutch stick with an ivory head, stoops, or affects to stoop very much, and walks slow as if infirm; he has lately hired many hackney-coaches in different parts of the town, and been frequently set down in or near Portland-place, in which neighbourhood it is supposed he lodges.

He is connected with a woman who answers the following description:—She is rather tall, and genteel, thin face and person, about thirty years of age, light hair, rather a yellow cast on her face, and pitted with the small pox, a down-cast look, speaks very slow, sometimes wears a coloured linen jacket and petticoat, and sometimes a white one, a small black bonnet, and a black cloak, and assumes the character of a lady's maid.

N. B. It is said, that about fifteen months since he lodged at Mrs. Parker's, No. 40, in Great Titchfield-street, (who is since dead,) at which time he went by the name of Wigmore.

This advertisement drove Price to extremities:—it forced him to refrain from the circulation of his forgeries, and for some months put a total stop to them. It was posted on the walls, and printed as hand-bills, and delivered from house to house throughout the whole of the quarter where he was most suspected to reside; at the very house which he daily resorted to, and where all his implements were fixed; in the neighbourhood of Marybone, Portland-place, Oxford-street, and Tottenham-court-road. One of them was thrown down an area to the only person in whom he placed any confidence, a female whom the reader will be better acquainted with. By these means Price was informed of his immediate danger, and took his measures accordingly. Eagerness to secure banished the foresight and caution which are necessary in the pursuit of artful villany. The animal whose sagacity is a proverb, can never be secured in haste; he must be entrapped by superior patience and caution.

Though Price had no partner in any branch of the forgery of a bank-note, yet he had a confidante in his wife's aunt, by the mother's side, whom he had known previous to his marriage. Her name was Pounteney; and, unknown to Mrs. Price, he was daily with her. He divided his dinner-times equally between the two, and Mrs. Price had for ten years' past, through the impositions of her husband, considered her aunt either as dead, or residing abroad. His wife had too little art, or understanding in the ways of

the world, to be what is commonly called cunning. In short, her character was that of perfect simplicity. Price therefore thought her not fit to be trusted. Her aunt, on the contrary, was wily, crafty and capable of executing any plan Price would chalk out for her. She was a woman after his own heart; and having made choice of this woman as an assistant, and his apparatus being ready, he began his operations. He lived then at Paddington with his wife, whom he went to nightly; and at lodgings, near Portland-place, he daily visited her aunt, where the implements for his undertakings were concealed. His next and chief object was a negotiator, and he procured one in the following manner.

Previous to the drawing of the lottery for the year 1780, Price put an advertisement into the "Daily Advertiser" for a servant who had been used to live with a single gentleman, and the direction was to "C. C. Marlborough-street coffee-house, Broad-street, Carnaby-market." An honest young man, who at that time lived with a musical instrument-maker in the Strand, read this advertisement, and sent a letter to the specified address. At the end of a week, one evening, about dusk, a coachman inquired for the person who had answered the advertisement, saying there was a gentleman over the way, in a coach, wanted to speak with him. The young man went to the coach, was desired to step in, and there saw an apparently aged foreigner, gouty, wrapped up with five or six yards of flannel about his legs, a camblet surtout buttoned up over his chin, close to his mouth, a large patch over his left eye, and every part of his face concealed except his nose, right eye, and a small part of that cheek. This person was Price, who caused the young man to sit at his left side, on which eye the patch was; so that Price could take an askance look at him with his right eye, and discover only a small portion of his own face. Thus disguised, he seemed between sixty and seventy years of age, and afterwards, when the man saw him standing, he appeared nearly six feet high, owing to boots or shoes with heels little less than four inches high. To aid the deception, he was so buttoned up and straightened as to appear perfectly lank. Price's real height was about five feet six inches; he was a compact, neat made man, rather square shouldered, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; his legs

were firm and well set. His features assisted his design to look considerably older than he really was; his nose was aquiline, his eyes were small and grey, his mouth stood very much inwards his lips were very thin, his chin was pointed and prominent, he had a pale complexion, and loss of teeth favoured his disguise of speech. His natural form was exceedingly upright; he was active and quick in his walk, and was what is usually described "a dapper made man." To the young man, whose christian name was Samuel, Price affected great age, with a faint hectic cough, and so much bodily infirmity as almost to disable him from getting out of the coach. Price told him he was not wanted by himself, but as under servant to a young nobleman of fortune, under age, and then in Bedfordshire, to whom he was, and had been some years, guardian. He inquired into the particulars of Samuel's life, and thinking him honest and ingenuous, and therefore unsuspecting, and suitable to his purpose, he talked to him about wages. Samuel inquired whether he was to be in livery or not: Price replied, that he could not really tell, for the young nobleman was a very whimsical character, but that was a circumstance which might be settled hereafter. To carry on the farce, he desired Samuel to call his master to the coach to give him a character, and his master came and gave him such an one as Price pretended to approve; he then hired Samuel at eighteen shillings per week, and gave him a direction to himself, as Mr. *Brank*, at No. 39, Titchfield-street, Oxford-street.

Pursuant to appointment, on the second or third evening afterwards, Samuel went to Titchfield-street, and there entered on the service of the minor nobleman, by waiting on Mr. *Brank*. Price resumed his discourse respecting his ward, the eccentricity and prodigality of his manners, and his own hard task in endeavouring to prevent him from squandering his money, especially in those deceitful allurances called lottery tickets. He said, although he was his guardian, he was still obliged to comply with some of those whims, in opposition to his own advice and remonstrance. Old Mr. *Brank* talked of the happy prospects for Samuel by serving such a master, and Samuel talked of his wages and clothes, and whether he was to be in livery or not. It was concluded, that for the present he

should procure a drab coat, turned up with red, till the nobleman's pleasure was known, or he came to town: he was ordered to get the clothes at his own charge, and make out his bill; which he did, but was never repaid. This circumstance corresponded with Price's usual conduct: he never was known to part with a shilling from one hand, till he had more than double its value in the other. It should be observed, that Samuel was so placed on the left side of the pretended Mr. Brank, on which side the patch was, that during the whole of the conversation he could never see the right side of Price's face.

Before Samuel took leave of the old gentleman, he was ordered to come again in the evening of the first day of the drawing of the lottery. Price pretended, that he seldom went to the nobleman's town house of an evening, and therefore, to avoid giving him unnecessary trouble, he was to attend in Titchfield-street. On that evening he pulled out a variety of papers, letters, &c., and told Samuel he had received orders from the thoughtless young nobleman to purchase lottery tickets, as a venture against his coming to town, and for that purpose he meant to employ Samuel. He produced some seeming bank-notes, and gave Samuel two, one of twenty pounds, the other of forty pounds. He directed him to take their numbers and dates on a piece of paper, for fear of losing them, and to go to a lottery office in the Hay-market, and with the one of twenty pounds to purchase "an eight guinea chance:" from thence he was to go to the corner of Bridge-street, Westminster, to buy another out of the forty pound note, and wait at the door of the Parliament-street coffee-house till he came to him. With these notes Samuel bought each of the chances, and was on his way to the Parliament-street coffee-house when, from the opposite side of the way, he was hailed by Mr Brank, who complimented him on his speed, and said he had been so quick, that he, Brank, had not had time to get to the coffee-house. He was then interrogated, if he had made the purchases, and, replying in the affirmative, was again commended for his diligence: Brank also inquired, if any mistake had happened; and all this with a deal of coughing imbecility of speech, and feigned accent.

When Samuel received the notes, he

received as many canvass bags as he was ordered to buy shares, and to put each distinct share, and the balance of each note, into a separate bag, for fear, as Brank said, the chance of one office might be confused with the chance of another and Samuel be thereby puzzled to know where he had bought the different chances; and by such confusion, or forgetfulness, it might not be recollected where to apply in case of a fortunate number.

Mr. Brank having secured the chances and balances, ordered Samuel to go to Goodluck's at Charing-cross, from thence to King-street, Covent-garden, and York-street, Covent-garden, and purchase some other small shares and chances, and then meet him at the city coffee-house, Cheapside. To these places the young man went, and having bought his numbers and changed his notes, as he was going along York-street, his master called to him from a coach, pretended he was fortunate in thus seeing him, made Samuel step in, got the produce of the forgery, and away they drove to the city.

In their way thither, Brank applauded his servant's despatch; gave him more notes, to the amount of four hundred pounds, with instructions to purchase shares and chances, at offices about the Exchange; and directed him, as before, to put the chances and money received at each office in a separate bag. For this purpose Samuel was set down from the coach in Cheapside, and having executed his commissions returned, agreeable to his orders, to the city coffee-house, where he waited a few minutes and then Mr. Brank came hobbling up to him, and took him into a coach, that was waiting hard by. Brank resumed complaints of his health and infirmities, and observed, that the fatigues of business had kept him longer than he expected; but he warned Samuel to be always exceedingly punctual. His reason for urging punctuality was the dread of a discovery, and to prevent consultations, by which he might be detected. On their way to Long-acre, where the coachman was ordered to drive, Brank amused his servant with flattering promises for his attention and fidelity; and at parting put a guinea into his hand, and gave him orders to be in waiting, for a few days, at his old master's in the Strand.

It afterwards appeared, that whenever Samuel went to an office a woman, unobserved by him, always walked in at the same time, and looked about her as if

accompanying some one else in the shop; and as soon as Samuel had done his business she also walked away. This woman was Mrs. Pounteney, the aunt of Price's wife, described in the advertisement and hand-bill issued by the bank. She constantly accompanied Price in a coach whenever he went out, watched Samuel at every office, as soon as he had safely got out stepped across the way to Price, who was in the coach, informed him of the success, and then Samuel was hailed, and Price secured the property while she kept out of sight; nor did Samuel ever see her during his servitude. During his residence at Titchfield-street, which was but a week, Price always appeared and went out as Brank, accompanied by Mrs. Pounteney. In case of any accidental discovery, she was ready to receive the disguise, so that Brank might be instantly shifted to Price, and Price to Brank, and Samuel thereby be rendered incapable of identifying the man that had employed him.

On the Sunday morning after Price's last adventure, a coachman inquired for Samuel at his old master's, by whom the coachman was informed, that though Sam worked he did not lodge there, and that he should not see him till the next morning. The coachman held a parcel in his hand, which he said was for Samuel, and which the master desired him to leave, and he should have it the next day; the coachman replied, he was ordered not to leave it, but to take it back in case he could not see the man, and accordingly went across the way with it; there the master saw the elderly gentleman, with whom he had conversed on Samuel's character a few days before, to whom the coachman delivered the parcel. Samuel's master saw this old gentleman get into a coach; but in a minute the coachman returned and left the parcel, which contained notes to the amount of three hundred pounds, with a letter directing Samuel to buy, on the next morning, a sixteenth, an eight guinea chance, and a whole ticket, to repeat his purchases as before, till the whole were changed, and to meet his master, Mr. Brank, at Mill's coffee-house, Gerrard-street, Soho, at twelve o'clock the next day. Samuel duly executed these orders, but, on inquiry at the coffee-house, he found no such person as Mr. Brank had been there; in a few minutes, however, as he was standing at the coffee-house door, a coachman

summoned him to Mr. Brank, who was waiting in a coach at the corner of Macclesfield-street. He desired Samuel to come in, and made him sit on the left hand, as before described, and having received the tickets, shares, and balances, ordered him to bid the coachman drive towards Hampstead. On the way, he gave Samuel three sixteenths as a reward for his diligence, and talked much of his ward, who, he said, would be in town in a day or two, when he would speak highly of Samuel's industry. He discoursed on these subjects till they reached Mother Black-cap's at Kentish-town, and then Samuel received orders to bid the coachman turn round; and, on their way back, Samuel had notes for five hundred pounds given to him, with directions to lay them out in the same manner about the 'Change, and meet his master at the same place in the evening, where he said he should dine; but, for reasons easily imagined, Samuel was ordered not to make his purchases at the offices he had been to before.

Samuel, having performed this task also, went to the coffee-house, where a porter accosted him, and conducted him to his master in a coach as usual. He was now blamed for his delay, and an appearance of anger assumed, with a declaration, that he would not do if not punctual, for that the nobleman was very particular in time, even to a minute. Samuel apologized, and Brank received the cash and shares, and ordered him to go to the New Inn Westminster-bridge and hire a post-chaise to carry them to Greenwich to meet the nobleman's steward, who was also his banker, to whom he was going for money to purchase more tickets; observing, at the same time, on the imprudence and prodigality of his ward.

At Greenwich, Samuel was desired to go to the Ship and order a dinner, while Brank was engaged, as he pretended, in negotiating his business; he instructed him not to wait longer than three o'clock, but go to dinner at that time, if he, Brank, did not return. It was not till half past four that Brank came hobbling, coughing, and seemingly quite out of breath with fatigue. They then drank tea together, and afterwards returned in the chaise to Lombard-street, where it was discharged. There Sam received more notes to the amount of 350*l.*, which he got rid of in the usual way; and at the city coffee-house was again fortunate enough to meet

his master before he got to the door. Brank ordered him to attend the next evening at his lodgings, which he accordingly did, and afterwards at three or four other times, in the course of which attendance he negotiated 500*l.* more of the forged notes.

We now arrive at the close of Samuel's services. In negotiating the last sum he had received, he went to Brooksbank's and Ruddle's, where he was interrogated as to whom he lived with; Samuel said he was servant to a very rich nobleman's guardian, that he was at board-wages, and gave his address to his old master, the musical instrument-maker. Having delivered Brank the cash, &c. in the usual way, he was told, that perhaps he might not be wanted again for a week, and that he might wait till sent for. Before the expiration of that time, however, Samuel was apprehended, and taken to Bow-street, where he was examined by the magistrates and gentlemen from the bank; and telling his artless tale, which was not believed, he was committed to Tothillfields-bridewell, on suspicion of forgery.

The surprise of the poor lad on his apprehension, his horror on being confined in a prison, and his dread of being executed as a forger of counterfeit bank-notes, were only equalled by the astonishment of the directors of the bank and the magistrates, at the sagacity of the manufacturer, who had hitherto evaded every possibility of detection. Nor did they appear at all persuaded of Sam's innocence, though his story was, in part, confirmed by his former master, the musical instrument-maker. The forged note he had passed at Brooksbank's and Ruddle's, where he had been interrogated, was the means of his apprehension. In a day or two it was paid into the bank, traced back to Brooksbank's and Ruddle's office, and, immediate application being made to Bow-street, the lad was taken into custody.

Samuel's examinations were frequent and long, and in the end the following scheme was laid to secure the fabricator. Samuel having been ordered by Brank to stay till he was sent for, an inferior officer of Bow-street was stationed at the musical instrument-maker's in the Strand, where Samuel worked, in case Brank should call in the mean time. After the lapse of a few days, Price sent Samuel a message to meet him the next day at Mill's

coffee-house, exactly at eleven o'clock. This was communicated to Mr. Bond, a clerk at Bow-street office, who ordered Samuel to comply, but not to go till five minutes past the time. The above inferior officer attended at a distance, disguised as a porter, with a knot on his shoulder, and Bond, dressed as a "lady," followed at a small distance. When Samuel arrived at the coffee-house he found that a real porter had that instant been there and inquired for him, and could have been hardly got out of the door. This information Samuel directly communicated to the "lady," (Bond of Bow-street,) and Samuel was sent back to wait; but Brank, in a hackney-coach hard by, had discovered the momentary conversation between Samuel and the disguised officers, and took immediate flight. An instant rush was made at Titchfield-street, but in vain; Brank had not been there since Samuel and he had left it together, and the police were entirely at fault. The advertisements were again issued, and hand-bills were showered around to no purpose. Poor Samuel, however, having tolerably established his innocence, was, after suffering eleven months' imprisonment, discharged with a present of twenty pounds.

In the ensuing lottery, Price played the same artful game with notes of higher value; those of 20*l.* and 40*l.* were grown too suspicious, another lad had been taken into custody, another *rush* made, and *Price* was missed again by a moment.

Price's next scheme was an advertisement for a person in the linen drapery business; and with notes of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* two young men, his agents, purchased linen drapery at different shops. They were detected by having passed an 100*l.* note to Mr. Wollerton, a linen-draper in Oxford-street, who recovered the whole of his property through Bond the officer, by whom it was seized at No 3, on the Terrace, in Tottenham-court-road.

To follow Price through all his proceedings would be impossible: in November 1782, Mr. Spilsbury of Soho-square, the proprietor of some medicinal "drops," received a card bearing the name of Wilmott, which had been left by a person who had called at his house in his absence. The next evening the following note was delivered at Mr. Spilsbury's.

"Mr. Wilmott's compliments to Mr. Spilsbury. wishes to converse with him 10 minutes. having an Order for His drops, at half past five o'clock this evening.

"No. 17, *Gresse-street, Rathbone-place.*"

At the time mentioned in the note Mr. Spilsbury went to Gresse-street, where he was shown into a parlour by a foot-boy, and waited until Mr. Wilmott made his appearance. He appeared to be a very infirm old man, in a great coat and a slouched hat, with a piece of red flannel round the lower part of his face, a large bush-wig on, and his legs wrapped over with flannel; he wore green spectacles, and a green silk shade hanging from his hat, but no patch on his eye: this was Price. He and Mr. Spilsbury had frequently met at Percy-street coffee-house, Rathbone-place, and often conversed together; but on this occasion Mr. Spilsbury had no idea or recollection of his old acquaintance. As soon as Price entered the parlour, he observed on his own dress; and said he had exceedingly suffered from the drawing of a tooth by an unskilful dentist, and wore the flannel on his face in order to avoid catching cold. He then familiarly conversed with Mr. Spilsbury, extolled the merits of his "drops," recounted great cures which he knew they had performed, styled himself a dealer in diamonds, and dismissed Mr. Spilsbury with the promise of an order in a few days. It was evidently postponed to strengthen Mr. Spilsbury's opinion of him, but at last it arrived in the following note:—

"Mr. Wilmott's compliments to Mr. Spilsbury, desires he will put up twelve bottles of drops at 3s. 6d. against Friday three o'clock. the boy will call and pay for them. also, Mr. Spilsbury will send a copy or form of an Advertisement—and attestation, leaving a blank for the names. the case was—the man was violently broke out in legs, body and face, and he actually had no other physic than two of the bottles. and it is really astonishing how much He is recovered.—when Mr. Wilmott comes to town to-morrow week He will send the voucher authenticated by 6 people of consequence.

"*Gresse-street, No. 17.*"

The boy did not call on the Friday mentioned; but on the Friday week he brought a letter, in which Mr. Wilmott desired Mr. Spilsbury to send two guineas' worth of the drops, and change for a 10l. bank-note, and to be particular in send-

ing guineas of good weight. The bank-note appeared to be a new one, change was got in the neighbourhood, and the drops sent; and the next note Mr. Spilsbury received was from Sir Sampson Wright, desiring his attendance at Bow-street, where, to his astonishment, he was informed of the forgery. He related the preceding particulars to the magistrate, and produced the two letters. The officers paid an immediate visit to Gresse-street, but old Mr. Wilmott had previously departed.

Not long after this, Mr. Spilsbury met his acquaintance, Mr. Price, at the Percy-street coffee-house; and there, drinking his chocolate, and talking over the occurrences of the day, Mr. Spilsbury told the foregoing story to his coffee-house acquaintance, while Price every now and then called out "Lack a day! Good God! who could conceive such knavery could exist! What, and did the bank refuse payment, sir?" "O yes," said Mr. Spilsbury, with some degree of acrimony; "though it is on the faith of the bank of England that I and a great many others have taken them, and they are so inimicably executed, that the nicest judges cannot detect them." "Good God!" said Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain!—What a complete old scoundrell!"

It is related, that when the celebrated artist William Wynn Ryland was to be executed for forging an East-india bond, Price intreated the use of a dining-room window in Oxford-street, at the house of a gentleman whom he had defrauded in the same manner he had done Mr. Spilsbury; and Price was present when Ryland passed to Tyburn, and on that occasion pointed to Ryland, saying "There goes one of the most ingenious men in the world, but as wicked as he is ingenious—he is the identical man who has done all the mischief in the character of *Patch*: he deserves his fate, and he would confess the fact, if he was not in hopes of a respite; which he would have obtained, perhaps, had not the directors been certain that it was charity to the public to let him suffer."

Mention has already been made of the fraud practised by Price on Mr. R. of Knightsbridge. One in a family was not enough for him, and Mr. R.'s brother, who lived in Oxford-street, experienced the effect of Price's ingenuity in crime. Price had been often there, and bought a variety of things, and was perfectly well known

in his real person, and by his proper name. One day, however, a hackney-coach carried him thither disguised as an old man, and in that character he made some purchases. In a day or two he repeated his visit, and on a third day, when he knew Mr. R. was from home, he went again with his face so coloured that he seemed in a deep jaundice. The shopman, to whom he was full of complaints, told him that he had a receipt for that disorder, which had cured his father of it, and offered him the prescription. Price accepted it, and promised that if it succeeded he would liberally reward him. In a few days, he again appeared before the shopman perfectly freed from the complaint, and acknowledging his great obligations to him, said he had but a short time to live in the world, and having very few relations to leave any thing to, he begged his acceptance of a 50*l* bank-note, at the same time, he said, he wanted cash for another. Mr. R. not being in the way, the grateful shopman stepped out, and got change for it. The next day Price having watched Mr. R.'s going out, prevailed on the lad to take five other 50*l* notes to his master's banker, and there get them changed for smaller ones. Price's notes soon got to the bank, and of course were stopped. They were traced to Mr. R.'s. His lad was interrogated, and as Mr. R. positively refused to pay the 250*l*. to his bankers, they brought an action against him, which was tried in the court of common pleas, before Lord Loughborough, and the bankers obtained a verdict. The most extraordinary circumstances pending the suit were, that Mr. R. communicated the story to Price, who offered him all the assistance in his power, and became a principal agent in the defence. He was, of all others, the most active in procuring witnesses for Mr. R., and actually attended the trial, without the least suspicion, on the part of any individual concerned, that he was the perpetrator of the mischief.

It is an extraordinary and almost incredible fact, that during a period of six years, five of which had elapsed after the remarkable advertisement issued at the instance of the bank in December 1780, Price committed depredations of this nature on the public with impunity. The deceptions by which he circulated his forged notes through so long a period, were as varied as the nature of each new cir-

cumstance required. At last he turned another species of forgery, equally artful, and, for a time, equally successful. He went to the coffee-houses near the Royal Exchange in a new disguise, and there was accustomed to get a boy to take a sum of 10*l*. to the bank, with directions to receive from the teller the customary ticket to the cashier who pays; but the lad had his especial orders not to go to the cashier for the money, as the teller is accustomed to direct, but as soon as the boy was out of the teller's sight he was to turn another way, and bring the ticket to Price at the coffee-house. There Price used to alter the teller's tickets from 10*l*. to 100*l*. by adding an 0, or by placing a 1 before any other sum where the addition was easy, so as to make 50 into 150, &c., and then send the tickets by other hands to the cashiers, who paid the increased sums unsuspectingly.

This scheme was his last. One of the notes he had received at the bank, on a forged ticket, he had passed at Mr. Aldous's, a pawn-broker in Berwick-street, where he was known by the name of Powel, and went two or three times a week to pledge things of value. An officer was placed at Mr. Aldous's till his next call, which was the next day but one, when he was secured and carried to Bow-street. His behaviour there was exceedingly insolent. Mr. Bond, who, when Price kept a lottery-office in King-street, Covent-garden, was clerk at Bow-street, had visited him on account of some money due to Sir John Fielding's maid servant, gained by insuring with Price, which he had refused to pay her; but when informed by Mr. Bond who her master was, he waited on Sir John, and satisfied her claim. He now taxed Mr. Bond, who had been made a magistrate, with prejudice against him on account of the insurance affair, and complained that he should not have justice done him. He also urged against Mr. Abraham Newland, esq., principal cashier of the bank, that he could expect nothing from him but every possible injury, on account of some former antipathy that gentleman had conceived towards him; and he imputed desire of revenge to every individual whose duty it was to render him amenable to justice.

When under examination, the chief magistrate, Sir Sampson Wright, suddenly called out "Sam;" the young man immediately answered, and at the same

moment appeared before his old master, who started as at a ghost; but, recollecting himself, made a polite bow to his former servant, with a view either to awaken his sympathy, or to hint at what he might expect if he disclaimed him. Samuel, however, could only swear to his voice, for he had not the least idea of his person or features. Price was committed to Tothillfields-bridewell, where he turned his thoughts to the destruction of the implements. Well knowing that nothing could be extracted from Mrs. Price, or any of his family, to affect him, he had declared, when under examination, that he lived with them at a cheesemonger's in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road; and he was equally secure that nothing could be found there to afford the least suspicion of his being the forger described under the character of *Patch*. His next step was to obtain an interview with Mrs. Price and his eldest son, a youth about fifteen years of age. To his wife's great surprise, he communicated to her the secret of his lodgings, and the circumstances respecting her aunt. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Pounteney, informing her of his situation, and desiring her instantly to destroy every atom of the apparatus, clothes, &c.; he tore up the inner sole of his son's shoe, and putting the letter under, it passed safe.

When Mrs. Pounteney received the letter, she burnt every article of clothes in which Price had disguised himself, and sent for a carpenter, to whom he had never been visible, to take down the wood frame, presses, and other instruments with which Price had made his paper, and printed off his notes. While the maid was gone for the carpenter, her mistress put the copper-plates into the fire, and, rendering them pliable, reduced them to small pieces. These, with a large bundle of small wires, used in the manufacture of the paper and water-marks, she desired Price's son to take to the adjacent fields, and there distribute them beneath the dust heaps; and the pieces lay there till, by a stratagem, they were discovered and brought to Bow-street. The carpenter took down the apparatus, and being paid and despatched, every thing was brought down and reduced to ashes.

Throughout Price's examinations, his assurance was the most remarkable feature in his conduct; but the audacity by which he sought to baffle his accusers was so reckless, as to disclose a circumstance

which largely added to the grounds for believing him to be the criminal who had so long eluded justice. From the extreme art he had adopted to effectually disguise his person, while committing his enormous frauds, there was no connected proof of his identity. Long before his apprehension, he had hazarded experiments to discover whether his disguises were effectual. He would go to the coffee-houses about the 'Change, where he was thoroughly well known as Mr. Price, and in his real character inquire for Mr. Norton, write a letter, and leave it at the bar. In ten minutes he would return as Mr. Norton, receive the letter, and drink his coffee. While in Tothillfields-bridewell, a boy who had more than once taken cash for him to the tellers at the bank, together with the boy's mother, who had also seen him, were conveyed to the prison to view him. The boy could not at all identify him: the mother was more positive, but still the proof was deemed scarcely sufficient to convict him. He had pledged things of value several times, under the name of Powel, with Mr. Aldous. Mrs. Pounteney had done the same in the character of Mrs. Powel. They had talked of each other, and each of them had at different times pledged the same article; yet Price on his examination denied the least knowledge of her; impudently threatened to bring actions for false imprisonment; and ridiculing the officers for not finding a ten pound note in his fob, under his watch, when he was searched, he heedlessly produced it—this identical note was one of the notes delivered by the cashier upon a teller's ticket which Price had forged!

Price had been brought up three times for the purpose of being viewed, and his sagacity perceived the impossibility of his escaping the hand of justice. He told the keeper he had been "*betrayed*," but this was not the fact. Meditating to avoid a public execution, he informed his son that the people of the prison came into his room sooner than he wished; and that he had something secret to write, which they might get at by suddenly coming upon him, which he wished to prevent. On this pretence he gave his son money to purchase two gimblets and a sixpenny cord, pointing out to him how he would fasten the gimblets in the post, and tie the cord across the door, which opened inwards. The poor youth obtained the implements, and Price hav-

ing fastened the gimblets under two hat screws, was discovered hanging in his room, without coat or shoes, on the 25th of January, 1786.

Under his waistcoat were found three papers. One was a petition to the king, praying protection for his wife and eight children; all of whom, he said, had never offended; and stating, that he had written a pamphlet with a view to prevent a war between the crowns of England and Denmark, and to rescue the character of queen Matilda from the aspersions of the queen dowager's party. The second was a letter of thanks to Mr. Fenwick, the keeper of the prison, for his indulgence and favours. The third was a letter to his wife, wherein he begged her forgiveness for the injuries he had done her, and intreated her attention to their offspring. In these papers, written with his dying hand, the guilty man solemnly denied every thing laid to his charge!

Immediately upon Price's self-destruction, his unhappy wife, who had been innocent of his iniquities, was urged to discover the woman with whom he had been connected. She was assured, that though the verdict of a coroner's inquest must be formally complied with, yet, if she rendered this act of justice to the country, his remains might afterwards receive christian burial. Her son was present and added his intreaties that she would tell, or suffer him to tell, who and where the woman was; the feelings of the widow and the mother prevailed, and she communicated the residence of her depraved aunt, who, on being taken into custody, disclosed several of the circumstances attending the destruction and concealment of the presses and implements. What remained of them were destroyed by the police, and she was delivered out of custody to the punishment of her own thoughts. It was afterwards ascertained, on a second search, that she had not discovered all the machinery. The frame with which Price had made his paper was produced to her, and she was asked what it was: "It is an instrument," she said, "I use for mangling." An answer which may be taken as evidence, that notwithstanding the example of Price might have taught her the folly of wickedness, and though she herself had escaped by the sufferance of extreme mercy, her mind was still disposed to evil.

Price was buried in the cross-roads, but, in about a week, his body was privately removed by night.

These particulars of Price are more numerous, and the account of him is more diffuse, than might be expected in connection with the lottery; but as he was too remarkable to have been omitted among its incidents, so his criminal career was too flagitious and notorious to be lightly passed over when he was mentioned at all.

Price's lottery-office, in King-street, Covent-garden, was the house now (in 1826) occupied by Mr. Setchell, the bookseller. On part of the wall where Mr. Setchell's shutters are placed, there are remains of Price's lottery-bills still visible.

LOTTERY SUICIDE AND HEARTBREAKING.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1787 inserts what is called "a copy of a paper left by the unhappy young gentleman who lately shot himself with two pistols in Queen-street, Westminster," wherein he execrates "the head that planned, and the heart that executed, the baneful, destructive plan of a *Lottery*."

The same year, in a debate in the house of commons on a bill then passing to prevent insurance, Mr. Francis said his own family furnished a striking instance of the dreadful effects of a passion for this ruinous practice. He had given, at different times, to a female servant sums of money to the amount of two hundred pounds, to discharge tradesmen's bills; and, to his great surprise, he found afterwards that, regardless of his character, or her own, she had risked the entire sum in insuring in the lottery, and had lost it. He would have been glad had the loss of money been the only one, for he would have taken it upon himself; but the poor woman lost her life within a week after this discovery had been made, dying broken hearted and distracted.

SHARING A PRIZE.

In the Lottery of 1788 a guinea share of a ticket drawn a 20,000*l.* prize had been duly registered by Shergold and Co. who sold it, and acquainted the holder by letter that it entitled him to 1500*l.* This lucky man, who lived in the country, attended his club the same evening, and imparted the good news he had received. His joy, however, was considerably damped by a person present, who assured him that he never would be paid—that

his prize was not worth a groat, and that he himself knew one who at the beginning of the lottery had a half guinea share a prize of 20,000*l.* and was entitled to 700*l.*, but was glad to compromise it for 50*l.* After reciting a variety of circumstances to the same effect, and cunningly working up alarm to the highest pitch, he at length told the owner of the prize, that he knew some of the proprietors in Shergold's house, and he believed he might be able to get some money where another could get none; he would therefore venture to give 100*l.* for the prize. This proposal being rejected, he advanced to 200*l.* from thence to 300*l.* and at last to 600*l.*, which was accepted. He accordingly paid the money to the unfortunate *fortunate* adventurer, got possession of the prize, and immediately set off for London, and received the 1500*l.* without difficulty. Several eminent lawyers, on considering the misrepresentations used in this transaction, were of opinion, that it was what is termed a catching bargain, and advised the owner, who was cozened out of 900*l.*, to apply to equity for relief.* He seems to have been afraid of the remedy; for, though he took counsel's opinion, it does not appear that he followed it into chancery.

At the Haymarket theatre, in 1791, a comedy, called the "School for Arrogance," was produced with a prologue spoken in the character of a news-hawker, with the Lottery as one of the topics of intelligence.

After sounding, and calling "Great News!" without; he enters with a postman's horn, newspapers, cap and livery.

Great news! here's money lent on bond, rare news!

By honest, tender-hearted, christian jews!
Here are promotions, dividends, rewards,
A list of bankrupts, and of new made lords.
Here the debates at length are, for the week;
And here the deaf and dumb are taught to speak.

Here Hazard, Goodluck, Shergold, and a band

Of generous gentlemen, whose hearts expand
With honour, rectitude, and public spirit,
Equal in high desert, with equal merit,

Divide their tickets into snares and quarters.
And here's a servant-maid found hanging in
her garters!
Here! here's the fifty thousand, sold at ev'ry
shop!
And here's the "Newgate Calendar"—and
drop.
Rare news! strange news! extraordinary
news!
Who would not give three halfpence to
peruse?

Shergolds seem to have persisted in a course of attempts to evade the law, by a peculiar mode of dividing and insuring tickets; but in Michaelmas term, 1791, the question was argued in the court of King's-bench on a special verdict, whether the sellers of their receipts were liable to be apprehended and committed as vagrants under the Lottery act, and the court determined, that they were vagrants within the true intent of the act.

INSURING.

In February, 1793, the commissioners of the Lottery, in order to abate insuring, determined that no persons should be suffered to take down numbers, except the clerks of licensed offices known to the commissioners: no slips were to be sent out; but the numbers were to be taken down by one clerk in one book; Steel's list of lottery numbers was to be abolished, and a recompence made for it; and the magistrates resolved to apprehend all suspicious persons who should be seen taking early numbers.*

Yet, in 1796, we find "a class of sharpers, who take Lottery Insurances," and that this gambling, among the higher and middling ranks, was carried on to an extent exceeding all credibility, producing consequences to many private families, of great worth and respectability, of the most distressing nature.—Mr. Colquhoun represents them as "a class, in general, of very depraved or distressed characters, who keep unlicensed insurance offices, during the drawing of the English and Irish Lotteries;" many of whom, during the intervals of such lotteries, had recently invented and set up private lotteries, or wheels, called *little goes*, containing blanks and prizes, which were drawn for the purpose of establishing a ground for insurance, and producing incalculable mischiefs, inasmuch as the rage and

* Town and Country Magazine.

* Universal Magazine.

mania were so rooted, from habit and a spirit of gaming, that no domestic pressure, and no consideration, connected either with the frauds that were practised, or the number of chances against them, would operate as a check upon the minds of the infatuated. The criminal agents felt no want of customers. The houses and offices were not only extremely numerous all over the metropolis, but in general high rented, exhibiting the appearance of considerable expense, and barricaded in such a manner with iron doors and other contrivances as, in many instances, to defy the arm of the law. A considerable portion of their emoluments was traced to have been derived from menial servants in general; but particularly the male and female domestics in the houses of men of fashion and fortune, who were said, almost without a single exception, to be in the constant habit of insuring in the English and Irish Lotteries.

Such persons, with a spirit of gambling rendered more ardent than prevails in common life, from the example of their superiors, and from their idle and dissipated habits, entered keenly into the Lottery business; and when ill luck attended them were often led, step by step, to that point where they lost sight of moral principle, and were impelled, by desire of regaining what they had lost, to sell or pawn the property of their masters, whenever it could be pilfered so as to elude detection; and this species of speculation sometimes terminated in more atrocious crimes.

The insurance offices in the metropolis exceeded four hundred in number. To many of them persons were attached, called *Morocco Men*, who went from house to house among their customers, or attended in the back parlours of public-houses, where they were met by them to make insurances.

It was calculated, that at these offices (exclusive of what was done at the licensed offices) insurances were made to the extent of eight hundred thousand pounds, in premiums during the Irish Lottery, and above one million during the English; upon which it was calculated that they made from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. profit. This confederacy, during the English Lottery of the year 1796, supported about 2000 agents and clerks, and nearly 7500 Morocco men, including a considerable number of *ruffians and bludgeon men*,

paid by a general association of the principal proprietors of the establishments, who regularly met in committee, in a well-known public-house in Oxford-market, twice or thrice a week, during the drawing of the lottery, for the purpose of concerting measures to defeat the exertions of the magistrates, by forcibly resisting or bribing the officers of justice.

The Lottery was declared to be inseparable from illegal insurances, by the parliamentary reports of 1807; and they further state, that "the Lottery is so radically vicious, that under no system of regulations which can be devised will it be possible for parliament to adopt it as an efficient source of revenue, and at the same time divest it of all the evils and calamities of which it has hitherto been so baneful a source." Among these evils and calamities, the committees of parliament enumerate that "idleness, dissipation, and poverty, were increased,—the most sacred and confidential trusts were betrayed—domestic comfort was destroyed—madness was often created—suicide itself was produced—and crimes subjecting the perpetrators of them to death were committed."

LITTLE GOES.

These were *little* Lotteries on the same plan as the great State Lotteries, and drawn in the same manner. There were generally five or six "little goes" in the year, and they were actually set up and conducted by two or three of the licensed lottery-office keepers. The State Lottery was the parent of these "little goes." Persons who had not patience to wait till another State Lottery gambled during the vacations in a "little go." A "little go" was never heard of during the State Lotteries.*

THE GREAT GO.

Sir Nathaniel Conant, who in 1816 was chief magistrate of the police establishment at Bow-street, stated in that year to a committee of the house of commons, that the Lottery was one of the predisposing causes by which the people of the metropolis were vitiated; that it

* Report of Committee of House of Commons on Lotteries, 1808.

ted to theft, to supply losses and disappointments, occasioned by speculating on its chances; and that illegal insurances continued to be effected:—"there are," he says, "people in the back ground who having got 40, or 50,000*l.* by that, employ people of the lowest order, and give them a commission for what they bring; there is a *wheel within a wheel.*" Another magistrate, giving evidence before the same committee, said, "it is a scandal to the government thus to excite people to practice the vice of gaming, for the purpose of drawing a revenue from their ruin: it is an anomalous proceeding by law to declare gambling infamous, to hunt out petty gamblers in their recesses, and cast them into prison, and by law also to set up the giant gambling of the State Lottery, and encourage persons to resort to it by the most captivating devices which ingenuity, uncontrolled by moral rectitude, can invent."*

CONCLUSION.

Incredible efforts were made in the summer of 1826 to keep the "last lottery" on its legs. The price of tickets was arbitrarily raised, to induce a belief that they were in great demand at the very moment when their sale was notoriously at a stand; and the lagging attention of the public of the metropolis was endeavoured to be quickened, by all sorts of stratagems, to the 18th of July, as the very last chance that would occur in England of gaining "Srx 30,000*l.* besides other Capitals," which it was positively affirmed were "all to be drawn" on that fatal day. Besides the dispersion of innumerable bills, and the aspersions on government relative to the approaching extinction of the Lottery, the parties interested in its preservation caused London and its environs to be paraded by the following

Procession.

1. Three men in liveries, scarlet and gold.
2. Six men bearing boards at their backs and on their breasts, with inscriptions in blue and gold, "All Lotteries end Tuesday next, six 30,000*l.*"
3. Band of trumpets, clarionets, horns, &c.

4. A large purple silk banner carried by six men, inscribed in large gold letters "All Lotteries end for ever on Tuesday next, six 30,000*l.*"

5. A painted carriage, representing the Lottery wheel, drawn by two dappled grey horses, tandem fashion; the fore horse rode by a postillion in scarlet and gold, with a black velvet cap, and a boy seated in a dicky behind the machine, turning the handle and setting the wheel in motion.

6. Six men with other Lottery labels.

7. A square Lottery carriage, surmounted by a gilt imperial crown; the carriage covered by labels, with "All Lotteries end on Tuesday next;" drawn by two horses, tandem, and a postillion.

8. Six men with labels.

9. Twelve men in blue and gold, with boards or poles with "Lotteries end for ever on Tuesday next."

10. A large purple silk flag, with "all Lotteries end on Tuesday next."

This procession with its music drew the heads of the servant maids from the windows in every suburb of the metropolis, and was followed by troops of boys, till they tired on its frequency. It sometimes stopped, and a man with a bell cried "O yes!" and "God save the king!" and, between the two, proclaimed, in set words, the "death of the Lottery on Tuesday next!" The event was likewise announced as certain in all the newspapers, and by cart-loads of bills showered down areas, and thrust under knockers; when, behold, "the Lords of the Treasury were pleased to order" the final drawing to be postponed to Thursday the 18th of October; but all the good people so informed were wisely uninformed, that this "order" was obtained by the lottery-office folks, to give them a long day to get rid of their unsold tickets.

After this, the streets were cavalcaded by men, whose bodies were concealed between long boards on each side of their horses (as represented in the engraving on page 1407) to announce the *next* "last of the Lottery on the 18th of October" aforesaid; and men on foot walked with labels on their breasts and backs, with the same never-dying intelligence, according to the further figure in the engraving of the lottery wheel (on page 1439,) which cut, it may be here observed, represents one of the government wheels, and the sledge it was drawn upon from Somerset-house to Coopers'-hall, at

* Report of Police Committee of House of Commons 1816.

the commencement of the drawing of every Lottery; on which occasion there were four horses to each wheel, and about a dozen horse-guards to protect the instruments of *Miss-Fortune*.

But the most pageant-like machine was an octagon frame work, covered by printed Lottery placards (as exhibited in the engraving on page 1405) with a single horse, and a driver, and a guard-like seat at the back. When drawn along the streets, as it was at a most funeral pace, it overtopped the sills of the first-floor windows. Its slow motion, and the route it chiefly took, evidenced the *low* hopes of the proprietors. St. Giles's and the purlieus of that neighbourhood seem to have been selected as the favoured spots from whence favours were mostly to be expected. An opportunity offered to sketch it, while it was pelted with mud and stones, and torn and disfigured by the unappreciating offspring of the sons of fortune whose regards it courted. The artist's letter describes the scene: "As I was walking up Holborn on Monday the 9th instant, I saw a strange vehicle moving slowly on, and when I came up to it, found a machine, perhaps from twenty to thirty feet high, of an octagon shape, covered all over with Lottery papers of various colours. It had a broad brass band round the bottom, and moved on a pivot; it had a very *imposing* effect. The driver and the horse seemed as dull as though they were attending a solemn funeral, whilst the different shopkeepers came to the doors and laughed; some of the people passing and repassing read the bills that were pasted on it, as if they had never read one before, others stationed themselves to look at it as long as it was in sight. It entered Monmouth-street, that den of filth and rags, where so great a number of young urchins gathered together in a few minutes as to be astonishing. There being an empty chair behind, one of them seated himself in it, and rode backwards; another said, "let's have a stone through it," and a third cried "let's sludge it." This was no sooner proposed than they threw stones, oyster shells, and dirt, and burst several of the sheets; this attack brought the driver from his seat, and he was obliged to walk by the side of his machine up this foul street, which his show canvassed, halting now and then to threaten the boys, who still followed and threw. I made a sketch, and left the

scene. It was not an every-day occurrence, and I accompany it with these remarks."

This was the *fig-end* of the last struggle of the speculators on public credulity for popularity to their "last," dying Lottery."

At last, on Wednesday the 18th of October, 1826, the State Lottery expired, and its decease was announced in the newspapers of the next day by the following article:—

STATE LOTTERY.

Yesterday afternoon, at about half past six o'clock, that old servant of the state, the Lottery, breathed its last, having for a long period of years, ever since the days of queen Anne, contributed largely towards the public revenue of the country. This event took place at Coopers'-hall, Basinghall-street; and such was the anxiety on the part of the public to witness the last drawing of the Lottery, that great numbers of persons were attracted to the spot, independently of those who had an interest in the proceedings. The gallery of Coopers'-hall was crowded to excess long before the period fixed for the drawing, (five o'clock,) and the utmost anxiety was felt by those who had shares in the Lottery for the arrival of the appointed hour. The annihilation of Lotteries, it will be recollected, was determined on in the session of parliament before last; and thus a source of revenue bringing into the treasury the sums of 250,000*l.* and 300,000*l.* per annum will be dried up. This determination on the part of the legislature is hailed by far the greatest portion of the public with joy, as it will put an end to a system which many believe to have fostered and encouraged the late speculations, the effects of which have been and are still severely felt. A deficiency in the public revenue to the extent of 250,000*l.* annually, will, however, be the consequence of the annihilation of Lotteries, and it must remain for those who have strenuously supported the putting a stop to Lotteries to provide for the deficiency.

Although that which ended yesterday was the last, if we are informed correctly, the lottery-office keepers have been left with a great number of tickets remaining on their hands—a pretty strong proof that the public in general have now no relish for these schemes.

The concourse of persons in Basinghall-street was very great; indeed the street was almost impassable, and everybody seemed desirous of ascertaining the fortunate numbers. In the gallery the greatest interest was excited, as the various prizes were drawn from the wheel; and as soon as a number-ticket was drawn from the number-wheel every one looked with anxiety to his share, in order to ascertain if Fortune smiled on him. Only one instance occurred where a prize was drawn and a number held by any individual present. The fortunate person was a little man, who, no sooner had learned that his number was a grand prize, then he buttoned up his coat and coolly walked off without uttering a word. As the drawing proceeded, disappointment began to succeed the hopes indulged by those who were present. On their entrance to the hall every face wore a cheerful appearance; but on the ter-

mination of the drawing a strong contrast was exhibited, and the features of each were strongly marked with dissatisfaction.

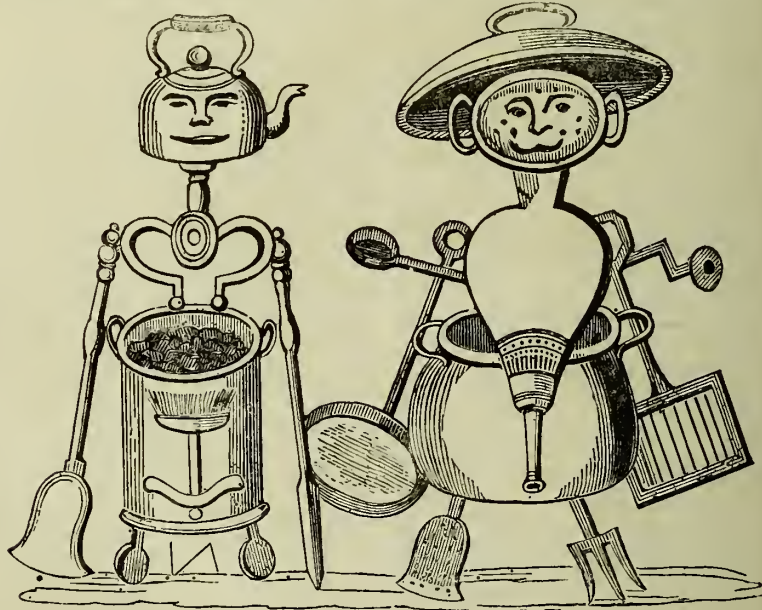
The drawing commenced shortly after five o'clock, and ended at twenty minutes past six.

The doors of the various Lottery-offices were also surrounded by persons awaiting the issue of the drawing.

LOTTERY PUFFS.

It is not possible to go into the *Literature of the Lottery* without occupying more room than can be spared, but young readers and posterity may be amused and surprised by some figures, from among many hundreds of wood-cuts on the bills of schemes, and invitations to buy.

"T. BISH, 4 Cornhill, and 9 Charing-cross, London, and by all his agents in the country," put forth the following.



Kitchen Maid.

Mistress Molly, the Cook,
At the Scheme only look,
In wealth we may both of us roll,
If we brush for a Prize
In the world we may rise,
And our shuttles have plenty of col.

Cook Maid.

If what you say is true,
I am all in a stew,
Lest we miss what we so much desire;
Should we lose this good plan,
For a *sp* in the pan,
All the fat will be soon in the fire!

Except the verses which were placed in the bill beneath the preceding cut, it contained nothing but an announcement of the day when the Lottery was to draw, and the number of capital prizes, subjoined by this information, "Tickets and shares are selling by T. BISH;" who seems to have imagined he could pro-

pitiate the "kitchen maid" and "cook maid" in his behalf, as a lottery-office keeper, by exhibiting a tea-kettle and fire implements to personify the one, and certain culinary utensils to personify the other.

"Delightful cut to rear the tender mind" from the *basement* to the *capital* story.



Run, Neighbours, run, the LOTTERY's expiring,
When FORTUNE's merry wheel, it will never turn more;
She now supplies all *Numbers*, you're desiring,
ALL PRIZES, NO BLANKS, and TWENTY THOUSANDS FOUR.

Haste, Neighbours, haste, the Chance will never come again,
When, without pain, for little *Cash*—you'll all be rich;
Prizes a plenty of—and such a certain source of gain,
That young and old, and all the world, it must bewitch.
Then run, neighbours, run, &c.

This versified address and the engraving are from another bill. The verses may be presumed as sung by the footman, to excite his fellows of the party-coloured cloth to speculate in the never-enough-to-be-sufficiently-magnified-number-of-chances in favour of their gaining "Four of £20,000, and—Thirty other Capitals! No Blanks!—ALL IN ONE DAY!" Yet if the words, adapted from a popular duet, were regarded as an easy vehicle to effect

that benevolent purpose, they could only be so to those who, with the contractors, forgot, or perhaps, with them, did not know, that the original tells of

"a day of jubilee *cajolery*."

Surely this must have been a "word of fear" to all except the contractors themselves, who alone would be the gainers by what the body of adventurers hazarded in the "grand scheme" of "*cajolery*."

One of the bills of a former Lottery begins as follows :—

BISH

The Last Man .

In reminding his best friends, the public, that the State Lottery will be drawn this day, 3d May, Bish acquaints them that it is the *very last but one* that will ever take place in this kingdom, and he is **THE LAST CONTRACTOR** whose

name will appear *singly* before the public, as the very last will be a coalition of all the usual contractors. Bish, being "*the last man*" who appears *singly*, has been particularly anxious to make an excellent scheme, and flatters himself the one he has the honour to submit must meet universal approbation.

At the back of this bill are the following verses, derived from the "*cajolery*" duet:—

TO-DAY! OR NOT AT ALL.

RUN, NEIGHBOURS, RUN !

Run, neighbours, run ! To-day it is the Lott'ry draws,

You still may be in time if your purse be low ;

Rhino we all know will stop, of poverty, the flaws,

Possess'd of that you'll find no one to serve you slow :

The ministers in parliament of Lotteries have toll'd the knell,

And have declar'd from Coopers'-hall dame Fortune soon they will expel.

The blue-coat boys no more will shout that they have drawn a capital !

Nor run, as tho' their necks they'd break, to *Lucky Bish* the news to tell.

Run, neighbours, run ! &c.

Run, neighbours, run ! this is you know the third of May,

'Tis the day dame Fortune doth her levee hold ;

In the scheme, as you may see, are rang'd along in proud array,

Of one and twenty thousands six, in notes or gold !

A *sovereign* cure e'en one of these would be for a consumption, sir,

If such disease your pocket has, so if you've any gumption, sir,

You'll lose no time, but haste away, and buy a share or ticket, sir,

For who can tell but this may be the very hour to nick it, sir ?

Run, neighbours, run ! &c.

Run, neighbours, run ! the times they say are not the best,

And cash 'tis own'd is falling short with high and low ;

Bankers retire now, while Notaries have little rest,

And what may happen next no one pretends to know.

Dame Fortune (on whom thousands drew) is going now to shut up shop,

So if you'd cash a draft on her, make haste for soon her bank will stop ;

This very day her wheel goes round, when thousands with her gifts she'll cheer,

For those who can her smiles obtain may gaily laugh throughout the year.

Run, neighbours, run ! &c.

"BISH," as the *contractor* is pleased to call himself, who, after he was "the last man," dilated into a member of parliament, employed the greatest number of Lottery-laureates of any office keeper of his time ; and he and the schemes where-in he engaged were lauded, in prose as well as verse, by his "ready writers." One of their productions says :—

JOHN BULL's

Wonder

At monsieur Nong-tong-paw's ubiquity could not be greater than the astonishment of a French gentleman, who popped

into BISH's office the other day to inquire after the capitals.—"You will be so good to tell me de nombre of de capital you tiré—you draw yesterday?"—"Why, sir, there were . . ."—"Restez un peu, stay a littel moment.—You will tell me de capital more big dan two hundred pounds."—"Why, sir, there were four drawn above 200*l.* : there was No. 7849 30,000*l.*"—"Ah ! ma foi ! dat is good dat is de grande chose. Vel, and by whom was it sel?"—"Bish sold it, sir."—"Bish, ha, ha ! von lucky dog ! vel, allons !"—"There was No. 602, 1000*l.*, sir."—"Ah, indeed ! vel, who was sel

dat?"—"Bish, sir."—"Eh, ma foi ! Bish encore ? Vel."—"There was No. 2032, 3001."—"And who was sel?"—"Bish, sir."—"Eh, mon dieu ! 'tis very grand fortune. Now den de last, and who vas sel dat?"—"Why, sir, the last was No. 6275, 3001, also sold by Bish."—"Eh, de diable ! 'tis von chose impossible, Bish sell all de four?"—"Yes, sir, and in a former lottery he sold all the three thirty thousands."—"Den he is von golden philosopher. I vill buy, I vill—let me see. Yes, I vill buy your shop."—"His ambition was at last, however, contented with three tickets ; so that he has three chances of gaining the two thirty thousands yet in the wheel ; and we have no doubt Bish will have the good luck of selling them.

"BISH" is the subject of versified praise, in another bill.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Let misers hug their worship d hoards,
And leck their chests with care ;
Whilst we enjoy what life affords,
With spirits light as air.
For our days shall haily gaily be,
Prizes in store before us,
We'll spend our ev'nings merrily,
And BISH we'll toast in chorus.

Let lovers droop for sparkling eyes,
And heave the tender sigh :
Whilst we embrace the glittering prize,
And meagre care defy.
For our days shall haily gaily be,
Plenty in store before us ;
Our cash we'll jingle merrily,
And BISH we'll toast in chorus.

Let glory call the sons of war
To dare the crimson'd field ;
Sweet Fortune's charms are brighter far,
Her golden arms we'll wield.
Then our days will haily gaily be,
Riches in store before us ;
We'll dance through life most merrily,
And BISH we'll toast in chorus.

"BISH" on another occasion steps in with :—

PERMIT ME TO ASK

Have you seen the scheme of the present Lottery ?

Do you know that it contains MORE PRIZES than BLANKS ?

Have you heard how very *cheap* the tickets are ?

Are you aware, that Lotteries are about to be discontinued, the chancellor of the exchequer having said that the Lottery bill, introduced last session of parliament, should be *the last* ?

I need not direct you to BISH's, as being the luckiest offices in the kingdom, &c.

"BISH" adventured in the "City Lottery," a scheme devised for getting rid of the houses in Picket-street, Temple-bar, and Skinner-street, Snow-hill ; and on that occasion he favoured the world with the following :—

FREEHOLDS AND FORTUNES.

BY PETER PUN.

Tune.—"Drops of Brandy."

Dame Fortune is full of hor tricks,
And blind, as her portraits reveal, sir ;
Then the best way the goddess to fix,
Is by putting a spoke in her wheel, sir :
Her favours the Lott'ry unfolds,
Then the summons to BISH don't scorn
sir ;
For, as *her* cornucopia *he* holds,
He's the lad for exalting your horn, sir.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

With poverty who would be known,
And live upon orts in a garret, sir,
Who could get a good *house* of his own,
And fatten on roast beef and claret, sir !
In the *city* scheme this you'll obtain,
At BISH's, where all folks *pell-mell* come,
By a ticket a *free*-hold you'll gain,
And it cannot be more *free* than *welcome*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

This house, when you once realize it,
Upholders will look sharp as lynxes,
For an order to *Egyptianize* it,
With catacomb fal lals and sphynxes ;
Chairs and tables, a *mummy*-like crew,
With crocodile grooms of the stole, sir,
Sarcophagus *coal*-skuttles too,
And at BISH's you'll fill them with *cole*, sir.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

For when you're thus furnish'd in state,
And a pretty establishment got, sir,
Ten to one but it pops in your pate,
You'll want sticks to be boiling the pot,
sir ;

Then to BISH's away for supplies,
For *mopuses* they are so plenty,
You may choose a ten thousand pound prize,
And if you don't like it a twenty.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then BISH for my money, I say,
The like of him never was known, sir ;
As Brulgruddery says in the play,
"That man's the philosopher's stone, sir "

Then what shall we do for this man,
 Who makes all your fortunes so handy?
 Buy his tickets as fast as you can,
 And drink him in *drops of brandy*.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

"Bish" seems to have deemed "the Philosopher's stone," which never existed but in silly imaginations, to be a proper device for drawing customers. It is repeated in

PADDY'S PURSUIT,

A NEW SONG.

From the county of Cork in dear Ireland I
 came,
 To England's *swate* Island a fortune to gain;
 Where I heard that the *strates* were all paved
 with gold,
 And the hedges grew Guineas! so Paddy was
 told!
 I jump'd on dry land to my neck up in water,
 Which to some spalpeens gave subject for
 laughter;
 But, says I, with a grin, as I dragg'd myself
 out,
 "I'm not come to England to be food for a
 trout."

Fal de ral, de ral la, O whack!
 Then to London I came, that *monstracious*
 city,
 Where the lads dress so gay, and the ladies
 look *pratty*;
 But, Och! blood-and-ouns! only mark my
 surprise,
 When only great stones in the *strates* met my
 eyes!
 No Guineas at all on the bushes there grew;
 Not a word that they told me, I found, sirs,
 was true:
 "Och! why wa'n't I drown'd, and made food
 for the fish!"
 Thus I growled, 'till I lighted on one *Master*
Bish.

Fal de rai, &c.
Master Bish had found out the Philosopher's
 stone,
 And a Thousand yellow Guineas he gave me
 for One!
 Thus Fortune to Pat was *monstraciously* kind,
 Tho' no gold on the bushes or *strates* I could
 find!
 Then honeys attend, and pursue my advice;
 Och! to 9, Charing-cross, be off in a trice;
 Buy a Lottery Chance, for the Drawing Day's
 near,
 And perhaps, like friend Paddy, a Fortune
 you'll clear.

Fal de ral, &c.

"Bish" we find again attempting to
 attract, with the following:—

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

That stone,
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,

Says Milton, would not prove more
 valuable to its possessor than an absolute
 knowledge of *certain* numbers which lie
 hidden in the Wheel of Fortune till Fate
 declares to the enraptured ears of the ad-
 venturer, who has founded his hopes of
 success on them, their union with *certain*
 large sums of money, viz. Twenty, Ten,
 or Five Thousand Pounds; for there are
 many such sums yet in the wheel, yet to
 be determined, yet to be gained by ha-
 zarding a mere trifle.

He, who life's sea successfully would sail,
 Must often throw a sprat to catch a whale.
 Apply this proverb then; think, ere too late,
 What fortune, honour, and what wealth await
 The very trifling sum* of one pound eight.

"Bish," of course, imagined, or wished,
 the public to be amazingly surprised at
 his popularity, and therefore indulged
 them with this song:

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

By *Quintin Query, Esq.*

Tune.—"O Dear, what can the Matter be?"

"O dear, what can the matter be?"
 To tell, who can be at a loss?
 The people are running by dozens to Bish's,
 To make out their dreams, and fulfil all their
 wishes,
 And try to come in for the loaves and the
 fishes,
 At 4, Cornhill, and 9, Charing-cross.
 "O dear, what can the matter be?"
 I'll tell you, good friend, if you wisn;
 The people are trying dame Fortune to cozen,
 And the old women's tongues are eternally
 buzzing,
 About *lucky numbers*, 19 to the dozen,
 And all they can talk of is Bish.
 "O dear, what can the matter be?"
 I dare say you're dying to know;
 The horns blow about, be it rainy or sunny,
 The walls they are cover'd with bills all so
 funny,
 To shew you the way how to finger the money,
 And you all know that "*makes the mare*
go."
 "O dear, what can the matter be?"
 The bellman he rings such a peal?
 To tell those whose fortunes are rusted with
 rickets,
 To call at *good luck's* (that is, *Bish's*) two
 wickets,

* The price of a Sixteenth in the present Lottery

And a transfer obtain for 500 Whole Tickets ;
How conceited they'd make a man feel !

"O dear, what can the matter be ?"

For joy you'll be dancing a jig ;

For good luck most folks are delighted to
choose a day,

And a lucky day surely must be a good news
day,

Then the day of all days is the very *next*
Tuesday ;

Then, Misfortune's *black Monday* a fig !

"BISH," on another occasion, treated
the "gentle public," like so many chil-
dren, with another optical delusion.

FORTUNE'S GALANTY SHOW.

Tune.—"GALANTY SHOW."

O pretty show, O raree show, O finey galanty show, O pretty galanty show !
Chant.

Come, all my merry customers, of high, middling, and low degree,
Look in at one of these little glasses, and you shall see what you shall see ;
My fine galanty show you great wonders shall view in,
You shall see the high road to Fortune, and that's better than the road to Ruin.

O pretty show, O raree show, O finey galanty show, O pretty galanty show !

There you see the New Lott'ry Scheme, such as never was plann'd before !
Fewer Tickets, and fewer Blanks, and yet the Prizes are more ;
And besides the usual 5's, 10's, and 20 Thousands (*Peep thro' one of these wickets,*)
You shall see such a Prize as was never yet known, neither more nor less than 1000
whole Tickets !

O pretty show, &c

And there you shall see, (*Look a little to the right*) Mr. BISH's Shop on *Cornhill* :
(*Now a little to the left*) And there's his other Shop at *Charing-cross*, where buy
Shares if you will ;

You'll get a part of the 1000 whole Tickets, I'll be bound,
And that's very much like getting a part of more than a *Hundred Thousand Pounds* !

O pretty show, &c.

Then look straight forward, and there you see *Coopers' Hall*, (*Isn't it a fine building ?*)
there the Tickets they draw ;

And there you see the pretty little Blue-coat Boys, and nicer little fellows you
never saw ;

There you'll see 'em pulling the Numbers and Prizes out of the very Grand Wheels
And when one has a Ticket in the Lottery, and sees such a sight, how *nervous*
one feels !

O pretty show, &c.

And there—(*Rub the glass a little cleaner*) there's a sight I'd not have you miss for
a pound,

The little Boy draws out a *Number* (*Let me see what Number you have got*) aye,
that's it, I'll be bound ;

There don't the Clerk (*On the left hand*) look exactly as if he was calling it, don't you
see how he cries ?

And the other little Boy draws, and the other Clerk looks as if he bawl'd out a
£20,000 Prize.

O pretty show, &c.

There you see ('tis no Dream of Castles in the Air, called *Utopia*)
There you see Fortune pouring the *Guineas* out of—what the deuce is it? a great
long hard name—Oh ! her *Cornucopia* !

That's a fine *Golden Horn*, that holds all the Prizes, I declare,

And to get its Contents would be a pretty *Horn Fair* !

O pretty show, &c.

"BISH" was pleased to devise the scheme
of a Lottery to be drawn on St. Swithin's
day, wherein wine was added to the
prizes, and therefore, and because its

novelty was deemed alluring, we find
one of his bills beginning with an apo-
strophising and prophetic couplet:—

Hail, famed ST. SWITHIN! who, with pow'r benign,
Instead of rain pour shows of gold and wine!

Another in the same Lottery, beneath
a wood-cut of a bunch of grapes, breaks out :—

On the 15th of JULY what a golden supply
Of wine given gratis by BISH,
If you can get but a share, you'll have plenty
to spare,
And can treat all your friends as you wish.

"BISH," on the same occasion, throws
the "leer of invitation," with

TRY IN TIME.

Och! Judy, my jewel, come here when I call;
We may now get wine gratis, for nothing at all;
And gold like paratees pil'd up in a heap,
Which is offer'd us too, honey, almost as cheap.

But there's no time to lose if we're meaning
to try,
For 'tis all in one day, on the 15th July.
And since the grand scheme is beyond all
compare,
He's a spalpeen who won't buy a fortunate
share.

"BISH," in another bill, oddly enough,
put an old, one-legged smoker, with a
patch over one eye, a carbuncled nose,
and his only foot flannelled up for the
gout, the effects of drinking, in an arm
chair, with the following lines below :—

"LAID UP IN PORT."

Od's blood! what a time for a seaman to skulk,
Like a lazy land-lubber ashore;
If I'm laid up at all, I'll be laid up in port,
And surrounded by prizes galore.

Tommy Bish shall fill my glass,
And the puppies, as they pass,
Sha'n't run down the old commodore,
'The rich old commodore, the cosey old com-
modore,

The boozing old commodore he;
While I'm friends with mighty BISH,
He will crown my ev'ry wish,
Tho' I'll never more be fit for sea.

Then also, "Bish" favoured his
"friends" with the opportunity of sing-
ing,

BACCHUS AND PLUTUS, OR THE UNION.

Tune.—"Derry Down."

A ROW was kick'd up in the regions above,
For PLUTUS and BACCHUS for precedence
strove;

And in words such as these did their anger
express,
Till JOVE swore he'd kick them both out of
the mess.

Derry down.

First BACCHUS advanc'd, tho' he scarcely could
stand,
Determin'd, he swore, to have the whip hand;
And thus he began.—"Why, you sordid old
elf,
All your thoughts are employ'd in the scraping
of pelf.

"Can gold, I would ask, e'er enliven the soul
Like the juice of the grape, or a full flowing
bowl?
Can the glittering bauble such pleasure impart,
Or make the blood circle so warm round the
heart?

"That gold is an evil, there's many will say,
As my vot'ries oft find when the reck'ning's to
pay;
Had gold ne'er existed, the true jolly fellow
For ever might tipples, and always get me low.

"I swear by old Styx!—that this truth it will
stand."

But the wine in his noddle usurp'd the com-
mand,—

A knock-'em-down argument BACCHUS soon
found,
For quickly he measur'd his length on the
ground.

"As BACCHUS is down," then says PLUTUS,
"I'll rise;"

And this speech he address'd to the knobs of
the skies :—

"That gold is a blessing, I'm sure I can prove:
The soother of cares, and cementer of love!

"You know the old proverb, of poverty, sure,
'Tis something about—'when she enters the
door,

That love, through the window, soon toddles
away;"

But if there were gold, I'm sure that he'd stay.

"I'll own that my bounties are sometimes
misus'd:

But pray why should I, sirs, for that be
abus'd?"

Here JOVE stopp'd him short, and with po-
sitive air,
Insisted that they should their quarrel forbear.

"Your claims I admit, sir, and BACCHUS'
too;

But a plan to unite you, I now have in view;
You know TOMMY BISH?"—"To be sure!"
exclaim all,

"'Tis on him, that dame Fortune her bounty
leis fall!"

"Well,—a Lottery he's plann'd, with an union rare,
Where *money* and *wine* each come in for a share;
There are *three thirty thousands* to gratify you;
And the *twelve pipes of wine*, sirs, for BACCHUS will do."

Says BACCHUS to PLUTUS—"Then give us your hand,
I'll tittle his wine, till no more I can stand;
And as Jove has inform'd us there's *money* enough,
Why you, Mister PLUTUS, can finger the *stuff*."

"Besides, I have heard, or my memory's fail'd,
How greatly last Lot'try his luck has prevail'd;
The *three twenty thousands*, he sold (the rum fish!)
Then let us be off, and buy tickets of BISH!"
Derry down.

"BISH," who in the former bill had subjoined, in plain prose, that "lotteries must end for ever," likewise issued the following—

DUTIES ON WINES.

The minister in reducing the duty, so that wines may be sold at one shilling per bottle cheaper, has done much to increase the *spirits* of the people; at the same time he has adopted another measure that will in a few months DESTROY THE FREE TRADE of every person in the kingdom to obtain for a small sum a great fortune in a few weeks, by having determined to abolish Lotteries, which must soon end for ever; therefore, the present is one of the last opportunities to buy, &c.

"BISH," according to the old plan, "ever ready to serve his friends," issued

THE AMBULATOR'S GUIDE TO THE LAND OF PLENTY.

BY PURCHASING A TICKET, *In the present Lottery,*

You may *reap a golden harvest* in *Corn-hill*, and pick up the *bullion* in *Silver-street*; have an interest in *Bank-buildings*; possess a *Mansion-house* in *Golden-square*, and an estate like a *Little Britain*; pour red wine down *Gutter-lane*; never be in *Hungerford-market*; but all your life continue a *May-fair*.

BY PURCHASING A HALF,
You need never be confined within *Lou-*

don-wall, but become the proprietor of many a *Long-acre*; represent a *Borough*, or an *Aldermanbury*; and have a snug share in *Threadneedle-street*.

BY PURCHASING A QUARTER,

Your affairs need never be in *Crooked-lane*, nor your legs in *Fetter-lane*; you may avoid *Paper-buildings*; steer clear of the *King's-bench*, and defy the *Marshalsea*; if your heart is in *Love-lane*, you may soon get into *Sweetings-alley*, obtain your lover's consent for *Matrimony-place*, and always live in a *High-street*.

BY PURCHASING AN EIGHTH,

You may ensure plenty of *provision* for *Swallow-street*; finger the *Cole* in *Coleman-street*; and may never be troubled with *Chaneery-lane*; you may cast *anchor* in *Cable-street*; set up business in a *Fore-street*, or a *Noble-street*; and need never be confined within a *Narrow-wall*.

BY PURCHASING A SIXTEENTH,

You may live *frugal* in *Cheapside*; get merry in *Liquorpond-street*; soak your *hide* in *Leather-lane*; be a *wet sole* in *Shoe-lane*; turn *maltster* in *Beer-lane*, or *hammer* away in *Smithfield*.

In short, life must indeed be a *Long-lane*, if it's without a *turning*. Therefore if you are wise, without *Mincing* the matter, be *Fleet* and go *Pall-mall* to *Corn-hill* or *Charing-cross*, and enroll your name in the *Temple* of Fortune, BISH's.

LOTTERY FOR WOMEN IN INDIA.

Advertisement.

BE IT KNOWN, that SIX FAIR PRETTY YOUNG LADIES, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately IMPORTED FROM EUROPE, having roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be RAFFLED FOR next door to the British gallery. SCHEME: *twelve tickets*, at twelve rupees each; the highest of the three throws, doubtless, takes the most fascinating, &c.*

* Communicated by J. J. A. F. from a Calcutta newspaper of Sept. 3, 1818.

The four engravings on this page, with the lines beneath them, are from other Lottery bills.



"Throw *Physic* to the Dogs," for me
The best *composing draught's* a Fee ;
For *sinking Chest*, *low pulse*, or cold,
There's no *Specific* equals Gold.



" My Dancing Days are over !"



Though the lotteries soon will be over, I'm
told,
That now is the time to get pailsful of gold ;
And if there is any real truth in a dream,
I myself shall come in for a share of the cream.
We hail, ere the Sun, the first breath of the
morn,
And 'tis said " early birds get the best of the
corn,"
Of the *Four Twenty Thousands* perhaps for-
tune may
Have in store one for me, as they're drawn in
One Day !



For the gay fruits of nature what wish can
you feel,
When compar'd with the *fruits* of the lottery
wheel ;
My basket of fruit I'd exchange with great
glee,
If one *golden pippin* they'd only give me.

"BISH, contractor for another Lottery," during the proceedings in parliament respecting the queen, availed himself of a celebrated answer by one of the witnesses at the bar of the house of lords, and issued the following :—

NON MI RICORDO !

OR,

A few Questions on a new Subject.

QUESTION.

Good Signor, if your memory serves,
A question I would ask or two ;
Then pray may I the favour beg,
That you will answer, if I do ?

ANSWER.

Non mi ricordo, I can't say,
Whether my mem'ry serves or no ;
But let me hear them first, I pray ;
What I remember you shall know.

QUESTION.

Since Lotteries in this realm began,
And many good ones there have been,
Do you suppose the oldest man,
So good a Scheme at this has seen ?

ANSWER.

Non mi ricordo, surely no ;
Comparisons are idle tales,
For such a Lottery Scheme as this,
I must confess my memory fails.

QUESTION.

Now what peculiar features, pray,
Distinguish this from all the rest ?
And why do all the people say,
" Unquestionably this is best ?

ANSWER.

Non mi ricordo, 'tis in vain
For me its merits now to say ;
'I tell them all 'twould take, 'tis plain,
From now until the Drawing Day.

QUESTION.

Its merits I will gladly own,
But folks will questions ask, and pray
If your opinion is requir'd,
Just tell me, sir, what you would say ?

ANSWER.

Non mi ricordo : read the Scheme,
One word will answer all your wish
'Tis BISH's plan, 'tis BISH's theme,
It mu t be good, 'tis plann'd by BISH

"BISH," in the annexed, *puffs* at Queen Anne's prize of "5000 pounds," as "so small." This may be imagined to have been asserted under poetical licence ; for, in fact, 5000*l.* in those days was almost equal to the largest prize in modern Lotteries

THE

Bonne Bouche of Lotteries.

TUNE - "MODERATION AND ALTERATION."

In the reign of Queen Anne, when first Lott'ries were invented,

With very few Prizes Advent'urers were contented ;

The largest of which, (so small were Fortune's bounds,) "Paid in faire Plate," was but 5000 Pounds.

Moderation ! Moderation !

O, what a wonderful Moderation !

Soon 5000*l.* was deem'd but a small Bait,
And 10,000 then was the Great Prize of State :
Twenty follow'd soon after, then *Thirty*—bold push !

And at last 40,000 was made the *Bonne Bouche* !

Alteration ! Alteration ! &c.

Now the Lott'ry Contractors a New Plan pursue,

All former outdoings resolv'd to outdo ;
And have struck out a Plan to increase Public Gain,

By which, *One Hundred Thousand Pounds* you may obtain.

Temptation ! Temptation ! &c

If two Numbers are drawn in a specif'd way,
1000 *Whole Tickets* the Holders repay ;
And a 1000 *Whole Tickets* a Chance may reveal,

Of all the Great Prizes contain'd in the Wheel.

Admiration ! Admiration ! &c.

O, what a subject for Admiration !

Now if you could get them, and 'twouldn't be strange,

For the rest of your life, how your fortune would change !

A Coach, a Town-House, and a Country-House, too !

Leading Man in the County !—O, wou'dn't that do ?

Fascination ! Fascination ! &c.

Then of Loans, and such fat things, such slices you'd gain !

Then a Member of Parliament's Seat you'd obtain !

Next *Knighthood*—then *Baronet*—and in a short space,

A Peerage—"My Lord !" and at last, "Please your Grace !"

Exaltation ! Exaltation ! &c.

Such things are quite flattering, and surely such are,

But a Pleasure far greater remains to declare ;
Consider, what *Power* Wealth and Honour procure,

To relieve the Oppress'd, and to succour the Poor.

Exultation ! Exultation ! &c.

When with Patriot Ardour your Country to
serve,
For Riches are Curses, from* these if you
swerve;
And all this may be gain'd, if your Fortune
you try,
And of BISH, Fortune's Favorite, a Ticket you
buy.

Expectation ! Expectation ! &c.

"BISH," whose bills may be taken as
a specimen of such kind of Lottery adver-
tisements by whomever issued, will be ob-
served to have constantly addressed them
to the lowest minds and the meanest
capacities. One more may further exem-
plify the remark :—

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

Tune.—"Bang up."

This is a *Wonder working* age, by all it is agreed on,
And *Wonders* rise up ev'ry day, for public gaze to feed on;
To sketch a few 'tis my intent, while now I'm in the mind, sir,
And crown them all with *one* you'll own, will leave them far behind,
Then push along; for *something new*, the public taste will dash
For *Wonders* now are all the *rage*, and *novelty's* the fashion.
The *juggling Indians* show such feats, a lady's taste 'twould shock it,
They *swallow swords*, and *swallow* too the *money from our pocket*,
A gentle fair, by fear unmov'd, with courage she so fraught is,
On *red-hot iron* skips a *dance*, and *bathes in aqua-fortis*.
Then push along; for *something new*, the public taste will dash on
For *Wonders* now are all the *rage*, and *novelty's* the fashion.
The greatest *Wonder* yet to tell, which all the world surprizes,
Is BISH's *famous Lottery*, and BISH's *wondrous prizes*,
Three *fifty thousands* grace the scheme, which yet remain undrawn, sir,
A *wonder* which was never known since any man was born, sir.
Then push along, to BISH's go! of fortune he's the man, sir,
A vote of thanks, *nem. con.* we'll pass for such a noble plan, sir.†

"Bish" when, what he called, "The
Last Lottery of All!" had arrived, very
cavalierly turned round on the govern-
ment; and, on the eve of becoming a can-
didate for a seat in the house of com-
mons, paid his compliments to his future
colleagues in the following address:—

TO THE PUBLIC.

At the present moment, when so many
articles, necessary to the comforts of the
poorer classes, are more or less liable to
taxation, it may surely be a question,
whether the abolition of Lotteries, by
which the state was a gainer of nearly
half a million per annum, be, or be not,
a wise measure!

'Tis true, that, as they were formerly
conducted, the system was fraught with
some evil. Insurances were allowed upon
the fate of numbers through protracted
drawings, and as the insurances could be
effected for very small sums, those who
could ill afford loss, imbibed a spirit for
gambling, which the legislature very

wisely most effectually prevented, by
adopting, in the year 1809, the present
improved mode of *deciding the whole
Lottery in one day*.

As it is at present conducted, the Lot-
tery is a voluntary tax, contributed to
only by those who can afford it, and col-
lected without trouble or expense; one,
by which many branches of the revenue
are considerably aided, and by means of
which hundreds of persons find employ-
ment. The wisdom of those who at this
time resign the income produced by it,
and add to the number of the unem-
ployed, may, as I have observed in a
former address, surely be questioned.

Mr. Pitt, whose ability, in matters of
financial arrangement, few will question,
and whose morality was proverbial, would
not, I am bold to say, have yielded to an
outcry against a tax, the continuing of
which would have enabled him to let the
labourer drink his humble beverage at a
reduced price, or the industrious artisan
to pursue his occupation by a cheaper

* Charity and Patriotism.

† This and other of the bills quoted are lent by our correspondent, J. J. A. F. from his Lottery Collections

light. But we live in other times—in the age of improvement!—To stake patrimonial estates at hazard or *écarte* in the purlieu of St. James's is *merely amusement*, but to purchase a ticket in the Lottery, by means of which a man may *gain* an estate at a trifling risk, is—immoral! nay, within a few hours of the time I write, were not many of our nobility and senators, some of whom, I dare say, voted against Lotteries, assembled betting thousand upon a *horse race*?

In saying so much, it may be thought that I am somewhat presumptuous, or that I take a partial view of the case. It is, however, my honest opinion, abstracted from personal considerations, that the measure of abolishing Lotteries is an unwise one, and as such I give it to that public, of whom I have been for many years the highly favoured servant, and for whose patronage, though Lotteries cease, my gratitude will ever continue.

As one of the last contractors, I have assisted in arranging a scheme, &c! &c!! &c!!!

After this, perhaps, the reader may exclaim "I am satisfied!" and therefore, as we have the assurance of Mr. Bish that there will "never be another Lottery" to be lamented, the time has arrived for subjoining the following

Epitaph.

In Memory of

THE STATE LOTTERY,

the last of a long line
whose origin in England commenced
in the year 1569,*

which, after a series of tedious complaints,
Expired
on the

18th day of October, 1826.

During a period of 257 years, the family
flourished under the powerful protection
of the

British Parliament;

the minister of the day continuing to
give them his support for the improve-
ment of the revenue.

As they increased, it was found that their
continuance corrupted the morals,
and encouraged a spirit
of Speculation and Gambling among the
lower classes of the people;
thousands of whom fell victims to their

* See ante.

insinuating and tempting allurements
Many philanthropic individuals
in the Senate,
at various times for a series of years,
pointed out their baneful influence
without effect,

His Majesty's Ministers
still affording them their countenance
and protection.

The British Parliament
being at length convinced of their
mischievous tendency,

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.,
on the 9th July, 1823,*

pronounced sentence of condemnation
on the whole race;

from which time they were almost
NEGLECTED BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Very great efforts were made by the
Partisans and friends of the family to
excite

the public feeling in favour of the last
of the race, in vain:

It continued to linger out the few
remaining
moments of its existence without attention
or sympathy, and finally terminated
its career unregretted by any
virtuous mind.

W.P.

Interesting Addenda.

A few remarkable facts, which were
omitted in the proper order of narration,
are now inserted.

ANCIENT LOTTERY.

About 1612 king James I., "in special
favour for the plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a Lottery to be held at the west end of St. Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a taylor of London, had the chief prize, which was four thousand crowns in fair plate."†

A DOUBLE MISTAKE.

Old Baron d'Aguilar, the Islington miser, was requested by a relation to purchase a particular ticket, No. 14,068, in the Lottery to be drawn in the year 1802, (but which was sold some few days before). The baron died on the 16th of March following, and the number was the

* The day the royal assent was given to the last Lottery act.

† Baker's Chronicle.

first-drawn ticket on the 24th, and, as such, entitled to twenty thousand pounds. The baron's representatives, under these circumstances, therefore published an advertisement, offering a reward of 1000*l.* to any person who might have found the said ticket, and would deliver it up. Payment was stopped. A wholesale linen-draper, in Cornhill, who had ordered his broker to buy him ten tickets, which he deposited in his chest, on copying the numbers, for the purpose of examining them, made a mistake of one figure, and called it 14,168 instead of 14,068, which was the 20,000*l.* prize. The lottery being finished, he sent ten tickets to be examined and marked. To his utter astonishment, he then found the error of the number copied on his paper. On his demanding payment at the lottery office, a caveat was entered by old d'Aguiar's executors; but an explanation taking place, the 20,000*l.* was immediately paid him.

CHRISTOPHER BARTHOLOMEW.

This person, who inherited a good fortune from his parents, was prosperous in his business, and had every prospect of success and eminence in life, fell a victim to an unconquerable itch for gambling in the Lottery. At one time, the White-conduit-house, with its tea-gardens and other premises, as also the Angel-inn, now the best tavern in Islington, were his freeholds: and he rented land to the amount of 2000*l.* a year, in the neighbourhood of that place, and Holloway. He was remarkable for having the greatest quantity of haystacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London. He kept his carriage and servants in livery, and was believed to have been worth 50,000*l.* He was not only the proprietor, but the landlord of White-conduit-house, to which, by his taste in laying out its grounds, and the manner of conducting his business, he attracted great custom. On one occasion, having been unusually successful in the Lottery, he gave a public breakfast at his tea-gardens, "to commemorate the smiles of Fortune," as he so expressed himself upon the tickets of admission at this *fête champêtre*.

At times he was very fortunate in the Lottery, and this tended to increase the mania which hurried him to his ruin. He was known to have spent upwards of 2000 guineas in a day for insurance, to raise which, stack after stack of his im-

mense crops of hay were cut down and hurried to market, as the readiest way to obtain the supplies for these extraordinary outgoings; and at last he was obliged to part with his freehold, from accumulated difficulties and embarrassments, and he passed the remaining thirteen years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who knew him in "better days," and by the paltry emolument he derived from serving as a jurymen in the sheriff's court for the county. His propensity to the Lottery, even under these degrading difficulties, never forsook him. Meeting one day, in the year 1807, with an old acquaintance, he told him he had a strong presentiment, that if he could purchase a particular number in the ensuing Lottery it would prove successful. His friend, after remonstrating with him on the impropriety of persevering in a practice that had been already attended with such evil consequences, was at last persuaded to advance the money to purchase a sixteenth, and go halves with him in the adventure. It was drawn a prize of 20,000*l.*, and from the proceeds from this extraordinary turn of fortune, he was prevailed upon to purchase an annuity of 60*l.* *per annum*. Totally addicted, however, to the pernicious habit of insurance, he disposed of his annuity, and lost every shilling of the money; yet such was the meanness of his mind and circumstances, that he frequently applied to persons who had been served by him in his prosperity, for an old coat, or some other article of cast apparel; and not many days before he died, he begged a few shillings to purchase necessities.

Bartholomew in intellect and manners was superior to the generality of men, and at one time possessed the esteem of all who knew him. His fate may be a warning to all ranks, particularly to those who are in trade, not to engage in hazardous pursuits. He died in a two pair of stairs room, in Angel-court, Windmill-street, in the Haymarket, in March, 1809, aged 68.*

A correspondent refers to Rees's Cyclopædia as containing a good account of Lotteries, with table of chances relative to their schemes; and he adds, that Dr. Kelly, the well-known calculator, assured him he had ascertained that the chances of

* Mr. Nelson's History of Islington.

obtaining certain prizes were even more against the adventurer than would appear by those tables.

When the tickets were publicly drawn in Guildhall, and the drawing was protracted for several weeks, it was a curious sight for an indifferent spectator to go and behold the visages of the anxious crowd; to mark the hopes and the fears that seemed to agitate them, as their numbers or numbers near to theirs were announced. It is a fact, that poor medical practitioners used constantly to attend in the hall, to be ready to let blood, in cases where the sudden proclaiming of the fate of tickets in the hearing of the holders of them, was found to have an overpowering effect upon their spirits. The late Mr. Dal-mahoy, of Ludgate-hill, was accustomed to affirm, that he owed his first establishment in a business which afterwards proved so prosperous, to the gratitude of a person, to whose assistance, when a young man, he had stepped in, upon one of those critical emergencies.*

ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

The historian of "Inventions" says, that if, as some had done, he were to "reckon among the first traces of Lotteries every division of property made by lot, it might be said that Joshua partitioned the promised land into Lottery prizes before it was conquered." In his opinion, the peculiarity of Lotteries consists in their numbers being distributed gratuitously, or, as in public Lotteries, for a certain price; it being left to chance to determine what numbers were to obtain the prizes, the value of which had been previously settled. He speaks of the "conditions and changes invented by ingenuity to entice people to purchase shares, and to conceal and increase the gain of the undertakers;" and, of the "delusion they occasion to credulous and ignorant people, by exciting hopes that have little probability in their favour." He deems that the hint of modern Lottery was derived from the Romans. The rich persons at Rome, and particularly the emperors, endeavoured to attach the people by distributing among them presents consisting of eatables and other expensive articles, which were named *congiaria*. Tokens, or tickets, called *tesseræ* (in Greek *συμβολα*),

were generally given out, and the possessors, on presenting them at the store or magazine of the donor, received those things which they announced. In many cases, these tickets were distributed to every person who applied for them, and then these donations resembled our distribution of bread, but not our Lotteries, in which chance must determine the number of those who were to participate in the number of things distributed. In the course of time, the Roman populace was called together, and the articles distributed thrown to them from a stage. Such things were called *missilia*, and belonged to those who had the good fortune to catch them; but as oil, wine, corn, and such like articles, could not be distributed in this manner, and as other articles were injured by the too great eagerness of the people, tokens or tickets were thrown in their stead. These were square pieces of wood or metal, and sometimes balls of wood, inscribed with the names of the articles. Those who had obtained these *tesseræ* were allowed to transfer or sell them.*

Under "Lottery," an antiquary refers to the *pittacia* of Petronius. The Romans issued gratis, to their visitors in the Saturnalia, tickets which were all prizes, and marked with inscriptions called *apophoreta*. The Lotteries of Augustus were mere bagatelles for sport; Nero's were very costly; those of Heliogabalus ridiculous; as, a ticket for six slaves, another for six flies, &c. these were handed round in vases.†

Imitations, on a reduced scale, of the Roman *congiaria* have amused the continental princes and princesses of modern times. They distribute small presents to their courtiers, by causing trinkets or toys to be marked with numbers; the numbers being written on separate tickets, which are rolled up and put into a small basket or basin.‡

In Italy, during the middle ages, the merchants or shop-keepers, in order to sell their wares more speedily and advantageously, converted their shops into offices of luck, where each person, for a

* Beckmann.

† Foshrooke, *Ency. of Antiquities*.

‡ Beckmann.

* A few interesting Anecdotes, &c. 18mo. 1810.

small sum, was allowed to draw a number from the jar of fortune, which entitled the holder to the article written upon it; but as these shop-keepers gained excessive profits, and cheated the credulous people, by setting on their wares an extravagant price, which was concealed by the blanks, these practices were prohibited, or permitted only under strict inspection, and on paying a certain sum to the poor, or the sovereign.

From hence was derived the modern Lottery of the continent, when articles of merchandise were no longer employed as prizes, but certain sums of money instead, the amount of which was determined by the amount of money received, after the expenses and gain of the conductors were deducted. In these Lotteries, the tickets were publicly drawn by the charity boys, blindfolded. As they could not be conducted without defrauding the adventurers, it was at first believed, through old-fashioned conscientiousness, that it was unlawful to take advantage of the folly and credulity of the people, except for pious or charitable purposes. The gains were sometimes applied to the portioning of poor young women, the redemption of captives, or the formation of funds for the indigent, and other beneficent objects. It was vainly imagined, that these public games of hazard would banish others still more dangerous; nor was it foreseen, that the exposure of tickets for sale, and their division into shares, would maintain and diffuse a spirit of gambling. This, however, was the result, and the profit from Lotteries became so great, that princes and ministers were induced to employ them as operations of finance: the people were forbidden to purchase tickets in foreign Lotteries, and, in order that the tickets of the state might be disposed of sooner, and with more certainty, many rulers were so shameless as to pay part of the salaries of their servants in tickets, and to compel guild companies and societies to expend in Lotteries what money they had saved. In 1764, this abuse was mentioned by the states of Wirtemberg among the public grievances, and in 1770 the duke promised that it should be abolished.

So early as 1521, the council of Osnaburg, in Germany, established a Lottery with wearing articles of merchandise for the prizes. In 1615, the magistrates of Ham-

burgh sanctioned a Lottery for building a house of correction in that city. An engraving is mentioned with the following title, "*Representation of the Lotto Publico*," which was drawn in the large hall of the council-house at Nuremberg, anno 1715." This is supposed to have been the first Lottery in that city. The first Lottery at Berlin was drawn in July, 1740; it contained 20,000 tickets at five dollars each; there were 4028 prizes; and the capital one was a house worth 24,000 dollars.

In 1549, a Lottery was drawn at Amsterdam for the building a church steeple; and another at Delft in 1595. In the hospital for old men, at Amsterdam, there is a beautiful painting by Daniel Vinckenbooms, which represents the drawing of a Lottery in the night time. He was born about 1578, and died in 1629.

In France, whither the Lottery was introduced from Italy, it was set on foot by merchants, and the only prizes were articles of merchandise: but, in 1539, Francis I. endeavoured to turn them to his own advantage. He permitted then, under the inspection of certain members of the government, with a view, as was pretended, of banishing deceptive and pernicious games of chance; but on condition that he should receive for every ticket a *teston de dix sols six deniers*. It appears, however, from a royal order of recommendation, in February, 1541, that this Lottery was not then completed, and it is not known whether it ever was.

In 1572 and 1588, Louis de Gonzague duc de Nivernois established a Lottery at Paris, for the purpose of giving marriage portions to poor virtuous young women on his estates. The prize tickets were inscribed *Dieu vous a élee, or, Dieu vous console*; the former insured to the young woman who drew it 500 francs on her wedding-day; the latter, inscribed on the blanks, suggested the hope of better fortune the year following. No Lottery was ever drawn with so much ceremony and parade. Pope Sextus V. promised those who promoted it the remission of their sins: and, before the drawing, which began every year on Palm Sunday, mass was said.

Ladies of quality were induced by this example to establish similar Lotteries for the building or repairing of churches or convents, and other religious or benevolent purposes. Three ladies set on foot a Lottery with tickets at 40 sous each, for redeeming persons who had fallen into slavery among the Turks. Some other ladies instituted a Lottery in behalf of their confessor, who had been made a bishop, that they might buy him a carriage and horses, with other requisites, to support his episcopal dignity.

French history records the institution of many Lotteries as the means employed to make valuable presents to ladies, and other persons of distinction. It is supposed the largest of the kind was one designed by cardinal Mazarine, to increase his splendour and popularity among the courtiers. The tickets were distributed as presents.*

Louis XIV., on the days which were not fast days, went to dine at Marly with madame de Maintenon and other ladies. After dinner, the minister who wished to converse with him arrived, and when his business was finished, if they did not walk, he conversed, listened to music, played at cards, or helped to draw *Lotteries*, the tickets of which cost nothing, but were all prizes. They were composed of trinkets, jewels, and silks; but there were never any snuff-boxes, because he could not endure snuff, or suffer those who used it to approach him.†

In the seventeenth century these games of chance grew into Lotteries, in the proper sense of the word. During a scarcity of money which prevailed in 1644, Lawrence Tonti came from Naples to Paris, and proposed that kind of life-rents, or annuities, which are named after him *Tontines*; though they were used in Italy long before his time. After tedious disputes, his proposal was rejected; for which, in 1556, he substituted, with the royal approbation, a large Lottery in order to raise funds for building a stone bridge and an aqueduct. This Lottery was never completed, and consequently never drawn; and a wooden bridge was constructed, instead of that which had been burnt. The first Lottery on the

plan of Tonti was set on foot at Paris in 1660, when the conclusion of peace, and the marriage of Louis XIV., were celebrated. It was drawn publicly, under the inspection of the police. The price of each ticket was a Louis d'or, which at that time was only eleven livres; and the highest prize was a hundred thousand livres. This was gained by the king himself, but he would not receive it, and left it to the next Lottery, in which he had no ticket. In 1661, all private Lotteries were prohibited under severe penalties, and from that time there were no other Lotteries than the *Loteries royales*.*

The ill-famed Italian or Genoese Lottery in Germany was, as its name shows, an invention of the Genoese, and arose from the mode in which the members of the senate were elected; for when that republic existed in a state of freedom, the names of the eligible candidates were thrown into a vessel called *seminario*, or, in modern times, into a wheel of fortune; and during the drawings of them it was customary for people to lay bets in regard to those who might be successful. That is to say, one chose the name of two or three *nobili*, for these only could be elected, and ventured upon them, according to pleasure, a piece of money; while, on the other hand, the opposite party, or the undertaker of the bank, who had the means of forming a pretty accurate conjecture in regard to names that would be drawn, doubled the stakes several times. Afterwards the state itself undertook the bank for these bets, which was attended with so much advantage; and the drawing of the names was performed with great ceremony. The *venerabile* was exposed, and high mass was celebrated, at which all the candidates were obliged to be present.

A member of the senate, named Benedetto Gentile, is said to have first introduced this Lottery, in the year 1620; and it is added, that the name of Gentile having never been drawn, the people took it into their heads that he, and his names, had been carried away by the devil. But at length, the wheel being taken to pieces in order to be mended, the name, which by some accident had never been drawn was found concealed in it.

* Beckmann.

† Private Life of Louis XIV.

* Beckmann.

This mode of Lottery is presumed to have been peculiar to the Genoese, who, for their own benefit established in many continental towns commissioners, to dispose of tickets, and to pay the prizes to those who had been fortunate.

These pernicious Lotteries continued till the end of the eighteenth century, when they were almost every where abolished and forbidden. To the honour of the Hanoverian government, no *Lotto* was ever introduced into it, though many foreigners offered large sums for permission to cheat the people in this manner. Those who wish to see the prohibitions issued against the *Lotto*, after making a great part of the people lazy, indigent, and thievish, may find them in Schlozer's *Staats-Anzeigen*,

Si son exécration mémoire

Parvient à la postérité,

C'est que le crime, aussi bien que la gloire,

Conduit à l'immortalité.*

THE LAST LOTTERY IN ENGLAND.

ELIA says, in the "New Monthly Magazine,"—"The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed inquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which intervening period he had an imaginary twenty thousand locked up in his desk—and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? '*Crede quod habes, et habes*,' and the usufruct of such a capital is surely not dear at such a price. Some years ago, a gentleman in passing along Cheapside saw the figures 1069, of which number he was the sole proprietor, flaming on the window of a Lottery office as a capital prize. Somewhat flurried by this discovery, not less welcome than unexpected, he resolved to walk round St. Paul's, that he might consider in what way to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family; but upon repassing the shop, he observed that the number was altered to 10,069; and, upon inquiry, had the mortification to learn that his ticket was blank, and had only been stuck up in the window by a mistake of the clerk. This effectually calmed his agitation; but he always speaks

of himself as having once possessed twenty thousand pounds, and maintains that his ten minutes' walk round St. Paul's was worth ten times the purchase-money of the ticket. A prize thus obtained has moreover this special advantage;—it is beyond the reach of fate, it cannot be squandered, bankruptcy cannot lay siege to it, friends cannot pull it down, nor enemies blow it up; it bears a charmed life, and none of woman-born can break its integrity, even by the dissipation of a single fraction. Show me the property in these perilous times that is equally compact and impregnable. We can no longer become enriched for a quarter of an hour; we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the Last of the Lotteries.

"Life will now become a flat, prosaic routine of matter-of-fact; and sleep itself, erst so prolific of numerical configurations and mysterious stimulants to Lottery adventure, will be disfurnished of its figures and figments. People will cease to harp upon the one lucky number suggested in a dream, and which forms the exception, while they are scrupulously silent upon the ten thousand falsified dreams which constitute the rule. Morpheus will stifle Cocker with a handful of poppies, and our pillows will be no longer haunted by the book of numbers.

"And who, too, shall maintain the art and mystery of puffing in all its pristine glory when the Lottery professors shall have abandoned its cultivation? They were the first, as they will assuredly be the last, who fully developed the resources of that ingenious art; who cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements, by devices of endless variety and cunning; who baited their lurking schemes with midnight murders, ghost stories, crim-cons, bon-mots, balloons, dreadful catastrophes, and every diversity of joy and sorrow to catch newspaper-gudgeons. Ought not such talents to be encouraged? Verily, the abolitionists have much to answer for!"

Here, at last, ends the notices respecting the Lottery, of which much has been said, because of all depraving institutions it had the largest share in debasing society while it existed: and because, after all, perhaps, the monster is "only scotched not killed."

November 16.

EXTRAORDINARY LUNAR HALO.

On the night of this day in 1823, about half past nine o'clock, Dr. T. Forster observed a very remarkable and brilliant phenomenon about the moon. It was a coloured discoid halo, consisting of six several concentric circles; the nearest to the moon, or the first disk around her, being dull white, then followed circles of orange, violet, crimson, green, and vermillion; the latter, or outermost, subtending in its diameter an angle of above ten degrees. This phenomenon was evidently produced by a refraction in the white mist of a stratus, which prevailed through the night, but it varied in its colours, as well as in its brilliancy, at different times.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 43° 00.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

The company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the wild mountain, were not greater objects of wonder to Rip Van Winkle, than forty original designs by Mr. Hood will be to the reader who looks for the first

time at this gentleman's "Whims and Oddities."*

All the world knows, or ought to know, that among persons called literary there are a few peculiarly *littery*; who master an article through confusion of head and materials, and, having achieved the setting of their thoughts and places "to rights," celebrate the important victory by the triumph of a short repose. At such a minute, after my last toilsome adventure in the "Lottery," sitting in my little room before the fire, and looking into it with the comfortable knowledge that the large table behind me was "free from all incumbrances," I yearned for a recreative dip into something new, when Mr. Hood's volume, in a parcel bearing the super-scription of a kind hand, was put into mine. It came in the very nick; and, as I amused myself, I resolved to be thenceforth, and therefrom, as agreeable as possible to my readers.

On the title-page of Mr. Hood's book is this motto, "O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee: O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biassed!—*Scriblerus*."

The first engraving that opened on me was of



A DREAM.

In this figure, "a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages,—the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,"—Mr. Hood has successfully

"tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams; namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of

* The varieties and causes of these phenomena are described in Dr. Forster's "Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena," 3d edition, p. 98.

* "Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse: with forty original designs by Thomas Hood, one of the authors of 'Odes and Addresses to Great People, and the designer of the Progress of Cant.' London, Relie, 1826." 12mo. 10s. 6d.

leap, inseparably unravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature, in the emblem, belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will mutually involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connections, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousins to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments."

As an illustration of this kind of dream, the author relates a dismal one, "which originated in the failure of his first and last attempt as a dramatic writer;" and another, wherein the preliminaries were pleasant, and the conclusion was whimsical. "It occurred," says Mr. Hood, "when I was on the eve of marriage; a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look out upon the sea. I chose one, accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent, elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but, alas, just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon, when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by fancying me to the old woman of the house!"

Because it never happened that Mr. Hood in his dreams fancied himself deprived of any sense, he was greatly puzzled by this question,—

"How does a BLIND man dream?"

"I mean" says Mr. "U" "a person

with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty which, of all others, is most active in those night-passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images; and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures that, like the slides of a magic-lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

"Is it, a still benighted wandering,—a pitch-dark night progress, made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string?—regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries, and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our more romantic flights; at other times, with homely voices, and more familiar odours; here, of rank smelling cheeses, there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?"

"This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill-wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed, dull dogs without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly, uncertain method, and in the chief article, of paintings, not allowed to be exercised.

"On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing,

for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the 'Tatler,' of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother,—his mistress from her maid. But it appears, that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of *Hudibras* has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

—— communities of senses,
To chop and charge intelligences,
As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
Can see with ears—and hear with noses."

Never having tried opium, and therefore without experience of "such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian, "I have never," says Mr. Hood, "been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the common-place inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers,—an inquisitorial penance,—everlasting tedium,—the mind's treadmill."

That "the *innocent*—sleep," is an exceptionable position. What happy man, with a happy wife by his side, and the first, sweet, restless plague and pledge of their happiness by hers, has not been awakened to a sense of his felicity, by a weak, yet shrill and spirit-stirring "la-a, la-a, la-a, la-a-a, la-a-a-a," of some secret sorrow, "for ever telling, yet untold."

Happy the man whose only care
A few paternal *achings* are.

Gentle reader of the Benedictine order! I presume not to anticipate the pleasure thou wilt derive from contemplating thyself engaged in a domestic exercise, suited to the occasion,—pacing thy bed-room at "the heavy middle of the night," holding the little "innocent"

fondly lock'd in *duty's* arms;

its dear eyes provokingly open to the light of the chamber-lantern; thine own closed by drowsiness, yet kept unsealed by affection; thy lips arranged for the piano of carminative sounds—"quivering to the young-eyed cherubim!"—

Oh! slumber my darling

Thy sire is a knight,—

—thy "darling" ceasing its "sweet voice," to offer more decisively by its looks, "I would out-night you." Brother Benedict! there is an engraving of thee, and thine, in the book I speak of, mottoed, "Son of the sleepless!"

Let me extract another *cut*, seemingly a portrait of the *alarming* "hope of the family," after thou hast for some few years tried, perchance, "the *Locke* system; which, after all," according to Mr. Hood, "is but a *canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels!"—



"My son, sir."

At about the age of "My son, sir," boys seek to satisfy their curiosity, and gratify their taste. It is the *spelling*-time of young experience, and they are extremely diligent. Their senses are fresh and undepraved, and covetous of the simplest pleasures.

Every town in England, and every village, with inhabitants and wealth sufficient to consume a hogshead of "brown moist" within a reasonable time, exhibits an empty sugar cask in the open street; it is every little grocer's pride, and every poor boy's delight—



"O! there's nothing half so sweet in life!"

"Gentle reader, read the motto! read the motto!" Look at the engraving; "*show* it to your children, and to your children's children," and ask them what they *think*. If you desire an immediate living example to illustrate professor Malthus's principle, that "population always comes up to the mean of subsistence," set out a sugar cask, and there will be a swarm of boys about it, from no one knows whither, in ten minutes. The first takes possession of the inside, and is "monarch of all he surveys." Like the throne, it is an envied, and an unquiet possession. From the emulous, on all sides, he receives vain addresses and remonstrances, and against their threatening hands is obliged to keep a sharp look out; but his greatest enemy, and for whom he keeps a sharp look *over*, is the grocer's man. A glimpse of that arch-foe "frightens him from his impropriety" in a twinkling; unless, indeed, from the nearness of the adversary he fail to escape, when, for certain, his companions leave him "alone in his glory," and then he knows for a truth, that "after sweet comes sour." The boy there, straddling like the "Great Harry," has had his wicked will of the barrel to satiety, and therefore vacates his place in favour of him of the hat, on whose nether end "time hath written strange defeats." It is not so certain, that the fine,

fat, little fellow, with his hands on the edge of the tub, and the ends of his toes on the ground, will ascend the side, as that he who stoops in front is enjoying the choicest pickings of the prize. The others are mere common feeders, or gluttons, who go for quantity; *he* is the epicure of the party—

He seeks but little here below
But seeks that little *good*;

and, of foretaste, he takes his place at the bung-hole, where the sugar crystallizes, and there revels in particles of the finest candies. "I pity the poor child," says Mr. Hood, "that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw"—and I pity every poor child who only knows that a sugar tub is sweet, and is ignorant of the sweetest of its sweets. There are as many different pickings in it as there are *cuts* in a shoulder of mutton, or Mr. Hood's book. My authority for this information is an acute, pale-faced, sickly, printer's boy, an adept in lickerish things, who declared the fact the morning after he had been to see Mr. Mathews, by affirming, with enthusiasm, "I've tried it, I've analyzed it, and I know it."

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud," who spend their money on bulls-eyes and hard-bake, which are modern inventions, of the delicacies within a grocer's plain

upright and downright, good, old, natural, brown sugar tub—

‘O! there’s nothing half so sweet in life.’

Mr. Hood introduces another “sweet pleasure,” with another equally apt quotation :—



“Tell me, my heart, can this be Love?”

This figure of “THE POPULAR CUPID,” Mr. Hood copied, “by permission, from a lady’s Valentine;” and he says, “in the romantic mythology it is the image of the divinity of Love.” He inquires, “Is this he, that, in the mind’s eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges—

Pillow’d in a lotus flow’r,
Gather’d in a summer hour,
Floats he o’er the mountain wave,
Which would be a tall ship’s grave?

—Does Belinda believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambushed in her perilous blue eye?—I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion: in his constancy—because he looks sedentary, and not apt to roam: that he is given to melt—from his great pinguity: that he burneth with a flame—for so all fat burneth: and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage: that he sighs—from his size. I dispute not his kneeling at ladies’ feet—since it is the posture of elephants—nor his promise, that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck: of his blindness—with that inflated pig’s cheek. But, for his lodging in Belinda’s blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—for she hath never a *sty* in it.”

Mr. Hood, doubtless, desires that the world should know his “Whims and Oddities” through his own work; its notice here, therefore, while it affords a winter evening’s half hour entertainment, is not to mar his hopes. But it is impossible to close its merry-making leaves without shadowing forth a little more of the volume.

It ought to be observed, that the prints just presented are from engravings in Mr. Hood’s book, of which there are forty drawn by his own pencil; and, that he attaches a motto to each, so antithetical, as to constitute the volume a pocket portfolio of designs to excite risibility. For example :—

He tells a story of his “Aunt Shakerly,” a lady of enormous bulk, who placed Mr. Hood’s baby cousin in the nursing-chair while she took in the news, and then, in her eagerness to read the accidents and offences, unthinkingly sat, with the gravity of a coroner’s inquest, in the aforesaid chair, and thereby unconsciously suppressed “an article of intelligence”—an occurrence which there is little reason to doubt appeared among the “horribles,” in the favourite department of her paper, the next morning. The engraving that pictures this is mottoed, “THE SPOILED CHILD!”

Mr. Hood institutes "A Complaint against Greatness," through "an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's repository," described in the following item of the catalogue—"The reverend Mr. Farmer, a four years' old Durham ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel." The complainant, however, says, "I resemble that worthy agricultural vicar only in my fat living."

This being the season when these condemned animals come up from the country to the metropolis, it seems a fit time to hear the complainant's description of his journey. "Wearisome and painful was my pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings—like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-waggon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, oh, ye thrice happy oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short, thick neck forbade me to eat or drink; nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!—If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the elephant a long, flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose: but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural, delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments?—What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture?"

Verily, it is humane thus to lecture man from the mouth of an animal, whose species is annually deformed for butcherly pride, and the loathing of the table—"to see the prize-steak loaded with that rank, yellow abomination, might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever." The supplicant for our compassion adds, in behalf of himself and his dumb-fellow creatures, "It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends worthy to be set off against

our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer (and a better) way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man." There is an admirable cut of the over-fed petitioner, breathing "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" The figure of the crippled drover is excellent.

Mr. Hood devises a romantic adventure that befel a herd of these animals of the common class, and a little wooden, white-painted house on four wheels, to which a sedentary citizen and his wife had retired to spend their days, "impaled" by the wayside on Hounslow-heath, where—

Having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to
reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their ch'ldish faith grew
stronger
In gnomes, and hags, and elves, and giant
grim,—
If talking trees and birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of fairyland's fly-waggons,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dra-
gons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted
flaggons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming be-
the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a differen
breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,
Or Durham feed;
Withsome of those unquiet, black, dwarf devils,
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—

With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment

Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether

Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe, before the basket-maker's villa,

Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden
gable,

And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage

Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse, who could?—two tales at
once;

And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's tuft;
Bang'd-to the door,

But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—

The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

When this happened the old man's wife
was absent,

Getting up some household herbs for supper,
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering *how* magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;

nor did she turn round, till house and
spouse had turned a corner out of sight.

The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explained the *herald* mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,

On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* fairy work! I'll bet a farden,
Little prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

Here ends the "fairy tale" of Hounslow-heath.

"She is far from the land!" is a motto
to an engraving of a *land* lady, frightened
by voyaging in a Thames wherry, opposite
St. Paul's. Her after alarms at sea are
concluded pleasantly:—

"We were off Flamborough-head. A
heavy swell, the consequence of some
recent storm to the eastward, was rolling
right before the wind upon the land:—

and, once under the shadow of the bluff
promontory, we should lose all the ad-
vantage of a saving westerly breeze.
Even the seamen looked anxious: but the
passengers, (save one,) were in despair.
They were, already, bones of contention,
in their own misgivings, to the myriads
of cormorants and waterfowl inhabiting
that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone
was sanguine. She was all nods, and
becks, and wreathed smiles; her cheeri-
ness increased in proportion with our
dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of
the vessel could not disturb her unseason-
able levity;—it was like a lightening be-
fore death—but, at length, the mystery
was explained. She had springs of com-
fort that we knew not of. Not brandy,
for that we shared in common; nor sup-
plications, for those we had all applied
to; but her ears, being jealously vigilant
of whatever passed between the mariners,
she had overheard from the captain,—and
it had all the sound, to her, of a comfort-
able promise,—that 'if the wind held, we
should certainly *go on shore.*'"

The popular ballad of "Sally Brown
and Ben the Carpenter," which first ap-
peared in the "London Magazine," is in-
serted in this volume. "I have never been
vainer of any verses," says Mr. Hood, "than
of my part in the following ballad. The
lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang
it at his last mortal benefit at Covent-
garden; and, ever since, it has been a
great favourite with the watermen of the
Thames, who time their oars to it, as the
wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the
lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it
went naturally to Vauxhall: and, over
land, to Sadler's-wells. The guards, not
the mail coach but the life guards, picked
it out from a fluttering hundred of others,
all going to one air, against the dead wall
at Knightsbridge. Cheap printers of
Shoe-lane and Cow-cross, (all pirates!)
disputed about the copyright, and pub-
lished their own editions; and, in the
mean time, the authors, to have made
bread of their song, (it was poor old
Homer's hard ancient case!) must have
sung it about the streets. Such is the lot
of literature! the profits of 'Sally Brown'
were divided by the ballad-mongers: it
has cost, but has never brought me, a
halfpenny."

A "Recipe for Civilisation," in Hud-
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brastic lines, is waggishly ascribed to the "pen of Dr. Kitchiner—as if, in the ingredients of versification, he had been assisted by his *Butler*." It is accompanied by a whimsical whole length of "the Cook's Oracle," adjusting musical notes on the bars of a gridiron, a ludicrous allusion to the good-humoured Doctor's diversified attainments in science and popularity.

From an odd poem, attributed to an odd personage, "The Last Man," two verses are selected, as an example of feelings which the punning on the title-phrase seemed to have proscribed:—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old church-yard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone.

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand
I could love it like a child!

Mr. Hood's pen essays "WALTON REDIVIVUS: A New River Eclogue."

"[Piscator is fishing—near the sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]"

It is prefaced by a citation "*From a Letter of C. Lamb*," in these words:—"My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook."

To face this "Eclogue" there is a motto, "My banks they are furnished," beneath a whole length figure, so like "poor *Jemmy Whittle*!"—only not looking so good natured.

"Love me, love my dog," is a fearful cut—Mr. Hood's step-mother, and her precious "*Bijou*"—with a story, and a

tail-piece—"O list unto my tale of woe,"—unnaturally natural.

One of the best pieces in the volume is "The Irish Schoolmaster," who, from a clay cabin, "the College of Kilreen," hangs out a board, "with painted letters red as blood," announcing "CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE."

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the college fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominic.
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—
now a birch.

• * * * * *

Now, by the creeping shadows of the moon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and
four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blythe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,
Like sportive elms on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothely kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at hare and hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush to scare the crow :
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled
bean,

Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage
green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in
Aberdeen.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by labours, like a bee ;
Or rules in learning's hall, or trims her
bow'rs ;—

Would there were many more such wights
as he,

To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis ; for, alack ! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth
teach,

But wears a flow'ry head, and talks in flow'ry
speech !

For the entire of the subjects already
extracted from, and for many others not ad-
verted to, even by name, reference should
be had to the work itself. There is one
design, however, so excellent a specimen
of Mr. Hood's clear conception and de-
cisive execution, that merely in further
illustration of his talent it is here intro-
duced.



“ Very deaf, indeed.”

An engraving of Mr. Hood's admirable
“Parish Beadle,” from his “Progress of
Cant,” was inserted in an account of that
print on p. 130 of the present volume of
the *Every-Day Book*. Great as was the
merit of that print, in point of wit and
humour, and curious as it will always be
regarded for its multiform development
of character, and relationship to the man-
ners of the age, yet it is largely exceeded,
in these respects, by the volume of
“Whims and Oddities.” Possessing the
rare talent, of illustrating what he writes
by his own drawings, Mr. Hood is to
be esteemed in a twofold capacity. He
has, withal, the remarkable merit of

having acquired his knowledge of art
by his own teaching ; and, what augurs
well, the praise which the “Progress of
Cant” deserved and obtained, has whole-
somely invigorated him to higher mas-
tery. There is a firmness of execution in
the designs to the “Whims and Oddi-
ties,” surprisingly superior to the general
manner of his meritorious etching just
mentioned. The book is altogether the
most original that the press of late years
has produced ; and, luckily, it comes like a
seasonable visiter, to raise shouts of
laughter “round about the coal-fire” in
cold weather.

November 17.

HUGH,

Bishop of Lincoln.

His name is in the church of England calendar and almanacs on this day, which was ordained his festival by the Romish church, whetein he is honoured as a saint.

St. Hugh was born in Burgundy in 1140, educated in a convent, took the habit of the Chartreuse near Grenoble before he was of age, was ordained priest, and, at the end of ten years, the procuratorship of the monastery was intrusted to him. Henry II. of England, confiding in his prudence and sanctity, induced him to come over and regulate the new monastery of Carthusians, founded by the king at Witham in Somersetshire, which was the first of that order established in England. He was consecrated bishop of Lincoln, 21st September, 1186, exerted his episcopal authority to restore ecclesiastical discipline, especially amongst his clergy, and maintained the claims of the church against the crown itself. In quality of ambassador from king John, he went to France and negotiated a peace; on his return he was seized with a fever, presumed to have been occasioned by his abstemiousness, and died at London, on blessed ashes strewed on the floor, as he directed, in the form of a cross, on the 17th of November, 1200. His body was embalmed, and conveyed with great pomp to Lincoln, where it was met by king John of England and king William of Scotland, with three archbishops, fourteen bishops, above a hundred abbots, and a great number of earls and barons. The two kings put their shoulders under the bier as it was carried into the church.

Alban Butler, from whom these particulars are derived, affirms that three paralytic persons, and some others, recovered their health at St. Hugh's tomb. He further relates, that, during the saint's life time, Henry II., being on his way from Normandy to England, in a furious storm, prayed for mercy, through the merits and intercession of St. Hugh, whereon a calm ensued, and the voyage was made in safety.

THE UNCOMBED MARINERS.

An incident really witnessed in the Bay of Biscay.

The waves roll'd long and high
In the fathomless Biscay,
And the rising breeze swept sullen by,
And the day closed heavily.

Our ship was tight and brave,
Well trimm'd and sailing free,
And she flew along on the mountain wave,
An eagle of the sea.

The red cross fluttering yet.
We lower'd the noble sign,
For the bell had struck, it was past sunset,
And the moon began to shine.

Her light was fitful, flung
From a sky of angry gloom,
Thick hurrying clouds o'er the waters hung.
Their hue was of the tomb.

Yet now and then a gleam
Broke through of her silent ray,
And lit around with her soften'd beam
Some spot of that plumbless bay.

O'er the bulwark's side we heard
The proud ship break the spray,
While her shrouds and sheets by the wild
winds stir'd,
Made music mournfully.

And we t lk'd of battles past,
Of shipwreck, rock, and shore,
Of ports where peril or chance had cast
Our sail the wide world o'er.

The watch look'd by the lee,
A shapeless log was seen,
A helmless ship it appear'd to be,
And it lay the waves between.

Oh 'twas a fearful sight
That helpless thing to see,
Swimming mastless and lone at high midnight
A corps on the black, black sea !

There were souls, perchance, on board,
And heaving yet their breath,
Men whose cry, amid their despair, was heard
Not to meet ocean-death.

Our chief on deck up sprung,
We lay too in that hollow deep—
Below, as our voices and trampling rung,
The sleepers sprang from sleep.

The boat we loosed and lower'd,
There were gallant hearts to go,
The dark clouds broke that the moon em
bower'd,
And her lights shone cheering through

And we watch'd that little boat

 Pull up the mountain wave,
Then sink from view, like a name forgot,
 Within an ancient grave.

They go—they climb the hull,
 As the waters wash the deck,
They shout, and they hear but the billows dull
 Strike on that lonely wreck.

The skeletons of men
 Lay blanch'd and marrowless there,
But clothed in their living garb, as when
 That 'rest ship was their care.

Lash'd to their planks they lay,
 The ropes still round them tied,
Though drifted long leagues in that stormy
 bay,
 Since they hoped, despaired, and died.

Tombless in their decay,
 Mid the watery solitude,
Days dawn'd upon them and faded away,
 Cold moons their death-sleep view'd.

Their names no trace may tell,
 Nor whither their passage bound,
And our seamen leave the desolate hull
 With death and darkness round.

They tread their deck again,
 And silent hoist their boat—
They think of the fate of the unknown men
 Who for years may wildly float.

Those bones, that ocean bier,
 They well may sadly see,
For they feel that the gallant ship they steer,
 Their sepulchre may be.

There is grief for beauty's woe,
 Laurels strew the hero's hearse—
Are there none will the generous tear bestow
 For those untomb'd mariners !*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 42 · 02.

November 18.

CHRONOLOGY

On the 18th of November, 1777, died William Bowyer, an eminent printer of London, where he was born on the 17th of December, 1699. He had been always subject to a bilious colic, and for the last ten years of his life was afflicted with the palsy; yet he retained a remarkable cheerfulness of disposition, and his faculties, though somewhat impaired, enabled

him to maintain the conversation of his literary friends, pursue a course of incessant reading, which was his principal amusement, and correct the learned works, especially the Greek books, printed at his press. Within a few weeks before his death, he sunk under his maladies and the progress of decay. His numerous critical writings afford ample evidence of his ability as a scholar; and as a learned printer, he had no rival for more than half a century. Of his regard to religion and morals, both in principle and practice, his whole life bore unquestionable evidence. His probity was inflexible. The promptitude with which he relieved every species of distress, and his modesty in endeavouring to conceal his benefactions, marked the benevolence and delicacy of his disposition. In the decline of life, and in his testamentary arrangements, he seems to have been influenced by a regard to two great objects; one was to repay the benefactions which had been conferred on his father at a time when he peculiarly needed assistance, and the other was to be himself a benefactor to the meritorious in his own profession. By his will, after liberally providing for his only surviving son, and allotting various private bequests, he appropriated several sums to "the benefit of printing," particularly with a view to the relief of aged printers, compositors or pressmen, and to the encouragement of the journeyman compositor, whom he particularly describes, and who is required to be capable of reading and construing Latin, and, at least, of reading Greek fluently with accents. These latter bequests he committed to the direction and disposal of the master, wardens, and assistants of the Company of Stationers.

Mr. Bowyer was buried, agreeably to his own direction, at Low-Layton, in Essex, and a monument erected, at the expense of his friend, Mr. Nichols, to his father's memory and his own, with a Latin inscription written by himself. There is a bust of him in Stationers'-hall, with an English inscription annexed, in his own words: and beside it are a portrait of his father, and another of his patron, Mr. Nelson, all presented to the Company by Mr. Nichols, who was his apprentice, partner, and successor; and who has done ample justice to his eminent predecessor's memory, by an invaluable series of "Anecdotes" of Mr. Bowyer, and many celebrated literary characters of the last and present century, whose persons or

* New Monthly Magazine.

writings Mr. Nichols's professional labours and varied erudition had acquainted him with.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40 · 82.

November 19.

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day in 1703 died, in the Bastille at Paris, an unknown prisoner, celebrated throughout Europe under the appellation of the *Man with the Iron Mask*; he had been confined, for state reasons, from the year 1661. There have been various disquisitions and controversies respecting his identity, but a recent work seems to have rendered it probable, that he was an Italian diplomatist who counteracted certain projects of Louis XIV., and was therefore condemned, by that monarch's despotism, to perpetual imprisonment, in an iron mask, for the concealment of his features.

PLEASANT ILLUSTRATIONS—AND ADDITIONAL NOTICES.

A correspondent is pleased to communicate a series of reminiscences occasioned by accounts in the first volume. They form two interesting articles, viz.

MEMORANDA I.

On Vol. I. of the Every-Day Book.

"Pages attend on books as well as lords."

J. R. P.

Sir,—It is obvious, that he who reads the *Every-Day Book* will think of things connected with the contents stated, and wish to append them as memoranda, for the perusal of those interested in the resuscitations of old customs and matters of fact. With this impression, I have collected my stray knowledge, and condensed it in the following compass. The pages quoted, refer to the *first* volume. *Ex. g.*

122. "Powerful Optical Illusion." Approaching a lamp in the high road near town, an object crossed my path; it appeared like a *large crab*, and, as I drew nearer, ran up the side of a house in the road-way with great velocity. When I reached the lamp, to my satisfaction, I proved this appearance to have been caused by a full-sized *spider*, which had passed the light, and made upwards to its

web. Had I not accounted for this natural circumstance, I should certainly have considered it as a phenomenon worthy of anxiety.

123. "The Spectre." A young lady in Bedfordshire, on coming of age, was promised by her father a present of any thing she chose to accept at his hand. She said, A skeleton! Her choice was gratified—a skeleton was sent for from London, and placed in a case in a room accessible to her. The room has ever since gone by the name of the "*Stranger's Room*." "Have you seen? or will you see, the stranger?" is the question put to all visitors. The daughter of Herodias seems to have scarcely exceeded the eccentric taste of this young lady.

136. "St. Agnes' Eve." After fasting the whole of the day, upon going to bed an egg must be filled with salt, and eaten, which occasions a great thirst. The vessel the female dreams of drinking from, according to situation and circumstances, denotes who will be her husband.

This charm for the *ague*, on "St. Agnes' Eve," is customary to be said up the chimney, by the eldest female in the family—

"Tremble and go!

First day shiver and burn:

Tremble and quake!

Second day shiver and learn:

Tremble and die!

Third day never return."

179. "Bears" are seen on the Stock Exchange in human shape, natural ones are kept by friseurs to supply grease for the hair. The Black Bear in Piccadilly, Taylor's Bear in Whitechapel, the White Bear, and the Bear and Ragged Staff, as a punster would say, are *bear-able* enough; but, I reprehend the "Dancing Bears" being led through the streets to perform antics for money. Two have appeared this month. Each with two monkeys, a camel, dromedary, and organ. Travellers have told of their sagacity; we believe them: but, that bears are made to stand upon hot iron, and undergo the severest discipline before they are fit for public exhibition, is a truth which harrows the feeling, and makes me wish the dancing bears unmuzzled, and let loose upon those who have the guidance of their education. The *ursa major* of the literary hemisphere, Dr. Johnson, might have been a match for them.

207 "St. Blase." He seems to have

neglected the protecting the "Woolcombers." Since the introduction of machinery, by Arkwright and others, very little cloth is manufactured by hand. The woolcomber's greasy and oily wooden horse, the hobby of his livelihood, with the long teeth and pair of cards, are rarely seen. When scribblers, carders, billies, and spinning jennies, came into use, the wheel no longer turned at the cottage door, but a revolution among the working classes gave occasion for soldiers to protect the mills—time, however, has ended this strife with wool, and begun another with cotton.

246. "Pancake Day." It is a *sine qua non* at "Tedbury Mop," before a maid servant is wholly qualified for the farmer's kitchen, that she make apple fritters, and toss them without soot, or spoiling the batter.

348. "Sadler's Wells." It closed this season (1826) with a real benefit for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, October 2d. The new feature has been the horse-racing, in the open air, represented as at Newmarket. Boards were erected on every side, to conceal the race from the public in general, and ensure novelty to the play-going folks in particular. To give publicity to this amusement, the high-mettled racers, with riders, flags and bugles, in proper costume, paraded the environs daily, and distributed bills descriptive of cups, plate, bets, and other taking articles of jockeyship, which took place at evening. The thing did not take so much money as wished.

361. "St. Patrick's Day" being my natal day, though not of Erin's clime, I never fail dedicating a large *plum pudding* to his *sainthood*; round my table the "olive branches" spread, and I make this record to encourage all persons to do the same, in remembrance of *their* parent's solicitude, and the prospective harmony of the young.

402. "Good Friday." The bun so fashionable, called the *Sally Lunn*, originated with a young woman of that name in Bath, about thirty years ago. She first cried them, in a basket with a white cloth over it, morning and evening. Dalmer, a respectable baker and musician, noticed her, bought her business, and made a song, and set it to music in behalf of "Sally Lunn." This composition became the street favourite, barrows were made to distribute the nice cakes, Dalmer profited thereby, and retired; and, to this day, the *Sally Lunn* cake, not unlike the hotcross

bun in flavour, claims preeminence in all the cities in England.

423. "Lifting" is a custom practised with hurdles among shepherds, in the South Downs, at their marriages. The bride and bridegroom are carried round a flock of sheep; a fleece is put for their seat, and may-horns, made of the rind of the sycamore tree, are played by boys and girls. There is another sort of "lifting," however; I have seen a tale-bearer in the village tossed in a blanket by the maids, as it is represented in "Don Giovanni in London," a scene in the King's Bench.

I am, Sir,

Your's sincerely,

JENOTADA.

MEMORANDA II.

On Vol. I. of the Every-Day Book

Franklin says, 'farthings will amount to pounds:—

So *memorandums* saved, will books produce.

J. R. P

Udicit.

507. "The Martin." It is considered a presage of good, for this bird to build its nest in the corner of the bedroom-window; and particularly so, should the first inhabitants return in the season. I know it to be true, that a pair of martins built their nest in the curtains of a bed belonging to Mrs. Overton, of Loverrall, Yorkshire. The nest was suffered to remain unmolested, and access given to it from the air. Six successive seasons the old birds revisited their chosen spot, brought forth their young, and enjoyed their peace, till the death of their most kind benefactress; when a distribution of the furniture taking place, it dislodged the tenants of the wing, which to each of them was not all *Mihi Beati Martini*—"My eye, Betty Martin."

570. "Milkmaids' garland." After I had sailed up the river Wye, and arrived at Chepstow-castle, my attention was arrested by one of the prettiest processions I remember to have enjoyed. It consisted of milkmaids dancing and serenading round an old man, whose few gray hairs were crowned by a wreath of wild flowers; he held a blossomy hawthorn in his right hand, and bore a staff, with cowslips and bluebells, in his left. A cow's horn hung across his shoulders, which he blew on arriving at a house. The youths and lasses were more than thirty in number. Their arms, and heads

and necks, were surrounded by clusters of lilies of the valley, and wild roses. Then came an apple-cheeked dame with a low-crowned, broad-brim hat; she wore spectacles, mittens were drawn up to her elbows, her waist trim, a woollen apron bound it, her petticoat short, blue worsted stockings, a high-heeled pair of shoes with silver buckles, and a broad tongue reposing on each instep. In one hand she held a brass kettle, newly scoured, it was full of cream; in the other, a basket of wood strawberries. To whoever came up to her with a saucer or basin, she gave a portion of her cream and fruit, with the trimmest curtsy I ever saw made by a dainty milkwoman betwixt earth and sky. She was "Aunt Nelly," and her "Bough Bearer," called "Uncle Ambrose," was known for singing a song, "'Twas on one moonshiny night," which his defective pronunciation lisped "meaun sheeiny." Ambrose strummed an instrument in his turn, partly harp, and partly hirdy-girdy. Six goats, harnessed in flowers, carried utensils in milking and butter making; and the farmer of the party rode on a bull, also tastily dressed with the produce of the fields and hedges. A cheese and a hatchet were suspended behind him, and he looked proudly as he guided the docile animal to the public-house, into which the milkmaids and their sweethearts went, quickened in their motions by the cat-gut, which made stirring sounds up stairs. The flowery flag was thrust upwardly into the street, facing the iron bridge; and, getting again into the fisherman's boat, I sailed and loitered down the banks of the river, charmed with what I had seen, felt, and understood. Of the milkmaids, Miss Thomas of Landcote was the darkest, the neatest, and the tallest—she stood *only* five feet, ten inches high.

692. "Kiss in the ring." The '*kissing crust*' is that part of the loaf which is slightly burnt, and parted from the next loaf: hungry children who go home from the baker's, know best what it is, by the slv hits they filch from that part denominated the '*kissing crust*.'

807. "Buy a Broom!" Since Bishop harmonised this popular cry, the Flemish girls cry '*Buy a brush*;' but a greater novelty has arisen in some of their singing glees, quartets, and quintets in the streets. The tune is unconcordant, slow, and grave; these warblers walk in a line down the centre, with their hands crossed

before their stomachs. Their simple attitude, together with their sunny cast, and artless glance, render them objects of pity; but the pence fall not so plentifully to them as to the real John Bull, straightforward songs of the young weavers that go about with the model of a loom in work, fixed to the top of a rod five feet high.

839. "French pulpit." The pulpit at Union Chapel, Islington, is made of beautiful grained "Honduras mahogany;" and that of St. Pancras, New-road, of the farfamed "Fairlop oak."—Wesley and Whitefield were contented to emerge in their first career from the hogsheds of a grocer in Moorfields.

858. "Copenhagen-house." This year, the Spanish and Italian refugees have resorted to this house in great numbers, and played many famous matches at ball. Nothing can be more retired than the garden formed into bowers for visitors—if the building mania should not recover, age will give the young plantations beauty, pleasure, and effect. Two new roads are made near Copenhagen-house; the one, leading from Kentish-town to Holloway, the other, from the latter to Pentonville. At "the Belvidere" racket is much played, and archery practised at "White Conduit-house." It is gratifying that the labours of the *Every-Day Book* are *not in vain*—the "Conduit" spoken of in vol. ii. col. 1203 has undergone repair; it is hoped, it will be enclosed by the proprietors as one of the new relics of venerable antiquity.

1435. "Beadles." The beadle of Camberwell is a lineal descendant of Earl Withrington, of the same name so celebrated in the battle of Chevy Chase.

JEHOIADA

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 40° 25.

November 20.

Edmund. King and Martyr.*

OFFENSIVE BARBERS.

On the 20th of November, 1746, fifty-one barbers were convicted before the commissioners of excise, and fined in the penalty of twenty pounds each, for having in their custody hair-powder not made

of starch, contrary to act of parliament; and, on the 27th of the same month, forty-nine other barbers were convicted of the like offence, and fined in the same penalty.*

ROMAN STATIONS AT PANCRAS AND PENTONVILLE.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—The following observations have been the result of a visit to the site of the undoubted Roman camp at Pentonville, and the conjectural remains at St. Pancras. Respecting the former, I have been able to ascertain, that in the course of the year 1825 a labourer, who was occupied in digging in the prætorium, turned up a considerable quantity of arrow heads; and shortly afterwards, another labourer, digging a few yards to the south of the same spot, for materials to mend a road, uncovered a pavement of red tiles, about sixteen feet square, each tile being about an inch and a half thick, and about six inches square; they were mostly figured, and some had "strange characters upon them;" unfortunately, the discoverer had neither taste nor curiosity, and they were consigned to the bottom of a deep road.† Respecting the "Brill" (at Pancras) I have examined the ground, and find that S. G. (p. 1347,) is incorrect in stating the prætorium was perfect, half of it having been converted into bricks some months ago; and the brickmakers inform me, that nothing was found, not even a tile or brass coin. I will extract a little respecting this camp from a work of some authority, viz. The Environs of London.

Mr. Lysons, in that work, treats the idea of a camp having been made near this spot as quite conjectural,‡ and remarks, that Dr. Stukely's imagination, in the pursuit of a favourite hypothesis, would sometimes enable him to see more than other antiquaries; leaving the language of conjecture, the Dr. points out the disposition of the troops, and the station of each general's tent, with as much confidence as if he had himself been in the camp. Here was Cæsar's prætorium; here was stationed Mandubrace, king of

London;* here were the quarters of M. Crassus, the quæstor; here was Cominus; there the Gaulish princes, &c. &c. It is but justice to Dr. Stukely's memory to mention, that this account of Cæsar's camp was not printed in his life-time. As he withheld it from the public, it is probable he was convinced that his imagination had carried him too far, on this subject. Dr. S. remarks, that the vallum thrown up in the civil war was in the fields next the duke of Bedford's: he adds, that it was levelled after the Restoration, and that scarcely a trace of it was (when he wrote) visible, notwithstanding Cæsar's camp remained in so perfect a state after an interval of 1800 years. Mr. Lysons does not suppose, that the entrenchment at the *Brill* was thrown up by the Londoners in 1642, since the name denotes something more ancient;† but it certainly appears, by the diurnals published at the time, that entrenchments and ramparts were thrown up in the fields near Pancras-church, during the civil war. He thinks it not improbable, that the moated areas, above-mentioned, near the church, were the sites of the vicarage and rectory-house, which are mentioned in a survey of the parish of Pancras circa 1251.‡ This is certainly the most probable conclusion, and far superior to the wild chimeras of the learned doctor.

I will conclude this slight, and, I am aware, imperfect view of the various opinions, for and against, by observing, that I resided in Somers-town and its neighbourhood for a considerable period; I carefully watched every excavation made for sewers, foundations for houses, chapels, &c., but I never heard of any discoveries having been made. The place lies too low to have even been frequented by the Romans, more especially when the violence of the river of Wells is considered, which must have descended from the hills like a torrent, and have flooded the whole of the neighbourhood of Somers-town, Battle-bridge, &c.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Oct. 24, 1826.

T. A

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† On visiting this camp, I searched for the "Old Well in the Fosse;" judge my surprise, when I found a modern circular frame of wood sunk in the fosse to collect clear water for the use of bricklayers, &c. this is a specimen of artists "pretty bits."

‡ *Alias*—coinages of their own fancy.

* The idea is ridiculous, that the prætorium of the Roman general should be placed in a swampy, low situation, while such an advantageous position on the high ground, on which St. Pancras-church stands, is given to a native prince; another circumstance is against the doctor's hypothesis, that this was a Roman camp, viz. a running stream through it.

† Dr. Stukely derives it from Bury Hill; but the lowness of the situation refutes such an etymology.

‡ View of London, vol. iii. p. 343-344.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41·12.

November 21.

ÆROSTATION.

Messieurs Montgolfier, two brothers, paper-makers at Annonay in the department of Ardeche, in 1782 discovered the use of rarefied air in floating balloons; and on the 21st of November, 1783, the marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilatre Rosier made the first *unconfined* aerial voyage in a machine called a "Montgolfier," in honour of the inventors, to distinguish it from balloons made with inflammable air.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 40·27.

November 22.

CECILIA.†

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, an entertainment was instituted, on the 22d of November, in commemoration of her, by many of the first rank in the kingdom; which was continued annually for a considerable time. A splendid entertainment was provided at Stationers'-hall, which was constantly preceded by a performance of vocal and instrumental music, by the most capital performers. This feast is represented by Mr. Motteux, in 1691, as "one of the gentlest in the world; there are no formalities nor gatherings like as at others, and the appearance there is splendid." The words, which were always an encomium on their patroness, were set by Purcell, Blow, and others of the greatest eminence; and it became the fashion for writers of all ranks to celebrate saint Cecilia. Besides the odes to her by Dryden, and Pope, Addison, and Yalden, employed their talents on this subject. We have also odes to saint Cecilia by Shadwell, D'Urfey, and some still more indifferent poets. It appears by Mr. Motteux, that there were in 1691 "admirable concerts in Charles-street and York-buildings."

On the anniversary of St. Cecilia, in 1697, a sermon was preached at St.

Bride's church by Dr. Brady, which he published under the title of "Church Music Vindicated." The last account discovered by Mr. Nichols, of any entertainment to her memory at Stationers'-hall, is in Mr. Hughes's ode in 1703. The festivity appears to have been also celebrated at Oxford, and to have been continued there longer. There are two odes to St. Cecilia; one, in 1707, composed by Mr. Purcell, the other, in 1708, by Dr. Blow, "both performed at St. Mary-hall, in Oxon, by Mr. Saunders and Mr. Court, assisted by the best voices and bands." Mr. Addison's ode was performed there in 1699; and he has "a song," without date, on the same occasion.*

CECILIAN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

The "Cecilian Society," established in 1785 by a few individuals, has continued, to the present day, to meet once a week for rehearsal, and once a fortnight for the public performance of vocal and instrumental music, chiefly sacred, by Handel; occasionally relieved by popular modern composition.

This society has been the school of eminent composers and performers: such as Barthelomon, Everett, Purkis, Banner, Busby, Griffin, Russel, Miss Bolton, Jacobs, Miss Gray, and many others; among whom are the brothers, the Mr. Nightingales, so highly esteemed in the musical world for their professional talent, and irreproachable demeanour.

The venerable president, Mr. Z. Vincent, is one of the old school of harmonists, and a man of letters. His heart and soul are identified in Handel's oratorios, and his judgment continues unimpaired. A Mr. Edwards is another instance of attachment to the society, he having been a member upwards of twenty years. The great "unity" that has prevailed, and still prevails, in this society, is an example worthy of a niche in the *Every-Day Book*. Their present performances are held at the "Albion Hall," Moorfields, and well attended by the issue of "tickets." In honour of this day, a grand miscellaneous concert is annually performed; many celebrated professionals attend, and the lovers of harmony never fail of having a high treat.

* Butler's Chronological Exercises.

† See vol. i. col. 1495.

ASTRONOMICAL.

On the 22nd of November the sun enters Sagittarius.

According to an old magical MS. of the fourteenth century, an aspect of "Sagittary" seems to have dominion over dogs. "*When you wish to enter where*

there are dogs, that they may not hinder you, make a tin image of a dog, whose head is erected towards his tail, under the first face of Sagittary, and say over it, 'I bind all dogs by this image, that they do not raise their heads or bark;' and enter where you please."*



"Ben"—"the Old General"—of Nottingham.

Commander of some forces there,
And intimate with Mr. Mayor.

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

Benjamin Mayo is believed to be the proper name of the "General," his other appellations he derived from having been the ringleader of the boys, from his youth to the present time, on all occasions for which they assemble together in the town of Nottingham.

In order "to secure the boundaries of the town, a certain number of respectable characters, annually appointed, form what is called the *Middleton, Mickleton, or Leet Jury*, and circumambulate them twice a year, with the coroner at their head; it is also the duty of this jury to break down all obstructions in old roads, to fine those persons who may have made such encroachments as do not immediately obstruct a public road, and to present all nuisances at the quarter sessions."* At the Easter and Michaelmas quarter sessions, the day for these duties is always appointed to be the Monday se'nnight following; and hence it is called *Middleton Monday*. The name of "Middleton is said to be retained from lord Middleton," who is steward of the Peveril Court, which has now no jurisdiction in Nottingham, it being a town-county. The origin of these matters, however, is of little consequence in an account of the "General;" they are only referred to as preparatory to the observation, that he is a conspicuous personage in the ceremonial of the day.

On "Middleton Monday" all the school-boys in the town expect a holyday; it is the *juvenile Saturnalia*; and though the "General" is great on all occasions, he is especially so on "Middleton Monday;" for compared with him, the mayor, the coroner, and other municipal authorities, are subordinate officers in the estimation of the youthful tribes.

Previous to the jury commencing their survey, away trots "General," with several hundreds of boys at his heels, to secure the sacred and inviolable right of a holyday. Two or three urchins, with shining, morning faces, lead the way to their own schoolmaster's, who, in violation of the "orders of the day," is seated amidst the few children whose parents have refused to grant a holyday, and therefore dare not "play *travant*." Some "devoted Decius" in miniature, ventures in, on the forlorn hope of procuring liberty for the rest. Down drop books,

pens, pencils, to the increasing cry of "Out, out, out." The commander-in-chief arrives, amidst the cheers of his enthusiastic and devoted troops, takes up his position opposite to the door, and commands the onset. The advanced guard assail the portal with redoubled blows of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and old rope-ends, knotted into *tommies*, and the main body throw the missile mud. Ere long, a random stone breaks some window; this is speedily followed by a second and third crash; out sallies the master to seize the culprit, his sentinels are overpowered, the invaders rush in, the besieged are unmercifully belaboured till the capitulation is completed, but no sooner do they join the "liberating army," than a shout of triumph is raised, and the place is abandoned. The aide-de-camps having reported to "the General," what other fortresses hold out, the nearest is attacked in the same way. It often happens, however, that a parley is demanded, and "the General" shamelessly receives a bribe to desist. Alas! that one so devoted to the cause of liberty should be so easily corrupted—two pence will induce the commander-in-chief to withdraw, with his faithful followers, of fickle principle, and leave the anxious garrison to the uncontrolled power of its wily governor.

Upwards of twenty years ago, opposition to "the General" was rare, but about that period schoolmasters began to learn their strength. One individual successfully resisted during a three hours' siege; the house for years bore marks of the mud with which it was pelted; but ever after he was triumphant, though frequently at the expense of an oaken staff, or an ash sapling, broken in repulsing the invaders. After repeated assaults, "the General" deemed this "hold" impregnable, and desisted from his attacks.

So many of the disciples of learning being emancipated, or prisoners, as "the General" can liberate or capture, he sets forward with the "surveying council," escorted by his army, to commence the perambulation of the town. If a projecting scraper endanger the shins of the burgesses, it is recorded, and the Middleton jury pass on; but the juvenile admirers of summary and instantaneous justice are for the immediate removal of the offender. Perhaps the good old dame of the house "likes not these new regulations," and takes up a strong position

* Blackner's History of Nottingham.

in its defence, armed with a mop and bucket of water. After a momentous pause, a hardy champion rushes forward to seize the offensive iron, and wrench it from its seat; he retires, overwhelmed and half drowned; hero after hero presses on, and is defeated; till some modern Ajax grapples with the mop, and making a diversion in favour of the assailants, the luckless scraper is borne off in triumph.

View "the General" at eleven o'clock, with his forces drawn up in front of the Castle lodge, demanding admittance into the Castle yard—a summons always evaded by the distribution of a quantity of cakes and gingerbread. On "the General's" word of command the precious sweets are thrown, one by one, over the gate, and the confusion of a universal scramble ensues. After the whole is distributed, the popularity of "the General" rapidly wanes; hundreds are reduced to scores, and scores to ones—at noon he is

Deserted in his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed.

In memory, however, of his departed greatness, he never deigns to work for the rest of the day.

Before the approach of "Middleton Monday," fifty times a day the important question is put to the General, "When will be *Middleton Monday*?" Once he said, "I don't know yet, the mayor ha'n't ax'd me what day 'll suit me." On the following Saturday he answered, "The mayor sent his respects to know if I'd let it be Middleton Monday next week; and I sent my respects, and I'd come."

Ben Mayo has ever been "null, void, and of no effect," except in his character of "General." He is a harmless idiot, who, during most of his life, has been an inmate of St. Peter's workhouse. He is now nearly fifty years of age. If erect, he would be under the middle size; his stature not being more than four feet nine inches. He is very round-shouldered. His eyes are dark grey, and rather lively; the lower part of his face is no way remarkable, but his forehead is very high, and singularly prominent in the middle; his head, which is thinly covered with hair cut very short, always projected before him in his shuffling gait, which is rather a run than a walk. His vestment generally consists of the "hodden grey" uniform of the parish; his shirt collar, like that of some other public characters,

is usually unbuttoned, and displays his copper-coloured bosom. Grey stockings and quarter boots complete his equipment, for he never wears a hat. Though coarse, his dress is generally clean and tidy.

"The General" is constant in his attendance at church, where his behaviour is serious; and he would on no account be seen about in the streets on the Sabbath, for, being one of the public characters of the town, it would be setting a bad example. In politics, he is a staunch supporter of the powers that be; on such occasions as the king's birth-day, and the coronation, Ben is sure to be seen with a bunch of blue riband to his coat, while at an election, to display his loyalty, he is dusted with power-blue from the crown of his head to his skirts. He has, however, no objection to aid "the Jacobin corporation," as far as in him lies; and, according to his own account, he is particularly intimate with the mayor for the time being, whom he allows to be the first man in the town—himself being second. He is remarkably fond of peace and with his wand in hand will "charge" it, where there is no fear of its being broken.

Like other military men, "General" is a favourite with the ladies, inasmuch as he is known equally to high and low, and makes promises to all indiscriminately (who please him) that he will marry them "next Sunday morning;" at the same time, he cautions the favoured fair not to be later than half past seven, "for fear somebody else should get him."

The "General's" usual occupation is to sell the cheap commodities of the walking stationers, such as dreadful shipwrecks, horrid murders, calendars of the prisoners, last dying speeches and behaviours, or lists of the race horses. Sometimes, when the titles of these occur closely, he makes curious "varieties of literature." Not long since, he was calling "A right and true calendar of all the running horses confined in his majesty's *gole* owners' names, horses' names, and colours of the riders, tried, cast, 'quit, and condemned before my lord judge this 'size; and how they came in every heat of the three days, with the sentences of the prisoners."

About four years ago, at Lenton fair and wakes, which are always at Whitsuntide, and numerous attended from Nottingham, being only a mile distant, some wag set "General" to proclaim the

Lenton fair. On this occasion he mounted an enormous cocked-hat of straw, and had his wand in his hand. He jumbled together pigs, gingerbread, baa-lambs, cows, dolls, horses, ale, fiddling, sheep, &c. in a confused mass; whilst the latter part of the proclamation, though perfectly true, was very far from being "quite correct."

Of the many anecdotes current of "General," one or two authentic ones will display the union of shrewdness and simplicity common to persons of his order of intelligence. On a certain occasion, when public attention was directed towards the commander-in-chief, one evening in the twilight Ben began, "Here's the grand and noble speech as the duke of York made yesterday." A person, who had heard nothing of such a speech, immediately purchased one, and on approaching a window found himself possessed of a piece of blank paper. "General," said he, "here's nothing on it." "No, sir, the duke of York said *nowt*." Being set, at the workhouse, to turn a wheel, he did so properly enough for about half an hour, but becoming tired, he immediately began to turn backwards, nor could he be persuaded to the contrary. A blockhead once tried to make him quarrel with an idiot lad, as they were employed in sweeping the street together; "Oll," said he, "he is a poor soft lad, and beneath *my* notice." There is another instance of his dislike of work: having been set to weed part of the garden, he performed the task by pulling up all the flowers and herbs, and leaving the weeds growing. He once found a sixpence, and ran up the street shouting, "Who's lost sixpence, who's lost sixpence?" "It's mine, General," said one. "But had your's a hole in it?" "Yes," said he—"But this hasn't," rejoined General, and away he ran. His mode of running is remarkable, inasmuch as one leg is considerably shorter than the other, which gives his body an up-and-down motion. One peculiarity is, that when he has any fresh papers to sell he will never stop to take money till quite out of breath, and arrived at the extremity of the town.

DAVID LOVE, of whom there is an account in the present volume of the *Every-Day Book*, p. 226, is still in Nottingham. In May he visited Hull, but while carolling his wild lays in a place

where he was not known, he was apprehended as a vagrant, and consigned to the tread-mill for a fortnight.

"Oft from apparent ills our blessings flow."

David, on his return to Nottingham, favoured us with "three *varra couras* poems of David Love's composing, all about the *trad* wheel, where he *warked* for a fortnight—only a penny." His numerous admirers purchased considerably.

Besides the "General" and the "bard" now living, Nottingham has been the residence of several equally noted personages deceased; such as Tommy Rippon, Piping Charley, the ventriloquist, &c.; and we have yet amongst us Jacky Peet, and other memorable characters whose fame, it is feared, may not find an honest chronicler.

Nottingham, Oct. 23, 1826.

G.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 65.

November 23.

ST. CLEMENT.*

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,—In your last year's volume I see you have taken great notice of St. Clement, and the customs observed on his day; but I do not see any mention of a custom which was common in *Worcestershire*, where I was born. I am entirely ignorant of its origin; yet in my youth I have often been at its celebration. The custom was as follows:—

On the afternoon of St. Clement's day, a number of boys collected together in a body, and went from house to house; and at the door of each house, one, or sometimes more, would recite, or chaunt, the following lines—

Catherine and Clement, be here, be here;
Some of your apples, and some of your beer
Some for Peter, and some for Paul,
And some for him that made us all.
Clement was a good old man,
For his sake give us some;
Not of the worst, but some of the best,
And God will send your soul to rest.

Some would say,
And God will send you a good night's rest

* See vol. i. col. 1497.

Sometimes grown men would go in like manner, and, to such, the people of the house would give ale or cider; but to the boys they gave apples, or, if they had none to spare, a few halfpence. Having collected a good store of apples, which they seldom failed to do, the boys repaired to some one of their houses, where they roasted and ate the apples; and frequently the old would join the young, and large vessels of ale or cider would be brought in, and some of the roasted apples thrown hot into it, and the evening would then be spent with much mirth and innocent amusement; such as, I sorrow to think, have departed never to return.

Such, sir, was one of the usages "in my youthful days," in that part of the country of which I have spoken. I have had but little intercourse with it of late years, but I fear these *improved* times have left but little spirit or opportunity for the observance of such ways, or the enjoyment of such felicity. Much has been said of improvement, and the happy state of the present over times past; but, on striking the balance, it may be found that the poor have lost much of their solid comfort, for the little improvement they have obtained.

You, Mr. Editor, have exposed with a masterly hand the superstitions and monkery of the olden time, for which you have my best thanks, in common, I believe, with those of nine out of every ten in the nation; but should a Mr. HONE arise two hundred years hence, I think he would have something to say upon these *our* times. I fear, however, I am going beyond my object, which is not to find fault, but to acquaint you with a practice which, if worthy a place in your pleasant, instructive, and highly useful work, I shall be glad to see there memorialled.

I am, &c.

SELITS.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature ... 40° 02.

November 24.

SPECTRES AND APPARITIONS.

In a popular "calendar" there are some observations on this day, which, as the time for telling "Ghost stories" is come in, seem appropriate. They are to the effect, that there is an essential difference between "Ocular Spectres" and "Spectral Illusions."

Ocular Spectres move with the motion of the eye, whatever may be the forms of the spectrum on the retina; hence, they are spectra *in* the eye.

Spectral Illusions, or *Ghosts*, seem to move with their own proper motion, like real persons, and the objects in dreams; hence they are not in the eye itself or retina, but may arise in the brain.

We know nothing of the particular laws whereby these forms are regulated, as they occur without the conscious concurrence of the usual chains of thought, and often represent forms, and combinations of forms, almost entirely new to us. Some persons only see these spectres once or twice in their lives, and that only during diseases: others are continually harassed by them, and often mistake some one consistent spectre, which frequently comes and converses with them, for their guardian angel. In proportion, however, as the phantom gains on the credulity of the patient who beholds it, the latter approximates towards insanity. According to the disturbance of the brain of the individuals, the spectres are either horrifying or delightful, and partake of the character of the patient's mind, as it is influenced variously by desire, fear, hope, and so on. We have known instances where the antiphlogistic measures resorted to with success, have been viewed by the patient, when recovered, as positive evils, having forcibly torn from him some perpetual and pleasing illusion.

The late Mr. John Wheeler, prebendary of Westminster, used to relate a remarkable story of the Abbé Piloni at Florence, who incurred a tremendous spectral disorder in consequence of a surfeit of mushrooms he one day ate. These fungi, not digesting, disturbed his brain, and he saw the frightful and appalling forms of scorpions continually before his eyes for a length of time.

This brings to our minds yet another observation with regard to spectra. Persons who are somewhat delirious from fever are apt to give to half-distinguished forms, in a darkish chamber, the most frightful imaginary shapes. This is a disorder distinct from that of seeing phantoms. A. Y. R. a child, being ill of fever, saw some bulbous roots laying on a table in the room, and conceived them immediately to be scorpions; nor could any thing convince her of the contrary, and they consequently were removed out of the room to relieve her terrors.

A familiar instance of deception is exemplified in the false voices which some persons imagine they hear calling them, faintly in common, but so as to deceive for a moment. When this false perception of sound concurs with images of spectral illusion, a formidable imitation of reality is maintained.*

A poetical friend, whose signature will be recollected as having been attached to

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

FIRE-SIDE SONNET.

For the Every-Day Book.

For very want of thought and occupation
Upon my fire, as broad and high it blaz'd,
In idle and unweeting mood I gaz'd,
And, in that mass of bright and glowing things
Fancy, which in such moments readiest springs,
Soon found materials for imagination :
Within the fire, all listless as I maz'd,
There saw I trees and towers, and hills and plains,
Faces with warm smiles glowing, flocks and swains,
And antic shapes of laughable creation :
And thus the poet's soul of fire contains
A store of all things bright and glorious ! rais'd
By fancy, that daft artizan, to shape
Into fair scenes and forms, that nature's best may ape.

W. I. M.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 80.

November 25.

ST CATHERINE.

For an account of this Saint, see vol. i.
no. 1504

BUBBLES.

In the "Morning Advertiser" of this day, 1807, which year was almost as much distinguished by joint-stock impositions as the present, there are two advertisements, which, from their station in the advertising columns of that paper, have a more remarkable, than if they had been displayed in its columns of entertainment, viz :

FINAL MEETING of the PUBLIC
BLACKING SUBSCRIPTION COM-
PANY, held at the Boot in Leather-lane,

ANTHONY VARNISH, Esq. in the Chair,
Sir John Blackwell, Knight, being indisposed.

The Chairman reported that Mr. Timothy Lightfoot, the Treasurer, had brushed off with the old fund, and that the deputation who had waited on Mr. Fawcett, the Proprietor of the Brilliant Fluid Blacking, at No. 76, Houndsditch, could not prevail on him to dispose of his right thereto in favour of this Company, although they had made him the most liberal offers.

Resolved, That this Meeting being fully sensible that any attempt to establish a rival Blacking would totally fail of success, from the high estimation in which the above popular article is held, and the mishap of the Treasurer having damped the ardour of the undertaking, that this design be altogether abandoned.

Resolved, That the character of the Promoters of this Company ought not to be blackened in public esteem, as there is no direct proof of their having shared the spoils with the Treasurer.

Signed, by Order of the Meeting,
JACOB BRUSHWELL, Sec.

THE LONDON COMPANY for GE-
NUINE MATCHES.—It having been

suggested to Mr. Parr, Proprietor of the Equitable Office, Holborn-hill, that a complaint prevails among Servants, owing to the adulteration of Brimstone, and the badness of Wood, in consequence of which, they cannot get their Fires lighted in proper time, which obliges many of their Masters to go to business without their breakfast.

Such imposition having proved very injurious to a number of servants, by being discharged for neglect of duty, has induced Mr. Parr, in conjunction with six eminent Timber Merchants, to purchase those extensive Premises in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, formerly occupied by the Saltpetre Company, for the sole purpose of a Genuine Match Manufactory.

The Public may be assured that this laudable undertaking is countenanced by some of the first characters in the United Kingdoms.

The Managers pledge themselves to employ the best work-people, both men, women, and children, that can be procured, which will amount to 1500 persons and upwards, as they conclude, by the large orders already received, that a less number will procrastinate the business.

Each Subscriber to have the privilege of recommending two, who are to bring certificates from the Minister of the Parish where they reside, of their being sober, honest, and industrious persons.

The Managers further engage to make oath before the Lord Mayor every three months, that the matches are made of the most prime new yellow Deal, and also that the Brimstone is without the least adulteration.

Not less than 12 penny bunches can be had.

Any order amounting to 1*l*. will be sent free of expense, to any part of the town, not exceeding two miles from the Manufactory.

The Capital first intended to be raised is Two Millions, in 50*l*. Shares, 2*l*. per Share to be paid at the time of subscribing, 3*l*. that day month, 4*l*. in six weeks, 5*l*. in two months, and so on regularly until the whole is subscribed.

Holders of five shares to be on Committees, and holders of ten will qualify them for Directors.

Although this plan has not been set on foot more than a week, it is presumed the call for Shares has been equal to a month's demand for Shares in any of the late Institutions.

Schemes at large may be had, and Subscriptions received by Mr. Tinder, Secretary, at the Counting-house, from ten till two; also at his Residence, near the Turpentine Manufactory, St. John-street-road, from four to six; likewise by Messrs. Sawyer, Memel, and Tieup, Solicitors, Knave's-acre, Westminster.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41. 27.

November 26.

THE SEASON

Autumnal appearances are increasing, and occasional gales of wind and interchanges of nipping frost hasten the approaching winter. The following passage seems to allude to the wintry garb of nature:—"The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and withereth away; Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits."—Isaiah, xxiii. 9.

Soon shall we be compelled to exclaim with the poet, in reference to this, generally speaking, gloomy season,

That time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
On those wild boughs which shake against the
cold,

Bare ruined quires, where late the sweet birds
sang.

November, however, has its bright as well as its dark side. "It is now," observes a pleasing writer, "that the labourer is about to enjoy a temporary mitigation of the season's toil. His little store of winter provision having been hardly earned and safely lodged, his countenance brightens, and his heart warms, with the anticipation of winter comforts. As the day shortens and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew by a closer and more lengthened converse; the father is now once more in the midst of his family; the child is now once more on the knee of its parent; and she, in whose comfort his heart is principally interested, is again permitted, by the privileges of the season, to increase and to participate his happiness. It is now that the husbandman is repaid for his former risk and anxiety—that, having waited patiently for the coming harvest, he builds up his sheaves, loads his waggons, and replenishes his barns." It is now that men of study and literary pursuit are admonished of the best season suited for the pursuits of literature; and the snug fireside in an armed chair, during a long winter's evening, with an entertaining book, is a pleasure by no means to be despised. There is something, too, very pleasing in the festivals which are now approaching, and which preserve the recollection of olden time.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 · 52.

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

November 27.

A NATIONAL DEATH DAY.

The chapter of an old, black-letter book of wonderful things concludes with the following amusing paragraph:—

“Here may we also speak of the people, Lucumoria, dwelling among the hills, beyond the river Olbis. These men die every year the 27 of November, which day at Rutheas was dedicated to Saint Gregorie; and in the next spring following, most commonly at the four and twentieth day of April, they rise again like frogs.”*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40° 00.

November 28.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39° 65.

November 29.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 39° 90.

November 30.

ST. ANDREW.

Respecting this Saint, the patron of Scotland, there is a notice in vol. i. 1536.

THE MODEL LOTTERY.

For the Every-Day Book.

A Model Lottery is drawn on the 30th of November, at Mr. Oldershaw's office, Lower-street, Islington. Several capital prizes are made, the principal of which is Fonthill Abbey, valued at 5*l*. There are others less valuable, Islington church, Cannonbury Tower, the Queen's Head, Sir William Curtis's villa, at Southgate,—the house in which Garrick was born,—many Italian buildings, and a variety to the number of 500. Each adventurer, by paying three shillings, draws a share which is equal, in the worst chance, to the deposit. The scheme is contrived by an ingenious artist and his wife, whose names are Golding. Previously to the drawing-day, three days are allowed for friendly inspection. It is laudable to see this

Model Lottery patronised by the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in the vicinity where it takes place. This is the second year of its existence.

P. S. For Bradenstock, p. 1371, read Bradenstoke; and for Brinkworth, p. 1373, read Bremhill. Dr. Allsop, of Calne, was the gentleman who cut out the “White Horse at Cheverill,” at which place and time a revel was most merrily kept. J. R. P.

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

For the Every-Day Book.

Your correspondent in his account of “Clack Fall Fair,” p. 1371, has fallen into a few mistakes.

Bradenstoke was not an *abbey*, but a *priory*.

He might have inquired some further particulars of the Golden Image, said to have been found. In whose possession it now is? It is believed the circumstance, if true, is not generally known in the neighbourhood. *Query*, the name of the Carpenter?

The idea of a subterraneous passage from Bradenstoke Priory to Malsbury Abbey, a distance of eight or ten miles, intersected by a deep valley, through which the Avon meanders, is absurd, and can only be conceived as one of the wild traditions derived from monkish times.

Can your correspondent furnish further particulars of the horrible story of the boy murdered by his schoolmaster, when and whom?

His account of “Joe Ody's” exploits may be very correct. He is well remembered by the elder peasantry.

It is presumed, your correspondent meant to say, that the song was attributed to *Bowles* of *Bremhill*, not *Brinkworth*. The Rev. W. L. Bowles is rector, or vicar, of Bremhill, about five or six miles from Clack Brinkworth, about the same distance in the opposite direction.

Your correspondent might have noticed the mound called *Clack Mount*. Perhaps he will favour you with further recollections of the localities of Clack, and its vicinity.

The remains of a *may-pole* are visible at Clack; but the pole itself is believed not to be remembered by any person now living, or, if remembered, by very old persons only.

A READER



DECEMBER.

While I have a home, and can do as I will,
 December may rage over ocean and hill,
 And batter my door—as he does once a year—
 I laugh at his storming, and give him good cheer.

Derry down, &c.

I've a trencher and cup, and something to ask
 A friend to sit down to—and then a good flask:
 The best of all methods, to make Winter smile,
 Is living as I do—in old English style.

Derry down, &c.

Now—whoever regards a comfortable fire, in an old-fashioned cottage, as a pleasant sight, will be pleased by this sketch, as a cheerful illustration of the

dreary season; nor may it be deemed too intrusive, perhaps, to mention, that the artist who drew and engraved it, is Mr. SAMUEL WILLIAMS

In this, the last, month of the year "the beautiful Spring is almost forgotten in the anticipation of that which is to come. The bright Summer is no more thought of, than is the glow of the morning sunshine at night-fall. The rich Autumn only just lingers on the memory, as the last red rays of its evenings do when they have but just quitted the eye. And Winter is once more closing its cloud-canopy over all things, and breathing forth that sleep-compelling breath which is to wrap all in a temporary oblivion, no less essential to their healthful existence than is the active vitality which it for a while supersedes." Yet among the general appearances of nature there are still many lively spots and cheering aspects. "The furze flings out its bright yellow flowers upon the otherwise bare common, like little gleams of sunshine; and the moles ply their mischievous night-work in the dry meadows; and the green plover 'whistles o'er the lea;' and the snipes haunt the marshy grounds; and the wagtails twinkle about near the spring-heads; and the larks get together in companies, and talk to each other, instead of singing to themselves; and the thrush occasionally puts forth a plaintive note, as if half afraid of the sound of his own voice; and the hedge-sparrow and titmouse try to sing; and the robin does sing still, even more delightfully than he has done during all the rest of the year, because it now seems as if he sang for us rather than for himself—or rather *to* us, for it is still for his supper that he sings, and therefore for himself."^{*}

The "Poetical Calendar" offers a little poem with some lines descriptive of the month, which are pleasant to read within doors, while "rude Boreas" is blustering without:—

DECEMBER.

Last of the months, severest of them all,
Woe to the regions where thy terrors fall!
For lo! the fiery horses of the sun
Thro' the twelve signs their rapid course have
run,
Time, like a serpent, bites his forked tail,
And Winter on a goat bestrides the gale;
Rough blows the north wind near Arcturus'
star,
And sweeps, unrein'd, across the polar bar,

On the world's confines where the sea bears
prowl,
And Greenland whales, like moving islands,
roll:

There, on a sledge, the rein-deer drives the
swain

To meet his mistress on the frost-bound plain.
Have mercy, Winter!—for we own thy power,
Thy flooding deluge, and thy drenching
shower;

Yes—we acknowledge what thy prowess can,
But oh! have pity on the toil of man!
And, tho' the floods thy adamant chain
Submissive wear—yet spare the treasure'd
grain:

The peasants to thy mercy now resign
The infant seed—their hope, and future mine.

Not always Phœbus bends his vengeful bow,
Oft in mid winter placid breezes blow;
Oft tinctur'd with the bluest transmarine
The fretted canopy of heaven is seen;
Girded with argent lamps, the full-orb'd moon
In mild December emulates the noon;
Tho' short the respite, if the sapphire blue
Stain the bright lustre with an inky hue;
Then a black wreck of clouds is seen to fly,
In broken shatters, thro' the frighted sky:
But if fleet Eurus scour the vaulted plain,
Then all the stars propitious shine again.

December 1

OBESITY.

Mr. Edward Bright, of Maldon, in the county of Essex, who died at twenty-nine years of age, was an eminent shopkeeper of that town, and supposed to be, at that time, the largest man living, or that had ever lived in this island. He weighed six hundred, one quarter, and twenty-one pounds; and stood about five feet nine inches high; his body was of an astonishing bulk, and his legs were as large as a middling man's body. Though of so great a weight and bulk, he was surprisingly active.

After Bright's death, a wager was proposed between Mr. Codd and Mr. Hants, of Maldon, that five men at the age of twenty-one, then resident there, could not be buttoned within his waistcoat without breaking a stitch or straining a button. On the 1st of December, 1750, the wager was decided at the house of the widow Day, the Black Bull in Maldon, when five men and two more were buttoned within the waistcoat of the great personage deceased. There is a half-sheet print, published at the time, representing the

* Mirror of the Months.

buttoning up of the seven persons, with an inscription beneath, to the above effect.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 41 · 10.

December 2.

WINTER.

Winter may be now considered as having set in; and we have often violent winds about this time, which sweep off the few remaining leaves from the trees, and, with the exception of a few oaks and beeches, leave the woods and forests nothing but a naked assemblage of bare boughs. December, thus robbing the woods of their leafy honours, is alluded to by Horace, in his *Epod. xi.*—

Hic tertius December, ex quo desti-

lnachiâ furere,

Sylvis honorem decutit.

Picture to yourself, gentle reader, one of these blustering nights, when a tremendous gale from south-west, with rattling rain, threatens almost the demolition of every thing in its way: but add to the scene the inside of a snug and secure cottage in the country,—the day closed, the fire made up and blazing, the curtains drawn over a barricading of window-

shutters which defy the penetration of Æolus and all his exarcerated host; the table set for tea, and the hissing urn or the kettle scarce heard among the fierce whistling, howling, and roaring, produced alternately or together, by almost every species of sound that wind can produce, in the chimneys and door crannies of the house. There is a feeling of comfort, and a sensibility to the blessings of a good roof over one's head, and a warm and comfortable hearth, while all is tempest without, that produces a peculiar but real source of pleasure. A cheerful but quiet party adds, in no small degree, to this pleasure. Two or three intelligent friends sitting up over a good fire to a late hour, and interchanging their thoughts on a thousand subjects of mystery,—the stories of ghosts—and the tales of olden times,—may perhaps beguile the hours of such a stormy night like this, with more satisfaction than they could a midsummer evening under the shade of trees in a garden of roses and lilies. And then, when we retire to bed in a room with thick, woollen curtains closely drawn, and a fire in the room, how sweet a lullaby is the piping of the gale down the flues, and the peppering of the rain on the tiles and windows; while we are now and then rocked in the house as if in a cradle!*

For the Every-Day Book.

DECEMBER MUSINGS.

SONNET STANZAS.

Ανεμών πνιγοντων την ηχώ προσκυνη. PYTHAGORAS

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—

Aut, gelidos hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,

Securem somnos, imbre juvante, sequi! TIBULLUS.

I love to hear the high winds pipe aloud,
When 'gainst the leafy nations up in arms;
Now screaming in their rage, now shouting, proud—
Then moaning, as in pain at war's alarms:
Then softly sobbing to unquiet rest,
Then wildly, harshly, breaking forth again
As if in scorn at having been repress,
With marching sweep careering o'er the plain
And, oh! I love to hear the gusty shower
Against my humble casement, pattering fast,
While shakes the portal of my quiet bower;
For then I envy not the noble's tower,
Nor, while my cot thus braves the storm and blast
Wish I the tumult of the heavens past.

Yet wherefore joy I in the loud uproar

Does still life cloy? has peace no charms for me?

Pleases calm nook and ancient home no more,

But do I long for wild variety?

Ah! no;—the noise of elements at jar,

That bids the slumbers of the worldling close,

Lone nature's child does not thy visions mar,

It does but soothe thee to more sure repose!

I sigh not for variety nor power,

My cot, like castled hall, can brave the storm;

Therefore I joy to list the sweepy shower,

And piping winds, at home, secure and warm:

While soft to heaven my orisons are sent,

In grateful thanks for its best boon, CONTENT!

W. T. M.*

THE SEASON.

The gloominess of the weather, and its frequently fatal influence on the mind, suggest the expediency of inserting the following:—

DISSUASIONS FROM DESPONDENCY.

1. If you are distressed in mind, *live*; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul.
2. If you have been contented and cheerful, *live*; and generally diffuse that happiness to others.
3. If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, *live*; and be wiser for the future.
4. If things have befallen you by the faults of others, *live*; you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.
5. If you are indigent and helpless, *live*; the face of things may agreeably change.
6. If you are rich and prosperous, *live*; and enjoy what you possess.
7. If another hath injured you, *live*; his own crime will be his punishment.
8. If you have injured another, *live*; and recompence it by your good offices.
9. If your character be attacked unjustly, *live*; time will remove the aspersion.
10. If the reproaches are well founded, *live*; and deserve them not for the future.
11. If you are already eminent and applauded, *live*; and preserve the honours you have acquired.
12. If your success is not equal to your

merit, *live*; in the consciousness of having deserved it.

13. If your success hath exceeded your merit, *live*; and arrogate not too much to yourself.
 14. If you have been negligent and useless to society, *live*; and make amends by your future conduct.
 15. If you have been active and industrious, *live*; and communicate your improvements to others.
 16. If you have spiteful enemies, *live*; and disappoint their malevolence.
 17. If you have kind and faithful friends, *live*; to protect them.
 18. If hitherto you have been impious and wicked, *live*; and repent of your sins.
 19. If you have been wise and virtuous, *live*; for the future benefit of mankind.
- And lastly,
20. If you hope for immortality, *live*; and prepare to enjoy it.

These "DISSUASIONS" are ascribed to the pen of a popular and amiable poet.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 40 · 17.

December 3.

1826. Advent Sunday.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 3rd of December, 1729, died a

* These stanzas are very little more than an amplification of the well known lines of Lucretius,

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.*

Cicero has expressed the same sentiment in his "De Natura;" see also lord Bacon and Rochefoucault amongst the moderns.

Paris, John Hardouin, a learned Jesuit, especially celebrated for his condemnation of the writings of almost all the Greek and Latin authors as forgeries in the middle ages. He supposed that all history, philosophy, science, and even divinity, before the middle of the XIVth century, had been forged in the abbeys of Germany, France, and Italy, by a set of monks, who availed themselves of the taking of Constantinople by the French in 1203, its recovery by the Greeks 1261, and the expedition of St. Louis to the Holy Land, to make the world believe that the writings of the Greeks and Romans were then first discovered, and brought into the west: whereas they had been compiling them in their cells, and burying them in their libraries, for their successors to draw forth to light. Though he was ably refuted by Le Clerc and other distinguished writers, and recanted his opinions, in consequence of the superiors of his church proscribing his works, yet he repeated these absurd notions in subsequent publications.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40 · 62.

December 4.

THE WALKING POST.

In December, 1808, was living William Brockbank, whose daily pedestrian achievements occasioned public notice of him to the following effect. He was the Walking Post from Manchester to Glossop, in Derbyshire, a distance of sixteen miles, which he performed every day, Sundays excepted; returned the same evening, and personally delivered the letters, newspapers, &c. in that populous and commercial country, to all near the road, which made his daily task not less than thirty-five miles, or upwards. What is more extraordinary, he

“This daily course of duty *walk'd*”

in less than twelve hours a day, and never varied a quarter of an hour from his usual time of arriving at Glossop.

Brockbank was a native of Millom, in Cumberland, and had daily walked the distance between Whitehaven and Ulverstone, frequently under the necessity of wading the river at Muncaster, by which place he constantly went, which is at least three miles round. Including the

different calls he had to make at a short distance from the road, his daily task was not less than forty-seven miles.*

THE WEATHER.

Now is the time when, in some parts of England, a person of great note formerly, in every populous place, was accustomed to make frequent nocturnal rambles, and proclaim all tidings which it seemed fitting to him that people should be awakened out of their sleep to harken to. For the use of this personage, “the Bell-man,” there is a book, now almost obsolete as regards its use, with this title explanatory of its purpose,—“The Bell-man’s Treasury, containing above a Hundred several Verses fitted for all Humours and Fancies, and suited to all times and seasons.” London, 1707, 8vo. From the riches of this “treasury,” whence the predecessors of the present parish Bell-man took so much, a little may be extracted for the reader’s information. First then, if the noisy rogue were thereunto moved by a good and valuable consideration, we find, according to the aforesaid work, and the present season, that we ought to be informed, by sound of bell, and public proclamation,

Upon a Windy Night.

Now ships are tost upon the angry main,
And Boreas boasts his uncontrouled reign:
The strongest winds their breath and vigour prove,
And through the air th’ increasing murmurs shove.
Think, you that sleep secure between the sheets,
What skies your *Bell-man* tempts, what dangers meets.

Then, again, according to the book of forms, he is instructed to agitate us with the following

Upon a Star-light Night.

Were I a conjurer, such nights as these
I’d choose to calculate nativities;
For every star to that degree prevails,
One might e’eu count, and then turn up their tails.
This night will *Flamstead*, and the *Moorfields’* fry
Such knowledge gain, they’ll seldom tell a lye.

As an amplification of the common cry of watchmen, may be produced the ancient Bell-man’s.

Upon a Night of all Weathers.

This night, so different is the changing
weather,

Boisterous or calm, I cannot tell you whether
'Tis either fair or foul; but, altogether,
Just as to cry a star-light night I study,
Immediately the air grows dark and cloudy:
In short, the temper of the skies, if any,
Is all, and nature makes a *miscellany*.

MEN IN THE MOON.

A few years ago, professor Gruithausen, of Munich, wrote an essay to show that there are many plain indications of inhabitants in the moon. In answer to certain questions, the "Munich Gazette" communicates some remarkable results, derived from a great number of observations—

1. In what latitude in the moon are there indications of vegetation?

2. How far are there indications of animated beings?

3. Where are the greatest and plainest traces of art on the surface of the moon?

With respect to the first question, it appears from the observations of Schroter and Gruithausen, that the vegetation on the moon's surface extends to fifty-five south latitude, and sixty-five north latitude. Many hundred observations show, in the different colours and monthly changes, three kinds of phenomena which cannot possibly be explained, except by the process of vegetation.

To the second question it is answered, that the indications from which the existence of living beings is inferred, are found from fifty north latitude, to thirty-seven, and perhaps forty-seven, south latitude.

The answer to the third question, points out the places on the moon's surface in which are appearances of artificial causes altering the surface. The author examines the appearances that induce him to infer that there are artificial roads in various directions; and he describes a colossal edifice, resembling our cities, on the most fertile part near the moon's equator, standing accurately according to the four cardinal points. The main cities are in angles of forty-five degrees and ninety degrees. A building resembling what is called a star-redoubt, the professor pre-

sumes to be dedicated to religious purposes, and as they can see no stars in the daytime (their atmosphere being so pure) he thinks that they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock. His essay is accompanied by plates

The sombre sadness of the evening shades
Steal slowly o'er the wild sequester'd glen,
And seem to make its loneliness more lonely—
In ages past, nature was here convuls'd,
And, with a sudden and terrific crash,
Asunder rent the adamantine hills—
Now, as exhausted with the pond'rous work,
She lies extended in a deathful trance—
The mountains form her couch magnificent;
Heaven's glittering arch her canopy;
The snows made paler by the rising moon,
Her gorgeous winding sheet; and the dark
rocks

That cast deep shadows on the expanse below,
The sable 'scutcheon of the mighty dead—
The roar of waters, and the north wind's moan
Give music meet for her funereal dirge.

Yon giant crag, the offspring of her throes,
Has rear'd his towering bulk a thousand years,
Grown hoary in the war of elements,
And still defies the thunder, and the storm
But in his summer pride, his stately form
Is mantled o'er with purple, green, and gold
And his huge head is garlanded with flowers

PENNY LOTTERIES AT BROUGH, WEST-MORELAND.

About this time, when gardens look in a dormant state, there are frequently Penny Lotteries in the north of England; and very often a whole garden is purchased for one penny. There are sometimes twenty tickets or more, as the case may be, all written on them "blank," save "*the prize*." These are put into a hat, and a boy stands on a form or chair holding the hat on his head, while those who have bought a ticket ascend the form alternately, "one by one," and, shutting their eyes, take a ticket, which is opened by a boy who is at the bottom for that purpose. The tickets are only a penny each, and sometimes a garden (worth a few shillings) or whatever the sale may be, is bought for so trifling a sum.

W. H. H.

For the Every-Day Book.

SONNET TO WINTER.

WINTER! though all thy hours are drear and chill,
Yet hast thou one that welcome is to me

Ah! 'tis when daylight fades, and noise 'gins still,
 And we afar can faintly darkness see;*
 When, as it seems too soon to shut out day
 And thought, with the intrusive taper's ray,
 We trim the fire, the half-read book resign,
 And in our easy chairs at ease recline,
 Gaze on the deepening sky, in thoughtful fit
 Clinging to light, as loath to part with it
 Then, half asleep, life seems to us a dream,—
 And magic, all the antic shapes, that gleam
 Upon the walls, by the fire's flickerings made;
 And, oft we start, surpris'd but not dismay'd.
 Ah! when life fades, and death's dark hour draws near,
 May we as timely muse, and be as void of fear!

W. T. M

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
 Mean Temperature. . . 39° 90°.

December 5.

ST. NICHOLAS' EVE.

The versifier of ancient customs, Nao georgus, relates through the English of his translator, Barnaby Googe, a curious practice on the vigil of this festival:—

Saint Nicholas money usde to give to maydens
 secretlie,
 Who, that he still may use his woonted liberalitie,
 The mothers all their children on the Evee
 doe cause to fast,
 And when they every one at night in sense-
 lesse sleepe are cast,
 Both Apples, Nuttes, and Peares they bring,
 and other things beside,
 As caps, and shooes, and petticoates, which
 secretly they hide,
 And in the morning found, they say, that
 this saint Nicholas brought:
 Thus tender mindes to worship saints and
 wicked things are taught.

A festival or ceremony called Zopata, from a Spanish word signifying a shoe, prevails in Italy in the courts of certain princes on St. Nicholas' day. Persons hide presents in the shoes and slippers of those they do honour to, in such manner as may surprise them on the morrow when they come to dress. This is said to be done in imitation of the practice of

St. Nicholas, who used in the night time to throw purses in at the windows of poor maids, for their marriage portions.†

Mr. Brady says, that "St. Nicholas was likewise venerated as the protector of virgins; and that there are, or were until lately, numerous fantastical customs observed in Italy and various parts of France, in reference to that peculiar tutelary patronage. In several convents it was customary, on the eve of St. Nicholas, for the boarder to place each a silk stocking at the door of the apartment of the abbess, with a piece of paper enclosed, recommending themselves to '*great St. Nicholas of her chamber*:' and the next day they were called together to witness the saint's attention, who never failed to fill the stockings with sweetmeats, and other trifles of that kind, with which these credulous virgins made a general feast."‡

PIG-ALLS.

A correspondent remarks, that it is now customary for boys to take their pigs by the hedgeways in the country to feed upon the 'haws,' which in the west are called *pegalls*, or *pigalls*. The boys go foremost with long poles, and beat the hedges, while the swine, after hearing where they fall, work most industriously for their provender till dusk, when they are driven home till daylight.

* Darkness visible.—Milton.

† Brand.

‡ Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 40 . 70.

December 6.

ST. NICHOLAS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—In your fiftieth number, p. 1566, under the head

“St. Nicholas in Russia,”

you give a very correct account of the festivities which usually enliven the 5th December in *Holland*, but not a word of *Russia*. It appears you have mistaken the situation of Leeuwarden, which is not a Russian, but a Dutch town. Friesland was one of the Seven United Provinces. Perhaps you may think it worth while to correct this error.

N. N.

December 18, 1825.

“At the Est ende of the Chirche of Bethlem ys a cave in the grounde wher sumtyme stod a Chirche of Seynt Nicholas. In the same cave entred ower blyssid lady with hyr Sone, and hyd hyr for ffer of Kyng Herrod. The gronde ys good for Norces that lake mylk for ther Childern.”*

On the 6th of December 1826 *The Times* newspaper contained the subjoined article:—

M. BOCHSA.

The following is an extract from the *French Moniteur* of Thursday, February 19, 1818:—

COURT OF ASSIZE AT PARIS.

SITTING OF FEB. 17.

CASE OF THE COMPOSER BOCHSA.

The Court condemned, in contumacy, Nicholas Bochsa, composer of music and harp-player, whose disappearance about a year ago, it will be recollected, made so scandalous a noise. He was accused—

1. Of having, on the 26th of last September, committed the crime of private forgery, by counterfeiting, or causing to be counterfeited, a bond for four thousand francs, and by signing it with the forged signatures, Berton, Mehul, Nicolo, and Boycldieu.

2. Of having, on the 13th of October, 1816, committed a private forgery, by counterfeiting a resolution and receipt of the committee of the shareholders of the theatre Feydeau, and by signing them with the forged signature Rezcicourt.

3. Of having, on the 20th of January, 1817, committed a private forgery, by counterfeiting a resolution of the shareholders of the theatre Feydeau, with the same forged signature.

4. Of having, on the 1st of March, 1817, committed a commercial forgery, by fabricating a bill of exchange for 16,500 francs, and signing it with the forged signatures, Despermont, Perregaux, Lafitte and Company, and Berton.

5. Of having, on the 9th of March, 1817, committed a private forgery, by counterfeiting an invoice of musical instruments, and a bond for 14,000 francs, and signing them with the forged signature of Pozzo di Borgo.

6. Of having, on the 11th of March, 1817, committed the crime of private forgery, by fabricating three bonds for different sums, and signing them with the forged signatures, Count Chabrol, and Finquerlin.

7. Of having, on the 11th of March, 1817, committed a private forgery, by fabricating two bonds, one for 10,000 francs, the other for 5,000 francs, upon the funds of the English legation, and by signing them with the forged signatures, Stuart, Amaury, and Wells.

8. Of having knowingly made use of all these forged documents.

Besides these forgeries, Bochsa appears to have fabricated many others, particularly bonds bearing the forged signatures of M. le Comte De Cazes, and of Lord Wellington.

The Court pronounced him guilty of all these private and commercial forgeries, and condemned him to twelve years of forced labour, to be branded with the letters T. F., to be fined 4,000 francs, &c

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 41 . 10

* From the MS. Diary of sir Richard Torkington, quoted in Mr. Fosbrooke's "British Monachism," 351, from the "Gentleman's Magazine" 1812.

THE BOY BISHOP.

In addition to the particulars respecting the institution of a child to "the office and work of a bishop," in the Romish church, on St. Nicholas's day, the following is extracted from the English annals.—"The Boy bishop, or St. Nicholas, was commonly one of the choristers, and therefore in the old offices was called *Episcopus Choristarum*, *Bishop of the Choristers*, and was chosen by the rest to this honour. But afterward there were many St. Nicholases: and every parish, almost, had its St. Nicholas. And from this St. Nicholas's day to Innocents' day at night, this boy bore the name of a

bishop, and the state and habit too, wearing the mitre and the pastoral staff, and the rest of the pontifical attire; nay, and reading the holy offices. While he went his procession, he was much feasted and treated by the people, as it seems, much valuing his blessing; which made the people so fond of keeping this holy-day."*

It appears from the register of the capitulary acts of York cathedral, that the Boy Bishop there was to be handsome and elegantly shaped.†

* Strype's "Memorials."
† Brand.



Henry Jenkins—Older than Old Parr.

He lived longer than men who were stronger,
And was too old to live any longer.

On the 6th of December, 1670, died Henry Jenkins, aged one hundred and sixty-nine years.

Jenkins was born at Bolton-upon-Swale in 1500, and followed the employment of fishing for one hundred and forty years. When about eleven or twelve years old, he was sent to Northallerton, with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden-field, with which a bigger boy

(all the men being employed at harvest, went forward to the army under the earl of Surrey; king Henry VIII. being at Tournay. When he was more than a hundred years old, he used to swim across the river with the greatest ease, and without catching cold. Being summoned to a tithe cause at York, in 1667, between the vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank, he deposed, that the tithes of

wool, lamb, &c. were the vicar's, and had been paid, to his knowledge, one hundred and twenty years and more. And in another cause, between Mr. Hawes and Mr. Wastel of Ellerton, he gave evidence to one hundred and twenty years. Being born before parish registers were kept, which did not come into use till the thirtieth of Henry VIII., one of the judges asked him what memorable battle or event had happened in his memory; to which he answered, "that when the battle of Flodden-field was fought, where the Scots were beat, with the death of their king, he was turned of twelve years of age." Being asked how he lived, he said, "by thatching and salmon fishing;" that when he was served with a subpoena, he was thatching a house, and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire; that he had been butler to lord Conyers, of Hornby-castle, and that Marmaduke Brodelay, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings, and, after ceremonies, as he called it, passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast-beef for his dinner, (for that monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure,) and a great black jack of strong drink. Being further asked, if he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said, "Very well; and that he was between thirty and forty years of age when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire; that great lamentation was made, and the country all in a tumult, when the monks were turned out."

In the same parish with Jenkins, there were four or five persons reputed a century old, who all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him. Jenkins had sworn in Chancery and other courts to above a hundred and forty years' memory. In the king's remembrancer's office, in the exchequer, is a record of a deposition taken, 1665, at Kettering, in Yorkshire, in a cause "Clark and Smirkson," wherein Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced and sworn as a witness. His diet was coarse and sour; towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down.

Born when the Roman catholic religion was established, Jenkins saw the supremacy of the pope overturned; the dissolution of monasteries, popery re-estab-

lished, and at last the protestant religion securely fixed on a rock of adamant. In his time the invincible armada was destroyed; the republic of Holland was formed; three queens were beheaded, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, and Mary queen of Scots; a king of Spain was seated upon the throne of England; a king of Scotland was crowned king of England at Westminster, and his son and successor was beheaded before his own palace; lastly, the great fire in London happened in 1666, at the latter end of his wonderfully long life.

Jenkins could neither read nor write. He died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, and was buried in Bolton church-yard, near Catterick and Richmond, in Yorkshire, where a small pillar was erected to his memory, and this epitaph, composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, master of Magdalen-college, Cambridge, from 1746 to 1760, engraven upon a monument in Bolton church.

INSCRIPTION.

Blush not, MARBLE!
To rescue from oblivion
The Memory of
HENRY JENKINS;
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable:
For,
He was enriched
With the goods of Nature
If not of Fortune;
And happy
In the duration,
If not variety,
Of his enjoyments:
And, tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it,
With a patriarch's health, and length of
days:
To teach mistaken man,
These blessings
Were intail'd on temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He liv'd to the amazing age of
169,
Was interr'd here *December 6th,*
1670;
And had this justice done to his memory
1743.*

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1814. Inscription beneath Worldidge's print.

There is a large half sheet portrait of Henry Jenkins, etched by Worlidge, (after an original painting by Walker,) from whence the present engraving is copied, and there is a mezzotinto of him after the same etching.

December 7.

OLD SIGHTS OF LONDON.

In December, 1751, the following "Uncommon Natural Curiosities" were exhibited in London.

1. A *Dwarf*, from Glamorganshire, in his fifteenth year, two feet six inches high, weighing only twelve pounds, yet very proportionable.

2. *John Coan*, a Norfolk dwarf, aged twenty-three; he weighed, with all his clothes, but thirty-four pounds, and his height, with his hat, shoes, and wig on, was but thirty-eight inches; his body was perfectly straight, he was of a good complexion, and sprightly temper, sung tolerably, and mimicked a cock's crowing very exactly. A child three years eight months old, of an ordinary size, with his clothes on, weighed thirty-six pounds, and his height, without any thing on his head, was thirty-seven inches seven-tenths, which on comparison gives an idea of the smallness of this dwarf.

3. A *Negro*, who by a most extraordinary and singular dilatation and contraction of the deltoid and biceps muscles of the arm, those of the back, &c., clasped his hands full together, threw them over his head and back, and brought them in that position under his feet. This he repeated, backwards or forwards, as often as the spectators desired, with the greatest facility.

4. A *Female Rhinoceros*, or true Unicorn, a beast of upwards of eight thousand pounds weight, in a natural coat of mail or armour, having a large horn on her nose, three hoofs on each foot, and a hide stuck thick with scales pistol proof, and so surprisingly folded as not to hinder its motion.

5. A *Crocodile*, alive, taken on the banks of the Nile in Egypt, a creature never seen before alive in England.*

This is a verbatim account of these

sights published at the time; the prices of admission are not mentioned, but they were deemed worthy of notice as remarkable exhibitions at the period. In the present day the whole of them would scarcely make more than a twopenny show; and, at that low rate, without a captivating showman, they would scarcely attract. London streets are now literally "strewed with rarities," and "uncommon things," at which our forefathers stared with wonder, are most common.

A PARTICULAR ARTICLE.

"A READER," at p. 1584, should have had "Lyneham, Wilts," as the place of his residence, attached to his remarks on an account of "Clack Fall Fair," at p. 1371, which was supplied by "an old correspondent," with whose name and address the editor is acquainted, and whose subjoined communication claims regard. He writes in explanation, and adds some very pleasant particulars.

CLACK FALL FAIR.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,—I cannot allow your pages to close without replying to the "Corrections and Illustrations," p. 1594, made by "A Reader" respecting "Clack and its vicinity."

First. I observe that Bradenstoke priory is usually called the "Abbey," in the neighbourhood,—not the "Priory." There is a tree growing upon the tower, and a legend respecting it. I was once taken up to see it blossom, having slept in the room under it with my schoolfellow, John Bridges, whose mother, at that time a widow, kept the farm, and a most excellent woman she was.

Secondly. I should have considered the stating, "that a carpenter, while digging, struck his spade against an image of gold, and has it in his possession," was sufficient, without further inquiry or remark. I repeat the fact for a truth. I *know* the man, and have *seen* the image. As an antiquary myself, I assure you, sir, I could fain dig for similar hidden treasures in the hope of like reward. The person who owns the image is not needy, he therefore would not part with his weight of gold for more sovereign current weight

Thirdly. When young, I descended several feet into the "subterraneous passage" referred to by your "Reader." Though I am willing to admit the possibility of monkish imposition—such a passage has, however, been believed to have existed by the oldest people of Clack. Similarly, it is conjectured, that a passage once ran from Canonbury-tower, Islington, to the palace Kensington. Your "Reader" is rather too sceptical to challenge me to a proof, which I take only in a topographical sense. Of whatever effect tradition may be, much historical truth is notwithstanding embodied in it: furthermore, it is well known, that subterraneous passages led from place to place, when castle building was in vogue.

Fourthly. The oldest man living in Seagry, at the time I was shown the stone in Mahnsbury abbey, whose name was Carey, was the occasion of my going to that place to see the stone: I paid sixpence to the person who gave me a view of it. He represented it to have been done by "Geoffrey Miles"—the boy was a chorister: this is his information, not mine. The impression ever after guarded my conduct in school.

Fifthly. As to "Joe Ody," your "Reader's" own words prove the truth of what I have said of him, and the "*may be correct*" is not called for. The lord chancellor could not have been more doubtful than your anonymous "Reader," as to my information and communication. Some of the Ody family are now residing in Camberwell, whither your "Reader" may resort, should he be desirous of learning more of Joe's merry-andrewism, who was no mean disciple of the rev. Andrew, his patron.

Sixthly. Your "Reader's" hit at "Bowles" is corrected by me at the page in which his reference stands. Would that the "Bowles' controversy" with Byron and Roscoe, respecting Pope, had been as easily terminated, and with as little acrimony and as much satisfaction!

Seventhly. The room I have already occupied in this paper prevents my stating much concerning "Clack Mount;"—this mount is, however, remarkable for two things,—the resort of bonfire makers, November 5, and the club at Whitsuntide. At the time of the *ox-roasting* many years since, in peaceful-ending times and rejoicing, this "mount" was a

scene of delight and festivity. A band of music resorted thither, a line was formed as on club-day, beer was given round, and the collected people of both sexes, young and old, joined in the hilarious jubilee; after which the band, graced by every pretty girl, paraded to the priory, and played there in the best room. Its furniture, I remember, looked clubbed, dark, and glossy; it seemed, to me, a pity to tread on the shining floor, it was so antiquesly neat and sacred. Given to kissing, when very young, I shall never forget touching the rosy cheeks of Miss Polly Bridges behind the awful door of the sacristy, at which theft I was caught by her laughing mother;—I beg to apologise to your "Reader," sir, for this (digression) *confession*, but as my ancestors came from the priory, and *Christmas* being near, I trust he will *pardon* me, as Polly's mother gave me *absolution*. On this *ox-roasting* occasion, Clack seemed really rising out of the stones. Dancing, music, holyday, and mirth, pervaded every house, and very unusual, every poor person that brought a plate for the portion of slices of sheep, roasted opposite at baker Hendon's, pretended to have *more* children than there were at home; some families imposed on the cook by two and three applications.—Who does not recollect the ox and sheep roasting? I can hardly resist a description of the many scenes I witnessed several days successively in the various villages—of the many happy hearts, and their intimate enjoyments. I could almost follow the example of "Elia" himself, and at once be jocose, classical, and fastidious. But mercy on your readers' patience denies me the pleasure.

Therefore, *Lastly*, "The Maypole" It was standing, fifteen feet high, thirty-six years ago. The higher part was cut off at the request of Madam Heath, before whose house, and the Trooper, it stood. I once myself saw the "morris-dance" round it, when cowslips, oxlips, and other flowers were suspended up and down it: nails were driven round the lower part to prevent a further incision. Unfortunately for the writer, the land which lies from "Clack to Barry-end," a distance less than two miles, once belonged to my forefathers. Maud Heath, who caused a *causeway* to be made and kept in order to this day, from Callaway's-bridge to Chippenham, was one of my collaterals.

Thanking you, sir, for your indulgence,
and a "Reader" for his giving me an opportunity of illustrating his positions,

I am,

truly yours,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Dec. 11, 1826.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 38 . 82.

December 8.

CONCEPTION B. V. M.

This day is so marked in the church of England calendar and almanacs. It is the Romish festival of "*The Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin*," whom that church states to have been conceived and born without original sin. A doctrine whereon more has been written, perhaps, than any other point of ecclesiastical controversy. One author, Peter D'Alva, has published forty-eight folios on the mysteries of the Conception.

The immaculate conception and happy nativity of the Virgin are maintained to have taken place at Loretto, about 150 miles from Rome; and further, that at that particular place, "hallowed by her birth," she was saluted by the angel Gabriel, and that she there nurtured our Saviour until he was twelve years of age. The popular belief readily yielding to that which power dictated, Loretto became one of the richest places in the world, from the numerous pilgrimages and votive presents made to the "*Sancta Casa*," or "Holy House," to enclose which, a magnificent church was erected and dedicated to the Virgin, hence generally styled "our Lady of Loretto."

Peter the Lombard originally started the mystery of the immaculate conception in the year 1060; though Baronius affirms, that it was "discovered by Revelation" in the year 1109, to one, (but his name is not recorded,) "who was a great lover of the Virgin, and daily read her office." On the day he was to be married, however, he was "so much occupied," that this usual piece of devotion escaped his attention until he was in "the nuptial office," when, suddenly recollecting the omission, he sent his bride and all the company home while he performed it. During this pious duty, the Virgin appeared to him with her son in her arms, and reproached him for his

neglect, affording, however, the glorious hope of salvation, if he would "quit his wife and consider himself espoused to her," declaring to him the whole of the circumstances of her nativity, which he reported to the pope, who naturally caused her feast immediately to be instituted.

The canons of Lyons attempted to establish an office for this mystery in the year 1136, but Bernard opposed it. The council at Oxford, in 1222, left people at liberty either to observe the day or not. Sixtus IV., however, in the year 1476, ordered it to be generally held in commemoration, although the alleged circumstances attendant upon this immaculate conception are not, even in the church of Rome, held as an article of faith, but merely reckoned a "pious opinion." The council of Trent confirmed the ordinances of Sixtus, but without condemning as heretics those who refused to observe it; and Alexander V. issued his bull, even commanding that there should not be any discussion upon such an intricate subject. The Spaniards, however, were so strenuous in their belief of this mystery, that from the year 1652, the knights of the military orders of St. James of the sword, Calatrava, and Alcantara, each made a vow at their admission to "defend" the doctrine.

In the popish countries, the Virgin is still the principal favourite of devotion, and is addressed by her devotees under the following, from among many other titles, ill suiting with the reformed sentiments of this country.

Empress of Heaven !
Queen of Heaven !
Empress of Angels !
Queen of Angels !
Empress of the Earth
Queen of the Earth !
Lady of the Universe !
Lady of the World !
Mistress of the World !
Patroness of the Men !
Advocate for Sinners !
Mediatrice !
Gate of Paradise !
Mother of Mercies !
Goddess ! and
The only Hope of Sinners !

Under the two latter, they implore the Virgin for salvation by the power which, as a mother, she is inferred to possess of "commanding her son !" The legends afford tales in support of the opinion, that she not only possesses, but actually exerts

such authorities.—“O Mary,” says St. Bonaventure, “be a man never so wicked and miserable a sinner, you have the soft compassion of a mother for him, and never leave him until you have reconciled him to his judge.” One instance of which peculiar protection of sinners is recorded from father Crasset, who with much solemnity states, that “a soldier, hardened by his occupation, had not only renounced Christ, but given himself up wholly to the devil and the most vicious courses, though, as he did not also renounce the Virgin, he in a time of much necessity fervently prayed for her intercession.” This application, he adds, “was instantly attended to, and the man heard the benevolent mother of our Lord desire her son to have mercy upon him; who, not to refuse his parent, answered, he would do it for her sake, notwithstanding he had himself been wholly forgotten and unnoticed.”

The first who was particularly noticed as introducing this worship of the Virgin, is Peter Gnapheus, bishop of Antioch, in the fifth century, who appointed her name to be called upon in the prayers of the church. It is said that Peter Fullo, a monk of Constantinople, introduced the name of the Virgin Mary in the public prayers about the year 480; but it is certain, she was not generally invoked in public until a long time after that period.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38° 22.

December 9.

JEWISH MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

On the 9th of December, 1809, the following cause was tried in the court of King's-bench, Guildhall, London, before lord Ellenborough and a special jury.

Holme and others v. Noah.

Mr. Garrow stated this to be an action upon a bill of exchange for a small sum of money for coals, which the plaintiffs, who were coal-merchants, had furnished to the defendant, who was an ingenious lady, employing herself in drawing pictures. The bill, when due, had not been honoured.

Mr. Park, in defence to the action, maintained, that the defendant was a

married woman, and said he held an excellent treatise in his hand, called “*Uxor Hebreica*,” from whence he cited in behalf of his client, who was a Jewess, whose husband was alive.

Mr. Philips, reader of the Synagogue of the Jews in Leadenhall-street, proved the marriage to have taken place in the year 1781; he was present at it. The proper priest, now dead, officiated in the usual form and solemnity, and these parties were duly united in lawful marriage, according to the Mosaic form. He was one of the attesting witnesses of the entry of the marriage in the book of the priest.

Mr. Levi proved that he knew the husband and wife; was present at the marriage, he being then only thirteen.

Jos. Abidigore, a teacher of the Hebrew language, read in English the entry in the priest's book of this marriage; the ceremony was executed by the priest. The entry in English was thus:

“Fourth day of the week, in the second month Neron, in the year 5541 after the creation of the world, according to the reckoning here in London. Henry Noel said to Emily—“Become thou a wife unto me, according to the law of Moses, and I will ever after maintain thee according to the rites of the Jews;” and the priest said, “I heard him account her wife, and she shall bring to him the dowry of her virginity according to the law, and she shall remain and cohabit with him.” To which the lady did consent and become unto him his wife, and she offered him presents consisting of silver and gold, and splendid ornaments of gold, and 100 pieces of fine silver; and the bridegroom accepted these presents of the bride, and brought also 100 pieces of the like gold, ornaments, and fine silver; the whole amounting together to 200 pieces of gold and fine silver; and the bridegroom doth take all the responsibility of the care of all for himself, for his bride, and for their children. And their maintenance to be had out of the property which he doth possess, under this solemn union.

Lord Ellenborough.—This marriage being proved to be duly had according to the solemnities of the Mosaic law, the plaintiffs must be called.—*Plaintiffs nonsuited.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37° 85

* Mr. Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*.

December 10.

A WELSH BAPTISM.

For the Every-Day Book.

On the 10th of December, 1813, in passing through the small village of Llan-gemuch, in Carmarthenshire, I observed several of the villagers assembled round the door and windows of one of the cottages, and heard within the loud tones of what proved to be one of their preachers. I entered, and found them employed in the baptism of a child. The font was a pint basin, placed on a small plate; the humble table was covered with a clean napkin. The minister, a brawny, round-shouldered young man, with deep-cut features and overhanging brows, his eyes closed, and his body moving in every direction, roared out in the most discordant and deafening din; his voice then suddenly fell—then rose, and fell again, with most surprising, but most inharmonious modulation. The child he then proceeded to *cross*, “in the name, &c.,” the whole being in the Welsh language: the name of the child (Henry) was the only English sound which caught my ear. Next followed, what appeared to me, an address to the parents. The scene was picturesque. The cottage rude, and but half illuminated by the dim light—the vehement contortions of the preacher—the mother and the child, with several young women, whose cheeks were as ruddy as the Welsh cloaks with which they were *adorned*, sitting beside the fire—the father, in his countenance a mixture of rudeness and of puritanism, leaning against the wall in an attitude of the profoundest attention—two or three old women coughing and groaning around the preacher—some labourers standing in a group, in a dark corner, scarcely discernible—and the chubby children, half wishing, but not daring, to continue their sports: these, and the other features of this unstudied scene, would have formed an admirable subject for the pencil of a Wilkie. At length the preacher approached to a conclusion, and wound up his address in a peroration, distinguished by increased energy of manner, by more hideous faces, by accelerated motions of his limbs, and by louder vociferation. He suddenly sat down: the religious part of the ceremony was over, and I was invited to partake of the rustic fare which had been provided for the occasion.

J D.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37° 90.

December 11.

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

Ledyard, the traveller, who died at Cairo in 1788, on his way to accomplish the task of traversing the widest part of the continent of Africa from east to west, in the supposed latitude of the Niger, pays a just and handsome tribute to the kind affections of the sex.

“I have always observed,” says Ledyard, “that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.”

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38° 20

December 12.

NATIONAL SONG.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,—I perceive in page 539 of the present volume, you have inserted the national song of “God save the King,” in the Welsh language, as translated by the able and learned Dr. W. O. Pughe, perhaps the following version of the same

in the *Gaelic* language, or that spoken by the Highlanders of Scotland, may prove acceptable to many readers.

O Dhia ! cum suas, ar d'heors' ar Rìgh,
Gleidh fad 'a slàn an Rìgh,

Dhia tearn an Rìgh.

Cuir buaidh, air a shluagh 'sa chath,
Dion iad, fo d' sgiath 's mhagh
Gu'm fad a riaghailis é gu maith,
Dhia sabhal an Rìgh.

O Dhia ! le d' sgiath dìon da shliochd,
Gun choirp 's gun chunart am feasd,
Crun 'oirdearg na Rìghachd.
Thoir dha, thar uile namhaid, buaidh,
Air tìr agus, air a chuan,
'S gliocas mòr an fheum uair,
Dhia bean'ichdo shluagh an Rìgh.

Bithidh ait'n diugh thar tìr na 'n tònna,
Aoibhneas, aighar, ceol's fònna,
Air son deugh shlaime 'an Rìgh.

Deich agus da fhichead bliadhna
Le cumhachd, onair agus cial,
Lion è caithir alba na buaidh,
Buanich O Dhia ! sa' ol an Rìgh.

Among the translations of Dr. Owen Pughe, his version of "*Non nobis Domine*" is excellent. I subjoin it, that you may make what use of it you please.

O, nid i ni, ein Jor, o nid i ni,
Ond deled i dy Enw ogoniant byth,
Ond deled i dy Enw ogoniant byth.

GWILYM SAIS.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39° 05.

December 13.

*Lucy.**

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

Be virtuous ; govern your passions ; restrain your appetites ; avoid excess and high-seasoned food ; eat slowly, and chew your food well. Do not eat to full satiety. Breakfast betimes ; it is not wholesome to go out fasting. In winter, a glass or two of wine is an excellent preservative against unwholesome air. Make a hearty meal about noon, and eat plain meats only. Avoid salted meats : those who eat them often have pale complexions, a slow pulse, and are full of corrupted

humours. Sup betimes, and sparingly. Let your meat be neither too little nor too much done. Sleep not till two hours after eating. Begin your meals with a little tea, and wash your mouth with a cup of it afterward.

The most important advice which can be given for maintaining the body in due temperament, is to be very moderate in the use of all the pleasures of sense ; for all excess weakens the spirits. Walk not too long at once. Stand not for hours in one posture ; nor lie longer than necessary. In winter, keep not yourself too hot ; nor in summer too cold. Immediately after you awake, rub your breast where the heart lies, with the palm of your hand. Avoid a stream of wind as you would an arrow. Coming out of a warm bath, or after hard labour, do not expose your body to cold. If in the spring, there should be two or three hot days, do not be in haste to put off your winter clothes. It is unwholesome to fan yourself during perspiration. Wash your mouth with water or tea, lukewarm, before you go to rest, and rub the soles of your feet warm. When you lie down, banish all thought

NATURALISTS' CALEN

Mean Temperature

December 14.

IRISH LINEN.

In Decemher, 1738, was shown at the Linen Hall, in Dublin, a piece of linen, accounted the finest ever made ; there were 3800 threads in the breadth. The trustees of the linen manufacture set a value of forty guineas on the piece, which contained 23 yards. It was spun by a woman of Down. About two years before, Mr. Robert Kaine, at Lurgan, county of Armagh, sold 24 yards of superfine Irish linen, manufactured in that town, for 40s. per yard, to the countess of Antrim, which occasioned the following lines :—

Would all the great such patterns buy,
How swiftly would the shuttles fly,
Cambray should cease, and Hamburgh too,
To boast their art ! since Lurgan ! you
May, like Arachne, dare to vie,
With any spinning deity ;
Nay, tho' Asbestos she should weave,
Thou, Lurgan, should'st the prize receive.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. . . 38° 20

* See vol. i. 1570.

December 15.

A LITERARY DISASTER.

On a certain day, the date of which is uncertain, in the month of December, 1730, the books and MSS. of Dr. Tanner, bishop of St. Asaph, being on their removal from Norwich to Christchurch college in Oxford, fell into and lay under water twenty hours, and received great damage. Among them were near 300 volumes of MSS. purchased of Mr. Bateman, a bookseller, who bought them of archbishop Sancroft's nephew. There were in all seven cart loads.*

It may be recollected that bishop Tanner was the friend of Mr. Browne Willis, respecting whom an account has been inserted, with an original letter from that distinguished antiquary to the prelate when chancellor of Norwich.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean temperature. . 38 · 67.

December 16.

Cambridge Term ends.

O SAPIENTIA.

The meaning of this term in the calendar is in vol. i. 1571.

STORY-TELLING.

Is a diversion of necessity in winter, when we are confined by the weather, and must make entertainment in the house, because we cannot take pleasure in the open air. Though at any time we may like, yet now we *love* to hear accounts of sayings and doings in former times; and, therefore, it seems that a description of an old house in the country, and an old and true story belonging to it, may be agreeable.

AN ANCIENT HALL.

Littlecotes-house, two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows, which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and

was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country-mansion. Many circumstances in the interior of the house, however, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak-table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood; and an appendage to one end of it, made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door, in the front of the house, to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare; and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again; a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

It was a dark, rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a

* Gentleman's Magazine.

person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartment, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady, on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady gave birth to a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-house and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this

happened is still known by the name of Darrell's hill: a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature.. 38° 67°.

December 17.

COUNTRY MANSIONS.

During the reign of Henry VIII., and even of Mary, they were, if we except their size, little better than cottages, being thatched buildings, covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by lattices. When Harrison wrote, in the age of Elizabeth, though the greater number of manor-houses still remained framed of timber, yet he observes, "such as be latelie builded, are com'onlie either of bricke or hard stone, or both; their roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings." The old timber mansions, too, were then covered with the finest plaster, which, says the historian, "beside the delectable whitenesse of the stuffe itselfe, is laied on so even and smoothlie, as nothing in my judgment can be done with more exactnesse:" and at the same time, the windows, interior decorations, and furniture, were becoming greatly more useful and elegant. "Of old time our countrie houses," continues Harrison, "instead of glasse did use much lattise, and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in chekerwise. I read also that some of the better sort, in and before the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes. But as horne in windows is now quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattises are also growne into lesse use, because glasse is come to be so plentifull, and within a verie little so good cheape if not better then the other. The wals of our houses on the inner sides in like sort be either hanged with tapisterie, arras worke, or painted cloths, wherein either diverse histories, or hearbes, beasts, knots, and such like are stained, or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainescot brought hither out of the east countries, whereby the roomes are not a little commanded, made warme, and much more close than otherwise they would be. As for stooves we have not hitherto used

* In Dr. Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times," from sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby."

them greatlie, yet doo they now begin to be made in diverse houses of the gentrie. Like in the houses of knights, gentlemen, &c. it is not geson to behold generallie their great provision of Turkie worke, pewter, brasse, fine linen, and thereto costlie cupbords of plate, worth five or six hundred or a thousand pounds, to be deemed by estimation."

The house of every country-gentleman of property included a neat chapel and a spacious hall; and where the estate and establishment were considerable, the mansion was divided into two parts or sides, one for the state or banqueting-rooms, and the other for the household; but in general, the latter, except in baronial residences, was the only part to be met with, and when complete, had the addition of parlours; thus Bacon, in his *Essay on Building*, describing the household side of a mansion, says, "I wish it divided at the first into a hall, and a chappell, with a partition between, both of good state and bignesse; and those not to goe all the length, but to have, at the further end, a winter and a summer parler, both faire: and under these roomes a faire and large cellar, sunke under ground: and likewise, some privie kitchens, with butteries and pantries, and the like." It was the custom also to have windows opening from the parlours and passages into the chapel, hall, and kitchen, with the view of overlooking or controlling what might be going on; a trait of vigilant caution, which may still be discovered in some of our ancient colleges and manor-houses.

The hall of the country squire was the usual scene of eating and hospitality, at the upper end of which was placed the orsille, or high table, a little elevated above the floor, and here the master of the mansion presided, with an authority, if not a state, which almost equalled that of the potent baron. The table was divided into upper and lower messes, by a huge saltcellar, and the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of their seats above and below the saltcellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the nature of the provision, the wine frequently circulating only above the saltcellar, and the dishes below it being of a coarser kind than those near the head of the table.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.
Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 50.

December 18.

Oxford Term ends.

OLD ENGLISH LIVING.

The usual fare of country-gentlemen, relates Harrison, was "four, five, or six dishes, when they have but small resort," and accordingly, we find that Justice Shallow, when he invites Falstaffe to dinner, issues the following orders: "Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook." But on feast-days, and particularly on festivals, the profusion and cost of the table were astonishing. Harrison observes, that the country-gentlemen and merchants contemned butcher's meat on such occasions, and vied with the nobility in the production of rare and delicate viands, of which he gives a long list; and Massinger says,

"Men may talk of country Christmasses,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of
carp's tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the
carcasses

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their
feasts

Were fasts, compared with the city's."

City Madam, act ii. sc. 1.

It was the custom in the houses of the country-gentlemen to retire after dinner, which generally took place about eleven in the morning, to the garden-bower, or an arbour in the orchard, in order to partake of the banquet or dessert; thus Shallow, addressing Falstaffe after dinner, exclaims, "Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth." From the banquet it was usual to retire to evening prayer, and thence to supper, between five and six o'clock; for, in Shakespeare's time, there were seldom more than two meals—dinner and supper; "heretofore," remarked Harrison, "there hath beene much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonlie is in these daies; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoone, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto reare suppers generallie when it was time to go to rest. Now these od repasts, thanked

be God, are verie well left, and ech one in manner (except here and there some younge hungrie stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himselfe with dinner and supper onelie. The nobilitie, gentlemen, and merchantmen, especially at great meetings, doo sit commonlie till two or three of the clocke at afternoone, so that with manie it is an hard matter to rise from the table to go to evening prair, and returne from thence to come time enough to supper."

The supper, which, on days of festivity, was often protracted to a late hour, and often, too, as substantial as the dinner, was succeeded, especially at Christmas, by gambols of various sorts; and sometimes the squire and his family would mingle in the amusements, or, retiring to the tapestried parlour, would leave the hall to the more boisterous mirth of their household; then would the blind harper, who sold his fit of mirth for a groat, be introduced, either to provoke the dance, or to rouse their wonder by his minstrelsy; his "matter being, for the most part, stories of old time,—as the tale of sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people, at Christmas dinners and brideales."

The posset, at bed-time, closed the joyous day—a custom to which Shakespeare has occasionally alluded: thus Lady Macbeth says of the "surfeited grooms," "I have drugg'd their possets;" Mr. Quickly tells Rugby, "Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire;" and Page, cheering Falstaffe, exclaims, "Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house." Thomas Heywood, a contemporary of Shakspeare, has particularly noticed this refection as occurring just before bed-time: "Thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a posset upon thee when thou goest to bed."*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 39 · 35.

December 19.

AN UPSTART.

Bishop Earle says, "he is a holiday

* Dr. Drake.

clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself; for he bare the king's sword before he had arms to wield it; yet, being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer: he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country fellow, but the look not so easy; and his face still bears a relish of churne-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the country, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses. A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill, and he the cock that crows over it; and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38 · 40.

December 20.

Ember Week. See vol. i.

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE.

Mr. Hastings, an old gentleman of ancient times in Dorsetshire, was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth, his house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long, narrow bowling-green in it; and used to play with round sand bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was

commonly strewed with marrow bones; and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins, of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church bible, the other the book of martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put sirup of gilly-flowers into his sack; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred; and never lost his eye-sight, nor used specta-

cles. He got on horseback without help; and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past four-score.*

Anciently it was the custom with many country gentlemen to spend their Christmas in London.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. 38 · 17.

December 21.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

Now is a busy day in London, for ward-motes are held in the city by the aldermen of every ward, "for the election of officers for the year ensuing;" and hence, in the social public rooms of the citizens, there is great debate this evening, on the merits of the common-council-men returned without opposition, or on the qualifications of candidates who contest the poll for two days longer. The "Lumber-Troop" muster strong at their head-quarters near Gough-square; the "codgers" enlighten each other and their pipes in Bride-lane; the "Counsellors under the Cauliflower" hold divided council, they know where; and the "free and easy Johns" are to night more free than easy. These societies are under currents that set in strong, and often turn the tide of an election in favour of some "good fellow," who is good no where but in "sot's-hole."

And now the "gentlemen of the inquest," chosen "at the church" in the morning, dine together as the first important duty of their office; and the re-elected ward-beadles are busy with the fresh chosen constables; and the watchmen are particularly civil to every "drunken gentleman" who happens to look like one of the new authorities. And now the bellman, who revives the history and poetry of his predecessors, will vociferate—

On St. Thomas's Day.

My masters all, this is *St. Thomas' Day*,
And Christmas now can't be far off, you'll say.
But when you to the Ward-motes do repair,
I hope such good men will be chosen there,
As *constables* for the ensuing year
As will not grutch the *watchmen* good strong
beer.†

* Dr. Drake; from Hutchins's Dorsetshire.

† Bellman's Treasury, 1707.

Or,

Upon the Constables first going out.

The world by sin is so degenerate grown,
 Scarce can we strictly call our own, *our own*;
 But by the patronage your watch affords,
 The thief in vain shall 'tempt the trades-
 man's hoards:

Their nightly ease enjoys each happy pair,
 Secure as those who first in Eden were:
 When willing quires of angels, as they slept,
 O'er their soft slumbers watchful centry kept.*

DOLEING DAY.

*To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.**Maidstone, 20th Dec. 1825.*

Sir,—There is a custom prevalent in this neighbourhood, and without doubt at other places, to which I beg to call your attention. The subject to which I allude is the annual solicitation for charity on St. Thomas's day. It has taken place here from time immemorial; consequently my object in writing is to request you will favour us in your instructive miscellany, with the origin of the custom, if possible. I shall relate a few instances of its prevalency which come within my own knowledge.

At Loose, near Maidstone, Mr. T. Charlton gives the poor of the parish certain quantities of wheat, apportioned to their families, in addition to which, his daughters give the widows a new flannel petticoat each; who, at the same time, go to the other respectable inhabitants of the place to solicit the usual donation, and it is not an uncommon thing for a family to get in this way six or seven shillings.

This custom is also prevalent at Linton, an adjoining parish; and I am informed that lord Cornwallis, who resides there, intends giving to the resident poor something very considerable. At Barming, C. Whittaker, esq. is provided with 100 loaves to distribute to the resident poor on this day, which to my own knowledge is annual on his part; they likewise go to the other respectable inhabitants, who also give their alms in the way they think best.

It may not be amiss to say, that the custom here is known by the name of "Dolcing," and the day is called "Doleing-day."

If any of your correspondents, or yourself, can throw any light on this very ancient

custom, I have no doubt but it will be very acceptable to your readers, and to none more than to

Your obliged friend,
 W. W.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 37 · 17.

December 22.

CARD PLAYING.

As on this prevalent custom of the season there have been remarks, an anecdote from the Worcester Journal of 1760, before servants' vails were abolished, and soon after the battle of Minden, may be added.

At a young lady's rout there appeared a card hung to each of the candlesticks, with these words, "No card money, but you may speak to the drummer." In a corner of a room stood the figure of a drummer on a box, with a hole in the top to receive money, and the figure held a paper in its hand containing a dialogue between John and Dick, two of the lady's servants, wherein they mutually agreed, "Their wages being fully sufficient to defray all their reasonable demands, to dispose of the card money as a token of their regard to the Minden heroes; and, with their good young lady's consent, appointed the drummer to be their receiver."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 38 · 37.

December 23.

THE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

For the Every-Day Book.

Symptoms of the returning season of Christmas and its festivities are approaching; for the rustics are standing at the street-corners with boughs of clustering berry-holly with pointed leaves, glossy laurel, and the pink-eyed lauristina:—the cheesemonger perks a dandy sprig of evergreen in the centre of his half butter tub, and hangs the griskins and chines at his doorposts: the show of over-fed beasts is advertised, and graziers and come-up-to-town farmers, loiter here to see the prize-cattle and prizes adjudged to the best feeders: butchers begin to clear all obstructions, and whiten their shambles, and strew sawdust on the pavement, and

in the avenues, to the scales and little countinghouse box in which sits the female accountant, "brisk as a bee" and full of the "Ready-reckoner:" fishmongers are no less active in showing the large eels and dainty fish, that are "fresh as a daisy" and cold as death: sprats arrive in abundance, and are cried up and down alleys and streets with wondrous competition: pew-openers now have leave of their churchwardens to buy quantum sufficit of yew, laurel, holly, and other evergreens to tie in bunches to the sconces and interior parts of churches: idle shopkeepers cannot be persuaded yet to clear the filth from their doors, thinking, perhaps, a temporary obstruction is a perma-

nent attraction: watchmen now veer forth early at noon, with lanterns at their breasts, though it would be difficult to read the secrets deposited within: poulterers are early at market, and their shops are piled with poultry in a state of nudity and death: the undertaker is busy, like the tailor, with his work, and the charms of Christmas give temporary bustle to most classes of tradesmen: the green-grocer is decorating his half-glazed windows with his best fruits and most attractive edibles, which are served as luxuries rather than generous enjoyments; and his sly daughter takes care a certain branch of the business shall not be forgotten—I allude to

The Mistletoe.

Sweet emblem of returning peace,
The heart's full gush, and love's release;
Spirits in human fondness flow
And greet the pearly *Mistletoe*.

Many a maiden's cheek is red
By lips and laughter thither led;
And flutt'ring bosoms come and go
Under the druid *Mistletoe*.

Dear is the memory of a theft
When love and youth and joy are left;—
The passion's blush, the roses glow,
Accept the Cupid *Mistletoe*.

Oh! happy, tricksome time of mirth
Giv'n to the stars of sky and earth!
May all the best of feeling know,
The custom of the *Mistletoe*!

Spread out the laurel and the bay,
For chimney-piece and window gay:
Scour the brass gear—a shining row,
And Holly place with *Mistletoe*.

Married and single, proud and free,
Yield to the season, trim with glee:
Time will not stay,—he cheats us, so—
A kiss?—'tis gone!—the *Mistletoe*

Dec. 1826.

* , * , P ,

A GLOOMY MORNING BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It is methinks a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung
at it!

She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black!
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wished in it, as of other morns.

Johnson.



The Wonder of the West.

"And where did she come from? and who can she be?
Did she fall from the sky? did she rise from the sea?"

Late one evening in the spring of 1817, the rustic inhabitants of Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire, were surprised by the entrance of a young female in strange attire. She wore leather shoes and black worsted stockings, a black stuff gown with a muslin frill at the neck, and a red and black shawl round her shoulders, and a black cotton shawl on her head. Her height was about five feet two inches, and she carried a small bundle on her arm containing a few necessities. Her clothes were loosely

and tastefully put on in an oriental fashion. Her eyes and hair were black, her forehead was low, her nose short, her mouth wide, her teeth white, her lips large and full, her under lip projected a little, her chin was small and round, her hands were clean and seemed unused to labour. She appeared about twenty-five years of age, was fatigued, walked with difficulty, spoke a language no one could comprehend, and signified by signs her desire to sleep in the village. The cottagers

were afraid to admit her, and sought the decision of Mr. Worrall, a magistrate for the county, at Knole, whose lady caused her own maid to accompany her to a public-house in the village, with a request that she should have a supper, and a comfortable bed.

In the morning Mrs. Worrall found her, with strong traces of sorrow and distress on her countenance, and took her with her to Knole, but she went reluctantly. It was Good Friday, and at the mansion, observing a cross-bun, she cut off the cross, and placed it in her bosom.

Paper and a pen were handed to her to write her name; she shook her head: and when she appeared to comprehend what was meant, pointed to herself, and cried "Caraboo." The next day she was taken to Bristol, examined before the mayor, at the Council-house, and committed to St. Peter's Hospital as a vagrant, whither persons of respectability flocked to visit the incomprehensible inmate. From that place Mrs. Worrall removed her once more to Knole. A gentleman, who had made several voyages to the Indies, extracted from her signs, and gestures, and articulation, that she was the daughter of a person of rank, of Chinese origin, at "Javasu," and that whilst walking in her garden, attended by three women, she had been gagged, and bound, and carried off, by the people of a pirate-prow, and sold to the captain of a brig, from whence she was transferred to another ship, which anchored at a port for two days, where four other females were taken in, who, after a voyage of five weeks, were landed at another port: sailing for eleven more weeks, and being near land, she jumped overboard, in consequence of ill usage, and swimming ashore, found herself on this coast, and had wandered for six weeks, till she found her way to Almondsbury. She described herself at her father's to have been carried on men's shoulders, in a kind of palanquin, and to have worn seven peacocks' feathers on the right side of her head, with open sandals on her feet, having wooden soles; and she made herself a dress from some calico, given her by Mrs. Worrall, in the style of her own which had been embroidered. The late Mr. Bird, the artist, sketched her, according to this account, as in the engraving.



Caraboo.

The particulars connected with these recitals, and her general conduct, were romantic in the extreme. At the end of two months she disappeared; and, to the astonishment of the persons whose sympathies she had excited, the lady Caraboo a native of Javasu, in the east, was discovered to have been born at Witheridge in Devonshire, where her father was a cobler! A very full account of her singular imposition is given in "A Narrative," published by Mr. Gutch of Bristol, in 1817, from whence this sketch is taken. After her remarkable adventures, she found it convenient to leave this country. A Bath correspondent writes as follows:—

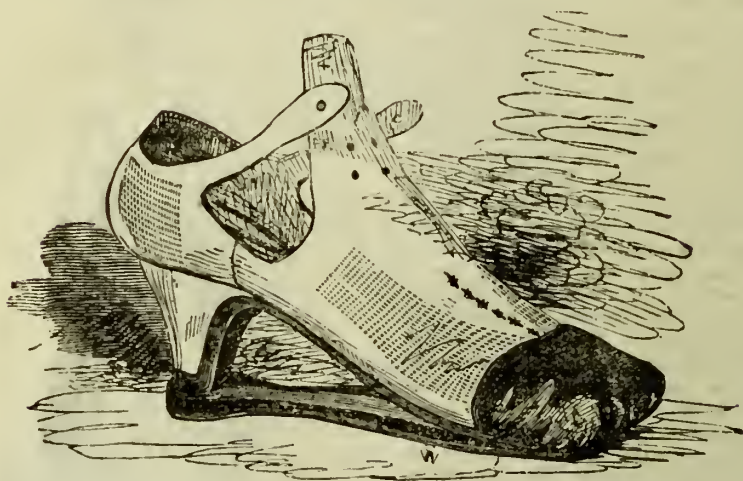
To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

In the year 1824, Caraboo having returned from America, took apartments in New Bond-street, where she made a public exhibition of herself—admittance *one shilling* each person; but it does not appear that any great number were to see her.

Z.

GENTLE CRAFTSMEN,

An opportunity has not occurred, till now, to introduce the following



A Lady's old Shoe, and Clog.

It was purposed to have been accompanied by others: as it is, indulgence is craved for it as a specimen of the art and dexterity of our ancestors in shoe-making and wearing. It is drawn from the original, purchased by Mr. J. J. A. F., with other curiosities, at the sale of the Levevan Museum

The shoe is of white kid leather, caulked with black velvet. There are marks of stitches by which ornaments had been affixed to it. Its clog is simply a straight piece of stout leather, inserted in the underleather at the toe, and attached to the heel. That such were walked in is certain; that the fair wearers could have run in them is impossible to imagine. They were in fashion at the Restoration.

Robin Hood breathed his last, in the year 1247.

The accounts of the life of this extraordinary outlaw are so various, and so much mixed up with fable, that to render a true history of him would be almost impossible.

His real name was Fitz-Ooth, his grandfather, Ralph Fitz-Ooth Eail of Kyme, whose name appears in the Roll of Battle Abbey, came over to England with William Rufus, and was married to a daughter of Gilbert de Gient earl of Lincoln.*

His father, William Fitz-Ooth, in the times of feudal dependancy, was a ward of Robert earl of Oxford, who, by the King's order, gave him his niece in marriage, the third daughter of lady Roisia de Vere, countess of Essex.†

Having dissipated his fortune, Robin Ooth, or Hood, as he was named, joined a band of depredators, and, as their chief, laid heavy contributions, for his support, on all such as he deemed rich enough to bear the loss.

He was famed for his courage, skill in archery, and kindness to the poor, who often shared with him in the plunder he

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . 38 · 72.

December 24.

ROBIN HOOD.

For the Every-Day Book.

The 24th of December, among other causes, is rendered remarkable from its having been the day on which the bold

* Stukeley's Palæographia Britannica, No. 11. 1746

† Ibid.

had taken. The principal scene of his exploits is said to have been in Sherwood Forest, and the period, that of the reign of Richard I., thus described by Stowe :—

“ In this time (1190) were many robbers and outlaws; among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, dispoyleing and plundering the goods of the rich; they killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

“ The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes, and the houses of rich earles: whom Major (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all thieves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe.”*

“ It is said,” writes Baker, “ that he was of noble blood, at least made noble, no less than an earl, for deserving services, but having wasted his estate in riotous courses, very penury forced him to this course.”†

Robin Hood was the hero of many popular songs, several of which are to be found in “ Evans's Collection of Old Ballads,” as early as the reign of Edward III. R. Langlande, a priest, in his “ Pierce Plowman's Visions,” notices him :—

“ I cannot perfily my Paternoster, as the priest it singeth,

I can rimes of Robenhod and Randal of Chester,

But of our Lorde or our Lady I learne no-
thyng at all.”

He is reported to have lived till the year 1247; but Baker, in his “ Chronology,” makes his death, which is said to have been caused by treachery, to have taken place in the reign of Richard I. “ The King set forth a Proclamation to have him apprehended; it happened he fell sick, at a certain nunnery in Yorkshire, called Berckleys, and desiring to be let blood, was betrayed, and made to bleed to death.”‡

The manner of his death is also recorded in an old ballad, entitled “ Robin Hood and the valiant Knight, together with an Account of his Death and Burial.”

* * * * *

“ And Robin Hood he to the green wood,
And there he was taken ill.

And he sent for a monk, to let him blood
Who took his life away;

Now this being done, his archers did run,
It was not time to stay.”

At Kirklees, in Yorkshire, formerly a Benedictine nunnery, is a gravestone, near the park, under which it is said Robin Hood lies buried. There is the remains of an inscription on it, but it is quite illegible. Mr. Ralph Thoresby, in his “ Ducatus Leodiensis,” gives the following as the epitaph :—

“ Hear undernead dis laith stean

Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington,

Nea arcir ver az hie sa geude :

An piple kaud im Robin Heud.

Sic utlawz as hi, an iz men,

Wil England never sigh agen.

Obiit 24 kal. Dekembris, 1247.”

Some of his biographers have noticed him as earl of Huntingdon, but they are not borne out in this by any of the old ballads, this epitaph alone calling him by that title. All the learned antiquarians agree in giving no credence to the genuineness of the above composition, alleging, among other causes, the quaintness of the spelling, and the pace of the metre, as affording them strong grounds for suspicion.

However strongly the name and exploits of Robin Hood may have been impressed on our memories from the “ oft told ” nursery tales, yet we have lately had it in our power to become more intimately, and, as it were, personally acquainted with this great chieftain of outlaws, through the medium of the author of “ Waverley,” who has introduced “ friend Locksley ” to the readers of his “ Ivanhoe,” in such natural and glowing colours, as to render the forgetting him utterly impossible

HENRY BRANDON

Leadenhall-street.

Christmas-eve.

BELLMAN'S VERSES

Upon Christmas-eve.

This night (you may my Almanack be
Is the return of famous Christmas eve :

* Stowe's Annals, 159.

† Baker's Chronicles, 94.

‡ Ibid.

Ye virgins then your cleanly rooms prepare,
And let the windows bays and laurel wear;
Your *Rosemary* preserve to dress your *Beef*;
Nor forget me, which I advise in chief.

Another on the same.

Now, *Mrs. Betty*, pray get up and rise,
If you intend to make your *Christmas* pies:
Scow'ring the pewter falls to *Cisley's* share;
And *Margery* must to clean the house take
care:

And let Doll's ingenuity be seen,
In decking all the windows up with *green*.*

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that several notices of this day have been already presented; yet, many as they are, there are others from whence a few may be gleaned, with the probability of their still being acceptable.

With Mr. Leigh Hunt, who is foremost among modern admirers of the old festivals of the season, Christmas is, as it ought to be, the chief. His papers, in 1817, which occasioned the following letter, are not at hand to cite; and, perhaps if they were, the excellent feelings of his "fair correspondent" might be preferred to some of even his descriptions.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir,—I am of the number of your readers who recollect, with pleasure and gratitude, your papers last year on keeping Christmas, and I looked forward with a hope, which has not been disappointed, that you would take some notice again of its return. I feel unwilling to intrude on your valuable time, yet I cannot refrain from thanking you for your cheering attempts to enforce a due observance of this delightful season. I thank you in my own name, and I thank you in the name of those to whom the spring of life is opening in all its natural and heartfelt enjoyments. I thank you in the name of the more juvenile part of the holyday circle, who, released from the thralldom of school discipline, are come *home*, (that expressive word,) to bask awhile in the eyes and the smiles of their fond parents; and, lastly, I thank you on behalf of those who have none to plead for them, and to whom pleasure is but a name—the sick at heart and sick in body, the friendless and the fatherless, the naked and the hungry. To all of these I hope to extend a portion of happiness and of help,

with a heart full of gratitude to HIM who has "cast my lot in a goodly heritage." I have, under this feeling, been for some days past busily employed in preparing for passing Christmas *worthily*. My beef and mince-meat are ready, (of which, with some warm garments, my poor neighbours will partake,) and my holly and *mistletoe* gathered; for I heartily approve of your article, and am of opinion that to the false refinement of modern times may be traced the loss of that primitive and pure simplicity which characterised "other times." To your list of "authorities" I beg leave to add that learned and truly Christian prelate, Bishop Hall, who, in his "Contemplation on the Marriage of Cana," so strongly enforces the doctrine, that the Creator is best honoured in a wise and *rational* enjoyment of the creature.

Cordially wishing you the chief of sub-lunary blessings, *i. e.* health of body and health of mind, I remain, Sir, your obliged and constant reader,

A WIFE, A MOTHER, AND

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

South Lambeth, Dec. 21, 1818.

In Mr. Nichols's Collection of Poems there are some pleasant verses, which seem to have proceeded from his own pen:—

To H——Y M——N, ESQ.

On his refusing a CHRISTMAS DINNER with a Friend, on pretence of gallanting some Ladies to Leicester.

When you talk about Leicester
I hope your're a jester.
Why desert an old friend,
For no purpose or end?
But to play the gallant,
With belles who will flaunt,
And who, cruel as vain,
Will rejoice in your pain!
No—Come to our pudding
We'll put all things good in
Give you beef, the sirloin,
If with us you will dine;
Perhaps too a capon,
With greens and with bacon:
Give you port and good sherry,
To make your heart merry.
Then sit down to a pool,
'Stead of playing the fool;
Or a rubber at whist,
But for this as you list.
Next, give muffins and tea,
As you sometimes give me.
As for supper, you know,
A potato, or so;

* Bellman's Treasury, 1707.

Or a bit of cold ham,
 As at night we ne'er cram;
 Or a tart, if you please,
 With a slice of mild cheese.
 Then we'll sing—sing, did I say?
 Yes: "The Vicar of Bray;"*
 And, what I know you don't hate
 "My fond shepherds of late:"†
 Nor think me a joker,
 If I add "Ally Croaker."‡
 In fine, we'll sing and delight ye,
 Till you say, "Friends, good night t' ye."

1780.

N. J.

Whether these verses were written by Mr. Nichols or not, the mention of his name occasions it to be observed, that about a week before the present date he died, at the age of eighty-five.

The editor of this humble work, who has derived much assistance in its progress from the "Gentleman's Magazine," which Mr. Nichols edited for nearly half a century, would omit to do rightly if he were not thus to acknowledge the obligation. Nor can he recollect without feelings of respectful gratitude, that his name appeared a few years ago in the "Domestic Occurrences" of the "Gentleman's Magazine" with fidelity to its readers, unaccompanied by remarks which some of its admirers might, perhaps, at that time have admired. Its critical pages subsequently distinguished the volume on "Ancient Mysteries" by approval; and since then they have been pleased to favour, and even praise, the publication of which this is the last sheet. There was no personal intimacy to incline such good-will, and therefore it may be fairly inferred to have resulted from pure feelings and principles of equity. Mr. Nichols's rank as a literary antiquary is manifested by many able and elaborate works. As he declined in life, his active duties gradually and naturally devolved on his successor: may that gentleman live as long in health and wealth, and be remembered with as high honour, as his revered father.

Dec. 23, 1826.

W. H.

GLASTONBURY THORN.

On Christmas-eve, (new style,) 1753, a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly the 5th of January, the Christmas-day, (old style,) when it blew as usual.

—*London Evening Post*.

On the same evening, at Quainton, in Buckinghamshire, above two thousand people went, with lanterns and candles, to view a blackthorn in that neighbourhood, and which was remembered to be a slip from the famous Glastonbury thorn,

* "In good king Charles's golden days."

This is said to have been written by an officer in colonel Fuller's regiment, in the reign of king George I. It is founded on an historical fact, and, though it reflects no great honour on the hero of the poem, is humorously expressive of the complexion of the times in the successive reigns from Charles II. to George I.

† "My fond shepherds of late were so blest
 A favorite air in Dr. Arne's "Eliza."

‡ "There lived a youth in Ballan o' Crazy."

This song is ascribed to a lady of great quality: it does not, however, abound with the wit which usually flows from female pens; but it admits of being sung with great humour.

and that it always budded on the 24th, was full blown the next day, and went all off at night. The people finding no appearance of a bud, it was agreed by all, that December 25 (new style) could not be the right Christmas-day, and accordingly refused going to church, and treating their friends on that day as usual: at length the affair became so serious, that the ministers of the neighbouring villages, in order to appease them, thought it prudent to give notice, that the *Old Christmas-day* should be kept holy as before.*

This famous hawthorn, which grew on a hill in the church-yard of Glastonbury-abbey, it has been said, sprung from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, who having fixed it in the ground with his own hand on Christmas-day, the staff took root immediately, put forth leaves, and the next day was covered with milk-white blossoms. It has been added, that this thorn continued to blow every Christmas-day during a long series of years, and that slips from the original plant are still preserved, and continue to blow every Christmas-day to the present time.

There certainly was in the abbey church-yard a hawthorn-tree, which blossomed in winter, and was cut down in the time of the civil wars: but that it always blossomed on Christmas-day was a mere tale of the monks, calculated to inspire the vulgar with notions of the sanctity of the place. There are several of this species of thorn in England, raised from haws sent from the east, where it is common. One of our countrymen, the ingenious Mr. Millar, raised many plants from haws brought from Aleppo, and all proved to be what are called Glastonbury thorns. This exotic, or eastern thorn, differs from our common hawthorn in putting out its leaves very early in spring, and flowering twice a year; for in mild seasons it often flowers in November or December, and again at the usual time of the common sort; but the stories that are told of its budding, blossoming, and fading on Christmas-day are ridiculous, and only monkish legends.†

HODENING" IN KENT.

At Ramsgate, in Kent, they begin the festivities of Christmas by a curious mu-

* *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Communicated by P. B. C. from Boswell's *Antiquities of England and Wales*

sical procession. A party of young people procure the head of a dead horse, which is affixed to a pole about four feet in length, a string is tied to the lower jaw, a horse cloth is then attached to the whole, under which one of the party gets, and by frequently pulling the string keeps up a loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party grotesquely habited and ringing hand-bells. They thus proceed from house to house, sounding their bells and singing carols and songs. They are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps with money. This is provincially called a *hodenig*; and the figure above described a “hoden,” or wooden horse.

This curious ceremony is also observed in the Isle of Thanet on Christmas-eve, and is supposed to be an ancient relic of a festival ordained to commemorate our Saxon ancestors' landing in that island.*

CHRISTMAS POTTAGE.

Amongst the customs observed on Christmas-eve, the Venetians eat a kind of pottage, which they call *torta de la-sagne*, composed of oil, onions, paste, parsley, pine nuts, raisins, currants, and candied orange peel.

MARSEILLES' FESTIVAL.

Many festivals, abrogated in France by the revolution, were revived under Buonaparte. Accordingly, at Marseilles on Christmas-eve all the members of any family resident in the same town were invited to supper at the house of the senior of the family, the supper being entirely *au maigre*, that is, without meat, —after which they all went together to a solemn mass, which was performed in all the churches at midnight: this ceremony was called in Provence *faire calène*. After mass the party dispersed and retired to their respective houses; and the next day, after attending high mass in the morning, they assembled at dinner at the same house where they had supped the night before, a turkey being, as in England, an established part of the dinner. The evening was concluded with cards, dancing, or any other amusement usual on holydays. Formerly there had been the midnight mass, which was often irre-

gularly conducted, and therefore on the revival of the old custom it was omitted.*

CHRISTMAS.

With footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never bare
Old Christmas comes, to close the wainèd
year;
And aye the shephers' heart to make right
glad;
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward
had,
To blazing hearth repairs, and nutbrown
beer,
And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers
dear
Hug the grey mungrel; meanwhile maid
and lad
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we
hail,
Whether thine aged limbs thou dost en-
shroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor
fail
To greet thee well with many a carol loud.
Bamsfylde.

CAROLS.

The practice of singing canticles or carols in the vulgar tongue on Christmas-eve, and thence called *noels* in the country churches of France, had its origin about the time that the common people ceased to understand Latin. The word *noel* is derived from *natalis*, and signified originally a cry of joy at Christmas.†

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37° 87

December 25.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

BELLMAN'S VERSES, 1707,

*Upon Christmas Day.
To the Shepherds.*

Go, happy shepherds, leave your flocks and hie
To Bethlem, where your infant Lord doth lie:
And when you've view'd his Sacred Person
well,

Spare not aloud what you have seen to tel.
Write volumes of these things, and let them
bear

The title of the *Shepherd's Calendar*:

This I assure you never *shepherds* knew

With all their studies half so much as you ‡

* Bushy's Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes, &c.

* Miss Plumptre.

† Burney's History of Music.

‡ Bellman's Treasury

WHITEHAVEN CUSTOMS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Whitehaven, 4th Sept. 1826.

Sir,—You furnished your readers last Christmas with a dish, greatly up-heaped, of information regarding the manner in which it was kept in various parts of the kingdom. I enclose herein a printed copy of the play, which is said, or rather sung, at and about that time, by numbers of boys in this town. The comedians, of which there are many companies, parade the streets, and ask at almost every door if the *mummers* are wanted. They are dressed in the most grotesque fashion; their heads adorned with high paper caps, gilt and spangled, and their bodies with ribbons of various colours, while St. George and the prince are armed with ten swords. The “*mysterie*” (query?) ends with a song, and afterwards a collection is made. This is the only relic of ancient times which exists in this town, excepting, indeed, it be the *Waites*—a few persons who parade the streets for a fortnight or three weeks before Christmas, and play upon violins one or two lively jig tunes, and afterwards call upon the inhabitants for a few pence each. The same persons, when they hear of a marriage, or of the arrival from abroad of a sea-faring man, regularly attend and fiddle away till they raise the person or persons; and for this they expect a trifling remuneration.

I am satisfied you will join me, in surprise, that for so great a number of years, such a mass of indecent vulgarity as “*Alexander and the king of Egypt*,” should been used without alteration.

Upon the death of any individual, poor or rich, in this town, and the day before the funeral, the parish clerk, or the clerk of the church in whose church-yard the corpse is to be interred, goes round the town, with or without mourning as the case may be, and rings a bell, like a bellman, and thus announces his purpose: “All friends and neighbours are desired to attend the corpse of A. B. from Queen-street to St. James’s church to-morrow afternoon at four o’clock.”

Some of these hints may be of use to you—if so I shall rejoice; for a kinder-hearted publication than yours I never perused.

For the present I am, Mr. Hone,

Yours, most respectfully,

AN ADMIRER OF YOUR EVERY-DAY BOOK.

The tract accompanying the preceding communication is entitled “*Alexander and the King of Egypt*”; a mock Play, as it is acted by the Mummies every Christmas. Whitehaven. Printed by T. Wilson, King-street.” Eight pages, 8vo. An opportunity is thus obligingly afforded of making the following extracts:

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Alexander

Alexander speaks

Silence, brave gentlemen, if you will give an eye,

Alexander is my name, I’ll sing a tragedy,
A ramble here I took the country for to see,
Three actors I have brought, so far from Italy.
The first I do present, he is a noble king,
He’s just come from the wars, good tidings he doth bring;

The next that doth come in he is a doctor good,
Had it not been for him I’d surely lost my blood.

Old Dives is the next, a miser you may see,
Who, by lending of his gold, is come to poverty;

So, gentlemen, you see, our actors will go round,

Stand off a little while more pastime will be found.

Act I. Scene II

Enter Actors

Room, room, brave gallants, give us room to sport,

For in this room we wish for to resort,
Resort and to repeat to you our merry rhyme,
For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time

The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,

So we are come to act our merry Christmas here,

At the sound of the trumpet and beat of the drum

Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.

We are the merry actors that traverse the street;

We are the merry actors that fight for our meat;

We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,

Step in thou King of Egypt and clear the way.

K. of Egypt. I am the King of Egypt as plainly doth appear,

And Prince George he is my only son and heir,
Step in therefore, my son, and act thy part with me,

And show forth thy fame before the company.

P. George. I am Prince George, a champion
brave and bold,
For with my spear I've won three crowns of
gold,
'Twas I that brought the dragon to the slaughter,
And I that gain'd the Egyptian monarch's
daughter.
In Egypt's fields I prisoner long was kept,
But by my valour I from them escap'd;
I sounded loud at the gate of a divine,
And out came a giant of no good design,
He gave me a blow which almost struck me
dead,
But I up with my sword and cut off his head.
Alex. Hold, Slacker, hold, pray do not be
so hot,
For in this spot thou know'st not who thou'st
got,
'Tis I that's to hash thee and smash thee as
small as flies,
And send thee to Satan to make mince pies.
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
I'll send thee to Satan 'ere thou'rt three days
old;
But hold, Prince George, before you go away,
Either you or I must die this bloody day,
Some mortal wounds thou shalt receive by me,
So let us fight it out most manfully.

Act II. Scene I

Alexander and Prince George fight, the latter
is wounded and falls.

King of Egypt speaks.

Curs'd Christian, what is this thou hast done?
Thou hast ruin'd me by killing my best son.

Alex. He gave me a challenge, why should
I him deny?

How high he was, but see, how low he lies.

K. of Egypt. O Sambo, Sambo, help me
now,

For I was never more in need,
For thee to stand with sword in hand,
And to fight at my command.

Doctor. Yes, my liege, I will thee obey,
And by my sword I hope to win the day;
Yonder stands he who has kill'd my master's
son,

And has his ruin thoughtlessly begun,
I'll try if he be sprung from royal blood,
And through his body make an ocean flood,
Gentlemen, you see my sword's point is broke,
Or else I'd run it through that villain's throat.

K. of Egypt. Is there never a doctor to be
found,

That can cure my son of his deadly wound?

Doctor. Yes there is a doctor to be found,
That can cure your son of his deadly wound

K. of Egypt. What diseases can he cure?

[The doctor relates in ribald lines his various
remedies, and the scene ends.]

Act II. Scene II.

Prince George arises

Prince George speaks.

O horrible! terrible! the like was never seen,
A man drove out of seven senses into fifteen,
And out of fifteen into four score,
O horrible! terrible! the like was ne'er before.

Alex. Thou silly ass, that liv'st on grass,
dost thou abuse a stranger?

I live in hopes to buy new ropes, and tie thy
nose to a manger.

P. George. Sir, unto you I bend.

Alex. Stand off thou slave, I think thee not
my friend;

P. George. A slave! Sir, that's for me by
far too base a name,

That word deserves to stab thine honour's
fame!

Alex. To be stabb'd, sir, is least of all my
care,

Appoint your time and place, I'll meet you
there.

P. George. I'll cross the water at the hour
of five.

Alex. I'll meet you there, sir, if I be alive.

P. George. But stop, sir, I'll wish you a
wife both lusty and young,
Can talk Dutch, French, and the Italian tongue.

Alex. I'll have none such.

P. George. Why don't you love your learn-
ing?

Alex. Yes, I love my learning as I love my
life,

I love a learned scholar, but not a learned
wife;

Stand off, &c.

K. of Egypt. Sir, to express thy beauty I'm
not able,

For thy face shines like the very kitchen table,
Thy teeth are no whiter than the charcoal, &c.

Alex. Stand off thou dirty dog, or by my
sword thou'lt die,

I'll make thy body full of holes, and cause thy
buttons to fly.

Act II. Scene III

King of Egypt fights, and is killed.

Enter Prince George.

Oh! what is here? oh! what is to be done?
Our king is slain, the crown is likewise gone;
Take up his body, bear it hence away,
For in this place no longer shall it stay.

The Conclusion.

Bouncer Buckler, velvet's dear,
And Christmas comes but once a year,
Though when it comes it brings good cheer
But farewell Christmas once a year.
Farewell, farewell, adieu! friendship and unity
I hope we have made sport, and pleas'd the
company;

But, gentlemen, you see we're but actors four,
We've done our best, and the best can do no
more.

HORNCURCH.

For the Every-Day Book.

On Christmas-day, the following custom has been observed at Hornchurch, in Essex, from time immemorial. The lessee of the tithes, which belong to New College, Oxford, supplies a boar's head dressed, and garnished with bay-leaves, &c. In the afternoon, it is carried in procession into the Mill Field, adjoining the church-yard, where it is wrestled for; and it is afterwards feasted upon, at one of the public-houses, by the rustic conqueror and his friends, with all the merriment peculiar to the season. And here it may be observed, that there is another custom, at this place, of having a model of an ox's head, with horns, affixed on the top of the eastern end of the chancel

of the church. A few years ago it had been suffered to fall into decay; but in the year 1824 it was renewed by the present vicar. This church formerly belonged to the convent on Mount St. Bernard in Savoy; and it has been suggested, that the ox's head, with the horns, may perhaps be the arms or crest of the convent, and that the custom, as well as the name of the place, originated from that circumstance. I shall be happy to be informed whether this suggestion be founded on matter of fact; and if not, to what other cause the custom can be assigned.

IGNOTUS.

Of the ancient doings of Christmas, there is a bountiful imagining, by a modern writer, in the subjoined verses:—

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.
The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.
Sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses:
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes,
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

WHISTLECRAFT.

SUBTERRANEAN CHRISTMAS BELLS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,—Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, there is a valley, said to have been caused by an earthquake several

hundred years ago, which swallowed up a whole village, together with the church.

Formerly, it was a custom for people to assemble in this valley, on Christmas-day morning, *to listen to the ringing of the bells of the church beneath them!*

This it was positively asserted might be heard by putting the ear to the ground, and harkening attentively. Even now, it is usual on Christmas morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley, stoop down, and hear the bells ring merrily.

I am, &c. C. T.

CHRISTMAS AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

In an Essay on Christ's Hospital, "Let me have leave to remember," says Mr. Lamb, "the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs; and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often laid awake from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting, till I have been transported to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by the Angels' voices to the shepherds."

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature. 37 · 57.

December 26.

ST. STEPHEN.

For some remarkable observances on this festival, see vol. i. 1643.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

The representation of this tragedy was omitted in the Christmas holidays of 1819, at both the Theatres, for the first time.

When Mr. Ross performed the character of *George Barnwell*, in 1752, the son of an eminent merchant was so struck with certain resemblances to his own perilous situation, (arising from the arts of a real *Millwood*), that his agitation brought on a dangerous illness, in the course of which he confessed his error, was forgiven by his father, and was furnished with the means of repairing the pecuniary

wrongs he had privately done his employer. Mr. Ross says, "Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words—"A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by witnessing Mr. Ross's performance of *George Barnwell*."

This year, 1742, celebrated in dramatic annals as the year wherein Mr. Garrick first appeared on the stage, the theatrical season at Goodman's-fields was 169 nights; Garrick played 159 nights; and, it is remarkable that the theatre was open on *Christmas-day*. The play was the "Fop's Fortune," and Garrick performed *Clodio*.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature 38 · 40.

December 27.

ST. JOHN.

For wine manchets on this festival to preserve the eaters from poison annually, see vol. i. 1647.

THE CLAYEN CUP.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

January 12, 1825.

Sir,—In your account of the ceremonies now practised in Devon at Christmas, regarding the apple-trees,* you are wrong in calling it a "*clayen cup*," it should be a *clome* or *clomen* cup: thus all earthenware shnps and china shops are called by the middling class and peasantry *clome* or *clomen* shops, and the same in markets where earthenware is displayed in Devon, are called *clome-standings*. I feel assured you will place this note to the right account, a desire that so useful and interesting a work should be as perfect as possible.

Perhaps the spirit of Christmas is kept up more in Devon, even now, than in any other part of England.

I am, &c.

AN EXONIAN

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36 · 75.

* See vol. i. 4

December 28.

INNOCENTS.

How children were annually whipped on this festival, and of its reputed luck as a day, see vol. i. 1648.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 36 · 10.

December 29.

"CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS."

A play, with this title, appears to have once existed in MS. It is noticed in an early quarto auction catalogue, printed before 1700, though unfortunately without a title, *penes me*; the catalogue contains a rich sprinkling of English poetry, and this play, with others, occurs in Lot 40, amid a rare, though not very copious collection of old plays and miscellaneous tracts.

J. H. B.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38 · 35.

December 30.

The following communication, though relating to an earlier period of the year, is now inserted, in order to include it, as its subject requires, in the present work.

AVINGHAM FAIR AND SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir, — As I have frequently derived much pleasure from the amusing descriptions of local customs in your *Every-Day Book*, I take the liberty of forwarding some reminiscences of customs which existed when I first drew halfpence from my breeches pockets, and which still remain in the north of England; I allude to a fair held at Avingham, a small hamlet situated on the banks of the Tyne, about twelve miles west of Newcastle.

Avingham fair is on the 26th of April and 26th of October. Formerly, an agricultural society awarded prizes to the successful candidates for the breed of horses, cows, sheep, &c. The *April* cattle

show was entirely of the male kind, and in every respect calculated to afford pleasure and instruction to the naturalist, being replete with variety, form, colour, and as much beauty as could be found in that part of the animal creation; so much so, that in turning from the scene with reluctance, you might exclaim, "Accuse not nature, she hath done *her* part; man, do thou but *thine*." Morland, Potter, Cooper, and Bewick* might *all* have found variety for the exercise of their several powers; and, indeed, the latter has given portraits of many of the specimens there exhibited, in his "History of Quadrupeds." The *October* show was of the female kind, and inferior to the former. At this meeting, two additional prizes were given; one to the grower of the finest crop of turnips, which was decided by taking so many rows of a given number of yards in length, and weighing them; the other was the sum of ten pounds, to the person who could prove that he had reared the largest family without assistance from the parish. The privilege of contest was confined to hinds (husbandmen.)

The fair is principally for the sale of cattle, and the show is not greater than that of Smithfield on market-day, excepting pigs, which here and at Stainshaw (Stagshaw) bank fairs supply the principal stock to the Cumberland and Westmoreland pig feeders. In the morning a procession moves from the principal alehouse for the purpose of *riding the fair*, as they call it, headed by the two Northumberland pipers, called *the duke of Northumberland's pipers*, in a light blue dress, a large cloak of the same colour with white cape, a silver half-moon on one arm as a *cognizance*, and white band and binding to the hat. Each is mounted on a rosinante, borrowed, without consent, by the busy hostler from some whiskey smuggler or cadger, reconciled to the liberty by long custom. Those who have noticed the miller and his horse in Stothard's picture of the "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," may form a tolerable notion of the manner in which this "Jemmy Allen" and son are mounted; the accompanying sketch, from recollection, may more conveniently illustrate my description:

* The small cottage wherein Bewick was born, stands at a short distance from this village (Avingham).



“Riding the Fair”—at Abingham.

And what have those *troopers* to do here to-day?
The duke of Northumberland's *pipers* are they.

The pipers, followed by the duke's agent, bailiff, constable, and a numerous body of farmers, principally the duke's tenantry, proceed first through the fair, where the proclamation is read, that the fair shall last nine days, &c.;* and then, the duke being lord of the manor, they walk the boundary of all that is or has been common or waste land. That task completed, they return to the alehouse where they partake freely of store of punch at the duke's expense. The farmers are so proud of being able to express their attachment to his grace “*in public*,” as they term it, that they mount their sons on cuddies, (asses,) rather than they should not join the procession, to drink with them “the health o' his grace, and lang may he leeve ta prateck and study the interests o' his tenantry.” Then there's “Here's te ye Tam, thank's te ye Joke,” and so they separate for the fair, there to “ettle how mickle per heed they con git for their nowte an swine.”

Avingham fair, like others, is attended

by many a “gaberlunzie,” with different kinds of amusement for children, such as the “E and O, black-cock and grey;” and, above all, for the amusement of the pig drivers and “gadsmen,” Punch and Toby, (so called by them,) and a number of those gentlemen who vomit fire, as if they had swallowed the wicks of all the candles they had snuffed for Richardson. Many of those worthies I recollect having attended ever since I was able to see above the level of their stalls. At my last visit, I was much amused with one who seemed to have been just arrived from the sister kingdom, he was surrounded by ploughboys and their doxeys, their cheeks as red as their topknots. He had a large pan suspended from his neck, and, as the girls observed, a “skimmering” white apron and bib, and he belled as loud as he could, “Hearse a' yer rale dandy candy, made ap wa' sugar an brandy, an tha rale hoile a mint; it's cood far young ar hold, cough or cold, a shortness a' breath, ar a pain at tha stomach, it's cood far hany complaint whatsamever: A, fate! an yil try it:—noo leddies, hif ye try it, an yer sure ta buy it.” And sure

* It never continues longer than one day

enough, this was the case, for whatever might be its qualities, it pleased the "leddies," who purchased in such abundance, that they besmeared their faces so as to destroy that rosy red, love's proper hue, which dwells upon the cheeks of our northern rustic beauties.

I must not forget to mention that the October fair is more numerously attended by those who go for pleasure. Unlike the southern holyday folks, they prefer autumn for this reason, that "hears" is just ended, and they have then most money, which, with the "leddies," is generally expended in dress suitable to this and similar occasions. After baking a sufficient number of barley bannocks for the following day, and the milk set up, they throw off their "linsey-woolsey petticoats," and "hale made bed-goons" for a gown, a good specimen of their taste, in the two warmest colours, a red flower or stripe upon a yellow ground, and as much of a third colour round the waste, as would make them vie with Iris. In this butterfly state they hasten to the scene of mirth, and most of them dance till they have reason to suppose it is time to "gang hame, an git a' ready be' crowdie time." The style of dancing is the same as in Scotland, country dances, reels, jigs, and hornpipes; the last mentioned is much admired. No merry-making is allowed to pass over without some rural "admirable Crichton" having shown his agility in this step. The hornpipe is introduced between each country dance, while "Love blinks, wit sleeps, an' social mirth forgets their's care upon the earth." The following day is called by the inhabitants "gwonny Jokesane's" day; why so is not known; all they know is, that it is and has been so called since the recollection of the oldest alive; and that is sufficient to induce them to continue a custom, which is peculiar to it, as follows. When a sufficient number have assembled, they elect what they are pleased to call a mayor, who they mount upon a platform, which is borne along by four men, headed by the musician that attended the preceding evening, and followed by a number of bailiffs with white "wans," and all the men, wives, maids, and white-headed urchins in the village. Thus, all in arms, they proceed first to the minister's house, and strike up a dance in front. His worship, "the mayor," as a privileged person, sometimes evinces a little impatience, and if the minister has not made his appearance,

demands to speak to him. On his advancing, "his worship" begins thus, "A yes! twa times a yes! an' three times a yes! If ony man, or ony man's man, lairds, loons, lubburdoons, dogs, skelpers, gabbrigate swingers, shall commit a parliament as a twarliament, we, in the township o' Avingham, shall hea his legs, an heed, tied ta tha cagwheel, till he say yence, twice, thrice, prosper the fair o' Avingham, an' gwonny Jokesane's day." This harangue, however ridiculous, is always followed with cheering, in which their good-tempered pastor freely joins, with his hat above his head, and stepping forward, shakes "his worship" by the hand, giving him a cordial welcome, trusting he will not leave the manse till he takes a "drap a yel, a' his ain brewin." This is of course acceded to. The ale being handed round in plenty, and being found to be good, "an' what is na guid that the minister hes," they engage themselves for some time, "while news much older than their ale goes round." The musicians meanwhile play such airs as "The Reel Rawe," "The Bonny Bit," "Laddie Wylam away," &c. The dance goes round, "the young contending as the old survey," until silence is called, when "his worship" gives as a toast, "Health, wealth, milk, and meal, the de'al tak ye a' thot disent wish him (the minister) weal—hip! hip! huzza!" Raising "his worship" shoulder height again, they proceed round the village, repeating their gambols in front of every respectable house where they meet with a similar reception.

After this, foot-racing commences, for hats, handkerchiefs, and (as Mathews calls them) she-shirts. The several races run and prizes distributed, they return to the last and gayest of their mirthful scenes, not without bestowing some little pains in selecting colours calculated to give the finishing touches to the picture.

"Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheary.

* * * *

Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin,
Fu' blythe that night.'

So ends the fair of Avingham and its sports, which was to me, "in my youthful days," a source of great amusement, but whether it is in comparing the pro-

sent with the past, from a consciousness of having

"Dealt with life, as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away,"

that we do not derive the same pleasure from what passes before us in maturer age; or whether, in boyhood, the impressions of such trifles as I have related are deeper rooted in the memory; yet, certain it is, whatever be our situation in life, we all come to the conclusion, that our early days were our happiest.

I am, &c.

J—N J—K—N.

BATH ANECDOTES.

A Member for the City, 1645.

In December 1645, the following letter was sent by the mayor and first alderman of Bath, to sir John Harrington, announcing their design of electing him one of their representatives, entreating him to accept the trouble thereof. The bold eagerness with which a seat in parliament is solicited now, and the modest coyness that marked the conduct of those who were called to that honour in the early part of the seventeenth century, strikingly contrast. The person chosen at that period to represent a county or city, was generally allowed a gratuity by his constituents in consideration of his trouble.

COPY.

To our muche honoured and worthie Friend, John Harrington, Esq. at his house at Kelstone, near Bathe.

Worthie Sir,

Out of the long experience we have had of your approved worth and since-
rity, our citie of Bathe have determined and settled their resolutions to elect you for a burgess for the House of Commons in this present parliament, for our said citie, and do hope you will accept the trouble thereof; which if you do, our desire is, you will not fail to be with us at Bathe on Monday next, the eighth of this instant, by eight of the morning, at the furthest, for then we proceed to our election: and of your determination we entreat you to certify us by a word or two in writing, and send it by the bearer to

Your assured loving friends,
JOHN BIGG, the maior,
WILLIAM CHAPMAN.

Bathe, Dec. 6, 1645.

SIR JOHN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PROCEEDINGS.

A Note of my Bathe businesse aboute the Parliament.

Saturday, Dec. 26th 1646 went to Bathe, and dined with the maior and citizens, conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more; went to the George inn at night, met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving, *drank strong beer and metheglin*, expended about *ijs*, went home late, but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

Monday, Dec. 28th went to Bathe, met sir John Horner, we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city. The maior and citizens conferred about parliament busines. *The maior promised sir John Horner and myself a horse apiece*, when we went to London to the parliament, *which we accepted of*, and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday, and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice therein.

Thursday 31st, went to Bathe, Mr. Ashe preached. Dined at the George inn with the maior and four citizens, spent at dinner *vjs* in wine.

Laid out in victuals at the George inn *xjs 4d*.

Laid out in drinking *vjs ijd*.

Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels, *iijs 4d*.

Jan. 1st, *My father gave me £4 to pay my expenses at Bathe.*

Mr. Chapman the maior came to Kelston, and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in parliament, to my father, in name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice, touching my speaking in parliament as the city should direct me. Came home late at night from Bathe, much troubled hereat, concerning my proceeding truly, for men's good report and mine own safety.

Note. I gave the city messengers *ijs* for bearing the maior's letters to me. Laid out in all *£3 vjs* for victuals, drink and horse hire, together with divers gifts.

SUFFERING A RECOVERY.

In December, 1822, a poor man made application to the Bath forum magistrates, and stated that six months prior, he had bought the goods and chattels of a neighbour, together with his wife, for the sum

of four pounds ten shillings, for which he produced a regular stamped receipt.

The man had spent all the money and wanted to have his wife back again, but he refused to part with her. The magistrates told him he had no claim to her, and advised him to deliver her up to her husband, which he at last reluctantly did. The following is a true copy of the stamped receipt.

“RECEIVED of Edward Gale, the sum of four pounds ten shillings, for good and chattels; and also the black mare and Mrs. Naish, as parting man and wife. As agreed before witnesses this 8th December, 1822.

“WITNESS, the mark of Edward Pulling X Mary Gale, George Lansdowne, and Edward Gale.

“Settled the whole concern,
By me John Naish.”

NINE MEN'S MORRIS.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Ludgate-hill, 10th Nov. 1826.

Dear Sir,—I was much pleased on reading and being reminded of an ancient game in your book, called *Ninepenny-marl*; a game I had scarcely heard of during the last twenty years, although perfectly familiar to me in my boyish days, and played exactly the same as described by your correspondent P.*

I have since visited my native county, Norfolk, and find the game is still played by the rustics, and called, as it always has been there, “the game of *Morris*,” or “*Nine Men's Morris*.” The scheme is frequently chalked on the ground or barn floors, and the game played with different coloured stones or beans. I think the name is more appropriate than “*Ninepenny-marl*,” and moreover, we o. Norfolk have the authority of our immortal bard in his “*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” where the queen of the fairies, speaking to Oberon, says, “The *Nine Men's Morris* is filled up with mud.”

There are some men who are not a little proud at being proficient at this game. I heard an anecdote at North Walsham of a man named Mayes, still living in that neighbourhood, who is so great a lover of the pastime, that a wager was laid by some wags, that they would prevent his going to church, by tempting him

to play; and, in order to accomplish their purpose, they got into a house, building by the road side, where Mayes was sure to pass. Being a great psalm-singer, he had a large book under his arm; they called him in to settle some disputed point about the game, and he was very soon tempted to play, and continued to do so till church time was over, and got a good scolding from his wife for being too late for dinner.

I have been led to make these remarks from the pleasure I have derived from your publication; and you may excuse me, perhaps, if I add, with a smile, that I have found some amusement in the game of *Morris*, by playing it with my chess men: it requires more art to play it well, than you would imagine at first sight.

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

T. B

With almost the same pleasure that room has been made for this letter, from a well-remembered kind neighbour, will his communication be read in Norfolk by his fellow-countrymen.

He graces it from charmed metre, but

I (spoiled of Shakspeare's line) take prose from Strutt.

The erudite historian of the “*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*,” says, that “*Merelles*, or, as it was formerly called in England, *Nine Men's Morris*, and also *Fivepenny Morris*, is a game of some antiquity.” He gives a figure of the “*Merelle-table*,” as it appeared in the fourteenth century, the lines of which are similar to those in the scheme of “*Ninepenny Marl*,” engraved with the account of the game communicated by *. *. P., with only this difference, that at each corner, formed by the angles and intersections, are black spots.

The game is played in France with pawns or men, made on purpose, termed *merelles*: hence the pastime derived that denomination. The manner of playing is briefly thus: two persons, each having nine men, different in colour and form, for distinction sake, place them alternately one by one upon the spots; and the business of either party is to prevent his antagonist from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three, without the intervention of an opponent piece. If he forms a row he takes one of his antagonist's pieces from any part, except from

a row, which must not be touched if he have another piece on the board. When all the pieces are laid down, they are played backwards and forwards in any direction that the lines run, but they can only move from one spot to another at one time. He that takes all his opponent's pieces is the conqueror.

The rustic players of "Nine Men's Morris," in England, who draw their lines on the ground, make a small hole for every dot, and play in them with stones of different forms or colours. The pastime is supposed to have derived the appellation of "Nine Men's Morris," from the different coloured men being moved backwards or forwards as though they were dancing a morris.*

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 38 · 70.

December 31.

TO DECEMBER.

The passing year, all grey with hours,
Ends, dull month, with thee;
Chilled his summer, dead his flowers,
Soon will his funeral be;
Frost shall drink up his latest breath,
And tempests rock him into death.

How he shivers! from his age
All his leaves have faded,
And his weary pilgrimage
Ends at last unaided

By his own sun that dims its ray,
To leave him dark in his decay.

Hark! through the air the wild storm bears
In hollow sounds his doom,
While scarce a star its pale course steers
Athwart the sullen gloom;
And Nature leaves him to his fate
To his grey hairs a cold ingrate.

She goes to hail the coming year,
Whose spring-flowers soon shall rise—
Fool, thus to shun an old friend's bier,
Nor wisely moralize

* Strutt.

On her own brow, where age is stealing
Many a scar of time revealing:—

Quench'd volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged, and dried up fountains,
Empires whelm'd in sand—
What though her doom be yet untold—
Nature, like Time, is waxing old!

New Monthly Magazine.

NATURALISTS' CALENDAR.

Mean Temperature . . . 37 · 50.

THE INDEXES TO THE VOLUME WILL END THE EVERY-DAY BOOK.

On taking leave, as Editor of this work, I desire to express my thanks for its favourable acceptance. It seems to have been regarded as I wished—a miscellany to be taken up by any body at any time. I have the pleasure to know that it is possessed by thousands of families of all ranks: is presented by fathers to their sons at school; finds favour with mothers, as suited to the perusal of their daughters; and is so deemed of, as to be placed in public and private libraries enriched with standard literature. Ascribing these general marks of distinction to its general tendency, that tendency will be maintained in my next publication,

THE TABLE BOOK.

This publication will appear, with cuts, *every Saturday*, and in monthly parts, at the same price as the *Every-Day Book*, and will contain several original articles from valued correspondents, for which room could not be here made.

The first number and the present year will be "out" together. I gratefully remember the attachment of my friends to the present sheets, and I indulge a hope that they will as kindly remember me, and my new work

THE TABLE BOOK.

Cuttings with Cuts, facts, fancies, recollections,
Heads, autographs, views, prose and verse selections,
Notes of my musings in a lonely walk,
My friends' communications, table-talk,
Notions of books, and things I read or see,
Events that are, or were, or are to be,
Fall in my TABLE BOOK—and thence arise
To please the young, and help divert the wise.

December 23, 1826.

W. HONE.

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